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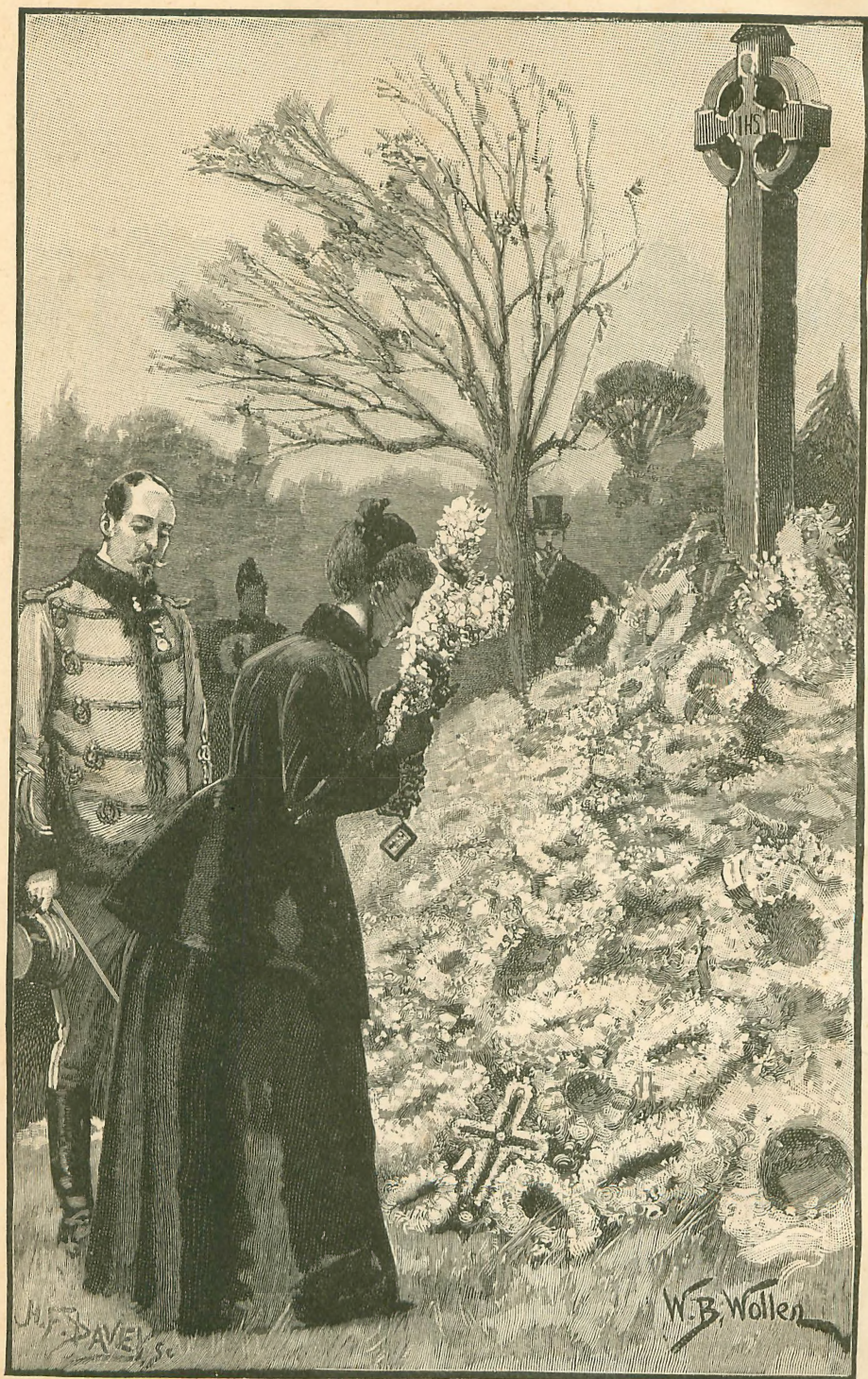
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RAOUL WATCHING RENÉE PLACE THE CROSS OF FLOWERS AS A  
TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

(See page 12.)



## A Child of the Midi.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALYS HALLARD.

### I.



RENÉE DE NERVAL was a true child of the Midi. She had been born in the beautiful Sunny South, and had inherited the quick, impulsive nature and the highly imaginative temperament of her meridional ancestors, who, for generations past, had inhabited the quaint old town of Nerval. Very beautiful was Renée in her seventeenth year, with her dark hair, grey eyes shaded by long, dark lashes, her faultless complexion, and perfect figure. Her life had been one long, happy dream in her little home-world.

Renée had been the spoiled darling of her father and of her three brothers ever since she was a wee, toddling baby child. In vain did her mother expostulate sometimes—declaring that the child would never be fit for the world's rough ways and the coming battle of life, brought up as she was in such a thoughtless, happy fashion; but M. de Nerval would reply: "Let her be happy as long as she can. One never knows what Fate has in store for one's children. The only thing we parents can do is to make their childhood happy, and shelter them from the storms of life as long as we possibly can."

And so things went on in the old way, and Renée grew up adored and teased by her three brothers, indulged by her parents, and almost worshipped by her aristocratic old grandfather, who still wore his knee-breeches, buckles on his shoes, embroidered waistcoats, lace ruffles, and his powdered pig-tail.

Amongst the friends of Victor, her eldest brother—who was an officer in the army—was a certain young lieutenant, Raoul d'Harcourt, who had always been one of Renée's greatest admirers. His parents having died when he was quite young, he had been brought up by his grandfather, who was an old friend of Renée's grandfather; consequently the two families had seen a great deal of each other, and as children Raoul and the De Nervals had always played together.

Renée was extremely high-spirited and had a very strong will, and the most marked trait in her character was a candour and love of truthfulness which could admit of no equivocation whatever.

On her seventeenth birthday, Victor had come home from Paris on a few days' leave, and to her astonishment he was accompanied by his friend, Raoul. After luncheon, all the

young people started off for a ramble, and on the way home again, as Raoul was walking with Renée, she said to him, laughing:—

"And so, Monsieur le Lieutenant, although you are now a military man with all kinds of responsibilities on your shoulders, you can still give yourself a little holiday when you feel inclined?"

"It was very difficult to get off, as it happened, but I wanted so much to come with Victor, Renée," and there was something in the tone of the young officer's voice which made Renée want to break the silence that followed, so she asked:—

"Well, and how did you manage to get off, then, Raoul?"

"On the plea of my grandfather's illness——"

"But is he ill? We did not know——"

"Nor I, either," laughed Raoul, "but it had to be something important——." Here the young man stopped abruptly on seeing the expression on his companion's face.

Renée was looking at him with wide-open, astonished eyes, in which was a flash of angry indignation.

"Do you mean to say that you *lied*, Raoul?"

"I had to," answered the young man; and as he gazed earnestly at the fair, flushed face, he felt a dull, heavy pain at his heart, for something told him that all chance for him was gone.

"I should have thought a man and a soldier would have been above stooping to a lie," exclaimed the girl, with withering scorn.

"Renée," pleaded the young officer, whose manly pride was stung to the quick, "don't be hard on me; it was for your sake that I lied."

"Thank you, I feel honoured," said the girl, but the flash was still in her eyes as she turned them on Raoul.

"Listen, Renée"—and there was a world of tenderness in the young man's voice—"I could not go on any longer in uncertainty, and so I wrote to my grandfather and asked him to speak to your people for me, and let me know whether I dared ask you to be my wife. Your grandfather and M. de Nerval gave their consent, and on getting the letter I was obliged to come at once to learn my fate from you. Renée, be merciful, forgive me, and tell me whether there is any hope!"

"None, Raoul; none whatever," and the girl threw back her head proudly, and looked at her companion with perfect determination written on every line of her beautiful face.



"I thought you could have cared for me, Renée," urged the young man.

"Perhaps I *could* have done—but not now. I would never marry a man who was in the habit of telling lies. I should despise him so——"

"You speak as though you thought I always lied. Renée, it was only in this one instance, and the temptation was so great. Won't you forget it for the sake of our long friendship—and of my love for you?" he added.

"I *could* not forget it: it would always be there between us. No, Raoul, I would rather die than be married to a man whose word I could not trust."

"Is this final?" the young man asked, proudly, almost sternly.

"Quite."

"You are very just, but not generous, Renée."

"That may be."

The two walked on for some minutes in silence, each buried in thought. At length Renée said: "Let us overtake the others," and then, quickening their pace, they soon joined her three brothers.

Victor, who had been in his friend's secret, glanced quickly at Renée, and saw, from her flushed face and quivering lip, that something had gone wrong, and contrived very soon to fall back with Raoul in order to hear the result.

"It's no go, Victor, she has refused me out and out. Don't ask me about it yet. I feel as though I might make a fool of myself."

Victor said nothing, but, as

soon as he could, he managed to get a few words alone with his sister, and he asked her point blank: "Renée, why have you refused Raoul?"

"Don't ask me, please, Victor," answered the girl, "and if you love me, please don't let the others ask me anything about it. I could *never* marry him, *never*, *never*, and I don't want to be asked any questions," and then, taking Victor's arm, she walked home with him, leaving Raoul to follow with her other brothers.

Victor was at his wits' end, and so indeed were his parents, but as Raoul offered no solution to the mystery, and Renée's wishes were always obeyed, no one was any wiser

on the subject, and things went on again in the old way, except that M. de Nerval thought Renée had grown more womanly and had lost much of her old buoyancy. No wonder, for

it had been a terrible blow to the proud girl, this first disillusion, this first awakening to the disappointments of life.

She had felt something of the same sensation, but intensified, as she had felt years before when, on Christmas Eve, she had opened her eyes and seen her father filling her slippers with presents, and had realized for the first time that it was not the little Noël after all who came down the chimney and brought the Christmas gifts.

She had admired Raoul; indeed, the handsome young soldier, so full of life and energy, had been her ideal, and she



"WON'T YOU FORGET IT FOR THE SAKE OF OUR LONG FRIENDSHIP?"



knew that her admiration was very near akin to love; but now it was all over, for at seventeen it is all or nothing. One has not learnt to excuse or to tolerate; consequently, at seventeen one is rarely generous.

## II.

A YEAR later Victor was pacing up and down the station platform in Paris with his friend Raoul, who had exchanged regiments in order to get away to Africa, and who was now starting thither.

"Do you really mean it, old fellow? Are we not to write to each other?"

"Yes, Victor, it is better so. I shall write and let you know of my arrival, and after that it is better that we do not correspond. You see, I've got my life to live, unless I have the good luck to be shot down pretty soon, and I don't want to be a weak fool. If we were to write, I should want to hear some news of her; and then, you see, every time I wrote your name it would all come back. The fact is, the love for her is deep down, it has taken root, for I have cared for her all my life. I've got to forget her, though, now," he continued, with energy; "and as my grandfather is gone, and I have no earthly tie, it is better for me to put some distance between us. I've made my plans, Victor; and, hard as it is, old fellow, to give up our friendship, especially when I shall be in exile, still I feel I must do it."

"I understand, Raoul, I understand; but tell me, don't you think Renée will ever change her mind?"

"No, never, and even if she did I'm afraid I am too proud now."

"Whatever was the reason of it all, Raoul? I never asked you again about it, as one does not like to pry into things of that kind, but now that you are going away, can't you tell me?"

"Why, yes; there is no reason why I should not tell you, Victor. I know you will not let it go any further. I let out to her that I had told a lie in order to get leave of absence that day to accompany you."

"And is *that* the reason of it all?"

"Yes, but it was enough, Victor," and Raoul spoke bitterly. "You know Renée."

"I do; but does she imagine she is going through life like that? Wait till she sees a little more of society. Why, lies are nothing: they are simply passed over as necessary forms of speech nowadays."

"But she has lived in a world apart."

"She can't go on living like that for ever. Mark my words, Raoul, there'll come a day when she'll repent her folly."

"Take care of her, Victor."

"But if the day should come——"

"It will be too late. A man could not ask a woman to marry him after she has told him that she scorns and despises him."

"Did she dare to tell you that?"

"Something very like it. Oh! it's all over now, Victor. Don't worry about me. Take care of her, though!"

The signal was just being given. Raoul stepped into his compartment, grasped his friend's hand, and shook it warmly.

The two men looked into each other's eyes, both thinking it was probably the last time they would meet in this world, and then they shook hands once more as the train moved slowly away.

When Victor de Nerval walked out of the station into the lively Paris streets, he kept his eyes on the ground for some little time, as there was a moisture in them suspiciously like tears, which he felt hardly seemed consistent with his epaulettes and the gold lace on his sleeve.

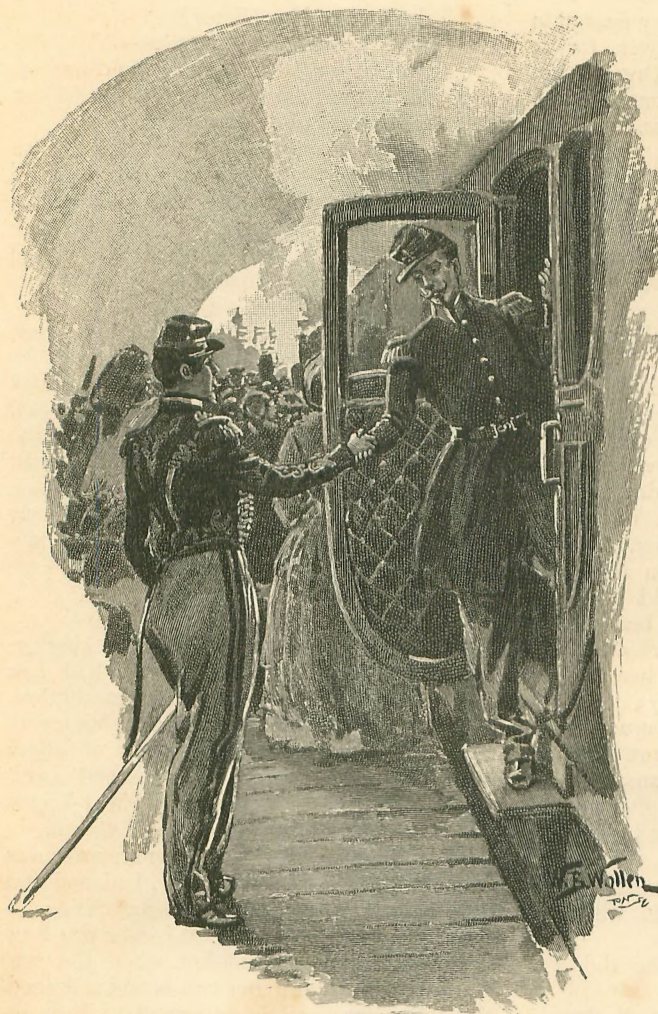
## III.

FIVE years passed by, bringing great changes to the De Nerval family. Renée had lost both her parents, and also her grandfather, and was living with her brother Victor in Paris. It was the terrible winter of 1870, and her two younger brothers had been fighting with the French army, whilst Victor was now a captain in the National Guard.

Poor Renée, with her intense sensitiveness and her impressionable nature, had suffered terribly. She was only just beginning to recover from the grief caused by the death of her parents and grandfather, when the war was proclaimed, and her two brothers joined the active army, whilst she went to Paris to live with Victor. Day and night she had been haunted by terrible visions and presentiments. The two brothers who were with the army were never out of her thoughts. She saw them in her dreams, shot down by the Prussians or dying of cold on some dreary battlefield, surrounded by the wounded and dead.

Oh! it had been terrible, terrible, to go on day after day living against hope, dreading everything, shut up in Paris away from her beautiful home amongst the mountains where she had felt so safe, and where life to her had been so peaceful and happy. Then, too, Renée was patriotic, and it was fearful to her to remain quietly at home. The inaction was killing her, until at last Victor had given his consent for her to join the ambulance and learn to nurse the sick and wounded. This had made her realize even more keenly still the horrors of the war, but at any rate it





"THE TWO MEN LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES."

her second brother had succumbed from the effects of his wound, so that she was left entirely alone with Victor. Truly, anyone who had known the bright, careless, laughing girl, in her happy home in the sunny Midi, would scarcely have recognised the pale, thoughtful woman in the clinging black dress, ministering to the wants of the poor, suffering soldiers.

Poor Renée! When her eyes were not resting with compassionate pity on her charges, there was a proud, stern gleam in them, that told of rebellion, for she was young, and knew nothing of resignation and submission, and to her God's ways appeared unjust.

She had prayed to Him so earnestly in the little chapel of Calvary in the Church of St. Roch. She had knelt there, weeping and praying before the cross, and she had taken flowers to the cave of the sepulchre and, placing them in the hands of the dead Christ, she had prayed with all her soul for her second brother's life, and God had turned a deaf ear to her prayers. Henceforth she would pray no more, she said to herself; and so she went on, untiringly, but defiantly, for it seemed to her that she was fighting against a pitiless God for the lives of France's soldiers, who were so sorely needed by their poor, unfortunate *patrie*.

#### IV.

FOUR years more passed by, and the Parisians had already commenced repairing the terrible havoc which had been made of their adored capital, whilst the *beau monde* were beginning to fall back into their old habits of luxury and gaiety, as though there had never been anything so disastrous as the winter of '70 and '71 on their calendar.

It was the month of January, and a bright though cold day. It was the first really gay season that there had been since the war, and the various balls and receptions were being discussed by several groups of men at one of the most aristocratic of the Parisian clubs.

had given her the satisfaction of feeling that she was doing all she could for her country.

Then the news of the death of her youngest brother had come, shot down at Sedan, and soon after her second brother had returned home wounded. Then came the siege, about which so much has been written, but the miseries of which can never be realized by outsiders. The intense cold, the hunger and starvation, the ghastly sights at the ambulances, the fearful suffering of the French at the bare idea of the humiliation of their beloved *patrie*, and then the desolate houses, "where the women were weeping and wringing their hands."

All this poor Renée had witnessed and experienced, and then, finally, during the siege



A young officer of some thirty years of age, whose bronzed face showed that he had come from warmer climes, was seated apart, looking idly at the newspapers. Two other men were standing with their backs to him, by a window which looked out into the street, and the officer could not help overhearing their conversation. They were neither of them young men, and the elder of the two was singularly handsome and aristocratic-looking. He was apparently about forty-five years of age, had perfectly regular features, and was tall and well-built. His hair was iron-grey, whilst his moustache was still black.

His companion

was perhaps some five years younger, and there was a disagreeable expression in his eyes and deep lines about his face which told of an ill-spent life.

"Why on earth you should object to a hand at cards, I cannot think," he was saying. "It is perfectly outrageous the way in which you have cut your old friends since your marriage, Gaston!"

"Why," laughed his friend, "I haven't cut any of you; but, you know, when a man marries he cannot exactly live at his club just as he did before—unless——"

"Unless he happens to have merely married for a *dot* and not for a pretty wife, which is certainly not your case."

"No," answered the other, reflectively.

"There's no mistake about it, half Paris is envying you, old fellow, for of all the beautiful women, your wife certainly takes the palm. But, hang it all, Gaston, you've got everything a man can want: high birth, the loveliest wife in Paris, plenty of the needful——"

"No, there you are mistaken, Georges, I haven't. I really am not wealthy."



"WEEPING AND PRAYING."

"Well, at any rate, that isn't the reason why you won't come and spend an evening with us now and again in the old way."

"Look here, I'll tell you the exact truth, and then you'll understand how things are."

Here the young officer coughed, fearing that something private was about to be imparted, but the two men took no notice, and the elder one continued:—

"You know that I have been married just two years."

"I do; I have reason to know it."

"And that before my marriage I went in for pretty high play."

"Yes, I know that too."

"Well, you know the whole story of how I met my wife."

"Saw her at the ambulance—love at first sight—got an introduction to her brother, etc., etc."

"Well, you know that Renée is patriotic to a degree——"

Here the young officer, who had just risen to move away, sat down again, and the conversation continued.

"What the deuce has that to do with your cutting us all?"

"Patience, my dear fellow, patience. When the war was over and France had her debt to pay—the debt imposed by her most magnanimous and honourable conquerors—my wife's indignation knew no bounds. She turned everything which she could dispose of into money, and sent it towards the debt. The following year we were engaged; and one evening, when she, her brother, and I were talking about it all, she announced to me that she wanted to sell all her jewels, for she never intended to wear another ornament until the debt was paid; and Victor, who is almost as impulsive as his sister, decided that he would sell their old home in the Midi——"

"And you, what did you volunteer?" asked the younger man, with a mocking laugh.



"I vowed to Renée that I would give up play, so that we might with certainty set aside something each year."

"To be a drop in the ocean of this infamous debt?"

"Exactly."

"And you've kept your word by playing with me!"

"Well, I have only played very occasionally."

"I see, and as Madame la Marquise was not the loser, that does not count?"

"Precisely."

"Well, then, will you come round to-night?"

"I can't play here, Georges. Don't you see, if De Nerval dropped in and my wife happened to hear of it—why, you see, she has rather straight ideas of some things."

"Well, then, call round for me, and we'll have a stroll to the other end of the Boulevards."

"All right!"

"Nine o'clock sharp, then."

"Yes," and then, soon after, the elder man drew a chair up to the table where the young officer was sitting, and was soon engrossed in the newspapers, whilst Raoul d'Harcourt scanned curiously the face of his successful rival.

V.

"I CAN scarcely believe it is really you, Raoul, even now."

"I am very substantial, nevertheless, and do not look much like a ghost, do I?"

"No, you certainly do not."

"Well, then, Victor, believe your eyesight, man."

"Raoul, are you quite sure you do not mind meeting Renée? Because, even now, we need not go if you have the slightest objection."

The two men were driving up the Champs Elysées in a close carriage. Raoul threw back his head and laughed heartily. "My dear fellow," he said, at length, "I am not a love-sick boy. I can tell you that nine years spent in rough work in Algeria and in Tonquin knock the sentiment

out of a man. It will be odd to see Renée so much older and with a husband, who you say is nearly twice her age, but I can assure you I'm not going to fall in love a second time."

"That's right," said Victor, heartily.

Ten minutes later, and Raoul was shaking hands with the Marquise de Gramont, about whose perfect beauty all Paris had gone wild the previous winter. Very, very lovely was Renée, as she came forward to greet her old friend and playmate, and the bronzed African soldier, who thought he was proof against all sentiment, felt his heart beating more quickly as he thus stood once more in the presence of the one woman he had loved.

Very gracefully did the fair hostess perform all her duties, and Raoul saw that society had not succeeded in putting its yoke upon Renée, for she was just as natural and as simple and straightforward as ever. One great change, however, he saw: there was a steadfast look in her beautiful eyes which had never been there in the olden days, and there seemed to be a whole world of strength in the curved lips which were formerly so proud.



"SHE CAME FORWARD TO GREET HER OLD FRIEND."



When the Marquis de Gramont was introduced, he said he felt sure he had seen Raoul somewhere, but the latter did not enlighten him by mentioning the fact that it was at the club that he had seen him. During dinner Renée asked Raoul many questions about his life in Africa, and seemed to take the greatest interest in hearing about everything.

Raoul on his side was observing very carefully the husband and wife, and wondering whether Renée had realized in her husband the ideal of her girlhood. The Marquis appeared to be devoted to his beautiful wife, and one could see his evident pride in her, whilst Renée was very animated, and appeared to be perfectly content with her lot in life.

Once or twice, however, as he watched her face in repose, it seemed to Raoul that her buoyant spirits were being kept up with an effort, and yet she was too natural to be acting a part, and, after all, why should she not be quite happy, surrounded as she was by every luxury, fêted by all the *beau monde* of the gay capital, and adored by her husband and brother?

## VI.

TWELVE months later, Raoul was lying back one evening in a comfortable easy chair, before a huge wood fire in one of the smaller rooms belonging to the same club where he had heard the conversation between the Marquis de Gramont and his friend.

Raoul was now a member of the club, and spent a great deal of his time there. He had thoroughly appreciated a year's rest and life of luxury after the time he had spent roughing it in Africa, and he had been made a great deal of in the aristocratic circles which he frequented.

The handsome African soldier had been quite one of the lions of the season, and as he lay back gazing idly into the fire, he was wondering whether, after all, he had done wisely in withdrawing from the army. He had had serious thoughts of joining a party of explorers who were setting out the following week for Africa, but he had finally decided to give himself, at any rate, one more year of luxury and idleness, if, indeed, his manner of spending his days could be considered idle, for never was there a man more active and energetic than Raoul d'Harcourt.

Another smaller room led out of the one where he was now sitting; the doorway was covered with a curtain, but the door stood open. Suddenly he heard voices in the other

room, and one which he thought he recognised was saying: "You've got the amount down there in black and white. Remember that on Saturday it must be paid. The fellow has waited and waited, but this time you see he's got your signature and the date, and you must meet it, for it is out of my hands entirely."

"I cannot meet it," and Raoul on recognising the voice started from his seat.

"You must apply to your brother-in-law."

"Never, I would die first."

"That sounds very fine!" said the other, sneeringly; "but the money must be there by Saturday, the day after to-morrow."

"But it is monstrous, this amount. It means ruin, absolute ruin, and I could not anyhow realize the money in so short a time!"

"*Que voulez-vous, mon cher?* You have played and played, and you have borrowed to pay your debts. Money-lenders don't supply you with the needful for the simple pleasure and philanthropy of the thing. They require interest, and interest mounts up."

"But, Georges, this amount really is monstrous."

"All the same, it has got to be met. I'm in as big a hole as you are."

"But you are not married."

"No, worse luck, for if I had a brother-in-law, I should apply to him."

"Listen, Georges: I am utterly ruined."

"It's no good repeating the fact, Gaston. It's not pleasant information. The only thing I can recommend you to do is to borrow the tin from M. de Nerval. Now take the paper, and *remember Saturday*. I must go now. *Au revoir*."

Raoul was standing up facing the door. He saw the curtain move, and, before he had time to think what he should do, the Marquis de Gramont appeared before him. He was holding in his hand a stamped paper, his face was terribly pale, and his lips were quivering with emotion. On seeing Raoul, he stepped back involuntarily, then, drawing himself up haughtily, he advanced and said, scornfully:—

"You have heard all, I presume?"

"I have," answered Raoul, sternly.

"Allow me to congratulate you on what you have gained by eavesdropping."

"This is the second time, Marquis, that I have become acquainted with your private affairs in this way. It is certainly imprudent to discuss them without making sure that you are alone."

"And the other time?"

"Was a year ago, when you confided to



the man who has just left you *why* you had renounced play. I did not know you then."

"But now, as you do know me, and as you are a friend of my brother-in-law, you will perhaps consider it your duty to inform him of the facts with which you have just become acquainted?"

"Marquis, may I remind you that I have been a French soldier, and as such have learnt the meaning of the word 'honour'? I have accidentally overheard your conversation, and as the thing cannot now be altered, it seems to me useless to stand here and insult each other. As a friend of the De Nervals, Marquis, I cannot be indifferent to anything which touches them. I do not ask you from motives of curiosity, but on account of my friendship for them. Will you tell me what you purpose doing?"

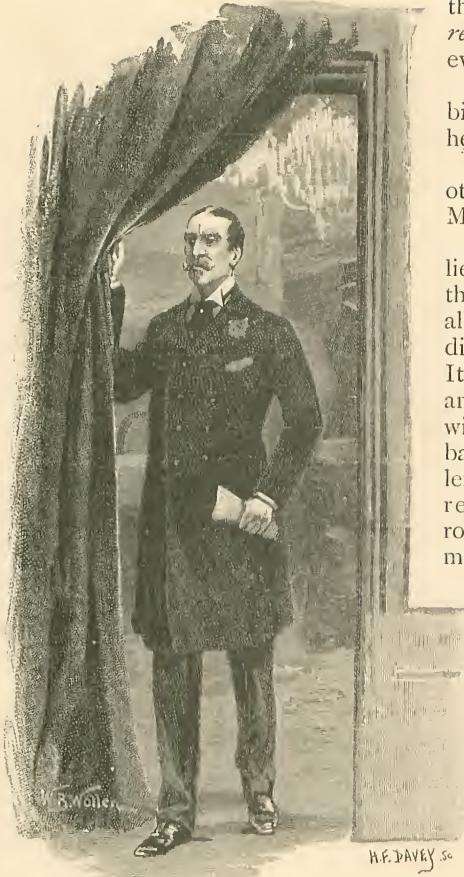
The Marquis came near to the fire, and leaning his elbow on the chimney-piece and playing idly with the piece of paper in his hand, he looked steadily at Raoul and replied:—

"I purpose shooting myself."

Raoul started, and for a second a feeling of triumph, almost of satisfaction, flashed through his mind. Here was his successful rival, Renée's ideal, disgraced, dishonoured, and she would soon know that for the last twelve months his life had been one long lie. Renée would be free again, and perhaps after all— He did not let himself finish his reflections, and a flash of indignant scorn at the baseness of such thoughts gleamed for a moment in his eyes.

The Marquis, who was looking at him, saw it and said, sarcastically:—

"You think suicide despicable, eh, my young friend? Believe me, it needs some courage when one has ties—and no religion, no faith, no belief whatever in another life: when one thinks that the adieu once said to



"HIS FACE WAS TERRIBLY PALE."

those one loves is not *au revoir*, but farewell for ever——"

The Marquis spoke bitterly, and Raoul knew he was thinking of Renée.

"There must be some other course open to you, Marquis."

"There is none. Believe me, I have thought the problem well out, although until to-day I did not know the amount. It has gone on increasing, and I have trusted to winning and so paying it back; but my luck has left me, and the figures remain. They have robbed me, these cursed money-lenders, and I believe my *friend* is in league with them. Look at the figures, since you know the rest."

Raoul glanced at the paper. The amount was indeed alarming.

"But, Victor? He would do all in his power."

"I shall not ask him. I know he would do what he

could, and he will have to do it later on for my wife. This, however, is quite beyond his means. He and my wife have given all they could for *la belle France*. The whole of this money would have to be here on Saturday, or the thing is public. I have borrowed everywhere I can through my famous friend Georges, and now this bill is the amount of all my debts which this precious money-lender undertook to clear for me; so that I am entirely in his hands. You see, it is hopeless."

"But your shooting yourself will not pay the debt."

"It will prevent my explaining all to my wife."

"And her grief——"

"For my death will be less than her grief for my dishonour. I could not meet her when she knows. I am not a coward. I faced the shells during the siege and I faced the Communists after, but my wife's grief I *could not face*—you don't know Renée."



"I do, Marquis."

There was something in Raoul's voice which made the Marquis look at him questioningly, and he continued, smiling bitterly: "You forget, I knew her before you did, aye, and I loved her, too, before you did."

The Marquis started slightly.

"Oh, never fear," continued Raoul. "I never won her love as you have done—I had the misfortune to tell a lie for her sake, and she scorned me for it. She refused me and despised me. You have had more luck than I, for in spite of your twelve months' lying you have kept her love. Take care, though, for I know your wife. She told *me* that she could *never* forget; perhaps in that too, though, you will have more luck."

"I shall not try the experiment: my resolution is taken."

"And the disgrace to her?"

"Oh, God! don't taunt me with it. I cannot avoid it now. It has to come. Whether I am there or not, the disgrace will have to fall. If, as I say, the money is not there on Saturday, why, there is no help for it: the thing is public."

"Poor Renée!" burst involuntarily from Raoul's lips.

"Aye, poor Renée!" and the Marquis held out his hand to the man to whom, five minutes before, he had spoken with such withering scorn.

Raoul grasped it cordially, and the two men remained silent for a minute, neither of them venturing to speak. They understood each other though, and each knew that if there were one pure feeling in the other's heart, it was that of reverence for the woman they both loved. At last, the Marquis, looking full at Raoul, said, with a feeble attempt at a smile: "It is too late for me to be jealous now," and then he added, earnestly: "Tell her, after Saturday, that my last prayer was not for God's forgiveness, but for hers. Tell her I shot myself because I thought she would think more mercifully of me dead than living. Tell her that, whatever have been my shortcomings, my love for her has been pure and true; and listen"—the Marquis stepped nearer to Raoul—"this is the hardest thing of all for me to say. You love her and have always loved her; she admires you perhaps more than she does any man. Try again and win her love and give her your name as soon as possible—that she may not have to bear the disgrace of mine."

The temptation for a moment was terrible, but only for a moment, then Raoul's mind was made up. He had laughed a year ago

when talking to Victor at the idea of falling in love a second time with Renée. He had seen a great deal of her during the past twelve months, and he had found out that the love of his boyhood had never died away, and that he loved her now with all the strength and passion of his manhood.

He loved her, though, too well to allow a shadow of disgrace to fall upon her, a disgrace which he knew would be to her proud nature terrible to bear. The thought of helping her, of consoling her, of being near her in her trouble was very tempting, but he put it away from him sternly as unworthy, because of its very selfishness.

There was silence again while Raoul was steeling himself for his great sacrifice. At last he raised his eyes from the crackling wood in the fire-place, and looking steadily at the Marquis, said, firmly:—

"No, it cannot be. I will not deny that I love her. I do, more than my life—and with a love that will endure until my death. You love her, too, and you have every right to, while I have none. Take care of her, Marquis, and do not let her suffer disgrace; it would kill her."

"Alas! there is no help for it."

"Yes! there is. On Saturday you shall have the money——"

"What? you——"

"I have not spent much," said Raoul, briefly, "and what I had has accumulated. I have still my estate in the Midi, which will suffice for my future wants. All the rest I shall put entirely at your disposal. After our debts are paid you cannot be penniless, and——"

"I cannot accept this."

"Put pride aside," said Raoul, smiling sadly, "or if it hurts you, why, do not accept it. Let me have this one satisfaction in my life, I have had so much disappointment. Let me feel it is for her."

"It *is* for her, otherwise I *could not* accept it. But, no! I *cannot* accept it. What should you do? You cannot live on nothing!"

"I have the estate, and, besides, I shall go back to Africa."

"What! exile yourself for me, a comparative stranger?"

"No, for her," said Raoul, smiling again. "I shall join the exploring expedition which starts next week."

"I don't know which of the two alternatives is the harder to accept," said the Marquis, bitterly.

"You must sacrifice your pride, which is a



harder thing to do sometimes than to sacrifice one's life. But you must remember that it is for her, and that after all you are giving me the only real happiness I have had for ten long years."

The Marquis pressed Raoul's outstretched hand in both of his, and said, while tears rolled down his cheeks: "God reward you for saving my honour, and with it my Renée's peace of mind. I ought to say *our* Renée, for you have saved her from what to her would be far worse than death. Oh! but it is hard on you, to exile yourself just in the prime of your life. I cannot thank you, words are too feeble. What can I say?"

"Nothing," said Raoul, trying to smile. Soon after, the two men went out together and strolled arm in arm up the Champs Elysées, as far as the Avenue du Bois, where the Marquis lived.

Raoul hailed a cab afterwards and drove home to his luxurious apartments, where he spent the night arranging his papers, for he was too excited to sleep until the dawn began to break. He threw himself on his bed then, exhausted with conflicting emotions.

## VII.

It was the "Jour des Morts" in Paris, and rich and poor, old and young, were all on the way to the cemetery, carrying with them their tribute of flowers to offer to their dead. At the gate of Montmartre Cemetery there was such a crowd, that everyone had to wait some time before they could get through the entrance.

A distinguished-looking man of some thirty-eight or forty years of age, who had been idly following the crowd, turned into the cemetery and strolled along, stopping from time to time to watch some little family group, or to admire some tastefully-arranged flowers or read an inscription on a tomb.

He wandered up and down the various walks, apparently having no aim or object in his visit to the cemetery. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, for he turned round and walked quickly along in an opposite direction, until he came to a magnificent tomb with a little chapel in marble. There was a fresh wreath, which had evidently only just been brought and laid at the door of this chapel, and stepping nearer and kneeling down, he read the inscription on the wreath. "To my husband," were the words he read, and then, getting up, he went round to the other side of the tomb, where he saw a name carved on the stone with the date of two years before.

It was very evident that the name was known to him, for involuntarily he took off his hat, and stood there with bowed head, lost in thought, until the sound of children's voices near recalled him to himself, and he walked on again towards the gateway of the cemetery.

Before going away he stood for a moment near the opening that leads to the common grave, and which is marked by a high cross. It is just a simple cross rising from a grassy mound, and rich and poor meet here together to bring their flowers, in memory of those whose graves are, perhaps, in distant lands, or, perhaps, in the deep sea. The wreaths are very soon piled up yards high, and there are flowers of all kinds, from the delicate hot-house blossoms to the humble little penny bunch of violets, which, perhaps, some poor, hard-working mother has brought in memory of her dead soldier-son.

The traveller (for one could see from the bronzed complexion of the strongly-built man that he had come from a sunnier country) stood again here to watch the various people offering up their flowers, when, suddenly, a lady dressed in black, and accompanied by an officer of some forty years of age, emerged from one of the by-paths and passed through the little opening to the common grave. The lady was carrying an exquisite cross made of violets and white flowers. The man who was watching saw her press it for a moment to her lips, and then placing it gently on the other flowers she knelt down and closed her eyes for a moment in prayer. The officer stood behind her, bareheaded, and an expression of intense sorrow was on his handsome face.

The man who was watching stood back behind a tree until they had moved away, then he stepped forward, and, going close to the cross, he read the inscription on the flowers just deposited there. What he saw was just one word in a woman's handwriting on a black-edged card, and the word was a man's name: "Raoul." He stood for a moment like one in a dream, and then he hurried after the officer and the lady he had just been watching. He overtook them in a lonely avenue, which they had taken evidently to avoid the crowd, for the lady was leaning on the officer's arm, and they were both very silent and evidently very much moved.

When the man who was following them was near enough he just said "Victor!" and the officer, starting, turned round, gazed earnestly at the stranger, and then, stepping forward, took both his hands in his, exclaiming "Raoul!"



As for the lady, she stepped back and looked at the new-comer with an almost terrified gaze; then, turning deadly white and trembling all over, so that her brother put his arms round her for support, she said:—

"Oh, Raoul, we thought you were dead!"

"No; I am very much alive, you see, and more and more like a coffee-berry."

"But we heard nothing of you, nothing, nothing," she murmured, reproachfully; "and you had said you would write if you were alive in five years."

"Who told you that?" asked Raoul, quickly.

"My husband," replied Renée, the colour coming back to her cheeks.

There was silence for a moment, and then she continued, "Raoul, I know all. I cannot thank you, for it was too much for thanks."

"But *why* were you told?"

"Don't talk of it all now, and here,"

interrupted Victor. "Come back with us, Raoul, to dinner, and we can tell you all this evening afterwards."

It was to Victor's home that they went, for on the death of the Marquis de Gramont Renée had gone back to live with her brother, giving up her luxuries, retiring from society, and living henceforth a very quiet life.

"It had been entirely a love match," the world had said, with its usual perspicacity, "and the poor young Marquise de Gramont will never get over her grief for her husband."

After dinner, when all three were sitting together, with the lamps throwing their rosy shade over the whole room and the fire crackling in the fire-place, for November had announced itself in a cold, chilly way, Renée began again the subject she had touched on in the cemetery.

"Raoul, my husband told me everything when he was on his death-bed. He died from the effects of a fall from his horse when riding in the Bois."

There was silence for a minute, then Raoul said, quietly: "It was a pity that he told you."

"No! it was right I should know. Raoul, can you ever forgive *me*?"

"I—I have nothing to forgive! What do you mean, Renée?"

"I mean that in those old days I dared to reproach you, I dared to scorn the love of a man, whose equal I believe now, Raoul, has never lived. I learned to appreciate you, learned it by a terrible lesson, and by comparing you with the other men I met. Oh, Raoul! believe me, my remorse has been terrible, but I have been punished, for I have been humiliated to the very dust," and Renée's eyes shone while her lips quivered.

"But you were so happy, Renée, when I was here last, and you might have gone on being so if only no one had told you."

"You thought I was happy? No, I was then living one long, long lie. I thought I loved my husband when I married, but very soon I found out that I had made a fatal mistake. He loved



"WILL YOU TAKE ME NOW"



me, though, to the very last, and I, at first, through pride, and later on for a better and more unselfish motive, went on appearing happy. I deceived the world and my husband. Victor only understood, and consequently only Victor knows how great my punishment has been."

Her brother, who was sitting near her, took her hand in his and said: "Renée, don't dwell on all this, child. Raoul forgave you years ago. Let bygones be bygones. Raoul is too old a friend to imagine that we could be ungrateful. He knows that you and I thank him from the depths of our hearts. Now try and make his evening a little pleasanter, or he'll be sorry he came," and the brother drew the beautiful face nearer and kissed the fair white forehead.

"Yes, I am indeed a bad hostess," said Renée, and then, getting up, she walked across to Raoul, who stood up as she approached, and putting both her hands into his, she said: "I won't thank you, then, Raoul," but she looked up into his eyes with her own beautiful ones full of tears, and then, hastening out of the room, she left the two men alone.

They had a long explanation then, Raoul asking all the questions he had been wishing to.

"Poor Renée!" said Victor. "I should say never did a girl have so happy a beginning or a woman so hard an ending."

"Why *did* he tell her about it?"

"He was dying, and you remember you had told him that if you were alive in five years, you would write. No letters came, and so we all thought you were dead. Why didn't you write, though, Raoul?"

"I thought it was better not. I wanted to forget and be forgotten. You know the weak spot has been there all my life."

"Is it there still?"

"Yes, I gave up years ago trying to crush it out of my life."

"That's right. Oh, Raoul, if you do still love her, why should you not even now be happy, both of you?"

"You forget, Victor," said Raoul, lifting his head with a proud movement.

"No, I don't forget; but, Raoul, you surely won't let pride stand in the way now? You own that you have always loved her. You haven't a soul on earth in the way of a relation: why should you wish to be solitary to the end?"

"I am used to it now," said Raoul, wearily, "and then, too," he added, "she might refuse me again. She is grateful now, but I don't want gratitude."

At this moment the door opened and Renée re-appeared. "I am a bad hostess," she said, "to leave my guest like this," and she moved forward and took her seat again on the low arm-chair in front of the fire. Her eyes showed signs of tears, and her voice was not very firm. Raoul, who had risen as she came in, thinking to intercept her passage, stood before her, and looking down into the sweet, refined face, said: "Renée, if I asked you the same question I asked you years ago at Nerval, would you give me the same answer? Will you take me now, Renée, a worn-out old traveller?"

"Oh! Raoul," said she, rising, "then you *have* forgiven me, quite, quite?" looking pleadingly up into his dark, handsome eyes.

"No, not quite," he said, smiling, "because I have missed so many years with you," and then, taking her in his arms, he kissed her beautiful hair and her eyes still wet with tears.

"It seems to me that you forget I am here," remarked Victor, standing up and poking the fire into a fresh blaze.

"No, we don't," said Renée. "Kiss me, too, Victor; you have been so good to me all my life. You have always taken care of me."

"Simply out of consideration to my old friend," said her brother, laying his hand on Raoul's shoulder. "When he went off to Africa that first time, his last words to me as I stood on the platform were: 'Take care of her!'"

"Were they, really?" asked Renée, looking up at Raoul with very misty eyes.

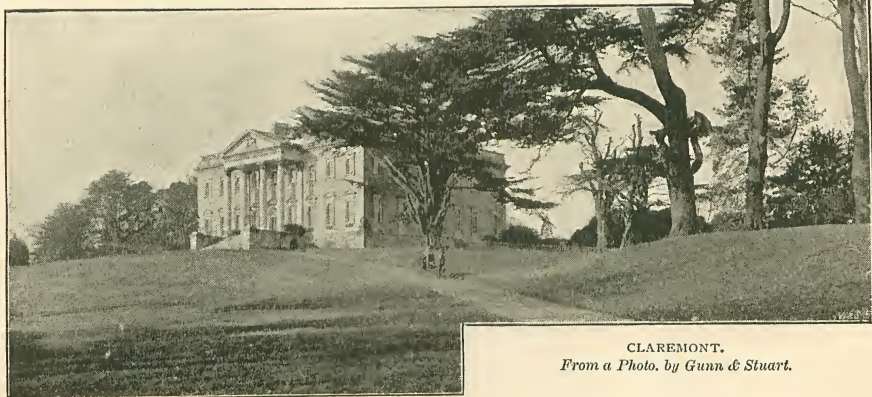
"I believe they were," answered Raoul, laughing; "and now, Victor and I will go shares for the future in taking care of you."



## H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany.

By MARY SPENCER-WARREN.

(With the special permission and approval of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany.)



CLAREMONT.  
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.



SEARCH where you will, you will not readily find a quieter and prettier spot than Claremont: right away from busy town or noisy railway, having its approach through a sleepy, quaint old village, that carries one back to the days of our great-grandmothers, when the one event of the day was the dashing through of the stage coach with its team of spanking greys, and its red-coated guard with his merry horn. And so little have things altered there with the march of civilization, that I feel almost as though I have taken a leap backwards, for there on the green stands a stage coach; there is "mine host" at the door of a real old country inn, and here are the little cottages, with the women in white caps and aprons looking out of the doors, the ducks and fowls, and all the usual sights of a quiet hamlet.

A little farther on, and I drive through some handsome gates—swung open by a keeper in the Queen's scarlet—on past the pretty lodge, past the farm buildings, the obelisk, the entrances to stables and gardens, and on up the smooth drive, to alight in front of the mansion.

It is a place with many interesting associations, both romantic and saddening. Here kings, queens, princes, and nobles have lived their various lives; some chequered and disappointed ones, while for others there have been seasons of unalloyed happiness; but this is to anticipate.

Louis Philippe and Marie Amèlie found

shelter here for many years, shorn of crown and devoid of kingdom, to die amongst the people with whom they had found a "city of refuge."

Meanwhile, our beloved Queen—then the Princess Victoria—had often stayed here; had played in the rooms, and on terrace and lawn; and in the grounds had taken her first lessons in sketching from Nature. At a later epoch in her life she came again, this time with husband and children, and as she watched the latter at play, lived her young life over again.

Then one of the children, the Princess Louise, comes here for a quiet retreat after the State wedding at Windsor; and still later, the youngest, Prince Leopold, brings his bride here to her home.

It would only be painful to dwell on the sorrow that so soon cast its shadow over this happy household; rather let us rejoice that the Royal widow is not left alone. Consolation is accorded in children's happy voices ringing through house and grounds, their presence bringing sunshine and dispelling grief.

Just as I am about to mount the steps, the two children rush down, laden with barrows and dolls, for their morning gambols on the grass. The little Duke waves his hat, in response to my greeting, as he flies over the terraces, closely followed by his sister; and I stand a minute or two watching them, and right happy-looking children they are, near enough of an age to be real playmates, and to thoroughly enjoy each other's society.





THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY WITH HER CHILDREN—PRINCESS ALICE AND THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.*

Standing thus at the summit of the hill, and the foot of the broad flight of steps, from which a good view of the Surrey Hills and the Epsom Downs is obtained, the mansion appears to be about the centre of the park. It is an oblong, square building; brick, with stone dressings, fronted with a Corinthian portico, and surmounted with a pediment containing the Clive arms carved in the centre; for here, during some time, Lord Clive passed a most misanthropic existence. From this portico I step through the half-glass doors direct into the entrance-hall: a spacious and lofty apartment, supported with columns of scagliola marble, having an oblong ceiling decorated

with plaster relief, and walls panelled in devices of low-relief. The floor—a marble one—has an oblong centre corresponding with the roof. In the middle of the hall stands a fine billiard table, placed there by the late Duke, which is kept covered with a very handsome hand-worked cloth. A row of well-cushioned basket chairs faces the entrance, making a cool and comfortable lounge on a summer's day. China vases containing palms, carved antique chairs and tables, swan screens, Oriental hanging lamps, busts, portraits, bronzes, and other objects of interest abound; while over by the marble fireplace is something much treasured by the little Duke, namely, a suit of armour sent him by his aunt,





From a Photo. by]

THE HALL.

[Gunn &amp; Stuart.

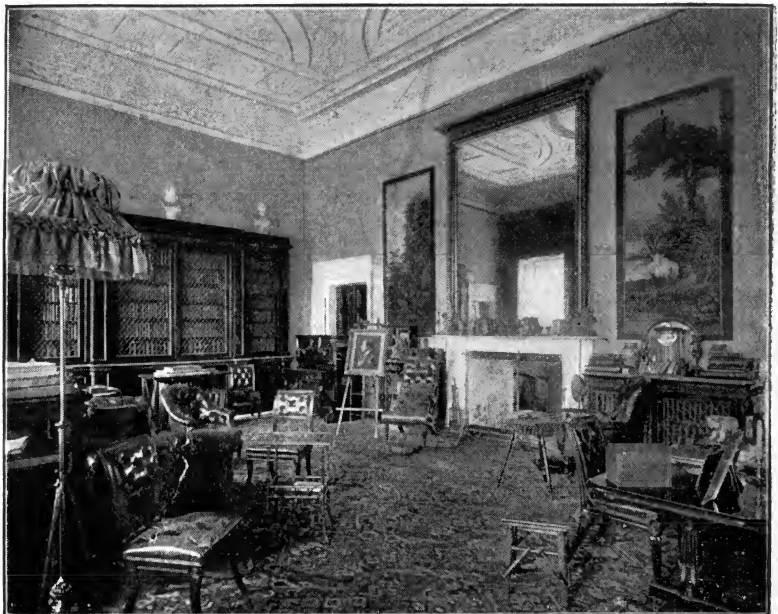
the Queen Regent of Holland. Certainly it looks a little ponderous for His Royal Highness at present, but perhaps he will fill it better a little later, and a gay figure he will cut with helmet and flowing white plumes. In this hall I was present at quite a merry and happy family scene. The Duchess had graciously promised me special sittings of herself and children for *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, and so a corner was fitted up for the occasion, and here the three grouped themselves in front of the camera, groups evidently being preferable to the Duchess; indeed, as she remarked, "she was seldom without her children, and liked all to be photographed together." This photograph is the one here reproduced.

One can see at  
\*Vol. ix.—3.

a glance what a true mother Her Royal Highness is, and how the children adore her; and who could help smiling when they popped their happy faces round the screen with the evident intention of making their mother laugh when she was being taken alone, or when they shouted with laughter when the entire group nearly subsided, on a support in the rear being inadvertently moved? But the portrait-taking is

at an end, and so we will proceed to view the house.

Many doors open from the hall; the first I use is that leading to the library. Its electric blue walls are well lined with lettered bookcases containing much sound English literature; and on either side of the fireplace



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Gunn &amp; Stuart.



is a splendid piece of tapestry from the Windsor School, of which the late Duke of Albany was President; these Her Royal Highness herself pointed out to me as being quite of the best specimens the school had turned out. Some massive side-tables are also laden with books; and on a little table near the fire I note some scholastic works, with places marked for lessons to be presently imparted to the Duke by a tutor. Over at one side stands a French piano, which you can either manipulate in the ordinary way, or by turning a handle; just a huge source of delight to children, and the evidences of children are in every room at Claremont. I once heard it said that the entire place is like a mausoleum to the late Princess Charlotte; well, there are certainly many reminders of that lady; but what I chiefly noticed was "something for the little ones," whichever way I turned.

On an easel you may observe a good portrait of the late Duke, and on the top of the bookcases are several busts of Royal personages. Various writing-tables hold framed portraits, books of views, etc. The floor is carpeted in Turkish, the windows handsomely curtained in crimson and drab, the furniture being the usual leather-covered.

Next I go to the inner hall: from here the staircase opens, thus it is effectively lighted direct from the roof of the building. It has a good marble floor, plentifully scattered with Persian rugs, and here and

there stands and baskets of choice palms and lilies. A magnificent specimen of wood carving is here to be seen in a table and cabinet, a wedding present from the Queen of Roumania. On the wall facing the entrance is a painting by Titian of Philip II. of Spain, on the left stands a large cabinet of beautiful china, while opposite is another mechanical piano, having its handle at a particularly convenient and inviting place for little folks. I had a turn myself, but it responded so loudly that I let go quickly in sheer self-defence. If you study the photograph here introduced, you will notice some exquisite sculptured work. A "mural decoration" by Williamson, a sculptor who resides at Esher, has much of his work at Claremont, and has perhaps had more Royal commissions than has fallen to the lot of any other member of his profession. This particular work is in three divisions, and was erected in memory of the former residence of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. The middle tablet typifies their life there, having representation of aid to the widows and orphans, and underneath an inscription, "They visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction." The tablet on the left represents the apotheosis of the wife, the inscription being, "Sorrow not as a man without hope, for her who sleeps in Jesus." On the right we see the crown of Belgium offered to the Prince, with the words underneath, "Seek the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." A little higher

up the staircase is a bust by Sir Edgar Boehm of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; it is a speaking likeness, and a fine example of delicacy of detail. The columns and pilasters of Siena marble give a solid and costly appearance to a staircase that is exceptionally fine.

In one corner is a door opening to the dining-room, where your attention is immediately attracted to the number of grand works in oil adorning the walls. Some



From a Photo. by]

INNER HALL AND STAIRCASE.

[Gunn & Stuart.





From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Gunn &amp; Stuart.

of them are full length, one being Her Majesty the Queen : on one side of her the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in uniform, and on the other the Princess Charlotte in high-waisted black velvet, ruffs and puffings of white satin, with her light brown hair dressed in coils on the top. Other paintings in the room are George III., the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Prince Consort, the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria (seemingly not more than three years of age), one or two landscapes, etc. The room is of splendid proportions, and the really good-sized dining-table, standing at one end, looks quite tiny. It has a well executed cream ceiling, an old oaken floor, covered in the centre with a Turkey carpet, crimson curtains, and a crimson leather-covered suite of furniture. There are some massive marble-topped side-tables, with rare china vases on them, on one being also a marble bust of Her Majesty the Queen, presented to the infant Duke in 1884.

On the walls may also be seen some fine old china and some quaint pieces of armour. Various busts, bronze figures, and other curios are scattered here and there, one of which is a Kaffir "jowala" bowl, a present to the late Duke. Then there are some more

things, which are not generally recognised as dining-room furniture, namely, a Punch-and-Judy show, with any amount of puppets, a monster toy elephant, and two rocking-horses. To all intents and purposes, this is a spacious and warm playground for bad weather. Over near the marble mantel is a curious and antiquated-looking carved screen, filled with photographs, chiefly of Royalty, most of them being of a period remote enough to make them a quaint and interesting study, both for the dresses and the photography.

The drawing-room contains very many things over which one is disposed to linger. Some have histories : the carpet, for instance, an Eastern one of nondescript pattern, blue and pink. It was taken from some Indian Princes by Lord Clive, who brought it over to put in the new mansion he purposed to build. It was not the shape and size for a room of ordinary appearance, and far too costly to cut up, but conquerors of countries are not to be beaten by a carpet ! So when the house was put up, a room was specially constructed for it. So, instead of making a carpet for a room, a room was built for a carpet ! Unique, I thought ; at any rate, I have never met with a similar instance.

Then there is a piano, which is worth seeing ; it is an exact copy of Beethoven's.



It was constructed in 1817, by John Broadwood and Sons, for H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and was renovated in 1874 by command of the Queen. Having very much the appearance of the ancient harpsichord, it has a beautiful silvery tone and clear, delicate expression. The marble mantelpiece is most exquisitely carved, and said to be worth over £1,000, on either side of it standing some large and almost priceless vases—also brought from India by Lord Clive. There are some choice old cabinets in various parts of the room; two of them are Indian ones.

There are some fine paintings on the silk brocaded walls, notably one each of the late Duke and the Duchess. On an easel stands

strawberry (hand-embroidered), and gold and tapestry, with hangings of plush and silk to match; some costly miniatures, some rare old china, a framed copy of the signatures to the Berlin Treaty, and (the children again) an assortment of valuable mechanical toys are all good to behold; as is the pale blue and cream "Adams" decoration of ceiling and fresco. One chair in the room I must make special mention of; it is a *chef d'œuvre* from the before-noted Windsor School of Tapestry, has a perfect picture in silk of Windsor Castle on it, was made specially for, and presented to, the President on his marriage.

Next comes the Duchess's boudoir. I shall always have a vivid recollection of this



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Gunn & Stuart.

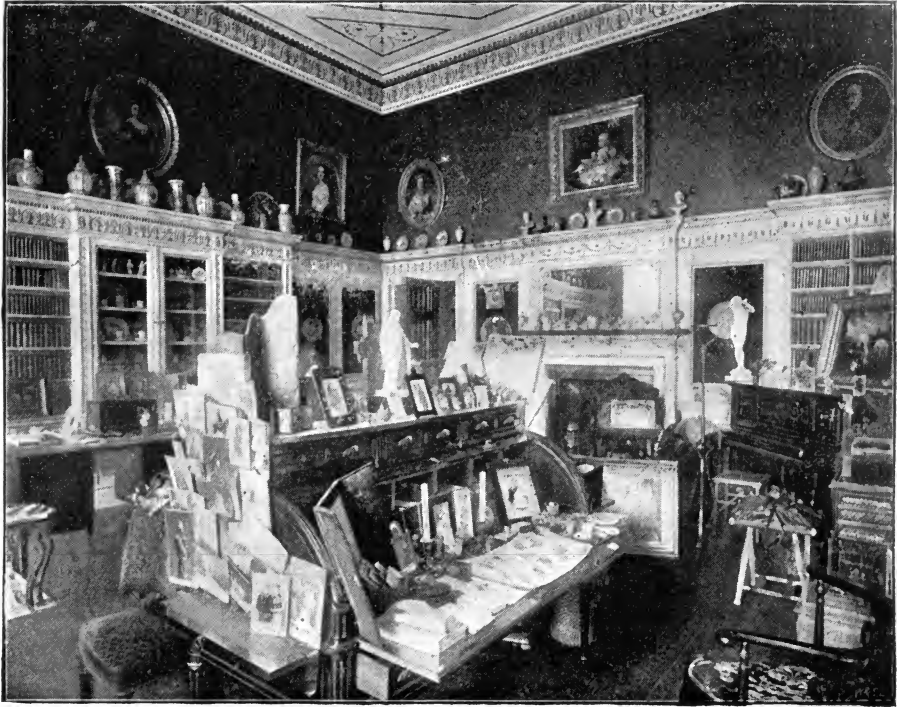
one of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, by Richmond. On pedestals are some valuable bronze vases, and on buhl and other tables are many pieces of bijouterie, some books, busts, and framed portraits; one frame contains "Arolsen," the early home of the Duchess; and a folding leather case near has in it no fewer than twenty-four portraits of the late Duke—from earliest childhood until nearly the close of his life. Three or four very handsome screens—one or two hand-painted; furniture of gold and

room, for I spent some considerable time there: one day having a quiet look round, and another day being graciously received by Her Royal Highness, who favoured me with some considerable portion of her time, looking over some photographs I had of the Royal Palaces of the Queen of Holland (you remember that the Queen Regent and the Duchess of Albany are sisters), talking of magazines and journals, and those who write for them, and arranging for the promised sittings, etc. I have no intention of enlarging



upon the appearance or manner of the Duchess; everybody knows how kind and amiable she is, because they hear it so often; and I should imagine that she must get just as tired of the class of writers who con-

sorts, most of them being of great value. The prevailing decorative tones are cream, gold, and ruby, presenting a very effective whole, the ruby being introduced in panels, on which some costly china is effectively



From a Photo. by]

THE BOUDOIR.

[Gunn & Stuart.

tinually laud her amiability as she is with the opposite faction, who contribute to some of the society papers gossip which is as undignified as it is untrue. If I tell you what chiefly impressed *me* respecting the Duchess, it is the fact of what a model mother she is.

You cannot be in the house long without noticing how she loves and cares for her children, and how closely she watches over their welfare: not indulgence—but firm kindness; and how those children do respond to it! What perfect sympathy there seems to be between them all. The eldest one, the Princess Alice, looks to be robust; she has pleasing ways, and bears a wonderful likeness to our Royal Family. Her Royal Highness is now eleven years of age, her brother (the Duke) being nine. He is a bright, cheerful boy, with a clever-looking face, and just as brimful of fun as boys generally are.

As you will see in the photograph, the boudoir is very full of knick-knacks of divers

displayed. On the walls are several of Winterhalter's paintings, chiefly of the Royal Family; and in various parts of the room are busts, chiefly by Williamson. There are some well-filled bookshelves of English and French literature, the works of well-known authors: a careful selection of rather deep reading; but the room was formerly the sitting-room of the late Duke, and it is not necessary for me to say one word of the literary abilities and qualifications of the most scholarly of the Queen's sons. Evidently the Duchess has similar tastes, for I notice a ponderous and abstruse work lying beside the chair from which she has just risen.

In the centre of the bookshelves is a glass-fronted cupboard, full of rare old china, much of it having been wedding presents. One service of Sèvres I particularly noticed, given by the Earl and Countess Beauchamp. I should not like to have to tell you how many photographs there are in the room; but it is the same in every Royal



house, photographs shower in from all directions. Of course, the family faces predominate on both sides.

Here is a basket that might very well be labelled "Spare moments," for that is just what it represents: it is full of various articles in process of knitting; is taken up every odd moment, and grows to an astonishing amount in a very little time. Busy and active fingers has the Duchess, and I am told by one of the ladies of the household how articles are knitted for the "Guild," and how complete outfits are made for young girls just going out into life, how weekly working meetings are held in the library, and how, when the periodical collection of Guild work comes on, the Duchess works from early morning until late at night, sorting, labelling, packing, and doing the hundred and one duties that the work brings day after day, with a cheerful word and a smiling face for everybody.

Near at hand is a Brinsmead piano, where recreation or practice can go on, and over in a corner is an easel holding a drawing just commenced by the Princess Alice. The very handsome writing-table in the centre

—a wedding present to the late Duke from the residents of Boyton Manor—has on it, amongst other things, a fine statuary group, a gold battered bowl from the Queen, and a china dish from an old nurse. Under one of the windows is a glass case containing many curios, gold caskets, gold keys, and a gold medal—one of twelve, ten of which were silver—struck in commemoration of the decapitation of Charles I.

The school-room is next, and a delightful apartment it is—a ceiling richly decorated in cream and gold, and walls in electric blue brocade of fern-leaf pattern, these having on them some family portraits, some landscapes, some antique pieces of armour, and some old

china. Busts of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany and the Grand Duchess of Hesse stand in arched recesses, while numerous portraits of the Royal children, and their cousin, the Queen of the Netherlands, may be seen in various directions. One is especially striking: it is the little Duke in the uniform of his father's regiment, handsomely framed, standing on a table in the foreground. Globes, maps, writing-tables, patent desks and seats, and all the usual school books are well to the fore; while flags, bats, balls, etc., are plentiful—in fact, one corner of the room is a perfect toy store, called, I believe, "Toy Corner": there is quite a wonderful arrangement of them, of every



From a Photo. by)

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

[Gunn & Stuart.

shape, sort, and size conceivable. Then there are flowers, ferns, and singing birds in their cages, making the place look particularly bright and cheerful, and very unlike the abode of dreariness that distinguishes *some* school-rooms. The presiding genius of the room is Miss Potts, a pleasant-faced, practical lady, with whom I enjoyed one or two brief chats. This is the apartment in which the Princess Charlotte died, and it was quite undisturbed, and shut up, for some considerable time after that sad event.

Now I walk through some of the dressing and bed-rooms, those that are on the ground floor. They are all much of a muchness for decoration and fittings. Here is a picture of





From a Photo. by]

THE DUCHESS'S DRESSING-ROOM.

[Gunn &amp; Stuart.

the dressing-room of Her Royal Highness the Duchess. It is very effectively decorated, ceiling and fresco in cream and gold, with walls of pink and gold. The furniture is white-wood with hand-painting and brass mounts. On the walls are some family likenesses and some modern pictures, on the floor a rich red carpet. A good bust of the late Duke stands on the chest of drawers, the dressing-table showing a French time-piece, some silver-mounted glass, and an abundance of choice flowers. The Duchess is very fond of flowers, and has plenty of them all over the house.

Opening from here is the bedroom, decorated in the same style. The wardrobe shows some very beautiful painted panels, and is surmounted with the crown and banners. On one side of the room is the small bed used by the Princess Alice, who, I was told, had slept in the same room as the Duchess ever since some burglars had selected Claremont for a Christmas raid. It seems they had planted a ladder against an upstairs window, and had actually entered a room where the children were. They, being then very little, and firm believers in the "Santa Claus" visits peculiar to the season, were not at all alarmed: thought, no doubt, that was the proper entrance for strangers, who *might* be fairies in disguise. Fortunately a servant appeared, who estimated Mr. William Sikes at his

proper value, gave the alarm, and the downward journey on the ladder was quicker than the upward one.

The Duke's dressing and bed-rooms are near at hand, and I first go through them and note the general effect, which is plain though good; and then I go upstairs to the suite of apartments known as the Queen's Rooms. They are very quietly furnished, much more so than the rooms of thousands of Her Majesty's

subjects: plain plaster ceilings, with walls papered in grey and blue, on them being many prints and engravings, family portraits, and horses and dogs that were favourites of the Queen. Over one mantelpiece is one of Landseer's best. In the sitting-room some of the furniture is gold burnished or mahogany frame with upholstery of plush or tapestry with floral needlework. One of John Broadwood's pianos stands at one side, an old favourite, used times and often by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. In front of the fireplace is a rich needlework screen, and over against one of the windows is a fine specimen of painted insects on porcelain, intersected with pressed ferns. The prevailing fittings of the entire suite of rooms are rosewood, and green and white chintz; all the Brussels carpets being the same colour ground-work, with fern-leaf and floral design.

There now only remain two other rooms to see—the Princess Beatrice's bedroom, and one of the visitors' rooms—as a type of a suite of such. The first room is, if anything, the plainer of the two. Plaster ceiling, flock papered walls, green carpet, rosewood furniture (with chintz covers), an ordinary brass bedstead, and chiffonnier, over which is a plain bookcase.

Before going downstairs, the Duchess kindly allows me to see a small room, which is called the "Museum." It is so small that





From a Photo. by]

THE MUSEUM.

[Gunn &amp; Stuart.

an adequate photograph is impossible; but contains a great deal that is of much interest—articles that are dearly cherished by the Duchess. A large carved oak wardrobe with sliding panels, and some regimental cases on the top, contain the uniforms and guns, swords, etc., worn and used by the late Duke; a glass-fronted cupboard has in it various documents and books, and a number of walking-sticks are arranged above each other on the wall near the entrance. Many of these were doubtless presents, for I noticed labels attached, one of them bearing the name of Garibaldi.

Downstairs I walk through the vaulted passages and kitchens; then out into the magnificent grounds, and over the conservatories to see the multiplicity of choice camellias, orange trees, etc., through the acres of flower and kitchen gardens—where a special feature is a large number of azaleas—and then on to see the Mausoleum. This was originally intended for an alcove for the Princess Charlotte, commenced during her residence by her husband. When she died, he finished it in a much more costly manner. It is

Pointed architecture, the interior having a groined ceiling with rich tracery, and stained glass windows. One of the best views in the grounds is to be obtained here: the position is very elevated, the lake winding in and out far below, giant trees and clusters of rhododendrons interspersed. I must not forget to say that the children's gardens are just in front, the same wonderful arrangement of plants and seeds that little fingers always get; with the same little prim borders marking outline and division. While I stand looking I hear their young voices in the distance, and descry them scampering down the drive carrying a birdcage between them. I inwardly wonder if it has an inhabitant, and whether, if so, it is accustomed to that shaky travelling.

The first sight I had of Claremont, they were in the foreground, and when I leave on the last day, I catch sight of their bright young faces watching from a window; and my last impressions are, perhaps, more particularly of a happy home than they are of a stately Royal residence.



## *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

XVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

FEW things are more notable  
THE in recent Parliamentary history  
CLOSURE. than the failure of the Closure.

When it was introduced by a Conservative Government, even those who found it convenient to criticise it as an infringement of the liberty of debate secretly recognised in it a beneficent instrument for forwarding business, public and private. Mr.



"ON THE POUNCE."

W. H. Smith took to its use with remarkable avidity. During his leadership, more especially in its earlier Sessions, he was, as Mr. Tim Healy irreverently put it, ever "on the pounce." The House soon grew familiar with the figure of its esteemed Leader sitting forward on the extreme edge of the Treasury Bench, with hands on his knees, his eye resting anxiously on the face of the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees. He waited thus till a moment favourable for interposing presented itself. Then, rising, he said, in a voice hardly raised above reverential whisper, "I move that the question be now put."

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Sometimes, not often, the Speaker refused to put the question. Whereat there were triumphant shouts of derision from the Irish camp. Mr. Smith's white teeth gleamed in responsive though spasmodic merriment, and he subsided for another hour. Then he was up again, unabashed by earlier rebuff, and, like the importunate widow in Scripture, he finally succeeded in bringing a particular episode to a conclusion.

With the return to power of a Liberal Ministry matters in this respect have distinctly changed. The horror of the Constitutional Party at the proposal to apply the Closure is so genuine and so passionate, that the present occupants of the Treasury Bench shrink from exciting it save under the greatest provocation. What was with Mr. W. H. Smith not even a choleric word is with Sir William Harcourt flat blasphemy. Moreover, some members on the Liberal side maintain whilst their friends are in office that objection to the Closure they expressed when in Opposition. There are two or three sitting below the Gangway on the Ministerial side who walk out without voting when a division on the Closure is challenged.



"WALKING OUT."

As far as I remember, Mr. Gladstone, whilst Leader of the House, moved the Closure only once, and that in circum-



stances of undisguised obstruction. Sir William Harcourt is not enamoured of the practice, and postpones its adoption as long as possible. Last Session the Closure was moved only thirty-six times, and of that number the Leader of the House was responsible for only six applications. Mr. John Morley moved it twice; Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Herbert Gardner, in charge of Bills, severally on single occasions invoking the assistance of the Standing Order. Thus in the aggregate Ministers only ten times through the Session interfered with the object of bringing discussion to a close.

THE SPEAKER AND THE CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Of the thirty-six motions, twenty were made whilst the Speaker was in the Chair and sixteen under the presidency of the Chairman of Committees. By a curious coincidence both right hon. gentlemen consented to put the question exactly half as many times as it was pressed upon them. The Speaker put the Closure ten times, and the Chairman of Committees eight. This proportion of consent goes a long way towards accounting for the gradual disuse of the Closure. When a member jumps up to move that the question be now put, and the Speaker declines to submit the proposal, a snub is inflicted the severity of which is not easily got over. For a Minister such a repulse is a serious matter, and right honourable gentlemen on the Treasury Bench invoke the Closure only when they are practically certain that the Speaker or the Chairman is prepared to submit the question.

That the President for the time being should be placed in a position of deciding whether the House or the Committee shall have the opportunity of saying whether or not it has heard enough of the current debate is the weak point in the scheme which has predestined it to failure. This stipulation was a concession to the well-meant objection on the part of an influential minority to take any step that tended to infringe freedom of debate. The duty is imposed upon the Speaker, but that does not lessen his dislike for it, nor incline him to take upon himself more responsibility than he can avoid. It is understood that the system Mr. Peel has laid down for his guidance in this matter\* is not to submit the Closure as long as there is shown in any quarter of the House a disposition by a minority of respectable dimensions to continue the debate. This being known, or surmised, the control of events is in the

hands of adroit obstruction. It only requires that when one member sits down half-a-dozen others shall spring up, eager to catch the Speaker's eye, and the hapless Minister in charge of the Bill knows it would be useless for him to move the Closure.

Mr. Mellor has his plan, which is equally effective in minimizing the responsibility cast upon the Chair in this matter. The Chairman of Committees is understood to hold the view that if the Leader of the House, or the Minister in charge of a Bill, takes upon himself to move the Closure, the Chairman is bound forthwith to put the question. With private members he may be guided by circumstances. These plans, like Trochu's at the siege of Paris, are admirable in their way. But the nett result is that the Closure has practically become a dead letter.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE? This panacea from which so much was hoped, and which at the outset did passably well, having failed, the authorities are beginning to cast about for some new device.

The business of the House of Commons increases every year, and as Session follows Session the inadequateness of the existing forms of procedure is demonstrated. When Mr. Chamberlain's friends were in office, he, going to the point in his usual direct and vigorous fashion, propounded a scheme whereby a certain specified time should be set apart for the discussion of particular stages of Bills, and when that was reached a division should automatically ensue. In Committee on the Irish Home Rule Bill in 1893, and again in Committee on the Budget Bill last Session, this suggestion was adopted by the Government. In the first case it resulted in the famous free fight on the floor of the House. In the second Mr. Chamberlain and the Opposition generally withdrew in high dudgeon, declaring that they would not even be passive participants in this attack on freedom of debate in the Mother of Parliaments.

These historical instances are cited to show how difficult is the question. There is all the difference of viewing it from the Opposition Benches and from those on the right hand of the Speaker. Nevertheless, the difficulty will have to be faced, and, probably, something will be heard at no distant time of a proposition to appoint a Committee representing all sections of Party in the House, which shall consider Government Bills when they are brought in, and decide what number of days shall be set aside for successive stages, the limit fixed by them, in no case, to be overstepped. Another suggestion made is



that there shall be a limit to the duration of speeches. This, at least, has the advantage of having been tested in practice, it being the only means by which some of the Congresses, meeting in various parts of the country, get through their work within reasonable time.

There is one eccentricity of Parliamentary procedure that might well be disposed of whilst weightier matters are being further cogitated. In the early days of municipal activity and private industrial enterprise it was found convenient to set aside the first half-hour of sittings of the House of Commons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, to consider what is known as private business—that is to say, Bills promoted by corporations, public companies, or individuals. As the performance is (or should be) perfunctory, since this class of legislation comes before the House only after it has been thoroughly thrashed out in Select Committee, there were no restrictions as to the date or order in which promoters of private Bills might claim the attention of the House of Commons. A private member in charge of a measure disestablishing a Church, or extending the franchise, is obliged to take his chance at the ballot for opportunity of furthering his object. He may get a favourable position on the Order Book, or may fix on a date so remote as to preclude possibility of his Bill making headway in the current Session. But if the object of the measure he is concerned for be the making of a sewer, the provision of a local water supply, or the extension of a railway, he is absolutely master of the situation. He can put it down for any day he pleases, and the House of Commons will be obliged, not only to enter upon its discussion, but to set aside all other business till this local question has been talked out and, if necessary, divided upon.

At present, the Speaker takes the chair at three o'clock on the four days named. At half-past three public business commences, the interven-

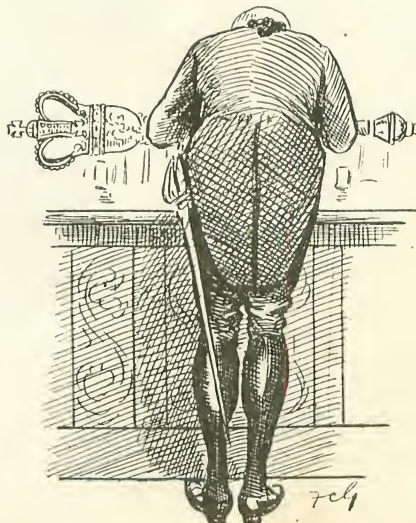
ing space having been devoted to private Bills, should there be any on the Orders. If not, the Speaker sits in the chair, the Clerks at the table, the Serjeant-at-Arms by the cross-benches, and members hang about waiting for the half-hour to strike. If, on the other hand, the report stage of a private Bill affecting keenly fought interests is down, discussion upon it may go on till five or six o'clock, or even later, public business, meanwhile, being shunted. Last Session the progress of the Budget was more than once seriously hampered by the incursion of a private Bill.

The existing arrangement was well enough when private business was limited in amount, and the House was content to accept the decision of its own Committee to which it had referred the inquiry, and which had probably spent some weeks in thoroughly sifting the matter. Now that a different order of things is established, it seems preposterous that the tyranny of private business should be permitted to prevail.

LORD  
DENMAN.

Since the House of Lords met at the end of last Session a picturesque presence has vanished. No longer will the gaunt figure of Lord Denman flit about the corridors of the House crowned with a plain-coloured skull cap, carrying in one hand a shabby hat, and in the other a stout stick. I never spoke to Lord Denman, though I was, for a long time previous to his death, the recipient of constant correspondence, written in his school-boy hand, evidently with a very bad pen.

This incomplete personal acquaintance began in odd fashion. Some years ago I wrote in one of the monthly magazines an article on the House of Lords. In the course of passing descriptions of peers, I alluded to Lord Denman as "a harmless, elderly gentleman, something of the Mr. Dick type." This, though not exactly complimentary, was not ill-naturedly meant, and so greatly pleased Lord Denman that he wrote to me saying he had bought up every



"THE SPEAKER TAKES THE CHAIR."





LORD DENMAN.

available copy of the magazine, and sent them to particular friends. One night he took the number down to the House and proposed to read the article, an opportunity of which, I regret to say, their lordships declined to avail themselves.

Looking over some notes made from time to time with respect to Lord Denman's public appearances, I find one of his many letters. It is a fair sample of the charming incoherency of style which suggested the reference to Mr. Dick. I do not remember what called forth this particular letter, but fancy from the context it refers to an occasion when Lord Denman insisted upon sitting with the Law Lords, actually joining in their deliberations on some important case, and delivering a separate judgment.

"Dear Mr. Lucy," he writes from the Midland Grand Hotel, under date 27th April, 1888, "I am glad that your journal states, even with a sneer, that the House of Lords cannot 'even repress me!' In 1884, the day of great Demonstration, the proposer of the Houses of Parliament said the great use of that demonstration would be the power to create Life Peers, and Dr. Carpenter (who died in a bath) and Dr. B. W. Richard should be the first L. P. I wish M.D.'s were made Hereditary Peers, but even Life Peers would find that 'My Lord' is expected to contribute to a great many charities and public objects.

"The 3 Life Peers might be Ld. C. Justices of C. P. in England and Ireland and L. C. Baron in England. There are 8 hereditary Law Lords—2 ex-Chancellors bound to

attend—L. Selborne, Herschell, Bramwell, Esher, Coleridge, Moncreiffe, Hobhouse, Halsbury.

"I wish the Committee on Reporting would examine me.—Yours truly,

"DENMAN.

"Dr. Richardson is a lengthy speaker. Mr. Atkinson, M.P. for Boston, presses his Bill on Duration of Speeches."

The member for Boston alluded MR. FARMER to in the postscript is the gentle- ATKINSON. man later known as Mr. Farmer

Atkinson. He was Lord Denman's great political and Parliamentary ally. Whilst he still sat in the Commons, Lord Denman was a frequent visitor to the lobby, where the twain held long consultations. They had struck up an alliance designed by its operations and influence to curb insolent majorities in either House, and to lower the crest of haughty Ministers. Lord Denman's favourite measure—he had quite a batch—was designed to extend the Parliamentary suffrage to women. Mr. Atkinson had drafted a Bill limiting the duration of speeches, a proposal much laughed at; but, as will appear from what is



MR. FARMER ATKINSON.

set forth in an earlier page, the member for Boston was apparently only ahead of his time. Lord Denman undertook, when the Bill had passed the Commons, to pilot it through the Lords, Mr. Atkinson on his part undertaking to carry through the



Commons: his noble friend's measure on woman's suffrage. As neither passed either House, there was no call to fulfil this mutual pledge. Still, the prospect led to many important and interesting colloquies between the two statesmen, regarded by the party Whips with gallant appearance of amusement.

The peers had a short way with poor Lord Denman and his efforts to advance his Bills by a stage. Any peer may bring in a Bill, have it read a first time as a matter of course, and printed at the expense of the nation. This Lord Denman did Session after Session with his Woman's Suffrage Bill. But he never got it read a second time. What happened on such occasions was that some noble lord connected with the Government rose and moved that the Bill be read a second time on that day six months. No one showed a disposition to discuss the matter, and in a few moments the Bill was shelved.

Once Lord Denman had the best of this joke. In the Session of 1888, he early in the year brought on his Woman's Suffrage Bill. As usual, it was agreed to read it a second time on that day six months, a formula which confidently implied that when that period was reached Parliament would have been prorogued. It happened in this particular year that the Session was so prolonged that the House of Lords was still sitting six months after Lord Denman had moved his resolution. He had not forgotten the date, if others had. Upon its occurrence he rose, reminded their lordships that they had unanimously agreed on that very day to read his Bill a second time, and claimed fulfilment of the undertaking. The peers backed out of the situation, leaving Lord Denman with the second reading of his hapless Bill carefully relegated to that day three months, a date when it was more than ever certain the House would not be sitting.

When, next Session, he brought in the Bill, Lord Cranbrook made the usual motion.

Lord Denman, appearing at the table, said: "My Lords, will the noble Viscount state whether, in moving that the second reading shall be taken on this day six months, he means six lunar months or six calendar months?"

There is nothing like being precise, and the few days' difference between an aggregation of six lunar or six calendar months might make all the difference in his chance of finding the House again sitting.

Lord Salisbury rose when Premier was,

perhaps, a little peremptory with a weaker brother. If Lord Denman rose with another peer and declined to give way, Lord Salisbury promptly moved that the other peer be heard. When the Small Holdings Bill of 1892 came on for consideration on third reading, Lord

Denman moved its rejection. At the end of ten minutes Lord Salisbury, interposing, declared that his remarks, inaudible on most benches, had no bearing on the Bill before the House. The crushed worm will turn at last. Lord Denman had frequently suffered from the impatience of the Premier.



LORD CRANBROOK.



LORD SALISBURY'S ATTITUDE.

He now turned on Lord Salisbury, and personally rated him for some moments, concluding by striking the table with clenched



fist and resuming his seat, whilst Lord Salisbury stonily stared into space across the table.

Lord Denman was a profound student of Parliamentary precedents, and occasionally flashed one upon the Lords, whose novelty disturbed their habitual and well-trained imperturbability. When Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill, coming up from the Commons, had been grudgingly passed by their lordships, Lord Denman brought in a Bill for its repeal. This courageous effort met with the customary fate. Its introduction was not refused, and the Bill was printed. But a second reading was curtly refused.

There was supposed to be an end of the matter. But a few nights later Lord Denman came up smiling with another Bill, designed to effect the purpose of the first. He admitted that this course was unusual. But he had found a precedent in the year 1754 connected with an Act for the naturalization of the Jews. "I have been thirty-four years in this House," he added, parenthetically, "and am entitled to speak in every month except October."

Why October, the peers, being after all human, were curious to know. But they mastered the weakness and sat silent, whilst Lord Denman, raising his musical

voice to tones of passionate entreaty, besought them in the name of the liberties of England to read his Bill a first time.

What followed illustrates the difference of habit on the part of the Lords and Commons in dealing with cases like this. Had Lord Denman risen upon such an errand in the Commons, he would have been greeted with uproarious laughter and cheering, the scene closing by the stern interference of the Speaker. In the Lords he talked on amid perfect silence till he had quite finished. Then the Lord Chancellor, taking no more notice of him than if he had been a blue-bottle fly buzzing round the chandelier, went on with the next business.

His last interposition in the business of the House of Lords was most dramatic. The peers to the number of twenty or thirty were discussing some Bill, the name of which does not dwell in the memory. Suddenly appeared in their midst the tall, gaunt figure of Lord Denman, with skull cap on his head, his left hand clutching a bundle of papers, his right pointing to the Front Bench above the gangway, where ex-Ministers sit.

"My Lords," he said, interrupting the peer who was in possession of the House, "there are no Bishops present. I move that this House do now adjourn."

No notice was taken of the interruption, and after a while Lord Denman, gathering up his papers, hurried from the House. Other peers might discuss miscellaneous Bills in the absence of the Bishops. He would not share their responsibility.



"THERE ARE NO BISHOPS PRESENT."

MY The wide  
LETTER- range of  
BOX. THESTRAND  
MAGAZINE  
over the English-speaking world brings me letters from various parts, near and remote, following up topics here touched upon. One writes from Bombay: "Passing through London on my way to five years' exile, I spent a night in the House of Commons, and was much com-

forted. It may at times be dull here, but for absolute, soul-depressing dullness, I never saw anything like the centre of attraction for denizens of a scattered Empire. When, from month to month, I read 'From Behind the Speaker's Chair,' I wonder that you, who seem to spend your days and nights in the House, still survive. Are you not really bored to death? Is not flesh a weariness and the grasshopper a burden?"

We have no grasshoppers in the House of Commons, though last Session a mouse looked in and momentarily concentrated upon itself the attention of a crowded Legislature. Towards the end of a prolonged Session—and





"A GRASSHOPPER."

last August, with brief intermission, the House of Commons counted twenty months' hard labour—things don't look so bright as they did. But for a sufficiently good reason the House of Commons never palls upon me beyond the influence of a passing hour of dreariness. The reason is that, like the sea, it is never to be counted upon for prolongation of a particular mood or a current aspect. At one moment it may be in a condition depicted by the disappointed visitor on his way to Bombay. The next it may break forth into a burst of merry laughter; may be moved to enthusiastic cheering or shouts of execration; may even be lashed into a state of tumult such as that which made memorable a night in June in the Home Rule Session of 1893. At its best the House of Commons in dramatic qualities exceeds any Assembly in the world. At its worst it is, in truth, deadly dull. But even in the depths of dulness, the seeing eye may discern some touch of human interest.

Here is a note from Mr. Archibald Forbes, whose knowledge is extensive and peculiar. It relates to a House of Commons' story, told in a former number, wherein a Conservative member, living in Whitehall Court, endeavoured to obtain permission to drive through the Horse Guards archway. According to the smoking-room story, he was told that that was impossible, the privilege being reserved for Royalty and a few highly-placed personages connected with the War Office. But he might be made an Irish peer.

"The actual story," writes Mr. Forbes, "is of the George III. period. Robert Smith, the banker, and ancestor of the present Lord Carrington, had a house whose back, with the usual garden in front of it, faced the Green Park on its eastern side. He desired to have an entrance into the park from his garden, and petitioned the King to that effect through the proper channel. 'I cannot grant him this privilege,' said old George, 'but I shall be very glad to make him an Irish peer instead.' So Smith became Lord Carrington in the Irish peerage, and a year later received a peerage of U.K."

Another correspondent on the same subject writes to say that he first heard the story twenty-seven years ago.

LORD BROUGHAM'S CHECK TROUSERS. Mr. William Lincolne sends from Ely a note which seems to settle an important controversy. Was the Brobdingnagian check pattern of Lord Brougham's trousers a figment of the fancy of Mr. *Punch*, or did they actually exist? Says Mr. Lincolne:—

"Among his lordship's enthusiastic admirers was a Huddersfield manufacturer, who, having turned out a remarkably good shepherd's plaid trousering, sent him a piece with compliments. He had a pair of trousers made from it, and when these were worn out, having the cloth still by him, he just had another pair, and so on to the end of his days. My informant, a friend of thirty-five years' standing, was a Huddersfield man, and what may be still more to the purpose, I saw his lordship wearing a pair during what must have been his last public appearance on a platform at Newcastle some time in the sixties. He was then a mild-mannered, genial old gentleman, and as I listened to his old man's saws, it was hard to believe he could ever have been the fiery advocate of Queen Caroline, the indomitable Henry Brougham! *Sed quantum mutatus ab illo.*

"The enormous pattern was just the 'touch of exaggeration essential to success in caricature,' but the basis was shepherd's plaid."

THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE HOUSE. It seems a quite unnecessary task to impose upon the over-burdened Speaker the necessity of waiting about to whatever hour of night or morning may be necessary in order to declare the adjournment of the House of Commons. When the House is in Committee upon a large and intricate measure, such as the Home Rule Bill



or the Budget Bill, the Chairman of Committees takes the chair immediately after questions are disposed of—that is, between four and five in the afternoon—and remains at his post till midnight. Thereupon, under existing rules, progress is reported, the Chairman leaves the chair, the Speaker is brought in, and the Chairman, standing by the steps of the chair, reports progress. As with certain exceptions no opposed business may be taken after midnight, all the Speaker has to do is to run through the orders of the day (that is, to read the list of Bills put down for the sitting), and, these being severally postponed, the House is adjourned within a space of five minutes.

"Why," common persons would inquire, "should the Speaker, in such circumstances, not be free for the whole of the evening—at liberty to go to bed when he pleases?" The reason is the uncertainty of what may momentarily arise in the House of Commons. Not only does the Speaker await the midnight call to proceed to the adjournment, but he does not feel himself at liberty to leave his House all through the long hours the Committee is pegging away under the presidency of the Chairman.

The necessity for this hard-and-fast line was demonstrated on the occasion of the great fight on the Closure in Committee on the Home Rule Bill. That sprang up like a whirlwind. Had the Speaker not been within call when a messenger was sent to summon him, a deplorable scene must have reached still lower depths.

As it was, the call was so sudden and the hurry so urgent, that when the Speaker took the chair he had no definite knowledge of the circumstances that led up to the tumult, a condition of things Mr. Peel, with his customary presence of mind and infinite skill, put to ready use. When members showed a disposition to go back on what had immediately followed upon the interruption of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, the Speaker said he had no information on the subject, and declined to permit discussion.

That was an exceptional case; but it is an exception which achieves the customary function of proving the rule. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the Speaker might finally retire from the scene when the House resumes Committee on a big Government Bill. On the hundredth his return to the chair is imperatively needed.



# Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.



HARTLEY CASTLE.

BY L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]



THE extraordinary story which I am about to tell happened a few years ago. I was staying for a short time in a small village in Warwickshire, and was called up suddenly one evening to see the Squire of the place, who had met with a bad accident and was lying in an almost unconscious condition at his own house. The local doctor happened to be away, and my services were eagerly demanded. Under the circumstances, there was nothing for it but to comply. I stepped into the brougham sent for me to the village inn, and, after a very short drive, found myself at Hartley Castle. It was an ancient, castellated pile, and village gossip had already informed me that it had been the property of the Norreys family for hundreds of years. The night was a bright and moonlight one in July, and as I drove down the straight avenue and passed under a deep archway into a large courtyard, I caught my first distinct view of the house.

As soon as ever the carriage drew up at the front door an old servant in livery flung it open, and I saw in the background a lady waiting with some nervousness to receive me.

She came forward at once, and held out her hand.

"Dr. Halifax, I presume?"

I bowed.

"I have heard of you," she said. "It is a lucky chance for us that brings you to Hartley just now. I am Miss Norreys. My father was thrown from his horse two hours ago. He seems to be very ill, and is unable to move. When he was first discovered lying in the avenue he was unconscious, but he is able to speak now, and knows what is going on—he seems, however, to be in great discomfort, in short——" she broke off abruptly, and her thin, colourless face turned paler.

"Can I see the patient?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "I will take you to him immediately—come this way, please."

I followed Miss Norreys up some shallow stairs, which led into the Squire's bedroom.

I found my patient stretched flat in the centre of the bed. A manservant and an elderly woman, whom Miss Norreys addressed as Connor, were standing at a little distance. One of the windows was thrown open for air, and the bed-curtains were flung back.

When I approached him, Squire Norreys



fixed two rather fierce and strained black eyes upon my face—he was breathing with extreme difficulty, and it required but a brief glance to show me that he was suffering from injury to the spinal cord.

I bent over my patient and asked him a few questions. He replied to them in a perfectly rational manner, although his words came out slowly and with effort. He gave me a brief account of the accident, and said that his last conscious impression was falling somewhat heavily near the nape of the neck. When he recovered consciousness, he found himself lying in bed.

"What is the matter with me?" he asked, when he had finished making his brief statement.

"You are suffering from injury to the spinal cord," I answered. "I cannot tell yet what the extent of your injuries may be, but I hope they are not very serious, and that after a time your most uncomfortable symptoms will abate."

"I find it hard to breathe," he said, with a gasp. Then he closed his eyes, being evidently too exhausted for further conversation.

Miss Norreys asked me to come with her into another room. I did so, and when there briefly described the case to her.

"My opinion is, that the paralysis will pass off before long," I said. "I do not think that any serious effusion of blood into the spinal cord has taken place. The brain, too, is absolutely clear, which is an excellent symptom. Of course, if the Squire is not better to-morrow, I should like to consult a specialist—now there is nothing to be done but to apply the simple remedies which I have ordered, and to watch him."

"I will sit up," said Miss Norreys.

"You must do as you please, of course,"

I replied; "but as I am here, it is scarcely necessary."

"I should prefer it," she answered.

I did not argue the point with her, and half an hour later took my place by my patient's bedside. Miss Norreys occupied an easy chair in a distant part of the room, and the old servant, Connor, sat within call in the dressing-room. The night passed without any special incident—the patient was restless and suffered much from thirst and want of breath. Towards morning he dropped off into an uneasy sleep—from this he awoke with a sudden sharp cry.

"Where am I?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

I bent over him instantly.

"In bed," I answered. "You have had a fall and have hurt yourself—I am sitting with you."

"I remember now," he said: "you are a doctor, are you not?"

"Yes—my name is Halifax—I am taking care of you for the present: Dr. Richards, your family doctor being away. Drink this, please, and lie still. You will soon, I trust, be much better."

I held a drink to the Squire's thirsty lips. He drained it off eagerly, then looked past me into the dark recesses of the room.

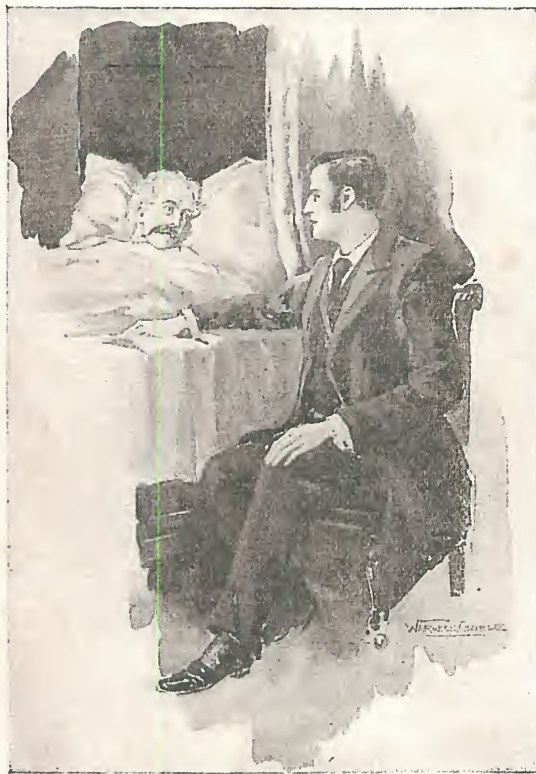
"Is that Orian in that chair?" he asked, a queer, startled quiver coming into his voice.

"No, father, it's me," replied Miss Norreys, alarm in her tone.

"I made a mistake," he answered. He closed his eyes, giving vent as he did so to a heavy sigh. A moment or two later he fell into a natural sleep.

In the morning I thought him better, and told Miss Norreys so.

"I am convinced," I said, "that the injury is only slight, and that the symptoms of



"WHERE AM I?" HE ASKED.



paralysis will diminish instead of increasing. There is no present necessity for calling in a specialist, but I should like your father's family physician, Dr. Richards, to be telegraphed for. He knows his constitution and, in any case, ought to be here to take charge of his patient."

"I will telegraph for him," said Miss Norreys; "but I hope, Dr. Halifax," she continued after a pause, "that you will not resign the care of my father for the present."

"I will remain with your father, with pleasure," I replied; "but it is only just to Dr. Richards to consult him, and I should like him to be telegraphed for."

Miss Norreys promised to see to this immediately: the telegram was sent off, and a reply reached us within an hour or two. The family doctor was laid up with a severe chill in a distant part of the country, and could not return to Hartley for another day at least.

"That settles the matter, then," said Miss Norreys, with a sigh of relief. She was a wiry-looking woman, with a nervous expression of face. Her age might have been forty: her hair was thin, her brow deeply furrowed. It was easy to guess that trouble had visited this poor lady, and that even now she lived under its shadow.

The special nature of that trouble I was quickly to learn.

As the day advanced Squire Norreys grew distinctly better. His upper limbs were still completely paralyzed, but his breathing was less laboured, and the expression of anxiety and apprehension on his face less marked. When the evening arrived I was able to give a good report of my patient to his daughter.

"I have every hope that your father will completely recover," I said. "The effusion of blood into the cord, which is the symptom most to be dreaded in such an accident, is slight, and is being quickly absorbed. Of course, it will be necessary for a long time to keep the patient free from the slightest care or worry."

I paused here. Squire Norrey's face was not a placid one. There were fretful lines round the mouth, and many furrows surrounded the deeply set and piercing eyes. I remembered, too, the name he had spoken suddenly in the night, and the tone of consternation in which his daughter had assured him of his mistake.

"Undue excitement, worry, indiscretion of any sort, would be bad for him now," I said, "and might easily lead to dangerous symptoms."

Miss Norreys, who had been looking at me fixedly while I was speaking, turned very pale. She was silent for a moment, then she said, with passion:—

"It is so easy for doctors to order a sort of paradise for their patients—it is so difficult on this earth to secure it for them. How can I guarantee that my father will not be worried? Nay——" she stopped—a flood of crimson swept over her face—"I know he will be worried. Worry, care, sorrow, are the lot of all. If worry, care, and sorrow are to cause dangerous symptoms, then he is a doomed man."

"I am sorry to hear you speak so," I replied. "Your words seem to point to some special trouble—can nothing be done to remove it?"

"Nothing," she answered, shutting up her lips tightly. She moved away as she spoke, and I returned to my patient.

The following night Squire Norreys and I again spent together. He was restless and there was a certain amount of fever. Soon after midnight, however, he quieted down and sank into heavy slumber. About three in the morning, I was sitting, half dozing, by his bedside, when something made me start up wide awake. I saw that the Squire's eyes were open—a second glance showed me, however, that though the eyes were open, the man himself was still in the shadowy land of dreams—he looked past me without seeing me—his eyes smiled, his strong under-lip shook.

"Is that you, Orian?" he said. "Come and kiss me, child—ah, that's right. You have been a long time away—kiss me again—I have missed you—yes, a good bit—yes, yes——" He closed his eyes, continuing his dream with satisfaction reflected all over his face.

Who was Orian? It was not difficult to guess that, whoever she was, she had something to do with the Squire's too evident distress of mind. In the morning, as my custom was, I resolved to take the bull by the horns. I should be in a better position to help my patient if I knew exactly what ailed him—I determined to speak openly to Miss Norreys.

"Your father is going on well," I said, "but his improvement would be even more marked if his mind were at rest."

"What do you mean?" she stammered.

"You gave me a hint yesterday," I said—"you hinted at something being wrong. In the night the Squire had a dream—he spoke in his dream with great passion and feeling



to someone whom he called Orian—he seemed to find great relief in her presence. Is that your name?”

Miss Norreys was standing when I spoke to her—she now clutched hold of the back of the nearest chair to support herself.

“My name is Agnes,” she replied. “I knew, I guessed,” she continued — “I guessed, I hoped, that the old love was not dead. Did he speak to her, to Orian, as if he still loved her, Dr. Halifax?”

“Yes,” I replied. “Who is she?”

“I will tell you—come into my boudoir.”

She led me down a corridor and into a quaint little room furnished in old-fashioned style. Her movements were quick, her manner full of agitation. She hastily opened a davenport which stood against one of the walls, and took out a photograph in a velvet case.

“That is Orian’s picture,” she said, placing the photograph in my hand. “You will see for yourself that there is not much likeness between that young girl and me.”

I looked at the photograph with interest. It represented a tall, finely-made girl. Her face was dark, her eyes brilliant—the expression of her face was full of fire and spirit—her lips were beautifully curved, and were just touched with the dawn of a radiant smile. A glance was sufficient to show me that her beauty was of a remarkable and distinguished order.

“I will tell you Orian’s story in as few words as I possibly can,” said Miss Norreys. She sank down into a low chair as she spoke, and clasped her hands on her knees. I laid the photograph back on the table.

“We are step-sisters,” she began. “Orian’s mother died at her birth—she asked me to be a mother to her. I loved my step-mother, and the baby became like my own child. She grew up in this house as gay and bright and fresh as girl could be. From her earliest days, she was my father’s special darling and idol. It would have been impossible anywhere to meet a more winsome, daring, fascinating creature. The Squire is kind at heart—yes, I will always maintain that; but he has a somewhat fierce and overbearing manner—at times also his temper is irritable. Most people show a little fear of the Squire. Orian never feared anybody, and her father least of all. She would go about the place hanging on his arm. She would sit on his knee in the evening; she would ride with him all over the property—those two were scarcely ever apart, and a look, a glance from Orian would

soothe the old man in his most irritable moods. Her entrance into the room was like a ray of sunshine to my father.

“We all felt her influence,” continued Miss Norreys, with a heavy sigh; “her brightness made the old place gay; she was liked by young and old, rich and poor alike. Never was there a more warm-hearted, spirited, and brilliant girl. She could sing like a lark, and had also a considerable talent for art. My father would not allow her to go to school, but the best masters from Leamington used to come here to instruct her.

“Amongst them was a young man of the name of Seymour: he was an artist, and seemed to have talent above the average. He came here once a week to give Orian lessons, and he and she, in my company, used to go out to sketch. I liked him and was interested in his future; he expected to do great things with his art by-and-by. Orian and I were both interested in his day-dreams. Although poor, he was quite a gentleman, and was good-looking and refined in appearance.

“When my sister was nearly eighteen, my father came to me one day in order to make a confidence. There was no male heir to inherit the estates, but the property was not entailed, and the Squire could leave it to whom he pleased. He knew that I inherited a considerable fortune from my mother, also that I had no wish for matrimony. My father told me on this occasion that he wished Orian to marry well and young, and that he intended her eldest son to take the name of Norreys and be his heir. He further told me that he had fixed upon the man who was to be the child’s husband—a Sir Hugo Price, whose property adjoins ours. Sir Hugo had fallen in love with Orian, and a day or two before this conversation had asked my father’s permission to woo her and win her if he could.

“I was startled, and begged for longer time—my father, who never could brook the slightest opposition, became indignant, and firmly declared that the marriage should take place before the year was out. I thought Orian would settle matters by refusing to have anything to do with Sir Hugo Price, who was considerably her senior, and whom she never had shown the least partiality for. To my surprise, however, she made little or no opposition. She consented to be engaged to Sir Hugo, and the wedding was to take place immediately after her eighteenth birthday. The whole county was invited to Orian’s wedding—no prepara-

tions were too great to do honour to such a bridal.

"The night before, however, quite late, the bride stole into my room; she flung her arms round my neck, kissed me, and burst into violent weeping. I guessed at once that she was in trouble, but she would not confide in me. I could do nothing but soothe and pet



"I GUESSED AT ONCE SHE WAS IN TROUBLE."

her, and after a time she wiped away her tears, kissed me again, and went away.

"The next morning, you can imagine our consternation—the house was full of wedding guests, the bridegroom arrived in good time, but there was no bride for him to marry. My sister could not be found—she had left Hartley Castle, how and when no one seemed to know. I learned long afterwards that our old servant Connor was in the secret, but nothing would have induced her to breathe a word which might injure her darling. I can never tell you what that terrible day was like. The next morning a letter in Orian's handwriting arrived by post—it bore a London post-mark, and was addressed to my father. He read it standing by the hearth in this room. When he had finished it, he placed it in my hands, and said, abruptly:—

"‘She has made her bed and she shall lie on it. I forbid you to mention your sister's name again to me, Agnes.’

"He left the room as he spoke; when he had gone I read the poor child's brief words. She was now, she said, the wife of Charles Seymour, the young artist who had given her drawing lessons the previous summer, and to whom she had long been secretly and passionately attached. Nothing, she said, could bring her to marry Sir Hugo Price, but as she knew that her father would never consent to her engagement to Mr. Seymour, she was forced to take this cowardly way of securing her own happiness.

"‘Yes,’ she said, in conclusion, ‘I know what I have done is cowardly, and I fear it will be a long time before you forgive me; still, I do not repent.’

"There was no address on poor Orian's letter. I offered to return it to my father—he took it from my hands with a great oath, and, tearing it into shreds, flung the pieces on the fire.

"‘I forbid you to mention your sister's name to me,’ he said, ‘and, what is more, I lay my commands on you never to write to her or to have any further dealings with her of any sort whatsoever—if you do, you can also go.’

"Of course I could not leave my father—he wanted me during those fearful days of suffering more than he had any idea of.

"A year after the marriage the birth of Orian's son was announced in the *Times*. My father was the first to see the announcement. He pointed it out to me with a trembling finger. He had aged greatly during the year, and his temper, always irritable, was sometimes almost unbearable. He showed me the announcement of the child's birth now, and abruptly left the breakfast-table.

"That evening, however, to my great surprise, he came and spoke to me.

"‘I never go back on my word,’ he said. ‘Orian is exactly to me as if she were dead. She gave me up, and I give her up, but there is no reason why her son should not inherit the property.’

"My heart gave a leap at the words.

"‘What do you mean, father?’ I asked.

"‘What I say,’ he replied. ‘Orian has a son: he can take our name, he can be educated here—I can make him my heir, and he can inherit Hartley Castle after me—that is, if he is in all respects presentable—strong in limb and sound in intellect. Write to your sister, Agnes, and tell her to



and the child here for me to see when he is year old—write to-night, do you hear me?’

“I promised gladly—that evening my letter was posted. I begged of my poor sister to consider the splendid prospect for her child, and to think well before she refused the Squire’s offer. Her answer came back within a fortnight.

“‘I was glad to hear from you again,’ she said; ‘your letter satisfied some of my heart hunger, but not all. Only a letter from my father himself could do that. I have called the boy Cyril, after my father—he is in every respect a noble child. I should like him to inherit the old place. If my father will allow me to bring him myself to Hartley Castle, when he is a year old, and if at the same time he will forgive me for having married the man whom I really love, my baby Cyril shall be his heir—if not, my husband and I would prefer to keep our boy to ourselves.’

“I showed this letter to the Squire, whose face turned crimson as he read it.

“‘I never go back on my word,’ he said, ‘tell her that from me. If the boy is presentable I’ll have him, but I’ll have nothing to do with her, or the miserable pauper whom she has married.’

“I was obliged to write to Orian to tell her that there was no chance of a reconciliation for her or her husband. She never answered my letter. Months went by; the boy’s first birthday passed without my sister making any sign. Then, one day, I had a short letter from Orian. It ran as follows:—

“‘My husband is ill; I am in great anxiety. If my father still wishes to see little Cyril, I will send him to Hartley Castle when he is two years old.’

“I showed the letter to the Squire.

“‘Aye, tell her to send him,’ he responded.

“‘Won’t you give her a kind word, father? She is in dreadful trouble,’ I pleaded.

“‘I have nothing to do with her,’ he answered; ‘she is dead to me.’ He turned on his heel as he spoke, slamming the door after him.

“I wrote to my sister, telling her to send the child as soon as she could. My father never mentioned him again, but I saw by the expression in his eyes and by the eager way in which he watched when the post arrived each morning, that in reality he was always thinking of the child. One day I saw the announcement of Charles Seymour’s death in the *Times*. I rushed into my father’s study, holding the open paper in my hands.

“‘I know what you are going to tell me,’ he exclaimed when he saw me. ‘I looked

at the *Times* before breakfast—the fellow’s death is nothing to me.’

“‘But Orian,’ I interrupted.

“‘How often am I to tell you that she is dead to me?’ he replied.

“I turned away. As I was leaving the room he called after me.

“‘When do you expect that child to be sent here, Agnes?’

“‘He was to have come after his second birthday,’ I answered, ‘but it is scarcely likely that poor Orian will find herself able to part with him now.’

“My father stared at me when I said this; then, whistling to one of his dogs, he walked out of the room. On the child’s birthday a letter arrived from his mother. It contained a photograph of the boy and a few words.

“‘I am sending baby’s photograph,’ she wrote. ‘Perhaps my father will be able to judge by it whether the child is sufficiently presentable to inherit the property. At any rate, I cannot spare the boy himself for the present.’

“She made no allusion whatever to her husband’s death. I took the photograph and letter to my father. He read the letter through and then scanned the photograph eagerly.

“‘As far as I can see there is nothing amiss with the little chap,’ he said; ‘but you don’t suppose, Agnes, I am such a fool as to choose my heir from a photograph. Tell your sister to send the boy here with his nurse—I will defray the expense. After I have seen him, his mother can have him back again if she fancies it, until he is five or six years of age. If I adopt him as my heir, I will give a suitable allowance for his maintenance. You can mention that when you write.’

“I took the photograph and letter away with me, and wrote as I was bidden. A reply came within a week.

“‘I cannot fix any date for sending the child to Hartley Castle,’ wrote my sister. ‘As I said in my last letter, I do not wish to part with him at present. It is possible that I may send him in a few months for my father to see, but I do not make any definite promise.’

“That letter arrived about six months ago—the boy is now two and a half years of age, and we have not yet seen him. My father, I can see, lives in a constant state of fret and irritation. He often threatens to make his will, leaving the property to a distant relation, but for some unaccountable reason he never takes any active steps in the matter. You





"HE SCANNED THE PHOTOGRAPH EAGERLY."

speak of this anxiety being bad for him—what can I possibly do to remove it?"

"I should recommend you to see Mrs. Seymour," I replied, "and to find out for yourself what is her real objection to sending the boy here. I am firmly convinced that at bottom your father still retains a real and deep affection for her. I have known characters like his before. Such men will rather die than allow their indomitable pride to be conquered. The presence of the child might work wonders, and for every reason he ought to be sent for immediately."

Miss Norreys stood up in great anxiety and indecision.

"If I only dared to do it," I heard her murmur under her breath.

She had scarcely said these words when a rustling noise in the passage caused Miss Norreys to turn her head quickly—a look of eager and startled expectation suddenly filled her eyes. The next instant the room door was flung hastily open, and the disturbed face of the old servant, Connor, appeared—she rushed into the room, exclaiming, in an agitated way:—

"Oh, Miss Norreys, I hope you'll forgive me—I never, never thought she'd be so mad

and wilful. What is to be done, miss? Oh, suppose the Squire finds out!"

Before Miss Norreys had time to utter a word a tall, gracefully-made young woman, in deep widow's mourning, followed her into the room; behind the young widow came a nurse carrying a child. One glance told me who the widow and child were.

"Oh, Miss Orian, you shouldn't have come back like this," called out the old servant.

"Nonsense, Connor," she replied, in an imperious but sweet voice; "could I stay away, when you telegraphed that my father was so ill? Give me baby, nurse, and go away, please. Aggie, this is baby—this is little Cyril—I have brought him at last, and I have come myself. Connor telegraphed to me yesterday about my father's accident—she said his life was in danger. Aggie, kiss me. Oh, I have been so hungry for you, and for the old house, and for my dear father most of all. I

was too proud to come to him until yesterday—but now—now—yes he *shall* forgive me—I'll go on my knees to him—I'll—Oh, Aggie, don't look at me with such startled eyes—I have suffered—I do suffer horribly. Aggie, I am desolate—and—and—*here is baby.*"

There was a wild sort of entreaty in her words and in the way she held the child out as she spoke. He was a heavy boy, but her young arms seemed made of iron. As to poor Miss Norreys, she was too stunned to reply. She stood with clasped hands gazing up pitifully at her sister.

"Take baby, Connor," said the younger woman. "Oh, Aggie, how old and worn you are. There, come to me, come into my arms." In a moment her strong young arms were swept round Miss Norreys' slight figure. She took the little lady into her embrace as though she were a child. Her long black widow's dress swept round her sister as she held her head on her breast.

Presently I went upstairs to sit with my patient. The improvement which I have already spoken of was more marked each time I saw him. The Squire's eyes were bright, and I saw by their expression that his mind was actively at work.





"SHE TOOK THE LITTLE LADY INTO HER EMBRACE."

"I fancied I heard carriage wheels," he said; "has anyone come?"

I was about to make a soothing reply, which should lead his thoughts from dangerous ground, when, to my extreme consternation and amazement, Miss Norreys entered the room, carrying her sister's little boy in her arms. I would have motioned her back if I could, but I was too late—the Squire had seen the boy—I saw him start violently—all the upper part of his body was still completely paralyzed, but the features of his face worked with agitation, and a wave of crimson mounted to his brow.

"Keep yourself calm," I said to him in a firm voice. "I cannot answer for the consequences if you allow yourself to get excited. Miss Norreys, you ought not to have brought that child into the room without my permission."

The poor lady gave me a piteous glance; her eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"Let me see the youngster," exclaimed the Squire. "Bring him over to the bed, Agnes. I know who he is—he is Orian's boy—she has sent him here at last. Heavens! what a

look of the family the little chap has—he is a Norreys, not a doubt of that."

Miss Norreys stood with her back to the light.

"Bring him round to the other side of the bed," said the Squire, "and let me have a good look at him."

Miss Norreys obeyed with some unwillingness.

The full light now streamed on the child's face—it was beautiful enough to please anyone—the features were perfect, the contour aristocratic—the full eyes were lovely in colouring and shape; and yet—and yet it needed but one glance to tell me that no soul looked from the little fellow's tranquil gaze, that, in short, the mind in that poor little casket was a sealed book. The beautiful boy was looking at no one: he was gazing straight out of the window up at the sky. Presently the faintest of smiles trembled round his lips, but did not reach his serene eyes.

"He's a fine little chap," said the Squire, "but——" there was a fearful pause. "How old is he, Agnes?"

"Quite a baby, as you can see," said Miss Norreys.

"Folly," said the Squire; "he's over two—put him on the bed."

Miss Norreys obeyed.

The boy sat upright where he was placed, he never glanced at his grandfather, but his eyes followed the light.

"He's a fine little chap," repeated the old man; "very like us, but—when did you say he came, Agnes?"

"About half an hour ago," she replied, with firmness. "He's a lovely boy," she repeated; "he is as beautiful as an angel."

The Squire knit his brows—his face was getting flushed, his keen, sharp eyes looked from the crown of the child's head to his daintily clothed feet.

"Take him away," he said, suddenly. His voice was harsh, there was a tremble in it.

I motioned to Miss Norreys to obey. She lifted the little fellow into her arms again, and carried him out of the room.

The moment the door closed behind them, Squire Norreys turned to me.

"You are a doctor," he said, "and you know what's up."

I made no reply.

"That boy's an idiot," said the Squire—"he's a beautiful idiot—he's no heir for me—don't mention him again."

"There is something the matter with the child," I said; "what, I cannot exactly tell you without giving him an examination. As

he is in the house, I should like to go carefully into his case, and will let you know my true opinion as soon as possible."

"Aye, do," said the Squire; "but you know just as well as I do, Halifax, that the unfortunate child has got no mind—that accounts—that accounts——" he paused—the pink spots grew brighter on his cheeks.

"I must send for my man of business," he said, speaking with great excitement, "I cannot rest until I have made a suitable disposal of my property—the dream about that child inheriting it is at an end."

"Now listen to me," I said, in a firm voice; "unless you wish your heir, whoever he may be, to step into possession at once, you are to attend to no business at present. You have met with a serious accident—a very little more, and your life would have been the forfeit—as it is, you are making a splendid recovery, but excitement and worry will throw you back. In short, if you do not remain quiet, I cannot be answerable for the consequences. With care and prudence, you may live to manage your own property for many years. I am very sorry that you saw that little fellow to-day—the thing was done without my permission. I am going downstairs, however, to examine him thoroughly, and will give you my verdict on his case when next I see you. Now you are to take your medicine and go to sleep. Nurse, come into the room, please."

The professional nurse whom I had engaged to help me entered from the dressing-room. I gave her some directions, desired her to admit no one, and went downstairs.

Miss Norreys was anxiously waiting for me—she came out of her boudoir to meet me.

"Is my father worse?" she asked.

"I hope not," I replied; "but why did you bring that child into his room without my permission, Miss Norreys?"

"Oh, it was Orian," she replied; "she would not be reasonable—she seemed carried out of herself by excitement and distress. It was as much as I could do to keep her from bringing the boy to my father herself. Of course, I know *now* why she kept him away all these months; but she thought—she hoped—that my father might not notice how things were with the child while he was so ill himself."

"You both did very wrong," I answered. "Of course, Mr. Norreys could not fail to observe the child's strange condition. By the way, I should like to see the boy again."

"Orian is only too anxious to consult you

about him," replied Miss Norreys. "Will you come in here?"

She led me again into her boudoir, said, in a husky voice, "I have brought Dr. Halifax to see you, Orian," and closed the door behind us.

Mrs. Seymour was standing near one of the windows—the boy sat on a sofa facing the light. He was looking as usual up at the sky. The mother started when she heard my name, and gave me a quick glance.

"Come here," she said; "you can see him well from here. He won't mind—he never notices, never—he loves the light, he hates the dark—he has no other loves or hatreds. It's easy to satisfy him, isn't it?"

She glanced at me again as she said the last words, tears brimming over in her eyes.

"My sister tells me that you know something of my story, Dr. Halifax," she continued. "I have heard of your name, and I am glad to make your acquaintance. Agnes wishes me to consult you about the boy, but I do not think there is anything to consult about. Anyone can see what is wrong—he has no mind. He is just beautiful, and he is alive. Even the cleverest doctors cannot give baby a mind, can they?"

"I should like to ask you a few questions about him," I said in reply.

I sat down as I spoke and took the boy on my knee. He did not make the slightest objection to my handling him, but when I turned his face away for a moment from the bright light which streamed in from the window, a spasm of unrest seemed to pass over it. I felt the little head carefully; there was no doubt whatever that the child's intellect was terribly impaired: one arm and one foot also turned inwards—an invariable sign of idiotcy.

While I examined the child the mother stood perfectly still. Her hands were locked tightly together; her attitude was almost as impassive as that of the baby himself.

She had expressed no hope a moment before, but when I looked up at her now, her "Well?" came in a hoarse and eager whisper.

"I can tell you exactly what is the matter," I said; "the state of the child's head makes the case abundantly clear. He is a very finely made child—see his shoulders, and the size of his limbs generally—observe, however, how small his head is in proportion to the rest of his frame. That smallness is at the root of the mischief. The little fellow is suffering from premature ossification of the cranial bones. In short, his brain is imprisoned behind those hard bones and cannot



grow. The bones I refer to should, at his tender age, be *open*, to allow proper expansion of the growing brain."

"He was born like that," said Mrs. Seymour. "The nurse told me so when he was a few days old. She said that most babies have a soft spot on the top of the head, but my boy had none."

"When he was quite an infant, did you notice anything peculiar about him?"

"He was very bright and intelligent until he was three or four months old."

"Yes," I continued: "and after that?"

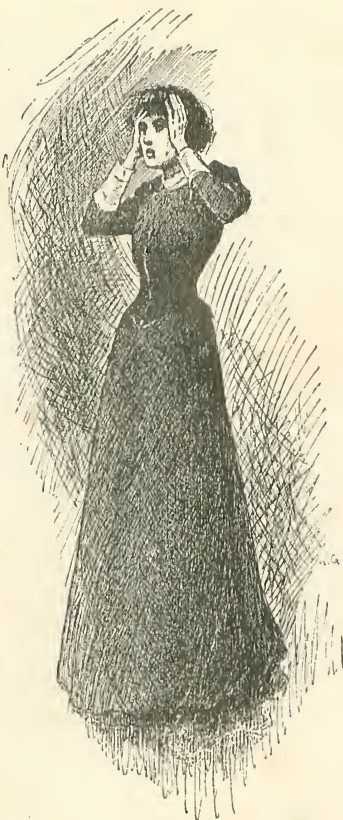
"One day he was taken with a violent attack of screaming, which ended in a sort of fit—we sent for a doctor, who attributed the convulsions to teething, but after that the child's mind seemed to make no progress. He still knew me, however, and used to smile faintly when I approached him. This continued for some time, but of late he has ceased to notice anyone—in fact, as I said just now, the only pleasure he has is in turning to the light. Oh, his case is hopeless, and," she added, with passion, "he is all I have got."

Tears gathered in her eyes, but none fell—she turned her head away to hide her emotion. When she looked at me again her manner was quite quiet.

"My father has offered to make the little fellow his heir," she said; "but, of course, after to-day, he will put such an idea out of his head. I do not think I care very much now whether Cyril is his heir or not, but I should be glad, if in any way possible, to have a reconciliation with my father."

"I am afraid you must not see him to-day," I answered; "it would never do for him to know that you are in the house. He is going on well, so you need not be anxious about him, but you must have patience with regard to seeing him. As to the child," I continued, "most people would consider his case hopeless, but I am not at all sure that I do."

"What can you mean?" she exclaimed.



"WELL?"

"Cyril's case not hopeless! Surely I don't hear you aright—not hopeless! Speak, Dr. Halifax—your words excite me—speak, tell me what you mean."

"I will tell you after I have considered matters a little," I said. "An idea has occurred to me—it is a daring one; when you hear of the thought which has visited me, you may recoil from it in horror, but I cannot divulge it, even to you, until I have thought it over carefully. I will see you again on the subject in an hour or two."

A brilliant rose-colour had come into Mrs. Seymour's cheeks, her beautiful eyes grew full of light.

"You think that I won't consent," she said, "to *anything* that offers a gleam of hope! Oh, think out your plan as quickly as possible and let me know."

I said I would do so—my heart ached with profound pity for her. I went out of the house and took a long walk. During the walk my idea took shape and form. The child's case was so hopeless that, surely, strong measures were justifiable which had even the most remote possibility of giving him relief. I felt inclined to do what had not to my knowledge been yet attempted, namely, to try to give release to the imprisoned brain.

When I entered the house the Squire was awake, and was asking to see me. I went up to him at once. He was no worse, and the eagerness which filled his eyes to learn my news with regard to the boy made me resolve to speak to him quite openly on the subject. I gave him a brief account of what I considered the state of the case—then I told him what I wished my line of treatment to be.

"I propose," I said, standing up as I spoke, for the thought of what I was about to do filled my mind with profound interest—"I propose to open the casket where the child's mind is now tightly bound up, and so to give the brain a chance of expansion."

"I don't understand you," said the Squire.

"It is difficult for me to explain to you

the exact nature of the operation which I hope his mother may permit me to perform," I continued. "I admit that it is an experiment, and a tremendous one; but I know a clever surgeon who can give me invaluable assistance, and, in short, I am prepared to undertake it."

"Suppose you don't succeed," said the Squire, "then the child——"

"The child may die under the operation," I said, "or he may live as he now is."

"And if successful?" continued Squire Norreys.

"Then he will be as other children."

The Squire was silent. After a long pause he said, "And you think the mother will consent to such a risk?"

"I can but ask her," I responded; "I am inclined to believe that she will consent."

"You are a queer fellow, Halifax; your enthusiasm excites even my admiration; but pray, why do you tell me all this?"

"Because I want you to abide the result of the operation."

"How long, supposing everything goes well, shall I have to wait?"

"Between three and six months."

"I may be in my grave before then."

"Not likely—you are already better. Nothing will be so good for you as hope. Live on hope for the next six months, and give your heir a chance."

"You're a queer man," repeated the Squire. He said nothing further, but I knew by his manner that he was prepared to abide by the issue of the operation.

I saw Mrs. Seymour soon afterwards, and explained to her as fully as I could the idea which had taken possession of me.

My few words of the morning had already given her hope. She listened to me now with an enthusiasm which gave me as much pain as pleasure—her longings, her passionate desires, had already swept fear out of sight—

she was eager, excited, restless, longing for me to try my skill upon the child. I told her that my idea was to divide certain portions of bone in the skull, so as to allow the closed-in brain to expand properly.

"It seems to me," I said, "the common-sense view of the matter to take some steps to give the cramped brain room for expansion. The child is healthy. With extreme care, and with all that surgical skill can devise, I cannot see why such an operation should not succeed. At the same time I must

not mince the matter; if it fails, there is danger, great danger, to life."

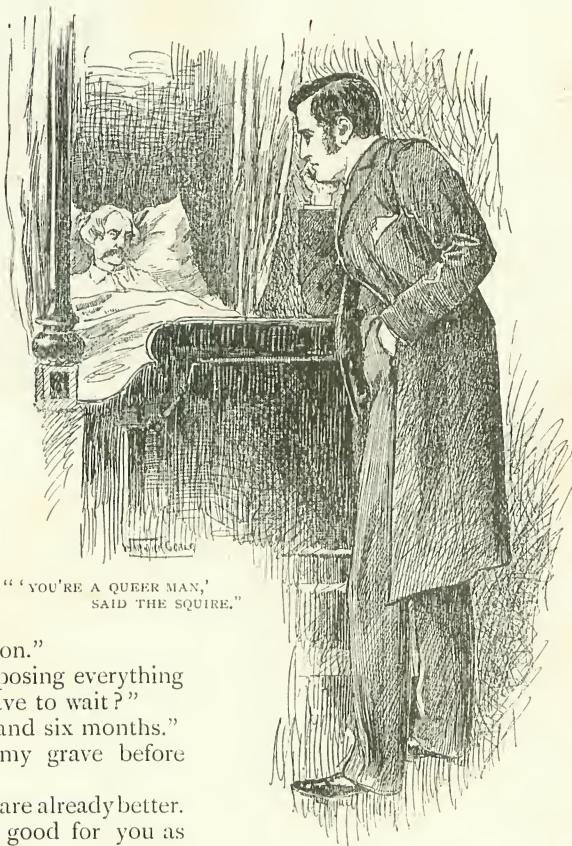
The boy was seated in a perfectly impassive attitude on his mother's knee. She squeezed him close to her when I said this, and gave me a quick glance from an eye of fire.

"The operation will not fail," she said.

"I believe it will succeed," I answered her. "In any case, I should advise it. The child's present case is so hopeless and deplorable that, in my opinion, very great risk is justifiable in any surgical interference which offers even a hope of cure."

"I consent," she exclaimed—she sprang up as she spoke, and still holding the boy to her breast, pulled one of his little arms round her neck—"I consent," she repeated. "If his father were alive, he would wish it. When can the operation be performed, Dr. Halifax?"

"As soon as possible," I answered. "Your father is now out of danger. Granted nothing unforeseen arises, he will completely recover from his accident—there is nothing to prevent my leaving him, more particularly as a telegram has arrived from Dr. Richards,





who hopes to reach here this evening. I propose, therefore, that you and your boy return to London with me to-night. I can see Terrel, the surgeon whose assistance I wish to secure, to-morrow morning, and all arrangements for the operation can be quickly made."

"Very well," she replied, "I will be ready."

That night Mrs. Seymour, her nurse, and the boy accompanied me to London. We arrived there soon after midnight. Mrs. Seymour had rooms in Baker Street; and, when I saw her into a cab at Euston, I promised to call there at an early hour on the following morning.

I went to my own house to spend an almost sleepless night. Soon after eight o'clock on the following day I went off to see Terrel. He was one of the cleverest surgeons of my acquaintance, and I was anxious to talk the matter over with him in all its bearings. He was startled and amazed at what I proposed to do, but after much argument and consultation, admitted that my plan was feasible. The obvious common-sense view of opening the skull to give the imprisoned brain room for expansion appealed to him forcibly. He offered to give me all the help in his power, and we decided to perform the operation the following day.

I went straight from Terrel's house to Mrs. Seymour's lodgings, and told her of the arrangements we had made. She came to greet me with extended hands of welcome. The brightness of renewed hope still filled her eyes, but something in the expression of her face showed me that she had also passed a sleepless night.

Having described to her what preparations she ought to make, and further telling her that I would send in a good professional nurse to take charge of the case that evening, I went away.

The next morning Terrel and I, accompanied by the anæsthetist, arrived at the house. All was in readiness for the operation, and when we entered the bedroom where it was to take place, Mrs. Seymour appeared almost immediately, carrying the little boy in her arms.

"Kiss me," she said to him, eagerly—there was such passion in those words, that any spirit less firmly imprisoned must have responded to them. But light—light, was all that baby needed just then; as usual, his eyes turned to it. The mother pressed him to her heart, printed two kisses on his brow, and put him into my arms. Her look of eloquent pain and hope almost unmanned



"THE MOTHER PRESSED HIM TO HER HEART."

me. As she was leaving the room I had to turn my head aside.

Doctors, however, are a race of men who have little time to give way to mere sentiment. I soon turned with eagerness to the delicate task which lay before me. The baby was put immediately under an anæsthetic, and when he was unconscious I proceeded quickly with the operation. Briefly, what I did was somewhat as follows: Having laid back the coverings of the skull over those parts where I proposed to divide the bone, the long openings and the shorter transverses were successfully accomplished without injury to the delicate membranes underneath them, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the trenches which I had formed widening under my manipulation. Every detail of antiseptic dressing was carried out with scrupulous care, and the operation was finished without any untoward event. It took altogether an hour and a half. When I laid the little fellow back in his cot, and called the mother into the room, I felt sure that she knew by my face how hopeful I felt with regard to the result. She was white to the lips, however, and quite incapable of speech.

I left the house with the most extraordi-

narily mingled sensations of relief, triumph, and anxiety which I have ever experienced.

The suspense of the next few days can better be imagined than described. The gradual but sure dawning of hope, the fact that no bad symptoms appeared, the joy with which we noticed that the child rallied well! In three days my fears had nearly vanished. There was already an improvement in the child's intelligence—in a week's time this improvement was decisive. He no longer sat absolutely still—he began to take notice like other children—he ate and slept fairly well.

On the tenth day I dressed the wound, which was healing fast.

One month after the operation I heard the boy laugh—he turned his head away, too, when I entered the room, and hid his face shyly against his mother's breast. His behaviour, in short, was that of an ordinary infant of from six to eight months of age. Mrs. Seymour looked up at me on this occasion—my thoughts must have been plainly written on my face—for the first time during all these trying days she burst into tears.

"I cry because I am happy," she said, with a gasp in her voice. "He knows me, Dr. Halifax—baby knows his mother—you have seen for yourself how he has just distinguished between me and a comparative stranger."

"I congratulate you from my heart," I replied. "So far the success of the operation has been magnificent, but I should like to wait a little longer before I say anything to the Squire."

The months went by—the improvement in the child continued—the imprisoned brain developed with rapidity—the intellect seemed to expand with leaps and bounds. I saw the boy on his third birthday, and in every respect he was almost up to the average child of his age. I had made up my mind that the time had come to see Squire Norreys, when one day, a foggy one in late November, his card was put into my hand. I had just seen the last of my morning's patients, and was preparing to go out. I desired the servant to show the Squire into my consulting-room immediately. I could not help starting when he entered the room. He was a splendid-looking man of a type fast dying out. His olive complexion, his black eyes, and sweeping black moustache were in strong contrast to his abundant white hair, which was cut close to his head. There was no trace of weakness or illness about him now—he

walked into the room with a firm step, carrying his great height well. He gave me one of his keen glances and held out his hand.

"How do you do?" he said. "I happened to be in town, so I thought I'd call. I am, as you see, quite myself again."

"I am delighted to see that you are," I answered. "It needs but a glance to tell me that you have made a splendid recovery. Won't you sit down?"

"I am rather in a hurry," he replied. He took a seat nevertheless and looked at me. I saw the question in his eyes which his lips refused to ask.

"I am particularly glad to see you," I said. "The fact is, I was just about to write to you."

"It occurred to me that I might hear from you about now," he answered, in a would-be careless tone.

"Yes," I said, "I was going to propose to come to see you."

"Then," said the Squire, his voice getting a little rough, "you have news about—about my grandson?"

"Yes," I said; "I should like you to see him."

"Look here, Halifax," he exclaimed, eagerly, "is there any use in it? With all your cleverness, you know, you can't give a child like that a mind. I came here to-day because I gave you a sort of tacit promise that I would take no steps with regard to my property for a few months' time, but this kind of thing can't go on. I don't wish to lay up anxieties for a future death-bed: all must be settled now."

"All shall be settled now," I said. "Will you stay here, or will you come back again within an hour?"

"What do you mean? What folly is this?"

"Will you come back here within an hour and see your grandson? After seeing him you can then decide at once and for ever the question which worries you."

"You think him better, then?"

"I do."

"Remember, no half-witted person shall inherit Hartley Castle."

"The matter will lie in your own hands," I replied. "I should like you to see your grandson. I can bring him here within an hour; will you wait to see him?"

"All right," he replied.

My carriage was at the door—I jumped into it and drove straight to Baker Street. Mrs. Seymour was in. The boy was playing vigorously with a wooden cart and horse. He was using manly and emphatic action



with his wooden steed—he was, in fact, quite noisy and obstreperous. No trace of any wound disfigured his face—his wealth of beautiful curls was flung back from a white brow.

"Capital," I said, as I entered. "Now, Mrs. Seymour, I want to borrow this boy for an hour."

"Why?" she asked.

"His grandfather is waiting to see him at my house."

"Oh, then, I'm coming too," she said at once. "My father shan't have Cyril without me—I am resolved."

I stared at her for a moment—then I said: "Very well; get ready as fast as you can."

In three minutes' time we were driving back to Harley Street. The boy could not speak much yet, but he called his mother "Mummie," and constantly turned to look at her with eyes brim full of love. We entered the house, and I took the two straight into my consulting-room. The Squire started up when he saw them; a look which I can scarcely find words to describe filled his eyes—a sort of starved look, of sudden rapture; he scarcely glanced at the child, who walked as upright as a little soldier by his mother's side; all his gaze was given to her; he made an effort to frown and to be severe, but it was a poor pretence, after all.

"Cyril, this is your grandfather," said Mrs. Seymour. "Come and speak to him at once."

The Squire sank down again in his chair—he was almost weak from emotion—not a single word, good or bad, had yet passed his lips. Mrs. Seymour took the child and placed him on his grandfather's knee.

The little fellow turned and looked full up into the stern old face; the mother knelt on the floor at his side. The boy's brow

puckered—his lips pouted for a moment as if he would cry, then something bright attracted his eyes—he made a violent tug at his grandfather's chain, and pulled his watch out of his pocket. With a laugh he turned to his mother, and held the watch to her ear.

"Tick, tick, mummie," he said.

"'Pon my word, I'm blest," exclaimed the Squire.

When he said these words I left the room.



"'TICK, TICK, MUMMIE,' HE SAID."

It goes without saying that all went right after that. When last I heard of Squire Norreys, I was given to understand that he was much bullied by his grandson, who, in short, rules everyone at Hartley Castle. Mrs. Seymour, who, of course, is completely reconciled to her father, told me this in her last letter.

# Some Curiosities of Modern Photography.

## I.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



F all the applications of modern science, none is more interesting than the use of the camera as an aid to the detective. Here, to begin with, is an instance at once simple and amusing, showing how a suspicious photomaniac at Margate photographed his joint of mutton in order to confound his pilfering landlady (Figs. 1 and 2).

The secret of the daring and successful forgeries on Glyn's Bank was, as we all know, revealed by photography. The draft was made out for £48, but words, figures, and even perforations were punched clean out of the paper, and new pulp made and inserted. The human eye was absolutely unable to detect that the draft had been tampered with, yet a photograph showed the faint lines of the new pulp quite plainly. The forged draft was for £4,800.

Putty used by burglars in removing panes of glass; sections of banisters; drinking glasses and newspapers have been photographically treated, the finger impressions being carefully compared with those of suspects in every case. I am bound to say, however, that in this country we are slow to introduce the marvels of modern science into our warfare against the expert criminal. We have no eminent chemist like Dr. Jeserich, of Berlin, who has for more than thirteen years been engaged in continuous conflict with the enemies of society. Like his learned predecessor and teacher, Professor Sonnenschein, Dr. Jeserich takes rank among the greatest photographic detectives of the civilized world; and I propose to give as briefly as possible a few of the curious cases that have come under his notice.

Dr. Jeserich resorted to photography, or photo-

micrography, in order to have the whip-hand of other experts who disputed his microscopical observations. Eleven years ago a peculiarly atrocious murder was committed in Westphalia, and a small white hair was forwarded to Dr. Jeserich for examination. This hair was found upon the body of the victim—a girl—and was held to be of great importance, seeing that the accused murderer was a grey haired and bearded man. A hair from the beard of the latter was also forwarded for comparison.

The photo-micrographs certainly showed that the hairs were in some respects alike. Both had the same pith in the centre; both had the same air-channels, scales, and hollow spaces, and a certain fine structure of surface was common to both hairs under examination. For all that, the expert, looking at his photos., pronounced the hair found on the body to be that of an animal, solely because the pith extended to nearly the whole width of the shaft.

But what animal? Further experiments showed that the hair had been plucked from a dog: in every case photo-micrographs were compared; and, this fact ascertained, the case grew with amazing swiftness in the expert's hands.

From its colour the hair belonged to a yellow dog that was growing old; its circular section and smoothness showed that it belonged to a smooth-haired dog; and from the unclipped point it was deduced that the animal's hair had never been cut. Thus a description of the dog was worded as follows: "An old, yellow, unshaven, smooth-haired, and comparatively short-haired dog."

The man under arrest for this murder was liberated on Dr. Jeserich's evidence. Barely a year later suspicion fell upon another person, who possessed a dog exactly

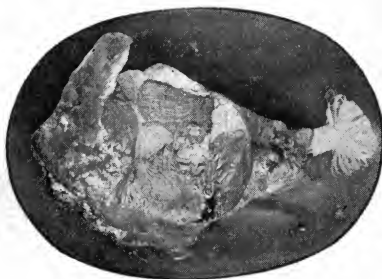


FIG. 1.—JOINT OF MUTTON AS TAKEN DOWNSTAIRS BY THE LANDLADY.

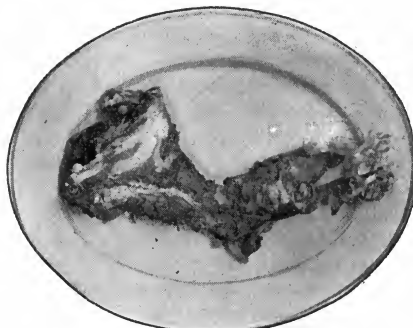


FIG. 2.—THE SAME JOINT AS THE LANDLADY BROUGHT IT UP AGAIN.



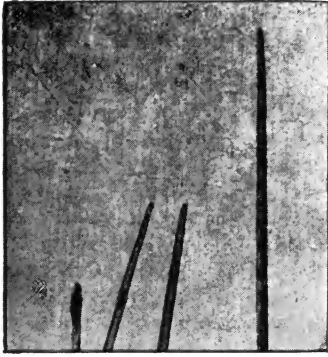


FIG. 3.—HAIR CUT AND RE-GROWN, AND UN-CUT HAIRS.

coinciding with the above description. More scientific investigations followed, and about two months after his arrest the man confessed that he had murdered the girl.

That it is possible to see from the point of a hair that it has never been cut is shown by Fig. 3, which is a reproduction of the cut and re-grown point of a human hair, the three hairs at the right of it having never been cut. The photograph shown in Fig. 4 was prepared from the hairs of the victim (a woman) in another murder case. On the clothes of the two men arrested on suspicion were found certain hairs, and it was Dr. Jeserich's duty to ascertain whether these hairs corresponded with hairs taken from the head of the murdered woman.

A photograph of the point of a hair found

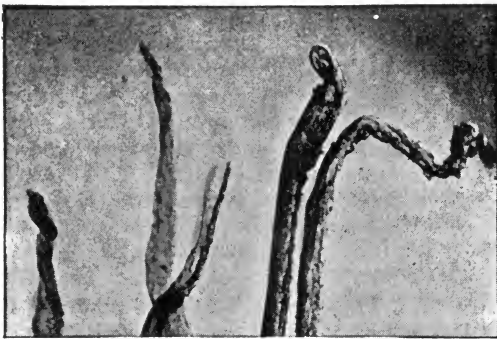


FIG. 4.—HAIR OF MURDERED WOMAN.

on one of the accused demonstrated scientifically that it had been taken from the victim's head. Indeed, not only was the point identical, but the shaft and root also coincided. Fig. 5 shows the well-defined, club-like root of this hair—a little thing, indeed, on which to decide life or death.

Fig. 6 shows the root of the hair found

upon the second suspect. One more photomicrographic experiment convinced Dr. Jeserich that this was the man's own hair. As illustrating the wondrous accuracy of these investigations, it is interesting to learn that suspect number one confessed his crime a few hours before his death on the scaffold.

"Are the spots upon the clothes blood?" asks the Court of the expert; "and, moreover, is it human blood?" Here again microscopic photographs of bloodstains are made, and handed round in order that judge and jury may have ocular demonstration of the difference between the blood of birds, amphibia, and fishes, and that of animals and human beings. The corpuscles of the



FIG. 5.—ROOT OF MURDERED WOMAN'S HAIR.

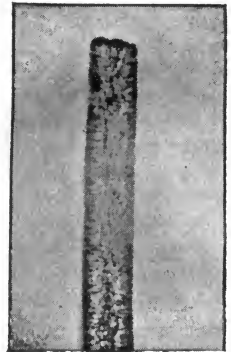


FIG. 6.—ROOT OF SUSPECTED MAN'S HAIR.

former are long and elliptical in shape, whilst those of the latter are circular (Fig. 7). The difference between the blood corpuscles of animals and men must be inferred from the size, and not from the shape. Photomicrography has revealed that there are about 150 million corpuscles in a drop of human blood, each corpuscle having an appreciable diameter of 80-10,000th of a millimetre. Of domesticated animals, the blood of a dog shows the next largest

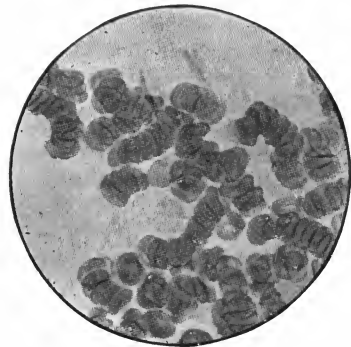


FIG. 7.—CORPUSCLES OF HUMAN BLOOD.

corpuscles, their diameter being 68-10,000th of a millimetre.

Here is another of Dr. Jeserich's cases. A murderer, upon whose axe marks of blood had been found, declared he had killed a goat eight days before his arrest; human blood corpuscles, however, were found upon the axe, and were photographically compared with authentic goat's blood. In this case, photography, besides plainly showing the difference between the corpuscles, brought other evidence by proclaiming that the axe had been wiped after the deed. One photograph, produced at the trial, showed a place in point—much magnified—on the steel of the axe. It indicated plainly the streaks caused by wiping.

The practical application of photography to the detection of the falsification of handwriting is extremely interesting. In enlarged photographic pictures, erasures, alterations, and subtle differences in inks are clearly defined.

Fig. 8 shows a portion of a bill of exchange. No special difference in the writing is noticeable, not even in the word "April." The ink appears to be everywhere of the same colour, and this photo. appears to the eye to be identical with the original itself.

The expert, however, has photographed the word "April" (Fig. 9) by means of colour

another on a bill; manipulations of figures upon cheques have been proved on several occasions; and even tricky Austro-Prussian drovers, who alter dates on their cattle quarantine permits, are bowled out while they are chuckling over their own astuteness.

One more instance, showing how photography cleared an innocent man. A forester was found dead in a wood, and by his side was found part of a vulcanite match-box, which bore certain scratches suggestive of letters. The Public Prosecutor arrested one Gottlieb Graeber, and sent the box to Dr. Jeserich to see if that expert could decipher the name of the suspected man thereon. The eminent chemist powdered the match-box with fine lycopodium and then wiped it carefully, so that the fine white particles remained in the scratches. An enlarged photograph of the box in this condition showed that the name engraved was not Gottlieb Graeber, but Adolf Langer. The latter worthy was subsequently hanged.

Dr. Jeserich was once called upon to say whether a certain old man, whose charred remains were found in the ruins of his house, had been alive when the house took fire. It was something of a poser; but after procuring a bare ten drops of blood from the old man's heart, the chemist tested them spectroscopically and found no trace of carbonic



FIG. 8.—ORDINARY PHOTO. OF THE WORD "APRIL."



FIG. 9.—COLOUR-SENSITIVE PHOTO. OF SAME.

sensitive plates, which intensify the difference of colour in inks. Here one can plainly see that a falsification has taken place at the word "April," and it is possible to follow, line by line, the various kinds of ink used. The cross line of the "A"; the upper corner as well as the down-stroke of the "p"; the whole of the curved part of the "p," and the first part of the "r"; the dot of the "i"; and the down-stroke of the "l," have been made with a different ink and added to the original writing.

It is evident that instead of April, the word "Mai" (May) was originally written. In this case it was the forger's intention to make the bill payable at an earlier date.

Dr. Jeserich has had many cases of this kind. One name has been found under

oxide in the blood; consequently the old man must have been dead when the fire broke out.

I may say that the forger can never hope to baffle photography. Captain Abney, C.B., the vice-president of the Royal Photographic Society, was once requested to examine an engraving for a famous and titled collector. By means of photography, he brought out the original signature under a spurious one, which had been added to increase the value.

Nor is it generally known that at Waterlow's, the famous bank-note and cheque printers, there is a staff of photographic experts, who practically defend the Governments of the world against the skilful forger. This being so, it was clearly my duty to call upon Waterlow's chief expert, Mr. J. D.



Geddes, and this gentleman I have to thank for much valuable information.

I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Phillip Waterlow for the accompanying reproductions, showing bank-notes with and without a protective printing (Fig. 10). The illustration shows two note designs cut in half diagonally and joined. The upper portion shows effective photographing of the design when no protective printing is employed. The lower half shows non-effective attempt to photograph the same design when protected against photographic copying. It is by no means generally known that our own Bank of England notes can be reproduced in absolute facsimile—even to the watermarks—

the Bank's sheet-anchor, and, I venture to say, a very reliable one at that.

Foreign Governments frequently send specimens of new issues of bank-notes to Waterlow's, in order that the experts may find by photography whether it is possible to forge such notes. A fourth-rate Continental Power recently ordered a series of bank-notes from an Austrian firm, and after having been assured that they were not forgeable, even by photography, the notes were put in circulation.

Presently the whole country was inundated with bogus notes of marvellously clever design, whereupon the entire issue was called in, and a few specimens forwarded to Messrs.



FIG. 10.—HALVES OF BANK-NOTE DESIGNS, WITH AND WITHOUT PROTECTIVE PRINTING.

by means of photography. Mr. J. Traill Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, than whom, by the way, there is no more eminent expert in the world, tells me he was once sent for by the chief engraver at the Bank of England.

The latter gentleman placed men, materials, and, above all, paper, at Mr. Taylor's disposal, and requested him to produce a few photographically forged five-pound notes, which would subsequently be tendered at the Bank counter. When the amiable Scotsman had finished, however, the last-named test was deemed wholly unnecessary, so perfectly accurate were the photographic notes. "Our sole protection," murmured the chief engraver, "lies in our paper." The paper, indeed, is

Waterlow, to see if, after all, the note could really be reproduced by photography.

The result was interesting. The note had a violet surface with a so-called protective under-printing of orange, meant to baffle the camera. Nevertheless, the London firm's expert staff quickly "got behind" the protection by using—as the forgers must have done—colour-blind plates. Specimens and photographic reproductions were then sent to the aggrieved Government, who subsequently requested Messrs. Waterlow to prepare an absolutely unforgeable note, if such a thing were possible, and forward samples.

The note produced in answer to this appeal must have been a disagreeable surprise to many expert forgers. By means of print-

ing in certain salts of iron and other chemicals, the word "Counterfeit" appeared right across the face of every one photographed; yet on any one original it was impossible to detect anything unusual.

Banks occasionally send in cheques to Waterlow's photographic staff for investigation. No matter how well words and figures have been obliterated by means of chloride of lime and oxalic acid, the searching eye of the camera, appealed to by the iron in the original ink, brings out the visually invisible characters. Even when Chinese white pigment is used for obliterating purposes, the photographic eye pierces through. The French Government, I learn, suffered severely until it adopted a special paper into which



FIG. 11.—ADULTERATING MILK: A DETECTIVE SNAP-SHOT.

strong fibre-like hair is woven. This again defeats the photographic forger, since the hairs are so strongly marked in facsimiles, that a child could detect the fraud.

Fig. 11 shows a milkman in St. James's Park caught in the very act of adulterating his milk. This is a snap-shot taken by Mr. T. C. Hepworth, of the *Photographic News*. Fig. 12 shows an extraordinary photograph taken by a

burglar, and subsequently sent to the makers of the safe that resisted his efforts.

Coming to the curious uses of photography, I enter upon such a vast field that I am constrained to be brief to the verge of abruptness. Wives have cured intemperate husbands by taking snap-shots of their lords

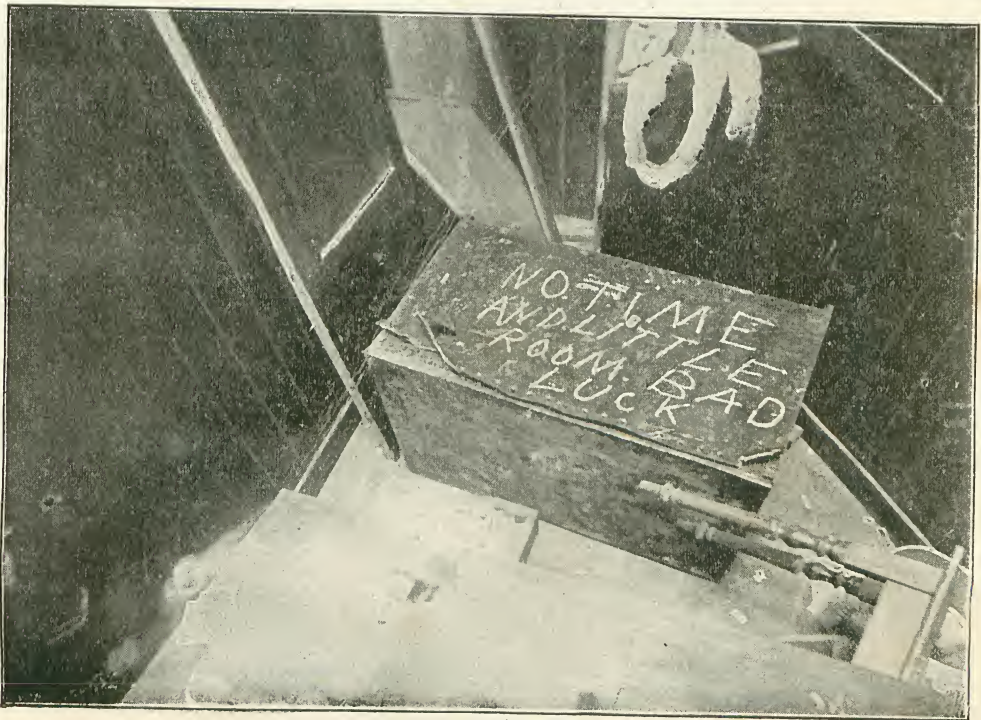


FIG. 12.—A BURGLAR'S PHOTOGRAPH.



in a state of intoxication, and producing the photos. at breakfast-time. Mighty bridges are tested by taking two photographs on one negative, a heavy train being run across while the second is being taken, so that the sag or depression is shown on the plate. Battle-ships and great buildings in course of construction are periodically photographed in order that the authorities at head-quarters may see at a glance what progress is being made.

This reminds me that Lieutenant Walter Basset, director of the great firm of Maudslay, Son, and Field, whose business is the engining of warships, tells me that photos. of machinery are constantly being sent to Japan, China, and remote parts of the world; and that sales up to a quarter of a million sterling are effected through such photographs. Moreover, these engineers take photographs of the condition of certain contracts on stated days, and claim instalments thereon from foreign Governments.

From this it is a far cry to photography as a check upon the would-be baby farmer. Yet persons who leave their children with professional nurses while travelling, often require an annual, or even monthly, photo., showing the little one's condition. Illegible

ancient manuscripts have been deciphered by powdering them with fine talc, and then taking a sharp photo. The British Museum, too, in many cases exhibit only autotype copies of such precious documents as the Magna Charta, keeping the original safely under lock and key.

Time was, indeed, when the British juror accepted a photograph as incontrovertible evidence; but everyone who is acquainted with the science knows that a photograph can be made to tell almost any story the operator pleases. When Mr. Gladstone on one occasion spoke of the absolute accuracy of photography, a humorous, if somewhat libellous, expert produced a photograph showing the right honourable gentleman loafing outside a low public-house in the Seven Dials, his hat at a rakish angle, and his appearance suggestive of the hilarity of intoxication. Personally, I have seen a lying photograph of Little Tich giving a command performance at Osborne. Blackmail by photography, by the way, is not unknown, since heads can be easily transposed. I reproduce here a photograph of a bogus mirage taken by the well-known instantaneous amateur, Mr. A. R. Dresser, of Bexley

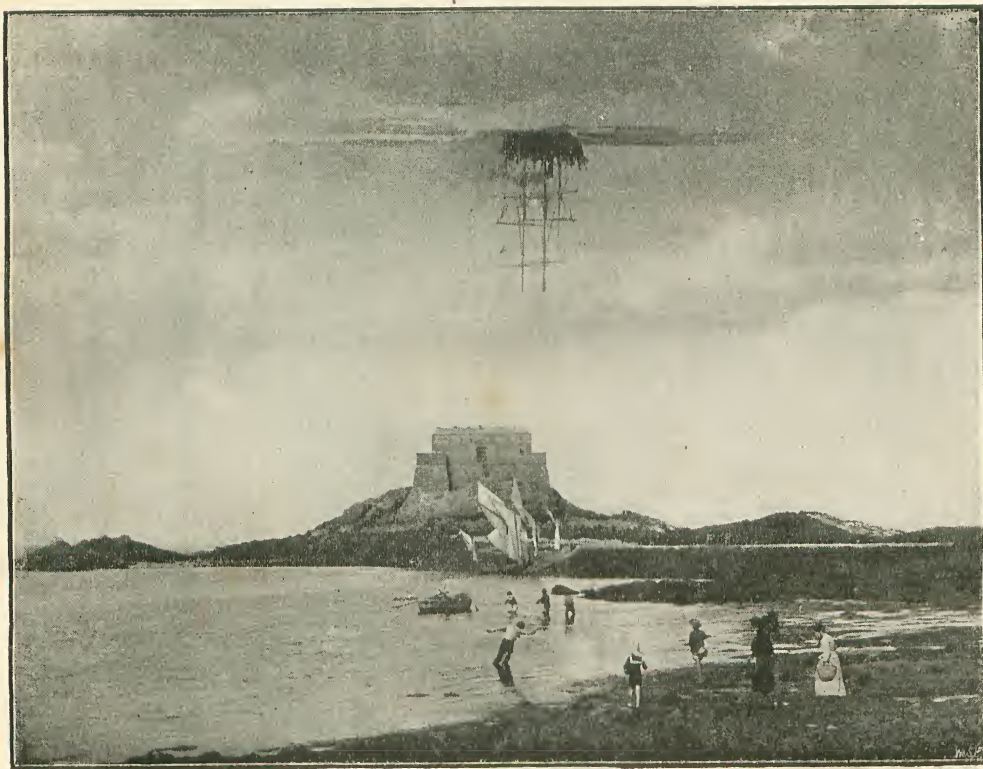


FIG. 13.—A BOGUS MIRAGE.

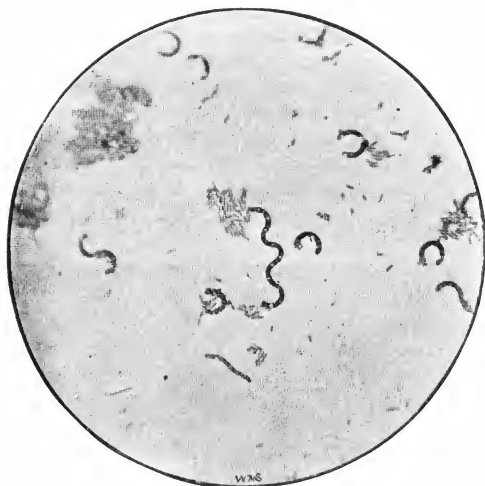


FIG. 14.—A DROP OF LONDON DRINKING-WATER.



FIG. 15.—A DROP OF STAGNANT WATER.

(Fig. 13). Editors are loth to believe wonders described by unveracious correspondents, but I myself have seen more than one account of a supposed mirage in the daily papers. Possibly the narrators have forwarded photos. in support of their story. The reproduction shows a view of St. Malo, in Brittany, the mirage being a vessel passing through the *Arctic regions*! This is done by double printing.

Photo-micrography is a fascinating subject. Apart from its value as a detective agency, it is of incalculable utility to the chemist and the physician. In Fig. 14 I show a minute drop of London drinking-water, magnified 750 diameters. Fig. 15 is a drop of stagnant water, wherein one may see the lash by which the microbe moves. The lash of the microbe has a diameter of 1-200,000th of an inch.

Astounding as the statement may appear, Mr. Andrew Pringle, who supplied me with these photos., has a veritable farm, or incubator, on his premises for the purpose of propagating the deadly germs of diphtheria, cholera, and other kinds of frightful ailments. Mr. Pringle keeps his incubator always at body heat, and his queer "stock" are to be seen in glass tubes, neatly labelled.

Mr. Pringle's photo-micrographic apparatus cost

160 guineas; and his mode of photographing his "subjects" is somewhat peculiar. The bacteria are first spread on glass, and then stained with aniline dyes, after which the plates of glass are washed; the bacteria, however, retain the colouring matter. Superfluous microbes are destroyed by fire or sulphuric acid. I sincerely hope that my worthy informant will not meet the fate of Dr. Oestel, assistant at the Hygienian Institute of Hamburg, who died of Asiatic cholera, contracted while experimenting with infected water from the Vistula. He, too, had a little farm for breeding bacilli.

A most extraordinary experiment was recently essayed by Professor Marshall Ward, F.R.S. He took a sheet of glass, coated it with gelatine, and inoculated it with bacteria, which he allowed to grow until the surface was practically covered. The professor then exposed this sheet under a negative, and wherever the light penetrated the bacteria were killed; wherein is a useful moral. Professor Ward afterwards exhibited the sheet of glass, which was in reality a photographic landscape taken on the bodies, so to speak, of myriads of microbes.

Here is one of the most marvellous photographic curios that has come under my notice; it is a photograph taken from the eye

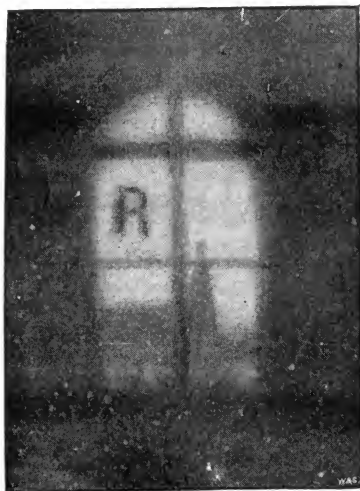


FIG. 16.—IMAGE FROM THE EYE OF A BEETLE.





FIG. 17.—MOVEMENT OF LIPS IN SAYING  
"JE VOUS AIME."

of a defunct beetle, by Professor Exmer, of Vienna, in order to see whether the insect's faceted eyes projected one or many images on to the retina (Fig. 16). The expert set about his extraordinary task in the following way: First of all, of course, he caught his beetle, dissected the eye from the body, and placed it in glycerine on the slide of a microscope. Then he directed the slide towards the window of the laboratory—on a pane of which, by the way, he had pasted the letter R. The window is quite plainly seen. The R is comparatively distinct, too, and one gets a hazy glimpse of a church outside. I am indebted for this photograph to Mr. E. J. Wall, of the *Amateur Photographer*.

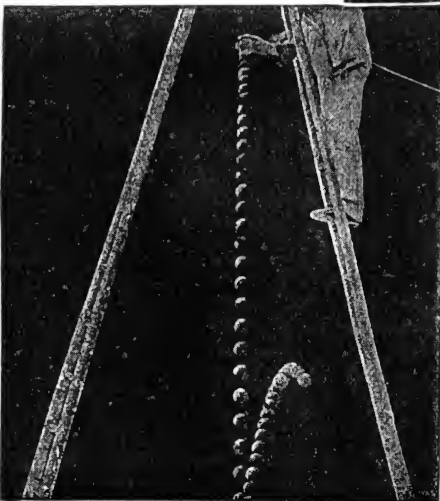


FIG. 18.—MOTION OF AN INDIA-RUBBER BALL.

Quite 50 per cent. of the students at our hospitals now adopt photography as a means of recording the details of abnormal cases, such as those of goitre, a peculiar swelling to which workmen in the limestone districts are subject, and cretinism, or semi-idiotcy, to which the Swiss are liable. There is no joke here; cretinism is induced either by



FIG. 19.—A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

carrying heavy weights on the head, or by the use of water derived from melted snow.

The action of the human heart, the interior of the stomach, and the larynx are now photographed during life. Dr. R. Wagner's method of photographing the larynx consists of an arrangement of mirrors, the flash being provided by a magnesium ribbon lamp. The size of the actual photos. produced in this way was 0.36in. by 0.48in.; they were, of course, subsequently enlarged.

The very movements of the lips are photographed in such rapid succession, that by the aid of the zoëtrope, sentences can be read from the pictures by those who are trained to read the lip-language. The accompanying series, kindly lent by Mr. E. J. Wall, show

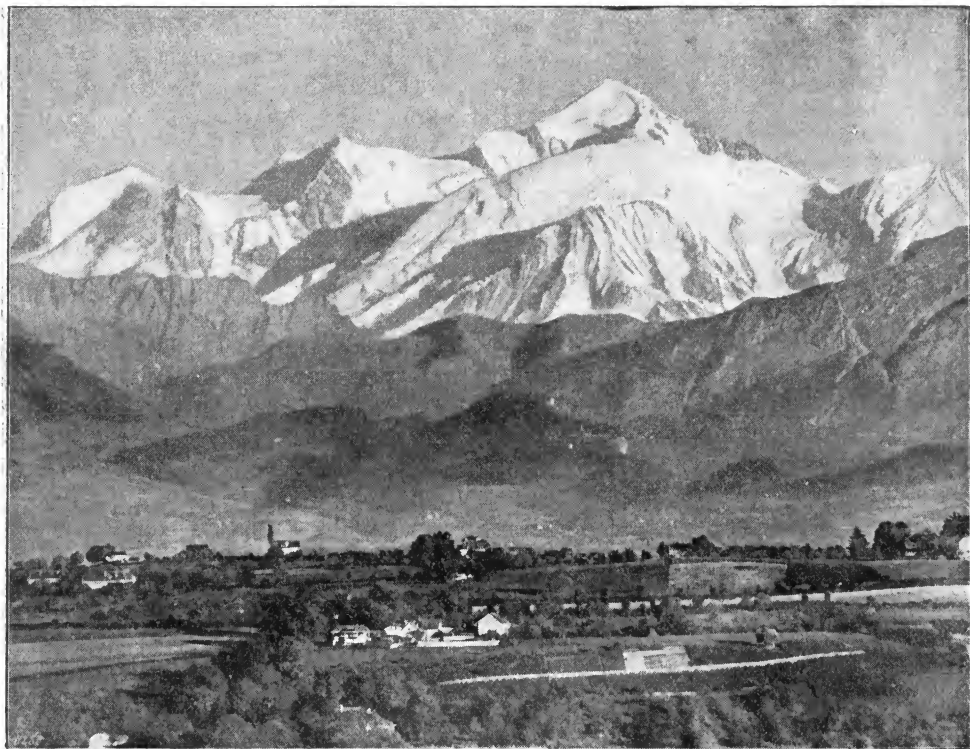


FIG. 20.—A TELESCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH OF MONT BLANC AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTY-SIX MILES.

the movements necessary to say "*Je vous aime*" (I love you)—Fig. 17. More wonderful still, the noises of the earth have been photographed by the Italian scientist, Signor Baratta, who employed an ingenious instrument consisting of a subterranean microphone, connected with a telephone diaphragm. In the face of these photographic miracles it is positively refreshing to turn to a case in which the camera was baffled. Oddly enough, the victor is—or rather was, for the difficulty has been overcome—the immortal Turner, whose series of seventy-two plates ("*Liber Studiorum*") cost a fortune to properly reproduce. The great difficulty lay in getting a photograph which should adequately reproduce the effect of the black-browns and incised lines of the original. The plates for this expensive

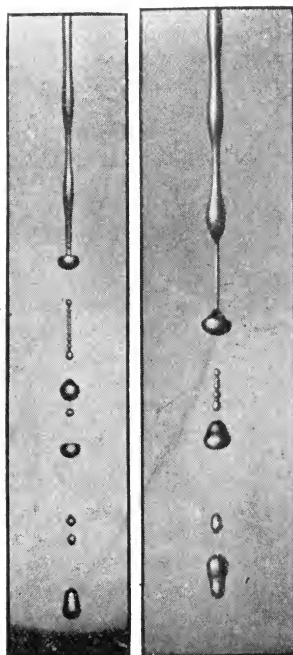


FIG. 21.—STREAM OF WATER BREAKING INTO DROPS.

and tedious experiment were lent by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

Here is another curious photo. placed at my disposal by Mr. Wall. A man has mounted a step ladder and let fall an india-rubber ball, which has been photographed at intervals during its passage to the ground, and even after its rebound (Fig. 18).

I will merely mention such photographic curiosities as Francis Galton's composite system, whereby members of a class of society are photographed singly and then blended to obtain a typical character; a man being hanged (he is falling through the pit, his face is enveloped in a white cloth, and one of his slippers has preceded him by a few feet; this was taken in Germany); and lightning flashes, simplest of all instantaneous photographs: just



place your camera in the window, wait for the flash, and then develop your plate (Fig. 19). The double flash I reproduce, by the way, set fire to a huge factory; and after he had photographed the cause, Mr. A. R. Dresser went forth next morning and secured a picture of the result.

I have also seen Professor Marey's photo-chronographs of flying insects, obtained by an exposure lasting the  $\frac{1}{25,000}$ th part of a second; and photographs of Mont Blanc, taken by M. Boissonais with a tele-photographic Dallmeyer lens at a distance of fifty-six miles, the exposure lasting seven minutes (Fig. 20). Captain Abney, the Royal Photographic Society's learned vice-president, has succeeded in taking weird moonlight photographs of Chamounix from his hotel window.

I will include in my list the beautiful pictures of falling water taken by Lord Rayleigh, with an electric spark (Fig. 21).



FIG. 22.—THE DROP FALLING.

I wish to gratefully acknowledge here the courtesy extended to me by that eminent and popular scientist. I have also been able to reproduce Professor Worthington's wonderful photographs of a drop of water falling into a vessel of milk. The professor adopted Lord Rayleigh's method, the duration of the Leyden jar spark being the  $\frac{1}{100,000}$ th of a second. The drop of water



FIG. 24.—THE DROP PRODUCING A CRATER OF MILK.

is first shown falling (Fig. 22), then it is seen striking the surface of the milk (Fig. 23) and throwing up little drops from a sort of crater (Fig. 24), and lastly, a column of liquid raises itself (Fig. 25), after which the drop subsides.

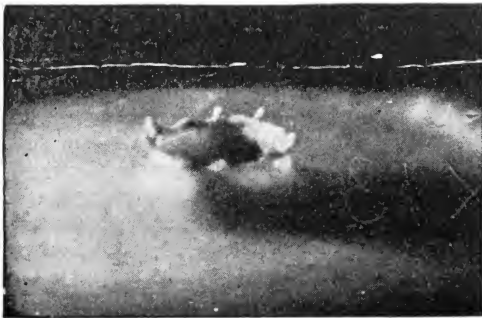


FIG. 23.—THE DROP STRIKING THE MILK.



FIG. 25.—THE DROP RAISING A COLUMN OF MILK.

(To be continued.)



WHEN first the Trinity Brothers put a lightship out yonder by the Gunnel Rocks, it was just a trifling affair—none of your new-fangled boats with a crew of twelve or fourteen hands—and my father and I used to tend it, taking turn and turn with two other fellows from the Islands. The rule then—they have altered it since—was two months afloat and two ashore; and all the time we tossed out there, on duty, not a soul would we see, to speak to, except when the Trinity boat put off with stores for us and, better still, with news of what was doing in the world. This would be about once a fortnight in fair weather; but through the winter time it was oftener a month, and provisions ran low enough, now and then, to make us anxious. Was the life dreary? Well, you couldn't call it gay: but all the same, you see, it didn't kill me.

For the first week I thought the motion would drive me crazy—up and down, up and down, in that everlasting ground-swell—although I had been at the fishing all my life, and knew what it meant to lie-to in a stiffish sea for hours together. But after ten

days or so I got not to mind it. And then there was the open air. It was different with the poor fellows on the lighthouse, eighteen miles to seaward of us, to the south-west. They drew better pay than ours, by a trifle; but they were landsmen, to start with; and cooped in that narrow tower at night, with the shutters closed and the whole building set rocking like a tree with every stroke of the seas, it's no wonder their nerves wore out. Four or five days of it have been known to finish a man; and in those times a lighthouse-keeper had three months of duty straight away, and only a fortnight on shore. Now he gets only a fortnight out there, and six weeks to recover in. With all that, they're mostly fit to start at their own shadow when the boat takes them off.

But on the lightship we fared tolerably enough. To begin with, we had the lantern to attend to. You'd be surprised how much employment that gives a man—cleaning, polishing, and trimming. And my father, though particular even to a scratch on the reflector, or the smallest crust of salt on the glass, was a restful, cheerful sort of man to



bide with. Not talkative, you understand—no light-keeper in the world was ever talkative—but with a power of silence that was more comforting than speech. And out there, too, we found all sorts of little friendly things to watch and think over. Sometimes a school of porpoises, that played around us; or a line of little murrets flying; or a sail far to the south, moving up Channel. And sometimes, towards evening, the fishing boats would come out and drop anchor a mile and a half to south'ard, down sail, and hang out their riding lights; and we knew that they took their mark from us, and that gave a sociable feeling.

On clear afternoons, too, when the lantern was lowered, by swarming up the mast just beneath the cage I could see the Islands away in the east, with the sun on their cliffs; and home wasn't so far off, after all. The town itself, which lay low down on the shore, we could never spy, but glimpsed the lights of it, now and then, after sunset. These always flickered a great deal, because of the waves, like little hills of water, bobbing between them and us. Then we had the lighthouse. In day-time, through the glass, we could watch the keepers walking about in the iron gallery round the top: and all night through, if we wanted company, there it was beckoning to us with its three white flashes every minute. No, we weren't exactly gay out there, and sometimes we made wild weather of it. Yet we managed pretty comfortably, except for the fogs, when our arms ached with keeping the gong going.

But if we were comfortable then, you should have seen us at the end of our two months, when the boat came off with the relief, and took us on shore. John and Robert Pendlurian were the names of the relief; brothers they were, oldsters of about fifty-five and fifty; and John Pendlurian, the elder, a widow-man, same as my father, but with a daughter at home. Living in the Islands, of course I'd known Bathsheba ever since we'd sat in infant-school side by side; and what more natural than to ask after her health, along with the other news? But Old John got to look sly and wink at my father when we came to this question, out of the hundred others. And the other two would take it up and wink back, solemn as mummies. I never lost my temper with the old idiots: 'twasn't worth while.

But the treat of all was to set foot on the quay-steps, and the people crowding round and shaking your hand and chattering; and everything ashore going on just as you'd

left it, and you not wishing it other, and everybody glad to see you all the same; and the smell of the gardens and the stinking fish at the quay-corner—you might choose between them, but home was in both; and the nets drying; and to be out of oilskins and walking to meeting-house on the Sunday, and standing up there with the congregation, all singing in company, and the women taking stock of you till the newness wore off; and the tea-drinking, and Band of Hopes, and courants, and dances! We had all the luck of these; for the two Pendlurians, being up in years and easily satisfied so long as they were left quiet, were willing to take their holidays in the dull months, beginning with February and March. And so I had April and May, when a man can always be happy ashore; and August and September, which is the best of the fishing and all the harvest and harvest games; and again, December and January, with the courants and geesy-dancing, and carols and wassail-singing. Early one December, when he came to relieve us, Old John said to me in a hap-hazard way, "It's all very well for me and Robert, my lad; for us two can take equal comfort in singin' '*Star o' Bethl'em*' ashore or afloat; but I reckon 'tis somebody's place to see that Bathsheba don't miss any of the season's joy an' dancin' on our account."

Now, Bathsheba had an unmarried aunt—Aunt Hussy Pendlurian we called her—that used to take her to all the parties and courants when Old John was away at sea. So she wasn't likely to miss any of the fun, bein' able to foot it as clever as any girl in the Islands. She had the love of it, too—foot and waist and eyes all a-dancing, and body and blood all a-tingle as soon as ever the fiddle began to speak. But maybe this same speech of Old John's set me thinking. Or, maybe I'd been thinking already; what with their May-game hints and the loneliness out there. Anyway, I dangled pretty close on Bathsheba's heels all that Christmas. She was comely—you understand—very comely and tall, with dark blood, and eyes that put you in mind of a light shining steady upon dark water. And good as gold. She's dead and gone these twelve years—rest her soul. But (praise God for her!) I've never married another woman, nor wanted to.

There, I've as good as told you already. When the time came and I asked her if she liked me, she said she liked no man half so well: and that being as it should be, the next thing was to put up the banns. There



"I DANGLED PRETTY CLOSE ON BATHSHEBA'S HEELS ALL THAT CHRISTMAS."

wasn't time that holiday: like a fool, I had been dilly-dallying too long, though I believe now I might have asked her a month before. So the wedding was held in the April following, my father going out to the Gunnel for a couple of days, so that Old John might be ashore to give his daughter away. The most I mind of the wedding was the wonder of beholding the old chap there in a long-tailed coat, having never seen him for years but in his oilskins.

Well, the rest of that year seemed pretty much like all the others, except that coming home was better than ever. But when Christmas went by, and February came and our turn to be out on the Gunnel, I went with a dismal feeling I hadn't known before. The fact is, Bathsheba was drawing near her time, and the sorrow was that she must go through it without me. She had walked down to the quay with us, to see us off; and all the way she chattered and laughed with my father as cheerful as cheerful—but never letting her eyes rest on me, I noticed, and I saw what that meant: and when it came to good-bye, there was a catch in her breathing and a quick, short tightening of her arms about me that I'd never known before.

The old man, I reckon, had a wisht time with me, the next two or three weeks; but,

by the mercy o' God, the weather behaved furious all the while, leaving a man no time to mope. 'Twas busy all, and busy enough, to keep a clear light in the lantern, and warm souls inside our bodies. All through February it blew hard and cold from the north and north-west, and though we lay in the very mouth of the Gulf Stream, for ten days together there wasn't a halliard we could touch with the naked hand, nor a cloth nor handful of cotton-waste but had to be thawed at the stove before using. Then, with the beginning of March, the wind tacked round to south-west, and stuck there, blowing big guns, and raising a swell that was something cruel. It was one of those gales that tore away the bell from the lighthouse, though hung just over a hundred feet above water-level. As for us, I wonder now how the lightship held by its three-ton anchors, there being three hundred fathom of chain cable exposed to the strain and jerk of it; but with the spindrift whipping our faces, and the hail cutting them, we didn't seem to have time to think of *that*. Bathsheba thought of it, though, in her bed at home—as I've heard since—and lay awake more than one night thinking of it.

But the third week in March the weather moderated; and soon the sun came out and



I began to think. On the second afternoon of the fair weather I climbed up under the cage and saw the Islands for the first time; and coming down, I said to my father:—

"Suppose that Bathsheba is dead!"

We hadn't said more than a word or two to each other for a week; indeed, till yesterday we had to shout in each other's ear to be heard at all. My father filled a pipe and said, "Don't be a fool."

"I see your hand shaking," said I.

Said he, "That's with the cold. At my age the cold takes a while to leave a man's extremities."

"But," I went on in an obstinate way, "suppose she is dead?"

My father answered, "She is a well-built woman. The Lord is good."

Not another word than this could I get from him. That evening—the wind now coming easy from the south, and the swell gone down in a wonderful way—as I was boiling water for the tea, we saw a dozen fishing-boats standing out from the Islands. They ran down to within two miles of us and then hove-to. The nets went out, and the sails came down, and by-and-by through the glass I could spy the smoke coming up from their cuddy-stoves.

"They might have brought news," I cried out, "even if 'tis sorrow!"

"Maybe there was no news to bring."

"'Twould have been neighbourly, then, to run down and say so."

"And run into the current here, I suppose? With a chance of the wind falling light at any moment."

I don't know if this satisfied my father; but I know that he meant it to satisfy me, which it was pretty far from doing. Before daylight the boats hoisted sail again, and were well under the Islands and out of sight by breakfast-time.

After this, for a whole long week I reckon I did little more than pace the ship to and fro; a fisherman's walk, as they say—three steps and overboard. I took the three steps and wished I was overboard. My father watched me queerly all this while; but we said no word to each other, not even at meals.

It was the eighth day after the fishing-boats left us, and about four in the afternoon, that we saw a brown sail standing towards us from the Islands, and my father set down the glass, resting it on the gunwale, and said:—

"That's Old John's boat."

I took the glass from him, and was putting



"THAT'S OLD JOHN'S BOAT."

it to my eye; but had to lay it down and turn my back. I couldn't wait there with my eye on the boat; so I crossed to the other side of the ship and stood staring at the light-house away on the sky-line, and whispered: "Oh, come quickly!" But the wind had moved a couple of points to the west and then fallen very light, and the boat must creep towards us close-hauled. After a long while my father spoke again:—

"That will be Old John steerin' her. I reckoned so: he've a-put up his helm—that's it: sail her full till she strikes the current and that'll fetch her down, wind or no wind. Halloa!.....Lad, lad! 'tis all right! See there, that bit o' red ensign run up to the gaff!"

"Why should that mean aught?" asked I.

"Would he trouble to hoist bunting if he had no news? Would it be there, close under the peak, if the news was bad?—and she his own daughter, his only flesh!"

It may have been twenty minutes later that Old John felt the Gunnel current, and staying the cutter round, came down fast on us with the wind behind his beam. My father hailed to him once and twice, and the second time he must have heard. But, without answering, he ran forward and took in his foresail. And then I saw an arm and a little hand reached up to take hold of the tiller; and my heart gave a great jump.

It was she, my wife Bathsheba, laid there by the stern-sheets on a spare-sail, with a bundle of oilskins to cushion her. With one hand she steered the boat up into the wind as Old John lowered sail and they drifted alongside: and with the other she held a small bundle close against her breast.

"Such a whackin' boy I never see'd in my life!"—these were Old John's first words, and he shouted them. "Born only yestiddy week, an' she ought to be abed: an' so I've been tellin' her ever since she dragged me out 'pon this wildygo errand!"

But Bathsheba, as I lifted her over the lightship's side, said no more than "O, Tom!"—and let me hold her, with her forehead pressed close against me. And the others kept very quiet, and everything was quiet about us, until she jumped back on a sudden and found all her speech in a flood.

"Tom," she said, "you're crushin' him, you great, awkward man!" And she turned back the shawl and snatched the handkerchief off the baby's face—a queer-lookin' face it was, too. "Be all babies as queer as that?" thought I. Lucky I didn't say it, though. "There, my blessed, my handsome! Look, my tender. Eh, Tom,

but he kicks my side all to bruises; my merryun, my giant! Look up at your father, and you his very image!" That was pretty stiff. "I declare," she says, "he's lookin' about an' takin' stock of everything"—and that was pretty stiff, too. "So like a man; all for the sea and the boats! Tom, dear, father will tell you that all the way on the water he was as good as gold; and, on shore before that, kicking and fisting—all for the sea and the boats; the man of him! Hold him, dear, but be careful! A Sunday's child, too—

Sunday's child is full of grace.

And—the awkward you are! Here, give him back to me: but feel how far down in his clothes the feet of him reach. Extraordinar'! Aun' Hussy mounted a chair and climbed 'pon the chest o' drawers with him, before takin' him downstairs; so that he'll go up in the world, an' not down."

"If he wants to try both," said I, "he'd best follow his father and grandfathers, and live 'pon a lightship."

"So this is how you live, Tom; and you, father; and you, uncle!" She moved about, examining everything—the lantern, the fog-signals and life-buoys, the cooking-stove, bunks and store-cupboards. "To think that



"SHE TURNED BACK THE SHAWL."



here you live, all the menkind belengin' to me, and I never to have seen it! All the menkind did I say, my rogue? And was I forgettin' you—you—you?" Kisses here, of course: and then she held the youngster up to look at his face in the light. "Ah, heart of me, will you grow up too to live in a lightship and leave a poor woman at home to weary for you in her trouble? Rogue, rogue, what poor woman have I done this to, bringing you into the world to be her torture and her joy?"

"Dear," says I, "you're weak yet. Sit down by me and rest awhile before the time comes to go back."

"But I'm not going back yet awhile. Your son, sir, and I are goin' to spend the night aboard."

"Halloa!" I said, and looked towards Old John, who had made fast astern of us and run a line out to one of the anchor-buoys.

"Tisn't allowed, o' course," he muttered, looking in turn and rather sheepishly towards my father. "But once in a way—'tis all Bathsheba's notion, and you mustn' ask *me*," he wound up.

"Once in a way!" cried Bathsheba. "And is it twice in a way that a woman comes to a man and lays his first child in his arms?"

My father had been studying the sunset and the sky to windward; and now he answered Old John:—

"'Tis once in a way, sure enough, that a boat can lay alongside the Gunnel. But the wind's fallin', and the night'll be warm. I reckon if you stay in the boat, Old John, she'll ride pretty comfortable; and I'll give the word to cast off at the leastest sign."

"Once in a way"—ah, sirs, it isn't twice in a way there comes such a night as that was! We lit the light at sunset, and hoisted it, and made tea, talking like children all the while; and my father the biggest child of all. Old John had his share passed out to him, and ate it alone out there in the boat; and, there being a lack of cups, Bathsheba and I drank out of the same, and scalded our lips, and must kiss to make them well. Foolishness? Dear, dear, I suppose so. And the jokes we had, calling out to Old John as the darkness fell, and wishing him "Good-night!" "Ou, aye, I hear 'ee," was all he answered. After we'd eaten our tea and washed up, I showed Bathsheba how to crawl into her bunk, and passed in the baby and laid it in her arms, and so left her, telling her to rest and sleep. But by-and-by, as I was keeping

watch, she came out, declaring the place stifled her. So I pulled out a mattress and blankets and strewed a bed for her out under the sky, and sat down beside her, watching while she suckled the child. She had him wrapped up so that the two dark eyes of him only could be seen, staring up from the breast to the great bright lantern above him. The moon was in her last quarter, and would not rise till close upon dawn; and the night pitchy dark around us, with a very few stars. In less than a minute Bathsheba gave a start and laid a hand on my arm.

"Oh, Tom, what was that?"

"Look up," said I. "'Tis the birds flying about the light."

For, of course, our light always drew the sea-birds, especially on dark, dull nights, and 'twas long since we had grown used to the sound of their beating and flapping, and took no notice of it. A moment after I spoke, one came dashing against the rigging, and we heard him tumble into the sea; and then one broke his neck against the cage overhead and tumbled dead at our feet. Bathsheba shivered as I tossed him overboard.

"Is it always like this?" she whispered. "I thought 'twas only at the cost of a silly woman's fears that you saved men's lives out here."

"Well," said I, "this is something more than usual, to be sure."

For, looking up into the circle of light, we could see now at least a hundred birds flying round and round, and in half an hour's time there must have been many hundreds. Their white breasts were like a snowstorm; and soon they began to fall thick upon deck. They were not all sea-birds either.

"Halloa!" said I, "what's the day of the month?"

"The nineteenth of March."

"Here's a wheat-ear, then," I said. "In a couple of weeks we shall have the swallows; and, a couple of weeks after, a cuckoo, maybe. So you see that even out here by the Gunnel we know when spring comes along."

And I began to hum the old song that children sang in the Islands:—

The cuckoo is a fine bird,  
He sings as he flies;  
He brings us good tidings,  
He tells us no lies;  
He sucks the sweet flowers  
To make his voice clear,  
And when he says "cuckoo!"  
The summer is here.

Bathsheba's eyes were wet for the poor birds, but she took up the song, crooning

it soft-like, and persuading the child to sleep :—

O, meeting is a pleasure,  
But parting is grief.  
An inconstant lover  
Is worse than a thief ;  
For a thief at the worst  
Will take all that I have ;  
But an inconstant lover  
Sends me to my grave.

Her hand stole into mine as the boy's eyes closed, and clasped my fingers, entreating me in silence to look and admire him. Our own eyes met over him, and I saw by the lantern-light the happy blush rise and spread over neck and chin and forehead. The flapping of the birds overhead had almost died away, and we lay still, watching the

lighthouse flash, far down in the empty darkness.

By-and-by the clasp of her hand relaxed. A star shot down the sky, and I turned. Her eyelids, too, had drooped, and her breath came and went as softly and regularly as the Atlantic swell around us. And my child slept in her arms.

Day was breaking before his first cry awoke her. My father had the breakfast ready, and Old John sang out to hurry. A fair wind went with them to the Islands—a light south-wester. As the boat dropped out of sight, I turned and drew in a deep breath of it. It was full of the taste of flowers, and I knew that spring was already at hand, and coming up that way.





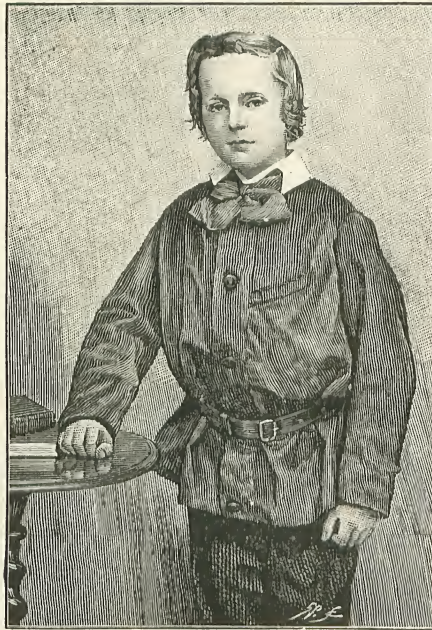
## *Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.*

MR. COMYNS CARR.

BORN 1849.



**R. JOSEPH WILLIAM COMYNS CARR**, one of our greatest art critics, matriculated at the London University, and after passing in the Honours Division of the first examination for the degree of Bachelor of Laws, became a student of the Inner Temple in 1869, and was called to the Bar in 1872, having gained a studentship in Roman and International Law at the Inns of Court. Mr. Comyns Carr then joined the Northern Circuit, but shortly afterwards ceased to practise at the Bar, and devoted himself to literature and journalism. From 1870 to 1880 he was a



AGE 10.

*From a Photo. by Maull & Polyblank.*

editorship of *L'Art*. He was one of those who established the Grosvenor Gallery, and has since remained one of the directors of that institution. His works on art include "Drawings by the Old Masters," 1877; "Examples of Contemporary Art," 1878; "Essays on Art"; "Art in Provincial France," 1883; and "Papers on Art," in 1884. In 1882 he produced a dramatized version of Mr. Hardy's novel, "Far From the Madding Crowd," and in 1884 he collaborated with the late Hugh Conway in the drama of "Called Back." Mr. Comyns Carr is just now prominently before the public as the

author of Mr. Irving's new production of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum.



AGE 23.

*From a Photo. by Fradelle.*

constant contributor to the principal literary reviews and magazines. He held for some years the post of art critic to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in 1875 he accepted the English



*From a*

PRESENT DAY.

*[Platinotype.]*



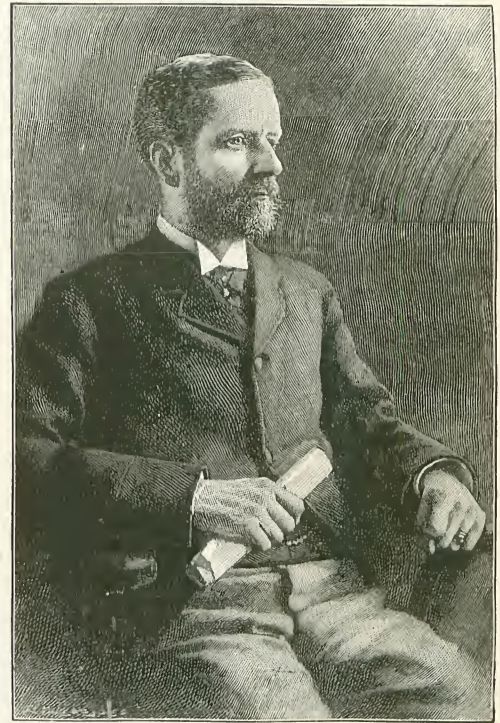


From a Photo. by] AGE 15. [Hills & Saunders.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

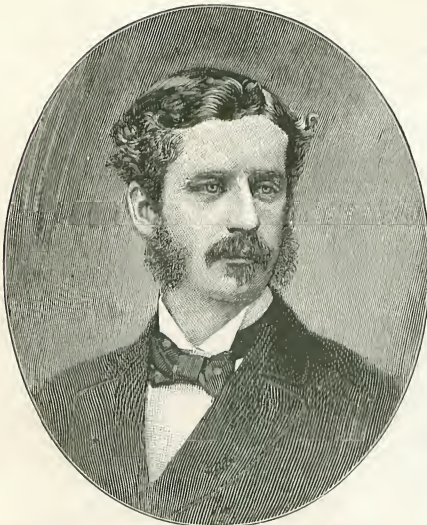
BORN 1845.

**T**HE RIGHT HON. LORD GEORGE FRANCIS HAMILTON, M.P., P.C., was born at Brighton and educated at Harrow. In 1864 he was appointed an ensign in the Rifle Brigade, and in 1868 was transferred to the Coldstream Guards. At



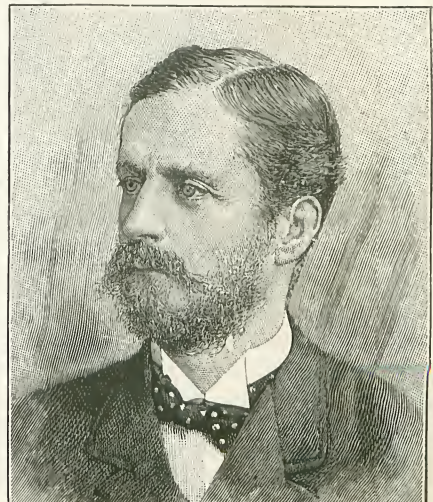
From a Photo. by] AGE 42. [Edwin Bell.

February, 1886, and filled the same post in the succeeding Cabinet. He has since taken a prominent part in politics, and is the present Chairman of the London School Board.



From a Photo. by] AGE 31. [Lock & Whitfield.

the general election of December, 1868, he contested the County of Middlesex in the Conservative interest, and was returned at the head of the poll. At the general election of February, 1874, Lord George Hamilton again came in at the head of the poll, and on the formation of Mr. Disraeli's Administration, in February, 1874, his lordship was nominated to the post of Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India; he was also appointed Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education in April, Vol. ix.—9.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Russell & Sons.





From a]

AGE 4.

[Miniature.

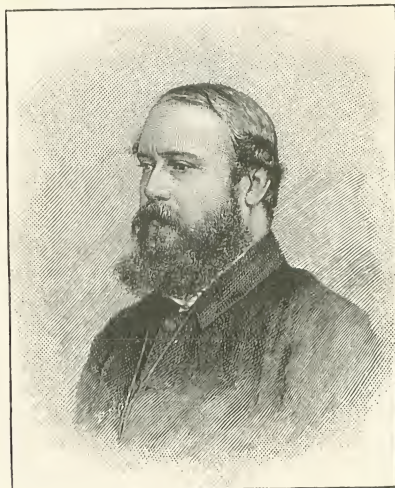
## THE LATE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER.

BORN 1833.



HE RIGHT REV. ALFRED BLOMFIELD, D.D., Bishop of Colchester, whose untimely death was recorded not long ago, was born at Fulham. He received his

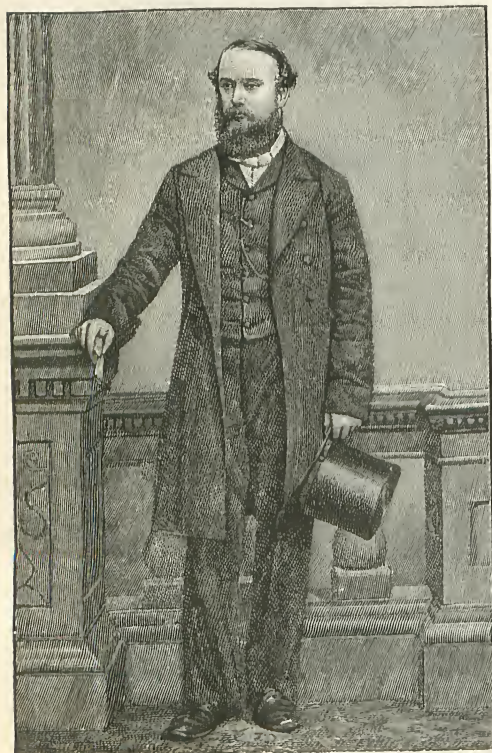
education at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, and was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls' College. He took the degree of B.A. in 1855, and M.A. in 1857, and was ordained priest in 1858. After holding various



AGE 40.

From a Photo. by J. N. Guggenheim, Oxford.

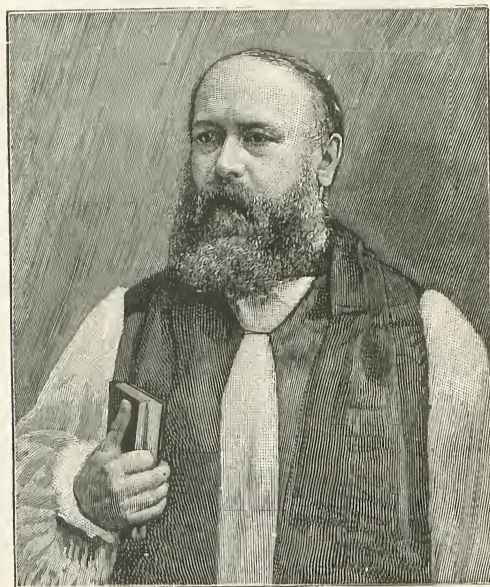
curacies he was appointed Archdeacon of Essex in 1878 and of Colchester in 1882. In the latter year he was also appointed Bishop of Colchester, and was consecrated at St. Albans Cathedral, by the Archbishop of



From a Photo. by]

AGE 29.

[Mayall, Regent St., W.



AGE 61.

From a Photo. by Samuel Walker, Regent Street, W.

Canterbury. He was the author of "Memoirs of Bishop Blomfield," his father, 2 vols., 1863, and "Sermons in Town and Country," 1871.





From a] AGE 4. [Painting.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE.

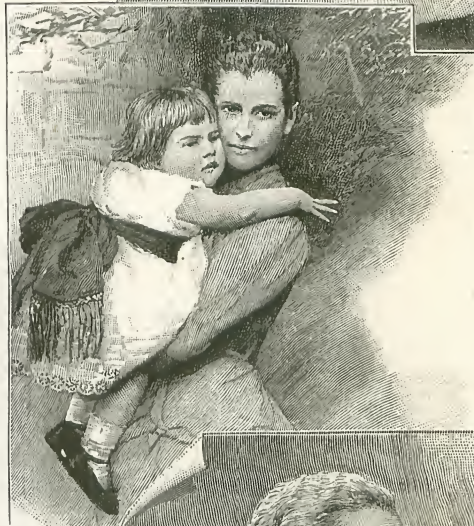
**M**ISS HELEN GLADSTONE, fourth daughter of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., received her primary education at home, and afterwards went to Newnham College, Cambridge, which she entered in October, 1877, intending to stay one year only, but after-



AGE 17.  
From a Photo-  
graph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 11. [Silvy.



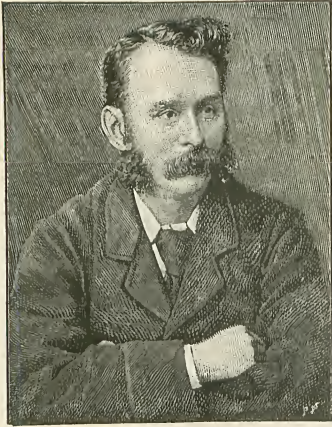
AGE 32.  
From a Photo.  
by T. Fall,  
Baker Street.

wards deciding to remain, studying as a student, for three years. Miss Gladstone then acted as secretary to Mr. Sidgwick (at that time Vice-Principal of the College), and in 1882 succeeded to that post, with the additional charge of Sidgwick Hall. Miss Gladstone is at present on the Council of the Church Schools Company and on the Executive Committee of the Women's Liberal Federation.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Widow & Grove.





AGE 25.  
From a Photo. by Hans Hammann, St. Gallen.

### THE LORD MAYOR.

BORN 1848.



ALDERMAN SIR JOSEPH RENALS, Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year, was born at Nottingham. After completing his school education and travelling on the Continent, he entered into business in Nottingham, as a bleacher. In 1875 Mr. Joseph Renals was compelled by ill-health to retire from active business for a



AGE 32.  
From a Photo. by E. J. Stoneham, Cheapside.

period of rest, but after two years, having recovered, he came to London and established the well-known lace firm in Fore Street. He became a member of the City Corporation in 1885 as representative of his ward—Aldersgate—in the Court of Common Council; and two years later he was elected unanimously Alderman of the ward in succession to the late Sir John Staples. A short time since he served the office of Sheriff, and received the honour of Knighthood in commemoration of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York.



From a Photo. by] AGE 44. [Elliott & Fry.



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.





A SKETCH. BY MARY H. TENNYSON.

*Author of "READING A PLAY," etc.*



FEW years ago, before Mrs. Fred Tempest was married, an old and confidential friend gave her a rather singular piece of advice.

"My dear Isabel," she said, "as you truly remark, good health is a great blessing; but remember this, a certain amount of illness is a necessity in every household—but for this, how would so many doctors get a living? And, being intensely interested in your future happiness, I strongly advise that you should be occasionally ill, yourself. For the first two years of my married life, my health was perfect, and what was the consequence? My husband became a martyr to imaginary complaints of all sorts; and from morning till night my thoughts were occupied with his latest symptom and fears for the result. At length, however, very fortunately, as it turned out, I was attacked with bronchitis in rather a severe form, and from that moment to this, dear Charles has scarcely known a day's illness. Whenever he begins to feel anything *peculiar* coming on, my cough gets troublesome, and the effect upon him is immediate.

Take my word for it, dear child, it does not do for a wife to be *too* strong and vigorous; a man never thoroughly appreciates a blessing unless he thinks there is some chance that it may be taken from him."

At the time, Isabel failed to see the wisdom of her friend's remarks, but she had not been married long before she fancied she recognised the truth of what had been said. She was always well and ready for long walks, lawn tennis, boating, or whatever form of violent exercise her husband felt disposed for, and she imagined it was in consequence of this that, after they had been wedded a year, there appeared to be a decided diminution in his care of her.

On their return from any expedition, there were no longer anxious inquiries whether she was not fatigued, or whether she would not like to rest a little before going to dress for dinner. All that sort of thing—which is very pleasant, after all—was given up, and at length there came a day when, on reaching home after a ten-mile walk, her husband threw himself upon the sofa at full length, and with a sigh, exclaimed:—

"Upon my soul, Isabel, I don't believe

\* The author reserves the right of dramatizing this story.  
Vol. ix.—10.



you know what it is to feel tired ! I wouldn't mind betting that you could do another five miles without turning a hair, while as for me, I am dead beat. I really am beginning to think there must be something wrong with my heart ; that last hill tried me dreadfully. Go and get me a brandy and soda, there's a good girl, and unlace my boots for me ; I am afraid to stoop over them myself, for lately I seem to have developed a disposition of blood to the head."

Mrs. Tempest gave him his brandy and soda and unlaced his boots, and then, after pulling down the blinds, because her husband complained that his eyes were very weak and uncomfortable, she went up to her room and reflected deeply.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tempest are now very happy ; they have been married four years, and it can be truly said they have never had a serious disagreement. Fred is as strong and well as a man need wish to be, his heart never troubles him, and since the evening which has been alluded to, he has suffered no further indications of an apoplectic nature. But on the other hand, Mrs. Fred has had occasional attacks which were difficult to diagnose, but which came on, as a rule, after over-exertion, or whenever her husband and she had had anything approaching a tiff.

I do not intend to imply that Isabel was out of temper at these times, but her feelings had usually been hurt before her mysterious illness declared itself ; the most pronounced symptoms of the attacks being an absolute craving for sympathy and kindness, and a marked aversion to food of all kinds.

Now, possibly there is nothing positively

dangerous to life in going without solid food for a week at a stretch, but it is doubtless a very uncomfortable state of things ; a person feels very low under these circumstances, and a little consideration and kindness are most precious at such times. Fred Tempest was a model husband during his wife's trying seizures. I fancy, poor fellow, he often reproached himself with being the original cause of these illnesses ; but Mrs. Fred considered, and still considers, though she confesses her feelings have undergone a change

since her last attack, that she had a distinct grievance against her doctor.

For instance, a short time before this last attack her husband took her and a lady friend to the Lyceum Theatre. The Tempests live at Balham, and when they visit the theatres it is their custom to go and return by train. Mrs. Fred, therefore, was not pleased on this particular evening to find that Fred had ordered a brougham. This circumstance, however, would not have affected her specially had not her husband explained his unusual conduct in the following manner :—

"My dear, I couldn't do differently. It wouldn't do to go dragging Mrs. French about in trains and cabs. French tells me he has to be awfully careful about her. You don't know, Isabel, how fragile and delicate she is."

"She looks strong enough, at any rate," Isabel replied, rather warmly, "and her appetite is enormous."

Fred Tempest appeared quite shocked at his wife's remark, and said what she considered some extremely unkind things concerning her manner to Mrs. French ; and,



"FRED HAD ORDERED A BROUGHAM."

possibly as the result of his plain speaking, the next morning Isabel was as ill as she could be; too ill, in fact, to get up and give their guest, who had stayed the night with them, her breakfast. Fred entered a protest against this, but when Isabel declared the mere thought of the eggs and ham, and sardines, and jam, which the delicate Mrs. French would consume made her feel quite deathly, he said no more, but kissing the suffering lady, with a heavy sigh went out of the room.

As a rule, Mrs. Tempest did not send for Dr. Steadman until she had been ill for several days, but on this occasion her symptoms seemed to be aggravated. The slightest mention of Mrs. French—and Fred mentioned her rather frequently—was sufficient to make her burst into tears, and she was, moreover, compelled to absent herself from the room whenever her husband took any of his meals, the sight of food occasioning her positive pain.

She endured this condition of things for four days, and then summoned Dr. Steadman, and it must be owned her temper was considerably tried when, after having explained all her discomforts, her medical attendant said, cheerfully:—

"If you take my advice, you will tie yourself to a tree for a couple of days."

"I don't understand you," she responded, languidly.

"What! have you never heard that old story?" he asked, with a chuckle.

Isabel shook her head. Dr. Steadman's merriment vexed her. She felt so depressed, it seemed positively callous of him to laugh in her presence.

"Well, there was a certain vet," he explained, with a twinkle in his eye which the lady resented, "who worked the most marvellous cures on lady's lap-dogs, and it turned

out that all he did was to tie his patients to a tree, and give them nothing to eat for two days."

Mrs. Tempest thrilled with anger at this unfeeling anecdote, but she contrived to keep her temper, and even to smile faintly.

"The treatment might be very useful in cases of over-feeding," she said, with polite sarcasm, wondering whether she should send the suggestion to Mrs. French; "but as a cure for complete loss of appetite it does not sound reasonable to me."

"Nevertheless, I should try twenty-four hours tying-up, at any rate," Dr. Steadman continued, briskly; "you have no idea how much brighter you would feel afterwards."

"I have tried four days with nothing but slops," Isabel remarked, a little fiercely, "and I don't feel any the better for it yet."

"Well, then, give up the slops, and perhaps you will."

"You recommend absolute starvation then?" she said, icily.

"Yes, in your case I should try it," he assented with exasperating cheerfulness.

"Why do you say in my case?" the lady inquired, indignantly. "My appetite is at the best of times small."

This was indeed a fact.

"I mean I should not recommend starvation in a case of

emaciation, but"—with a laugh which was considered particularly offensive—"but, ha, ha, my dear Mrs. Tempest, you are not emaciated, to say the least."

Isabel's lips began to quiver, she had a horror of growing stout, and she answered somewhat peevishly:—

"It is not always over-eating that makes people stout. The stoutest woman I ever knew ate next to nothing, whereas I once saw a positive skeleton get through seven mutton cutlets at a sitting."



"WHAT! HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD THAT OLD STORY?"



With another inopportune laugh, Dr. Steadman rose.

"I should not advise your trying that cure," he said; "I don't think it would suit you at all."

Isabel was so angry that she walked out of the room and left him; it *was* hard, she thought, to be so cruelly misunderstood.

Rather earlier than usual she heard her husband's latch-key in the lock, and the sound of doors opening in rapid succession convinced her that Fred was vainly seeking for her. Presently he went clattering down the stairs in the direction of the kitchen, and then her eyes overflowed.

She was very touched at this evidence of his devotion. When it was too late, she reflected tearfully, Fred might come to think that there had been others who needed care besides Mrs. French; and then she wondered how he would feel if there came a day when he would have to descend lower than the kitchen before he could hope to find his wife.

I would explain that Isabel's thoughts were reverting at this instant to the cold grave, and not to a region which is situated very far below the basement floor.

There were traces of emotion on her cheeks when, at length, her husband entered her room.

"Why, little woman!" he exclaimed, "I thought you must have gone out."

"I feel too bad," she murmured, shaking her head dolefully.

Fred's jolly face grew a little anxious.

"I am awfully sorry, darling," he said, tenderly; "why, you're actually crying again! Oh, come, this won't do, we must send to Steadman at once."

"I've seen him," she sobbed, leaning her head against Fred's coat-sleeve.

"That's right; and what does he say?" her husband asked, encouragingly.

Resenting his cheerfulness, Isabel answered, somewhat snappishly, "He advises me to go to a veterinary surgeon, and not to attempt to eat seven mutton-chops at a sitting."

Fred Tempest started.

"You are joking!" he cried, uneasily.

"Well," Isabel continued, a little ashamed



"I'VE SEEN HIM."

of herself, when she saw that she had succeeded in alarming him at last; "I don't think he could have been quite in earnest, but he recommended nothing else, except, as usual, letting Nature have her own way."

"Did you ask him about trying a change of air?" Fred inquired, much puzzled.

"Yes, and he said it did not matter where I went, but that, all things considered, I was better at home."

"But that's very unsatisfactory," Fred cried. "I cannot understand Steadman. Did you ask him to suggest anything for you to eat?"

"Oh, yes. He evidently thought nothing at all would be best for me; but in case of any insatiable craving on my part, he hinted I might assuage my raging hunger on dog biscuit."

It was some dreary satisfaction to Isabel to see that, for once, Fred also was thoroughly annoyed with Dr. Steadman, and that his genial countenance wore quite a gloomy expression when, after dinner, he went out to smoke his cigar and have his usual stroll.

The next day, as she was sitting in her bedroom with the Venetian blinds down, very

miserable, her maid came to tell her that her neighbour, Mrs. Carson, was below. Now, Mrs. Carson is one of the most sympathetic women in the world, and still smarting under Dr. Steadman's perfectly unjustifiable insinuations, the aggrieved lady hailed her approach thankfully. Mrs. Carson gave a melodious little scream of dismay when she was ushered into the sufferer's presence.

"Oh, my dear soul!" she cried, with uplifted hands, "what *is* the matter? You *do* look ill."

"I am very poorly," was the mournful rejoinder.

"I should think so, indeed. You are positively green!"

"That may be the reflection of the blinds," Isabel answered, not entirely pleased; "but I do feel very bad."

"But what is it, dear?"

"I have not the least idea what occasions it," Isabel went on with slight disregard to the truth, "but I am awfully low and depressed, and I have not eaten anything for four days."

"Good gracious! But you have had a doctor, I suppose?"

"Yes, I saw Dr. Steadman yesterday," Isabel answered, trying to keep her voice from trembling at the recollection.

"Well, what does he say it is?"

"He doesn't give it a name, he never gives anything a name, but I think he attributes it to gluttony."

"Goodness me!"

"At any rate," Isabel explained, with a mirthless laugh, "he considered it necessary to warn me against gorging, and recommended, as a cure for complete and obstinate loss of appetite, tying myself to a post with a lot of dogs, and starving myself for a couple of days."

Mrs. Carson looked aghast.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried. "Is he safe?"

"Is who safe?"

"Why, Dr. Steadman; he must be mad to talk like that."

"Oh, dear, no," Isabel interrupted, quickly.

"He is not mad, he is the cleverest man in this neighbourhood by far."

"Well, then," Mrs. Carson continued, with a puzzled air, "if you have so much faith in Dr. Steadman, how do you account for his behaviour on the present occasion?"

Isabel shrugged her shoulders hopelessly.

"I suppose he thinks me a humbug, and that the case is not worthy his serious attention; at any rate, that is all he said, and he laughed while he was saying that."

"My dear, it's cruel!" Mrs. Carson ex-

claimed, warmly. "I call it positively cruel of him; and you looking so ill, too."

"It's not sympathetic, certainly," the invalid whimpered.

"It's brutal! He must be a man absolutely without heart."

Isabel's conscience gave her a twinge. She did not feel at all disposed to champion Dr. Steadman at that moment, but recollecting the time when her husband's young brother lay sick to death, and this very man denied himself rest for nights together because he saw that his presence was a comfort to the lad's broken-hearted mother, she felt she could not allow so grave and undeserved an aspersion to be cast upon his character.

"It is not that," she said, honestly—"Fred's people worship Dr. Steadman—it is that he considers my case too trifling. We disagree on that point, however. My life may not be in danger, but I am as wretched as I can be."

"You must be," responded Mrs. Carson, kindly. "I don't know what I should do if my appetite were to fail me. But what does Dr. Steadman recommend you to try to eat?"

"Nothing," was the forlorn reply. Then, bitterly: "He suggests nothing except the dogs and the post."

"That's foolishness, my dear, downright foolishness! But what does he say of your tongue?"

"He never looks at it."

Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet.

"He never looks at your tongue?" she cried, tragically.

"Never," Isabel answered; "but, to tell truth, I can't say I object to that. I detest showing my tongue."

With an excited gesture Mrs. Carson interrupted: "My dear, you are talking nonsense; everything is told by the tongue, nobody can deny that!" Then, advancing, she clasped both Isabel's hands, and squeezed them impressively. "My dear," she said, solemnly, "you must see someone else; it is evident to me that you are being neglected altogether, and from the look of you, I think it is more serious than Dr. Steadman fancies."

"I should not mind seeing someone else for this," Isabel said; "but Fred would never consent to anything that looked like disrespect to Dr. Steadman."

"Rubbish!" Mrs. Carson exclaimed, brusquely. "I suppose he would rather offend Dr. Steadman than lose his wife. Oh, my dear, now, pray don't begin to cry, or you will upset me altogether; you are evidently in an excessively low state. It surely wouldn't hurt Dr. Steadman's feelings if you were to



ask him to meet another doctor in consultation, would it?"

"No," Mrs. Fred sobbed, "he would not mind that, of course; but I don't know whom else to call in."

"There need be no difficulty about that," Mrs. Carson replied, promptly; "I know the very man."

"And who is he?"

"Dr. Peter Furness, one of the ablest men in Edinburgh; he is my cousin, and is staying a few days with me, and he's the kindest, gentlest, most sympathetic creature in existence."

"And clever?" Isabel asked, much interested.

"Clever! He is a perfect encyclopædia of knowledge. *He* will tell you what's the matter with you, never fear. He is the very man of all others you want, for his suggestions with regard to diet are perfectly invaluable. Altogether he is the greatest comfort in times of illness. I've experienced his kindness with the children. Every year when we go north we see a great deal of him. Come, now, you get him to meet Dr. Steadman to-morrow; I shall not be easy until you've seen someone else, my dear; there's a look about you I don't like at all."

Isabel wrote a letter to Dr. Steadman directly Mrs. Carson had left her, but she did not despatch it until Fred's return. Somewhat to her surprise, her husband made no difficulty about the matter, but she felt a little nervous when she opened the doctor's reply: she knew Fred's family would never forgive her if she offended their respected friend.

Dr. Steadman wrote but a few words, and Isabel heaved a sigh of relief as she handed the note to Fred.

"It happens fortunately," she murmured, "does it not?"

"Dear Mrs. Tempest," Fred read aloud; "by all means, see Dr. Furness, but I am sorry I cannot meet him to-morrow: I am called into the country. That does not signify, however; his medicine cannot clash with mine, as I have prescribed none. I will come round in a few days and have a look at you in a friendly way. With kindest regards, very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE STEADMAN."

Fred Tempest had an engagement that evening at the French's; he offered to stay at home, but when Isabel discovered that he had promised Mr. French he would look in and help him to cheer his wife—who, notwithstanding all their care, had been much upset by the theatre expedition—she assured him, chokingly, she would rather, far rather, be alone.

The lady spent the evening in tears, and had a dry biscuit for dinner, and the next morning she felt more ill than she had ever done in her life; so bad, in fact, was she, that Fred,



"SHE HAD A DRY BISCUIT FOR DINNER."

for the first time, was quite frightened, and declared nothing should induce him to start to business until he had heard Dr. Furness's opinion of his wife's condition.

Isabel was so depressed and so utterly miserable, that even the doctor's knock at the door failed to rouse her; but when he entered the room, she managed to rise from her chair, and holding on to the back of it, greeted him with all possible courtesy and respect.

Dr. Furness is not a handsome man; indeed, he might justly be called ugly, but his aspect is extremely benevolent, his voice

is low and gentle, and his first words proved him to be the kindly, sympathetic creature Mrs. Carson had described.

"Don't stand, my dear lady," he murmured, soothingly; "you look sadly, very sadly."

And then, taking the sufferer's hand in his, he assisted her to her chair, and seating himself quite close, bent towards her with a benignant smile on his face.

"Now," he said, so kindly that it brought the ready tears to Isabel's eyes. "Now, tell me all about it. Come, come, you mustn't get depressed, you know, that will never do. Now let us hear, and then we will think what can be done."

Mrs. Tempest explained her symptoms with quite unusual plainness, having made notes beforehand that she might forget nothing, and Dr. Furness accompanied her recital with a series of little sympathetic humming murmurs which strongly resembled the cooing of a rather hoarse dove. From time to time Isabel glanced at him, and saw that he sat with his eyes tightly closed, and his face radiant with benevolence. At length she came to a conclusion, and a silence ensued.

"He is thinking," the lady murmured under her breath; "he is turning it all over in his brain."

For a minute the silence continued, and then Dr. Furness opened his eyes suddenly.

"Any pain in the knees?" he asked, softly.

This was an unexpected question, for Mrs. Tempest had not complained of any weakness in her joints, or of anything, in fact, except utter depression of spirits, and complete failure of appetite.

"No," she replied, a little startled, "I have no pain at all in my knees."

"Nor in the back of the eye-balls, or the shoulders?" he inquired, shutting his eyes.

"No."

Dr. Furness hummed a little, and then opened his eyes again.

"Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!" he said, all in one word, and with the most musical upward inflection of voice.

Isabel displayed her tongue. As she explained to Mrs. Carson, she had a great objection to doing this; it may have been ridiculous vanity on her part, but she considered it most unpleasant to have to, as it were, invite criticism under what she felt to be such truly undignified and hideous circumstances. At the same time, it must be owned that when she *did* show her tongue she liked it to be looked at, and it annoyed

her, after having sat in this condition for at least half a minute, waiting for Dr. Furness to give her the order of release, to find, on raising her eyes, that he had once more closed his.

She brought her teeth together with rather an irritable snap, and the sound roused him.

"No neuralgia in the arms or jaws?" he inquired, gently.

"No," she replied, growing uneasy, for it was evident Dr. Furness considered these infirmities to be the natural sequence of her present condition.

"No darting pains in the insteps or wrists?"

"N—n—no."

"And free from pain in the knees?"

"Quite," she answered, faintly.

"Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!"

With a little, nervous laugh, Isabel put out her tongue once more. It was vexing, she thought, but as Dr. Furness had omitted to look at it on the previous occasion, she could well understand the necessity for repeating the objectionable practice. 'This time she put it out and in again as quickly as an automaton; but the momentary glimpse Dr. Furness obtained of it caused him such an access of his peculiar dove-like sounds that the lady became quite anxious. It really seemed as though her tongue had quite shocked her adviser.

Pulling an enormous gold watch from his pocket, Dr. Furness laid his velvety touch upon Isabel's wrist, and, humming incessantly, began to study her pulse; but taking out his watch must have been a mere habit with him, for his patient noticed that all the time he held her wrist, his eyes were tightly shut.

Mrs. Fred Tempest, as a rule, is by no means irritable, but she did find Dr. Furness's habit of closing his eyes deciding trying. She could not understand it, for she had heard Dr. Steadman say often that he trusted his eyes far more than his ears in diagnosing a case. She was willing to admit, however, that different men might have different methods of gaining the same point.

Dr. Furness held her wrist for so long that at last she began to fidget a little, and then, with a final coo, he replaced his watch, and once more looked at her.

"And how's the appetite?" he murmured, softly.

Isabel started, and commenced twisting her handkerchief into knots.

"I have no appetite at all. I detest the sight of food," she said, raising her voice, and speaking distinctly. "I thought I had ex-





"DEAR, DEAR, DEAR."

plained that I have eaten nothing for four days."

"Dear, dear, dear, that's bad, that's very bad. And what does Dr. Steadman say is the matter with you?"

"He doesn't say what it is," was the plaintive reply. "I thought perhaps you would be able to tell me; it is so much more satisfactory to know what one is suffering from."

"Of course it is, naturally it is. And you say you are free from pain in the knees, and the appetite is not good?"

"It is as bad as it can be," she answered, sharply, ignoring her joints altogether. "What do you think occasions it?"

The doctor sat a minute cooing softly with sealed eye-lids, and then, suddenly opening them very wide, he said loudly, all in one breath, without any stops—

"I should say you are suffering either from Anorexia which means absence of appetite or Apositia which is a disgust for food or Asitia which is a loathing of the same or

Fastidium Cidi a distaste for food or Asé or Inedia or in fact anything but Bulimia which signifies excess of appetite voracity or insatiable hunger."

The lady's brain began to whirl, and hastily unscrewing the top of her scent-bottle, she dabbed her forehead with her handkerchief. Dr. Furness was very learned, there was no doubt of that, but she almost wished she hadn't asked the question, the list was confusing and alarming; besides, the speech evidently exhausted the physician, for he relapsed into perfect silence, until, after a pause, Isabel said, rather tremulously:—

"Mrs. Carson tells me, Dr. Furness, that you often make most valuable suggestions with regard to diet. Now, possibly, you might be able to mention something that I *could* take; this aversion to

food is really so very distressing."

"Of course it is, of course it is! Very trying indeed, most trying. I may say *excessively* trying!" Then, in the softest conceivable tone, and with the sweetest smile: "Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!"

Mrs. Tempest's face grew very grave, and she sternly crushed a rising inclination to anger. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ungrateful woman!" she thought. "He is very careful, and you did not allow him an opportunity of seeing it the last time."

Isabel displayed her tongue again, and whether her companion looked at it or not she did not know, for she was not at all equal to staring a man in the face while she showed him her tongue for the third time in ten minutes.

"And what have you been taking?" Dr. Furness asked, after humming over the outstretched tongue for a few seconds.

"I've tried a little soup," the patient replied, mournfully.

Dr. Furness opened his eyes so wide that the whites became visible; and drawing a

deep breath, started off rapidly and loudly : "Soup, that's good ! Well, you know there is"—increasing his pace suddenly—"beef tea mutton broth veal broth chicken broth Scotch broth oxtail soup mock turtle clear turtle thick turtle julienne mulligatawny gravy soup tomato soup artichoke soup vermicelli soup hare soup grouse soup oyster soup gilet soup kidney soup lentil soup pea soup aspara——"

He ran down here, his voice died away, and he sat and panted for a minute. Mrs. Tempest was not surprised at this, for only listening to him had reduced her to so severe a condition of breathlessness that she began to consider seriously whether it was wise for her to remain any longer with him. He frightened her, and his exhausted condition after his long speeches was really alarming to witness.

"Thank you," she faltered, with a curious inclination to laugh and cry at the same time—"thank you so much ; I will try one of them."

Dr. Furness recovered sooner than could have been expected.

"And can you manage a little milk pudding of any sort, eh?" he asked, with almost a tender air of interest.

"He *is* kind!" Isabel thought to herself; "he is *really* kind and careful. I don't care for milk puddings," she said, "but——"

With a gentle pressure of his hand upon her arm, the doctor interrupted her, and stretching his eyes suddenly, drew in his breath audibly. Isabel began to tremble, and clenched her teeth.

"There is tapioca pudding sago pudding rice pudding ground-rice pudding cornflour pudding semolina pudding polina pudding hominy pudding custard pudding regina pudding flavoured either with lemon orange citron vanilla noyau ratafia almond ginger nutmeg——"

"Oh, I know, I know!" the lady panted. "Don't tell me any more now, please ; I really don't think I can bear it. I am so very much obliged to you, indeed I am. I shall never be at a loss after this, I'm sure."

He pressed his hand softly on her arm again. "Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue !"

Isabel could not stand that, for even as Dr. Furness proffered the request he shut his eyes tightly.

"You must excuse me, please," she replied, biting her lips and quivering with excitement, and then, to her dismay, she found herself breaking into a short, sharp laugh.

She was not at all amused, but she felt

she must either laugh or scream, for, in an instant, an explanation had flashed across her brain why all Mrs. Carson's children had such particularly thick utterances. In young children the muscles are very flexible and easily stretched, and Dr. Furness, having attended them frequently, it was no wonder that their tongues should have become too long for their mouths.

The doctor took no offence at her unbecoming hilarity, however, but when he had rested a minute, continued, softly :—

"And jellies, now ; how about jellies ?"

"I don't like them," was the quick rejoinder. It wasn't the truth. Isabel had rather a weakness for jellies, but she feared if the doctor started off again that he would kill her ; for she had the peculiarity of feeling bound to hold her breath while the person who was either talking or singing to her held his, and sometimes, during a long-drawn-out note or cadenza, she suffered severely.

But if she had hoped to save herself, she was mistaken. She saw her amiable tormentor unclothe his eyes and deliberately inflate his lungs. In despair she did the same, and crammed her handkerchief into her mouth to prevent the breath escaping too soon.

"There is calve's-foot jelly ivory jelly orange jelly lemon jelly lime jelly currant jelly cherry jelly brandy jelly champagne jelly sherry jelly claret jelly noyau jelly punch jelly jelly with fruit jelly with prawns jelly with——"

"Might I trouble you—ha ! ha !—for my smelling-salts ? I'm—ha, ha !—feeling rather faint and breathless !" Mrs. Tempest gasped.

"Oh, come, come, come," Dr. Furness said, kindly, "this won't do at all."

"I think I require a change of air," Isabel stammered, still with the same unreasonable and perfectly mirthless inclination to laugh.

"I dare say you do. Now, where does Dr. Steadman advise you to go ?"

"He doesn't seem to think it matters," she replied, more calmly, but very plaintively.

Dr. Furness hummed a little, and his eyelids began to stretch themselves. "Ah, but that is not quite wise," he said ; "the climate and locality are very important."

And then, to the lady's horror, she heard the long-drawn-in breath. She could not manage to inflate her own lungs this time, and there were beads of moisture on her brow before the doctor had finished.

"You might go either to Brighton or Eastbourne Bournemouth or Ramsgate or Margate or Herne Bay or Cromer or Scarborough



or Southsea or Blackpool or Torquay or Ilfracombe to the north of Scotland or the south of France to the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Man to Jersey to Guernsey——"

He stopped here from sheer inability to continue, and Isabel leant her head back on her chair, and wondered drearily whether Fred would come and interrupt them in time to save her from suffocation or brain fever; already there was a hammer at work in her head.

She thought afterwards that she must have been really faint for a few seconds, for she had a dim perception that Dr. Furness inquired about the condition of her knees again, and that she made no attempt to answer him; but she was suddenly recalled to full consciousness by his saying, blandly:—

"And how about drink, now; what do you drink?"

With a stifled cry Mrs. Tempest sprang to her feet.

"What do I drink?" she repeated, wildly. "Ha, ha! I drink nothing—that is to say—ha, ha; I don't wish to drink anything. I'd rather not, I would indeed! Ha! ha! ha!"

"But you take a little wine or spirit mixed with aerated water, eh?"

"Never!" Isabel cried, lying most posterously. "I assure you, I never do, and I never wish to. Ha, ha, ha, I don't,

indeed I don't! I am going mad, I feel I am!" she muttered, stamping her feet, and wringing her hands. "I can't get away from him; there's a deadly fascination about him. If Fred doesn't come soon he will find me a gibbering idiot!"

"You might take a little brandy or whisky or rum or gin or hollands, occasionally," Dr. Furness continued, suavely, approaching the agitated lady and once more laying his hand impressively upon her arm; "and you could mix it with either"—then he drew his long breath, and his palpitating victim shuddered convulsively—"soda water seltzer water potass water lithia water taunus water brunner water lime water salutaris apollinaris zoedone——"

Mrs. Tempest staggered, and began to sway backwards and forwards.

"Why, what's the matter?" Dr. Furness said gently; *very* gently and kindly he said it.

"I feel ill!" the lady cried, clapping her hands together. "Ill! ill! I want my husband. I think I am going to die!"

"Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!"

With a piercing scream, Mrs. Tempest fell into her chair again.

"No, ha! ha! never! never! Ha! ha! I will not! I will not! Oh, Fred! Fred! Ha! ha! ha!"

The rest was *not* silence.

The evening of Dr. Furness's visit to Isabel, Fred Tempest had rather a stormy interview with his old friend, Mrs. Carson.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed, "your cousin's methods of cure are rather too strong. Isabel has been downright ill the greater part of the day."

"And how is she now, Fred?" the buxom lady asked, biting her lips to preserve her gravity.

"She is better now, certainly; but——"

"And she'll remain better, my dear boy; take my word for it. Are you not coming in to thank Peter?"

"Thank him!" Fred cried. "Why, I feel indebted to him for the wretchedest day I ever spent."

"Nevertheless, you'll live to thank him, you ungrateful boy."

The previous evening, when Fred, in very low spirits, had turned out for his after-dinner stroll, he had called on Mrs. Carson, with the object of enlisting her always ready



"LEM-ME-LOOK-AT-THE-TONGUE!"

sympathies for himself as well as for his wife, and had found that good-natured lady *tête-à-tête* with a plain, but kindly-looking, middle-aged man, to whom he was introduced as her cousin, Dr. Peter Furness, of Edinburgh.

This gentleman sat very quietly while the young man explained his troubles, but when Fred's recital of his woes and his annoyance with Dr. Steadman had come to an end, the Scotch physician looked up quickly, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his prominent eyes.

"I recollect Steadman in my student days," he said. "He was considered a very clever fellow then."

"He is awfully clever," Fred answered, warmly; "but I can't persuade him that it would be better to humour my wife a little bit. He rubs her the wrong way so terribly."

"He doesn't think there is anything serious the matter, I presume?"

"Well, no," Fred answered, hesitatingly. "He thinks she is over-excitible, and——"

"And that she has more sympathy from you already than is good for her, and that she can't bear little Mrs. French, eh, Fred?" Mrs. Carson interposed, laughingly.

"Oh, come now, really——"

"Oh, yes, I know—I know all about it, my dear boy. Isabel is a goose."

There was silence for a minute, and then Dr. Furness, after regarding the young man's worried face attentively, said softly:—

"Let me see your wife, Mr. Tempest. I fancy I could cure her. I believe I understand her case thoroughly. Let my cousin Minnie, here, go and suggest that Mrs. Tempest should consult me."

"But you would have to meet Steadman. I can't offer him any slight, though I do feel riled with him," Fred answered.

"Of course I'll meet him: it would give me pleasure," the doctor assented, blandly. "Now, my dear sir, take my advice, don't you mention this matter to your wife. Let the

suggestion emanate from Minnie, otherwise Mrs. Tempest will think you are frightened."

"And you'll be gentle with her, won't you?" Fred continued, earnestly. "Steadman is a dear old boy, but I am sure he makes a mistake in Isabel's case. She is so very sensitive."

"Oh, I'll be very gentle, you may depend upon that."

When the cousins were alone again, the doctor fixed his eyes thoughtfully upon Mrs. Carson's pleasant, smiling face.

"That seems a thoroughly good fellow," he said at length. "I should like to help him. The wife's jealousy of the other lady is all nonsense, I suppose?"

"Perfect nonsense," Mrs. Carson retorted, warmly. "Fred's devoted to Isabel. I really should like to shake her, sometimes. Yet she can be so sweet, too."

Dr. Furness relapsed into silence once more, but presently he continued, with rather a sly smile: "You'll be as sympathetic as possible when you call upon the lady to-morrow, Minnie, please, and don't forget to exalt me and to pitch into poor Fred and Steadman, too. I'll just run up now and give Steadman a hint to decline meeting me. I'd better see her alone if I'm to soothe her. I say, cousin, do you recollect Macfarlane?"

Mrs. Carson started, and then her ample shoulders began to shake.

"I used to be able to imitate him pretty well. Mrs. Tempest shall benefit by my talent. 'Any pain in the knees,' Minnie? 'Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!'"

Isabel has not seen Dr. Furness since that memorable morning two years ago, but to this day Mrs. Carson declares proudly that her relative cured her friend; and one thing is quite certain, which is that Mrs. Tempest has never again suffered another of her miserable attacks.

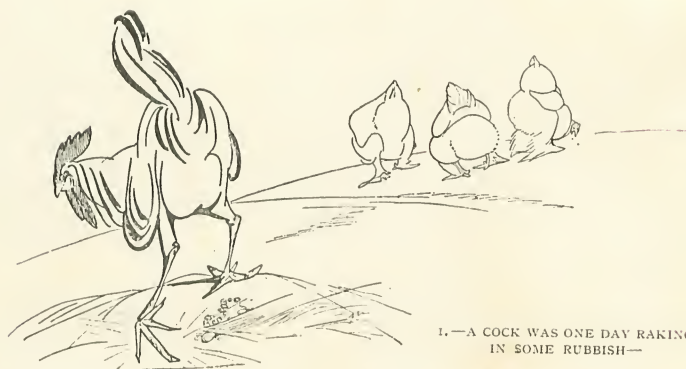


# Fables

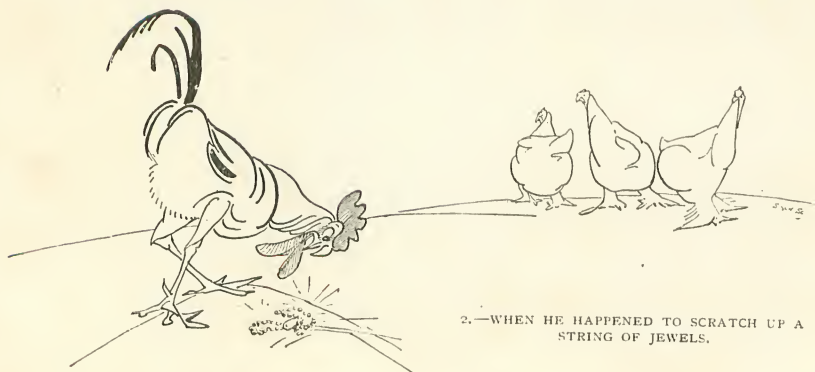
Illustrated  
by  
P. A. Shepherd



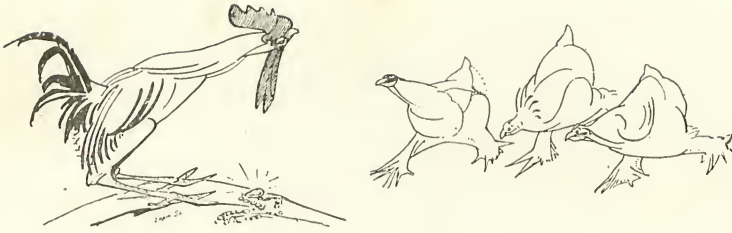
## THE COCK AND THE JEWELS.



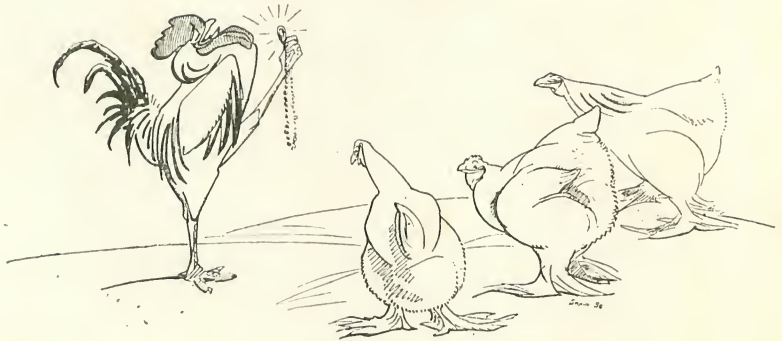
1.—A COCK WAS ONE DAY RAKING  
IN SOME RUBBISH—



2.—WHEN HE HAPPENED TO SCRATCH UP A  
STRING OF JEWELS.



3.—HIS WIVES CAME RUNNING UP TO SEE WHAT HE HAD FOUND.



4.—“WHAT IS IT?” THEY INQUIRED.



5.—“NOTHING BUT JEWELS,” HE ANSWERED; “NO GOOD AT ALL.”



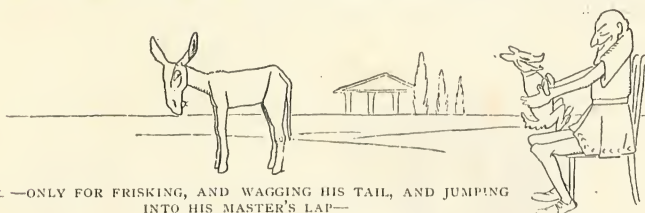
6.—“LET US GO AND LOOK FOR SOME BARLEY.”



## THE ASS AND THE PET DOG.



1.—THE ASS, OBSERVING HOW GREAT A FAVOURITE THE LITTLE DOG WAS WITH HIS MASTER—



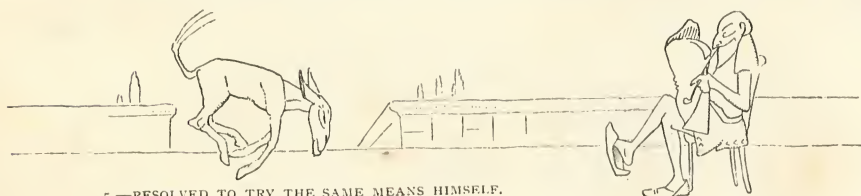
2.—ONLY FOR FRISKING, AND WAGGING HIS TAIL, AND JUMPING INTO HIS MASTER'S LAP—



3.—AND AMUSING HIM WITH HIS ANTICS—



4.—AND HOW HE WAS FED WITH GOOD BITS AT EVERY MEAL—



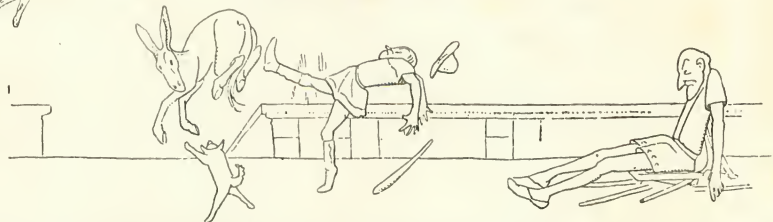
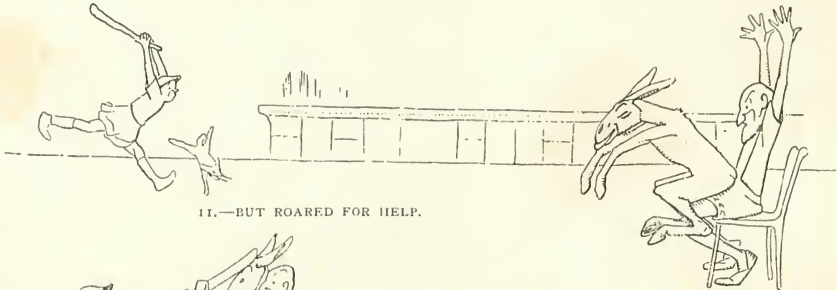
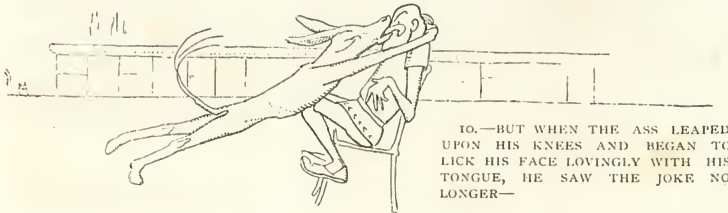
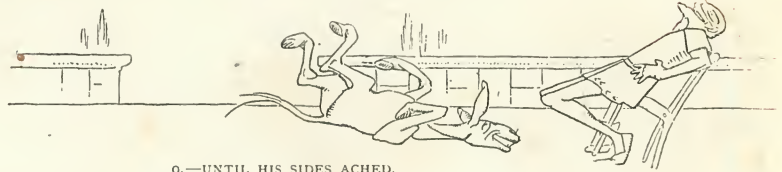
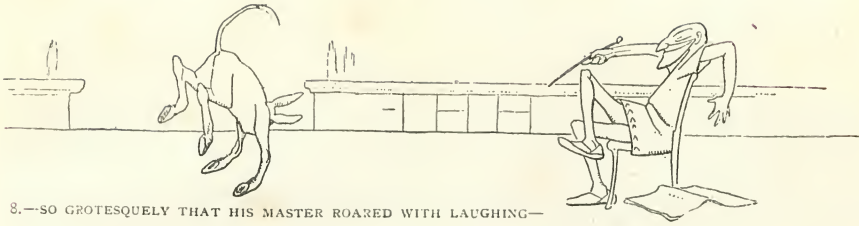
5.—RESOLVED TO TRY THE SAME MEANS HIMSELF.



6.—HE THEREFORE CAME BRAYING TOWARDS HIS MASTER—



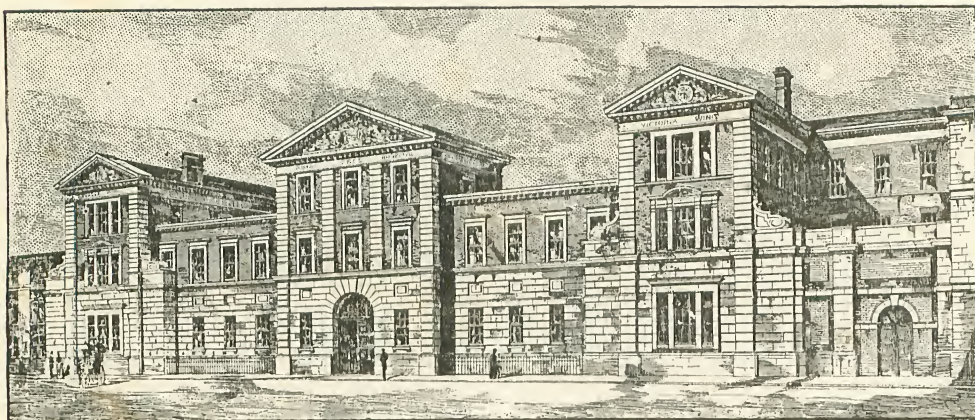
7.—AND GAMBOLLING—





# Hospital Days and Hospital Ways

BY AUGUSTA E. MANSFORD.



*From a*

THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL—LONDON.

*[Drawing.]*

**T**HE great charm about it was its unexpectedness. I had planned to do all kinds of things that summer, to go up hill and down dale, to cull flowers and climb stiles; but Fate had a simpler programme in store for me: I was to spend ten weeks in the Royal Free.

Fate wasn't an ugly old woman this time, or perhaps I might have avoided her. No, the deceitful old thing took the form of a benign-looking physician, who invited me in the most cordial of tones to "come in." I had heard much of the Royal Free, of its skilful doctors and clever girl-students, and, having succeeded in puzzling many medical men, thought I would see what they said to me there, but an invitation to stay I had never expected. I did not want to "come in," and am inclined to think my response was not warm. Even when told I was "an interesting case," I did not feel flattered, but went home and packed with unwonted sedateness. That was easily done, hospital garb having the advantage of simplicity; so into the basket went my books, to be followed by such minor considerations as sugar, butter, and linen.

Half-past ten one morning I was duly deposited in Elizabeth Ward, and that being considered a suitable hour for retiring to bed, an overgrown clothes-horse, with numerous joints and crimson hangings, was put round a corner, and I bade a long farewell to my outdoor garb. Then my temperature was taken and proved uninterestingly normal. There

is a story going of a poor woman in Guy's, who, having had the clinical thermometer put under her arm for five minutes, exclaimed, on its removal: "Oh, nurse, that has done me good! I feel's a sight better!" I didn't, but perhaps that was my natural perverseness.

The screen being removed, I found myself in a most convenient nook, commanding a full view of the ward, and close to the ice-box and poison cupboard. The ward was a bright one, the nurse was bright, and so were the flowers, the tins, and the brasses, but brightest of all were the patients; I could hardly believe that the jolly-looking women sitting up in bed singing the "Fusiliers," "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," etc., were my fellow-sufferers. Having comfortably arranged my belongings in my locker, I found it was time to take out again knife, fork, and spoon for dinner, and with a newspaper for a tablecloth I duly disposed of stewed rabbit and pudding. As usual over a meal, the chat became general. One or two remarks addressed to a Mrs. Four did not meet any response, and I was meditating on the unsociability of that lady and the strangeness of her name when, chancing to catch sight of the number over my bed, I made the interesting discovery that the individual addressed was myself. I promptly apologized, and while disclaiming any legal right to the prefix, strove to bear the honour thus thrust upon me with becoming meekness.

"My! So you ain't married? And you've got to go through all that! It'll be all the harder for you then, won't it, Mrs. Six?" remarked Mrs. Seven.



"Won't it just!" agreed Mrs. Six; and they both sat up to look at me, whilst I promptly retired under the bed-clothes, wondering how in the world having a grief-stricken husband sitting at home tearing his hair (because, of course, he *would* have torn his hair) could in any way have lessened my sufferings. In the course of a week or two, when I learnt that matrimony often entailed a knowledge of new uses for poker and flat-irons, I could understand that blessed state might make one more or less injured to physical pain.

The next excitement was a visit from the clinical clerk, with whom I fell in love straight away; she was my idea of a strong-minded woman. Though her skirts were short, her hair was not, but lustrous brown plaits were coiled round and round a classic head, and her broad forehead, well-marked brows, clear grey eyes, and calm mouth, all inspired me with confidence.

Shut in by the screen, I went through the usual catechism, told her the ages of "my uncles, my cousins, and my aunts," and explained how any of them came to make the mistake of dying. She seemed very anxious for some of them to have been consumptive, had rheumatic fever, or even fits; but on those points I could not oblige her. One of her duties was to see that the new patient was all there; the medical authorities are very particular on that point, so she checked off the different organs by a kind of inventory. Her long, sensitive hands had a combined firmness and gentleness of touch that made even pain from them less hard to bear, so that when she had discovered what was wrong, and had drawn a little sketch of the state of affairs on my skin with blue pencil, I could still smile at the notion that I was like an ancient Briton with woad decorations.

The screen being removed, I re-entered public life, and found tea was being collected: they must get some rare blends in the hospital, as every patient contributes a spoonful to the general brew, which when made is poured into mugs that for size and thickness would satisfy Lockhart. I cared not for stimulants, so was spared their weight. Those versed in hospital records tell us that in the days when tea was so dear that neither hospital nor patient could afford to supply the luxury, beer was served out twice daily, and in many old institutions the flagons are still to be seen.

With the evening came letters and friends; at eight o'clock prayers were read, talking forbidden, the lamp lighted, and we were

told to "lie down and go to sleep." That speech seemed to take me back twenty years with a bound: still I could not sleep, so lay and admired the night nurse, whose rich, dark face reminded me of Luke Fildes's Italian pictures. Such thoughts at last beguiled me into a doze, but when night came so did the house-surgeon, and I awoke with a start to see him motioning for the now dreaded screen. The dim light, his whispered directions, the gleam of the instruments (of torture, I thought), the shock, the pain, made up a bad ten minutes, through which my pretty nurse held my hands, and smiled and nodded encouragement. When he left, she came back to cheer me.

"One must never mind what doctors do," she said, "as to them we are like so many chairs and tables."

It was such queer consolation that I laughed, and was then presented with a black-looking mixture, which she said she always took herself, and talked about as one's host would a favourite brand of wine, so that I had to drink it with an air of enjoyment. Sleep for me that night was out of the question; I could only marvel at the others who did, and amuse myself by watching from my window the ever-moving leaves of the aspen and the earliest traces of approaching dawn.

At five began our morning ablutions, and six o'clock found us with beds made and breakfast half finished. Snooks at that hour was particularly lively, and kept us constantly informed that he was a "pretty bird"—possibly he was correct in his opinion—but I prefer a thrush with a tail, which he seemed to think an unnecessary appendage. Subsequently he and I discovered that we agreed in a liking for new-laid eggs and hot-house grapes, and as I was kept well supplied with those commodities, he was graciously pleased to accept my overtures of friendship. What he liked best of all was to secure a stout fowl bone, which he would keep till the doctor was making the round, and then thump vigorously on the floor of his cage to show his contempt for professional instructions. His companion, Joey, a mule-canary, that had some of the softest and sweetest notes I ever have heard, took as much care of his voice as the well-known tenor, and honoured us only with one song daily.

Another popular favourite was Fluffy, a Persian cat, that, five or six years ago, was brought to the Royal Free with a broken leg. An anæsthetic was administered and the leg



set, and when entirely recovered Miss Pussy took up an official position in the hospital, and twice a day visited every ward as regularly as the doctors and matron, but with many more airs and graces.

Tuesday being what was known as "doctor's morning," there was even more than usual bustle and drive to have all in order by 9 a.m. The staff nurse came on duty at 7 a.m., in a pink cotton dress, did the regula-



THE STAFF NURSE.  
From a Photo. by G. Jerrard, Regent Street.

tion arranging and dusting, vanished and re-appeared in the full glory of a blue gown, white cap, cuffs and apron. One of the patients amused us by observing some days after that the morning pink nurse was rather like our blue day nurse, but, on my keeping up the joke and inquiring which she liked the better of the two, was discreet enough to answer: "I h'aint no fault to find with neither of 'em," and it took the united efforts of the ward to convince her of the identity of the supposed two nurses.

Brisk steps and manly voices in the corridor announced the coming of the physician and his satellites. At a sign from the nurse, books and newspapers dis-

appeared into our lockers, and we lay down to await his coming, our courage oozing out through the bed-clothes, and our hearts marking the seconds with such powerful beats that we almost wondered his quick ear did not heed them. Not long were we kept in suspense, from one to the other he passed with marvellous quickness, heard a summary of the case from the student, asked a few pertinent questions of the house-surgeon, said a word to the patient, made a brief examination, gave a few penetrating side-long glances, nodded his head, washed his hands in many waters, and was gone.

"Thank goodness, we're at peace now till Saturday," said Mrs. Two, sitting up once more and getting out her work, and one by one we all emerged from our pillows, and tried to look as though we had not been using our pocket-handkerchiefs.

"Mrs. Four's going to the theatre on Saturday," observed Mrs. Seven, "I heerd 'im say so."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll be starved for some hours first, and then when you're in the theatre they'll give you some ether, and do what they like with you, and you won't know nothing. I can't abide ether!"

"I shall not mind if it takes away feeling," I answered. "I have felt quite enough this morning."

"I 'spect you 'ave! I heerd you giving kind o' gasps. It's that tall doctor what's the worst. 'Is 'ands do 'urt, they're so thin; he ought to eat more. I scream when he comes near me."

"That don't 'elp," replied Mrs. Two, philosophically, "it makes 'im all the longer. I stuffs the corner of the pillow into my mouth to stop making a noise."

"I daresay they do that, they're 'ard enough. What do you think they stuffs 'em with? Cokernuts?"

Shouts of laughter greeted this suggestion, but nurse re-appeared, and the conversation changed.

"Nurse," recommenced Mrs. Two, "don't you think I shall be a-going out soon? I 'eerd 'im tell the tall one that I 'ad got over my perrykomikalitis very well. There's Mrs. Four a-laughing! Wasn't that what he called it, Mrs. Four? I 'spect you're a speller."

I suggested peritonitis, but that did not please her, it was not nearly so long for one thing, and then she was sure "komikalitis" came in somewhere.

"I know as 'ow you'll be sorry to lose me,

nurse," continued the irrepressible Mrs. Two, "but I must go home, 'cos my 'usband's ill. I feel quite well now, only my arms hurt sometimes, but they says that's just my 'air fossicles, and that they don't matter."

"Now, Mrs. Two," said nurse, who was busy with the plates, "never mind the 'air fossicles' and 'perrykomikalitis'; what would you like for dinner—chicken or fish?"

"Oh, fish, please, nurse, if it's boiled fish; and Mrs. One will like chicken. If you give it over here, nurse, I'll cut it up for her. She's bashful, so I 'ave to talk for both. 'Ope as 'ow you don't think I makes a noise, ladies?"

A greater contrast than Mrs. Two and Mrs. One could hardly be imagined. Mrs. One was a quiet, refined woman, just recovering from an operation, and still so weak that it was an effort for her to speak, or, indeed, do anything for herself; so Mrs. Two, who was as good-natured as she was talkative, took her under her wing, shared lockers with her, cut her bread and butter, and alternately fussed over and teased her.

"Oh, Mrs. One," she would cry out sometimes, "how can you? Nurse, you can't think what awful things Mrs. One is a-lying here and saying, and her looking so good too! Oh, Mrs. One, I'm shocked, pos-i-tive-ly shocked!" and to prove the genuineness of

her sentiments, Mrs. Two would roll over to the extreme edge of her spring bed and only save herself by some wonderful gymnastic feat from falling on to the floor.

Wednesdays were usually calm days, forming a kind of background to the excitement of "doctor's day" that preceded, and "visitors' day" that followed, and nothing much occurred this first week to attract attention except the number of letters, books, boxes of flowers, newspapers, etc., that found their way into my corner. At every knock all would sit up expectantly, till the one nearest the door would call out:—

"Another package for Mrs. Four!" Then they would try to count up the number of communications I had had, but would get tired in the middle and lay down for a doze. Truly, I was amazed myself, and wished that those people who call the world ugly names could have had a taste of my experience: more kindly thought and gentle deeds could hardly have been compressed into the ten long weeks. Grave, busy men learnt to write humorous letters, light-hearted girls to express tender sympathy; acquaintances transformed themselves into friends, and wishes were carried out and anticipated as though I possessed the lamp of Aladdin. Then the flowers—I realized how the weeks were slipping away by the



From a Photo. by]

THE WARD. NO. 4 IS THE BED UNDER THE SMALLER WINDOW.

[A. & G. Taylor.



succession that came to me—red roses and white, sweet peas and daisies, lilies and honeysuckle, mignonette and cornflowers, poppies and grasses, clematis and pansies, carnations and asters: so ran the list. In days of rude health I had paid divers visits to the Royal Free, so that happily for me friends were scattered about in the building, and when it was known that I was in residence, the genial chairman of the board came and said all the kindly things he could think of, and the secretary brought me such a store of interesting books that it is hardly surprising that nurse announced her conclusion that I was a "very spoilt patient."

I shared my good things as much as I could, but was not always successful. The others would glance at the pictures in the illustrated monthlies, but as for the reading—well, as Mrs. Three candidly told me, "it didn't come up to Lloyd's penn'orth!" So, lacking the necessary experience to argue this point, I in silence returned to Grant Allen and Meredith.

Thursday was "locker morning," and blessed on that day were those with few possessions. I was nearly buried alive under mine, as we had to take out our belongings and pile them on our beds whilst the lockers were scrubbed and dried, and for a good hour I could hardly venture to breathe, lest I sent a toothbrush in one direction and a jelly in another.

The locker-scrubber was a character: a gaunt, bony Irishwoman, who mimicked the nurses, and was credited with a temper. Which of these two traits most attracted me I cannot say, but we became great friends, and she showed me the portrait of her son, who was "out in Canady, but a-coming home this autumn, bless him!"

Later in the day came the floor-scrubbers, three marvellous women, quite indescribable. I have never seen anything like them. One of the patients (not myself) watched them with envy. "Deary me, now," she said, "how I should like to get out and scrub that little bit of flooring down there: my fingers quite itch for the brush." Mine didn't; still, I did try my hand at all that I could: learnt to make nurses' frilled strings and many-tailed bandages, and with whiting and leather and Mrs. Two's help, polished up the artery forceps and other formidable-looking instruments, made the surgical needles shine, and arranged them in a striking design on their white flannel case. Our tall doctor, chancing to dart in for an

instant, smiled more than a little at our novel amusement.

Thursday, from 3.30 to 4.30 p.m. was to most of us the shortest hour in the week, and we always doubted that it contained the regulation number of minutes; whilst no sound was so harsh as the bell that announced its expiration; but to some—those forlorn souls who had no friends to visit them—it was the most trying of times. Someone else had noticed this too, and always on Thursdays the pleasant face of our hospital chaplain looked in at the door, and if his bright, brown eyes spied any bedside that seemed lonely, he was there in a moment, and ever left smiles even where he found tears. I had my own share of visitors and something over, so he came to see me at less busy times, when we talked about architecture and old city churches, generally ending with my favourite topic of workhouses, which we both agreed we should like somewhat improved ere we retired to their shelter.

That night there was such a ringing of bells, tramping of men, and running about with kettles, blankets, and hot-water cans, that I came to the conclusion that there had been a terrific smash on the Great Northern or Midland Railway, and that the adjoining accident ward was being filled with dilapidated railway servants and passengers; but it proved in the morning that only two men had been injured, one poor fellow fatally.

Saturday at 4 a.m. I had my breakfast—a mug of hot milk, and tried not to feel hungry by ten, when I was due in the theatre. A brilliant scarlet dressing-gown, and slippers warranted not to pinch a giantess, are reserved for one's *début* there. It seemed quite a little walk after lying in bed so long, and I crept into nurse's good graces by invoking memories of warlike ancestors, and marching along and mounting the operating table without any outward and visible signs of qualms and tremors. I am sorry I cannot tell everybody all about the examination; but beyond the fact that ether resembles London fog flavoured with lemon, and causes a sensation in one's ears like going down in the old Polytechnic diving-bell, I know nothing. After being heralded by the usual bell-ringing, I was duly brought back in the state carriage, coachmen and footmen in attendance (the uninitiated might describe the aforesaid as stretcher and porters, but, then, we haven't all had the advantages of hospital training). When everything was *quite* comfortable, pillows removed and hot-water cans arranged,





From a Photo. by]

THE OPERATING THEATRE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

I "came to," and having arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that I was still alive, went to sleep till tea-time.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. Four?" asked Mrs. Seven, as soon as my screen was removed.

"Ve-ry com-for-ta-ble, and ve-ry hu-ng-ry!" The words came out in jerks, and I seemed to have lost control over my voice, but practice—and I had plenty—soon overcame that difficulty.

"'Aint you got a headache?" asked Mrs. Two.

"No; my head-never-aches-there's-not-enough-in-side-it!"

"My! ether don't seem to 'ave 'urt you much! You was still as death when they brought you in, and you'd quite a bright, pink colour. Some of 'em cries and struggles awful when they're carried back, but I guessed you'd be one of the quiet sort."

"I saved a little cold chicken at dinner: do you think you could take that?" asked nurse, doubtfully.

"I am ready for—for an ostrich!" I answered; so had my chicken forthwith.

Sunday we had service in our ward, and a number of flowers and plants were sent from

a neighbouring flower service. We kept early hours at the Royal Free, so dinner came up soon after eleven. We did not all feel inclined for our full portion of vegetables and pudding, but next to ours was a men's surgical ward, and there our varied contributions were always thankfully received.

From 2 till 4 p.m. our friends were admitted, and on this day men proved to be as general as on Thursday they were rare. I found other people's husbands and sweet-hearts very amusing, especially when they were shy, as their Sunday best generally made them. In the evening we sang Ancient and Modern Hymns to tunes we composed for the occasion, and by 8 p.m. were very tired and rather cross.

So sped the days, and for a week or two I felt so well that it seemed ridiculous to lie in bed, and my friends used to say my red face was a disgrace to the hospital, whilst to the house-surgeon's daily question of "How are you, Four?" I had to make the hackneyed reply of "Quite well, thank you." The order not to stand on my feet was hardest to obey in the early morning, when the most able of the patients would get up to help with the breakfast and have any amount of fun.



Mrs. Two would come round the ward *à la matron*, and to see her quaint little figure, in the tawdriest of dressing-gowns, attempting to personate the stately but kindly lady, whose dainty grey gown and spotless Normandy cap were so familiar, used to make us ache with laughter.

Our life could hardly be described as monotonous—we were somewhat passive ourselves, but the scenes and actors round us were constantly changing. Besides the scrubbers and the cleaners, we had regular visits from the sweep, coal porters, beef-tea boys, and other celebrities. Then, too, the weighing machine was in our ward, so that strange nurses were constantly bringing in tiny bundles that they called babies, and a broad-shouldered youth in a gay dressing-gown came every week with his attendant nurse, and informed us with much satisfaction how many pounds he had added during the last seven days. There was great excitement also one Saturday, when a shed in the building-yard next the hospital caught fire, and it seemed more than probable that the adjacent wards would follow its example. However, whilst the lady students and doctors transported patients to an opposite wing, the chaplain, steward, and porters did such wonders with the hospital hose, thanks to their regular fire-drill, that in an hour or two's time both patients and beds had to be carried back again. Our ward was considered quite safe, but one of the evolutions of the hose sent the water through an open window behind me, and I had the unexpected luxury of a shower bath.

As time went on I found plenty to do. A little story coming out in a current monthly brought my scribbling propensities into notice, and I forthwith received several commissions from Mrs. Six to compose begging-letters for her. "I can write well enough, Mrs. Four, but I can't *compact* like you can," she used to come and whisper flatteringly to me. She wanted some money to support her after leaving the hospital till she was strong enough to recommence work, so copied one of my epistles and sent it to a titled dame, and I have never written anything since that yielded so much per line (*Editors, please take the hint*). Then most of the women had husbands and children, and did not seem to know how to treat either; so, naturally, I had to instruct them on those points, and learnt a good deal in return about workhouse infirmaries, laundry-work, and barrack-life, all of which, no doubt, will be useful. My friends used to say it was

quite nice my being in the hospital, as they actually knew where to find me! I had some visits that made me feel quite honoured among women, but, perhaps, one that I enjoyed most was when a popular scientist came and sat on the ice-box and gave me an animated lecturette, which carried me right away to the woods and the moors, quicker than the fastest train.

After a week or two I went in for a little variety on my own account, developed one or two quite original symptoms, became "more interesting than ever," and from one till seven one morning indulged in unceasing cries and contortions; this performance I repeated at intervals, so that I was never again described as "one of the quiet sort." I lived for a week in hot fomentations; my temperature chart resembled an E. to W. section across Europe, with very noticeable Alps, and I soon contracted a strong antipathy to all words ending with "itis."

When once more I was free enough from pain to take an interest in my surroundings, I found most of the patients had changed, and especially was I attracted by the new Mrs. Five and the new Mrs. Two, who in my days of utter helplessness were wonderfully good to me, and took it in turns to act as lady's-maid. Mrs. Five had been born in Africa, married a soldier, travelled in China, was a Catholic, and a lover of dogs, so we had much to talk about; whilst the new Mrs. Two proved to be a delightful mixture of prettiness and comicality. What was left of me after my recent experiences was so weak, that I had to be nursed up for a long time ere any further steps could be taken, and, as the weeks went by, it seemed that I had become such a permanent part of the institution, that I wondered whether I should not be justified in applying to the Board for a uniform and a salary.

One evening Mrs. Five was in tears, in spite of having had visits from her priest and her husband, and I found the trouble was that the next day she had to appear in the theatre. I told her I envied her, as after a few days' rest she would be able to return home, but she would not be comforted. By that time I had learnt to like and to trust the once-dreaded house-surgeon, and had acquired a habit of waking as he made his last round; and that night, instead of the usual question in passing, he came and sat on my locker, and said, very gently: "I think, Four, to-morrow you had better have a little more ether, and we will see how you are getting on."



Anything that might terminate the perpetual lying in bed to me seemed welcome, so that my "Oh, *thank you, doctor!*" was so emphatic that he went away with query "delirious" writ plain upon his face. Four a.m. found Mrs. Five still much attached to her pocket-handkerchief, but I whispered that I too was going to the theatre, and she cheered up at once.

My turn came first, so that I was already half-conscious when Mrs. Five was brought back. My screen prevented me seeing her, but in spite of my stupor her voice reached me.

"Is Mrs. Four all right?" she asked. "Is Mrs. One all right? Is Mrs. Six all right? Is Mrs. Three all right? Is nurse all right?"

no precedent for such an irregularity, enjoyed a quiet chat with an Irish friend, whilst the others were peacefully dreaming. They said it was I who had been dreaming when I told them of my visitor, but I knew better.

When Mrs. Three's turn came to go into the theatre, she was decidedly conversational on the return journey, and as she was brought into the ward, protested loudly that she "hadn't heard no music," and then went for one of the porters in a most pugilistic manner, and informed him that if he "wasn't man enough, she was!" She explained to us afterwards on her recovery that she had mistaken him for her husband!

I soon lost my friend, Mrs. Five. Her husband caught cold, and she was perfectly



From a Photo. by]

A GROUP OF NURSES.

[J. & G. Taylor.

Is my husband all right? Is Mrs. Four all right?"

Such interest roused me, and at the top of my voice I called out: "Give my love to Mrs. Five, please, nurse, and tell her that I am all right, and hope that she is all right."

I was only conscious of making this tender speech once, but the others who had not lost their senses subsequently assured us that this affecting dialogue was repeated at frequent intervals, much to the indignation of Mrs. Six.

"Just hark at 'em, Mrs. Two," she said, "sending their loves to one another! Why can't they be quiet? As if we could be all right with their noise a-going on! How are we ever to get our afternoon nap, with the two of them at it?"

However, fortunately for the harmony of the ward, we too went to sleep, but after an hour I woke up again, and though there was

certain that unless she went home he would have asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and pneumonia all at once, so she asked for her discharge and stated the reason.

The house-surgeon looked doubtful. "What has come to this ward?" he asked, looking round at the empty beds. "One, two, three—you are the fourth patient who has asked to go home because her husband is ill!"

"Oh, but doctor, mine is real!" exclaimed Mrs. Five so emphatically, that I think it was just as well for her that the other wives had departed.

At the physician's next visit he told me my only hope was in operation, and to gain the necessary strength for that anticipated event, I was permitted to get up for an hour or two every day. I felt quite proud when I had once more learnt to stand alone, although even then I was anything but erect, and, to quote nurse's



description, "Hopped about the ward like a young partridge." However, after a day or two I became less like a right angle, and was then allowed in the hospital square. Among the many interesting sights I beheld whilst out and about was the doctors in full theatre costume. They wear a large, terra-cotta-coloured mackintosh apron with a bib, sometimes a cap to match, and with sleeves rolled up to their elbows; they look very like—please don't tell them I said so—very like carpenters.

If there is one thing I pride myself upon more than another it is upon being a judge of character. In the hospital I tested this faculty twice. Going to the service in the men's ward the Sunday of that week, I was much impressed by No. Sixteen. With his grand head, thick, snowy hair, and stalwart frame, he looked like a noble old general, and before the end of the last hymn, I had composed a mental biography of him, full of gallant deeds and high aspirations; but, thinking facts would probably prove even more satisfactory than fiction, I made a few inquiries of nurse.

She laughed.

"That man!" she exclaimed. "Old Sixteen! You were telling me that the last few nights you had heard cries of 'Murder!' 'Police!' That's one of his pretty little ways! He wakes all the patients in his own ward, and as many more as he can. Two women come to see him, and claim him as husband, but he declines to own either of them. Yes, he is a nice man!"

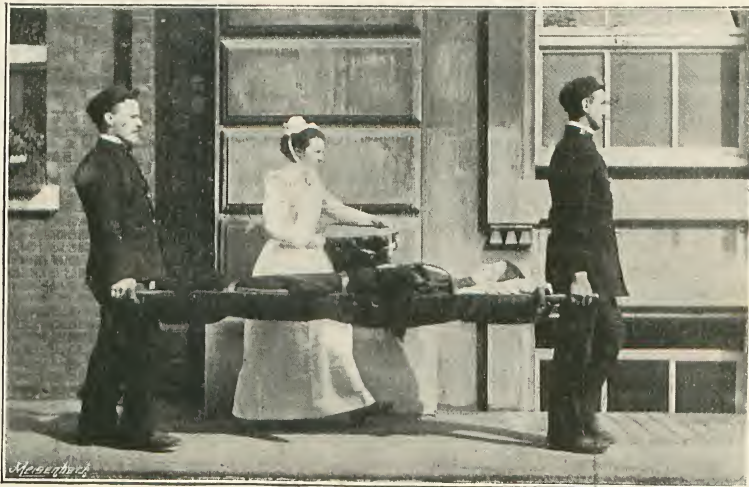
The other case was a young, pretty girl, with a soft voice and gentle manner. I think I cried when she went away. Well, I heard of her afterwards—she was in Holloway Gaol for assaulting a policeman!

After seven weeks, the day came to leave my corner in Elizabeth. Special nurses had been told off to attend me, the Isolated Ward had been disinfected, the silk had been sterilized, the dressings prepared, and what with personal applications of turpentine, carbolic, and ether, patient, as well as nurse, had had a lively time. I had many farewells

and good wishes that morning, the more touching, perhaps, as my predecessor in the Isolated had never returned. My old Irish-woman came over to see me, but when I shook hands and said "Good-bye," she replied: "You jist take that word back! It ain't lucky! I ain't a-going to wish you anything but a very good morning. I shall find my way upstairs to have a peep at you before many days are over, you be sure!"

I had quite intended, when being borne along on the stretcher, to show my appreciation of the stately procession by waving a triumphant farewell to my ward friends, but my handkerchief had most unaccountably got itself into a very limp condition, and refused to do anything but form itself into a nasty damp ball, which was most annoying. Talking of stretchers, I have tried a good many means of locomotion, from wheelbarrows and roundabouts to Atlantic steamers and Canadian hacks, and I really think stretchers compare favourably with any of them, so long as the bearers do *not* keep step; but unless the front man's right foot moves with the back man's left, the result is almost as trying as travelling over an American road. Of course, they manage this matter perfectly at the Royal Free, and I so enjoyed my ride that I longed to ask them to take one or two turns round the square, but resisted the temptation.

My next experience was chloroform, and plenty of it. I liked it better than ether. Then, for an hour, doctors, matron, and nurses worked their best and their hardest, and I was satisfactorily finished. I did not wake up to that fact for three or four hours afterwards; then, in a weak whisper, that I could hardly hear myself, I begged for water.



From a

THE STRETCHER,

[Photograph.

A teaspoonful of hot water every ten minutes was all they dared to give me for hours and hours, and I felt I should die if I did not have gallons. I thought of Dives, Sir Philip Sidney, and Dante's Inferno, but nothing stopped that dreadful thirst.

Otherwise I was wonderfully comfortable, in spite of feeling somewhat like a mummy. I had no pillows for my head, but, to make up for that, plenty under my knees, which were also tied together, lest I should be tempted to try any pedestrian feats; but the arrangement that pleased me best was the cage on which the bed-clothes were supported. I saw at once that it formed a delightful nook in which to stow away letters and books, and confided that idea to nurse, but she did not seem charmed. My skilful physician came every day, and, what pleased me as much, so did his dog Peter, most intelligent of Irish terriers, who proved his nationality by his readiness to make friends even with such a blue-lipped, yellow-cheeked mortal as I was.

For days and for nights I lay perfectly still, and made the interesting discovery that not using one's muscles has the same effect as over-tiring them. My hands ached as though they would drop off, but strangest of all was the pain in my jaw. I bore it till I felt desperate, then motioned to nurse and whispered: "I am quite certain that I dislocated my jaw when I was under chloroform, nurse; it is dreadful!"

"You silly girl," she said, laughing; "of course it hurts you, just because you have been neither eating nor talking."

*Apropos* of eating, when the feeding-up process was supposed to begin, my poor nurse tried brandy, hot milk and cold, peptonized milk, beef teas and extracts, lemon and barley water, meat juices and jellies, but it was all wasted energy; my internal arrangements were on strike, and nothing could I take, and, to crown the situation, I announced

that I was suffering from acute indigestion. No wonder the physician shook his head at me!

"I should like to know how you manage that," he said, "when you will not take anything to digest. What is all this I hear about such constant sickness? You know we cannot have that kind of thing. A stop must be put to it! You will"—and he paused to think of a sufficiently terrible threat—"you will spoil your figure!"

When I did get stronger it was by leaps and by bounds. The house-surgeon being away, his duties were taken up by a *locum tenens*, on whom they sat somewhat more lightly. On one of his visits to the Isolated he informed me that I was getting on so well that I had "quite ceased to be interesting"; he really did "not know why he still came to see me."

"You see what I can do," he continued. "Yours is something like a cure; but, would you believe it? The other day I heard nurse trying to make out it was all her affair, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if the operating physician had the coolness to consider that he had had something to do with it. True merit never is appreciated in this world!" and, with a look of comic despair, he departed.

Most of my nurses were pretty, and the last, in addition, was a decidedly fashionable

damsel. One afternoon I saw her surveying my garments with considerable amazement: the shoes of manly breadth seemed especially to fill her with horror, but she was anxious not to hurt my feelings, so came over and said, with a forced smile: "Do you think with my help you could get into your—your high-minded clothes?"

The next day and the next I was carried down into the square and put in the sun to brown, and on the third day, much to my own surprise, I walked down the stairs and out of the gate, carrying with me more bright and pleasant memories than I ever thought could gather round a visit to a hospital.



"PETER."

From a Photo. by E. F. Gearing & Sons, Regent Street.



# A Vision of Gold.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.\*

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)



THE *Standard* for October 2nd, 1894, contained a paragraph about a famous will of 1887, and from this paragraph I quote these words: ". . . . The testator devised and bequeathed his residuary real and personal estate, of the value apparently of nearly £3,000,000, in trust for investment and to accumulate the income, by reinvestment at compound interest, for seven years after his death, . . . . in trust for his said grand-nephew . . . , absolutely, if he should then be living, . . . . The fortune to which Mr. . . . will thus become entitled on Tuesday next will probably, with the seven years' accumulations at compound interest, be not much less than four millions sterling. . . ."

"Tuesday next" was the 9th October, 1894, exactly seven years after the death of this testator who caused three millions to become four millions by leaving his bequest to accumulate at compound interest for seven years. "What an immense increase," I said. "Surely there's something wrong about the figures." Prompted by curiosity, I turned on the calculating gear which chances to form part of my brain substance, and found that the very moderate interest rate of four guineas per cent. per annum would convert three millions into four during the short probationary period of seven years specified by this millionaire testator. Here is the growth expressed in round numbers:—

9th October, 1887	£3,000,000
" " 1888	3,126,000
" " 1889	3,257,000
" " 1890	3,394,000
" " 1891	3,536,000
" " 1892	3,684,000
" " 1893	3,839,000
" " 1894	4,000,000

This is distinctly cheering. We have but to invest three millions at £4 4s. od. per cent. interest—not at any usurious rate—vegetate inexpensively for seven years—a familiar term of rustication—and then, when we "come out," this magician Interest will present us with one million sterling in addition to our original three.

This result stimulated my curiosity. Not having the three millions handy, but wanting a few thousands, I began jotting down some calculations as to how easily I might now

possess them if some thoughtful person had invested even a small sum for me when I was born (1859) and had left *that* to accumulate at interest until this present year (1895). The results showed that a poor £1,000 invested in 1859 at 5 per cent. interest would have become in 1895 £5,800, so that I might now have had nearly £5,000—the thoughtful investor still retaining his original thousand.

The omission in 1859 of this simple and kindly act is now distinctly not cheering. But perhaps no one who had the thought had the thousand, or no one who had the thousand had the thought—so I dropped the £1,000 basis, did some more calculations, and eventually arrived at a penny basis of investment of longer standing than 1859. The facts which cropped up began to astonish me, then caused golden dreams—some of which I have here pictured in black and white—and finally showed me how to become the Universal Benefactor of the World at a future date. At a date to be fixed by me, there shall be no more poverty, no more wretched struggles for money, no more warping and twisting of the good that is in us by desire for gold—I have found a mighty Enchanter and Magician who shall work my will; his name is Compound Interest, and, unlike the alchemists of old, my magic servant requires for his crucible, not gold, not silver, not gems, but merely One Penny. This amount, therefore, I propose to place in the hands of responsible trustees "in trust for investment and to accumulate the income, by reinvestment at 5 per cent. compound interest for one thousand years after the present date (1895), in trust for the Population of the World, absolutely, for those that shall then be living." At the end of the time specified (A.D. 2895) there will be (approximately) 220,000 million persons in the world, and as my Penny will have then increased to £6,443,000,000,000,000,000, there will be for each person the very comfortable present of twenty-nine millions sterling (£29,286,364), and this result of making everyone a millionaire will be achieved by me at a cost of One Penny only.

And now let us see what this Enchanter could have now done for us of the nineteenth century had he been set to work 1895 years ago with one dull Penny to simmer and quicken in his magic pot for the ultimate

benefit of the present population of the earth.

Wagner and Supan, the German statisticians, estimated in 1891 the population of the earth at 1,480 million persons. As more

If, in A.D. 1, a man had wished to be hailed in later centuries Universal Benefactor of the World, he could have achieved his wish by investing the equivalent of a modern penny at 5 per cent. compound interest per annum,

the interest to accumulate year by year for the benefit of future generations—just after the fashion of the testator in 1887, mentioned at the commencement of this paper.

Fig. 1 shows us, century by century, the magic growth of this penny if left in the hands of my Enchanter. My working figures are given in col. iii. of Fig. 1, so that anyone accustomed to logarithmic calculations can check the accuracy of my results—I did not dream over my calculations, if later I dreamed the golden dreams illustrated farther on.

The wealth accumulated during the 1895 years would have now been so immense, that we shall find some little difficulty in realizing the vast golden growth of this penny unless we press into our service various aids to imaginative conception, some of which I have

COL. i	COL. ii	COL. iii
At the end of Anno Domini	(THE MAGIC GROWTH) ONE PENNY invested at the beginning of Anno Domini 1, at 5 per cent per annum compound interest, would have amounted to pounds Sterling as below	This column contains the working figures of the results shown in col. ii. These logarithms have been given only for the use of those persons who may care to check my results. [1.05 = Log. 1.05; 0.0211893 2.40 = Log. 2.40; 2.3802112]
100	(eleven shillings)	2.11893
	£	2.38021
200	72	4.23786
		2.38021
300	9,475	6.35679
		2.38021
400	124,600	8.47572
		2.38021
500	163,850,000	10.59465
		2.38021
600	21,546,000,000	12.71358
		2.38021
700	283,330,000,000	14.83251
		2.38021
800	372,590,000,000,000	16.95144
		2.38021
900	48,996,000,000,000,000	19.07037
		2.38021
1000	644,200,000,000,000,000	21.18930
		2.38021
1100	847,270,000,000,000,000,000	23.30823
		2.38021
1200	114,200,000,000,000,000,000,000	25.42716
		2.38021
1300	146,510,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	27.54609
		2.38021
1400	192,670,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	29.66502
		2.38021
1500	253,360,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	31.78395
		2.38021
1600	333,170,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	33.90288
		2.38021
1700	438,130,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	36.02181
		2.38021
1800	576,140,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	38.14074
		2.38021
1895	593,620,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	40.15372
		2.38021

FIG. 1.—THE MAGIC GROWTH OF A PENNY TO MORE THAN 59 SEXTILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING. Readers who may like to know "how it's done," are informed that all the working figures which produced the results in Col. ii. are shown in Col. iii., and that elementary mathematical knowledge will suffice to check these calculations. Only the first five significant figures are given.

than one-half of this estimated number was based upon the results of actual censuses, and as the remainder was very carefully arrived at, we shall not be far away from truth if we say that there are now (1895) 1,500 million persons in the world.

endeavoured to illustrate.

In Fig. 2 we see the Rain of Sovereigns for One Thousand Years. Imagine the earth transformed into a huge flat slab of gold, more than 509,000 miles square and one mile thick, and floating in space,



Let every person — man, woman, and child — now living in the world (1,500 million persons) continuously discharge a Maxim gun loaded with sovereigns instead of bullets for one thousand years. Each gun fires into space twelve hundred sovereigns per minute, which drop over the edges of the earth — see the tiny corner of the earth shown in Fig. 2. At the end of one thousand years' continuous discharge of sovereigns from 1,500 millions of Maxim guns upon an earth of gold, at the rate of 1,200 sovereigns per minute each gun, only an infinitesimal fraction of the money would have been shot into space out of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at 5 per cent. compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895. This incredible result is no freak of fancy, but a solid fact, and I append

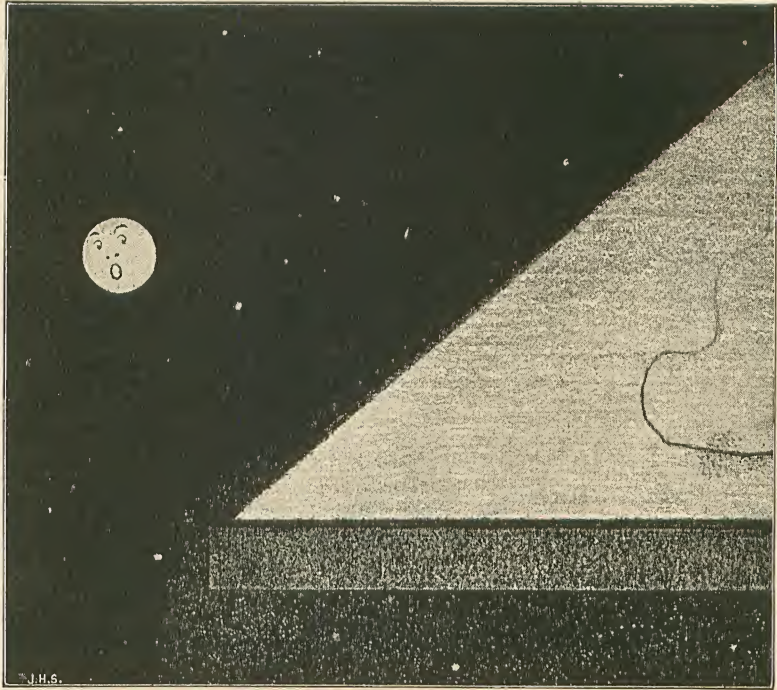


FIG. 2.—THE RAIN OF SOVEREIGNS FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

rid of his or her share in the vast accumulations of one penny. Let us have a game at throwing away bank-notes instead of sovereigns, and see if we can then get along more effectively than in Fig. 2 with the disposal of our individual wealth.

In Fig. 4 we have the Deluge of Million-pound Bank-notes for One Thousand Years. Here we see the earth transformed into

$$\frac{1}{2} 59362 \text{ followed by } 33 \text{ } 0\text{'s (see Fig. 1)} \div \left[ \begin{array}{l} \text{(cubic miles in the Earth)} \text{ (yards yards yards) feet Gold in cubic foot)} \\ (7,912 \times 7,912 \times 7,912 \times 5236 \times 1760 \times 1760 \times 1760 \times 27 \times 17436 \times \\ \text{(grains in 1 oz. avoirdupois)} \text{ (grains in one sovereign)} \\ \times 437 \cdot 5 \div 123 \cdot 27447 \end{array} \right] + \left( \begin{array}{l} \text{persons} \text{ years (sovs. per min. hours days)} \\ 1500,000,000 \times 1000 \times 1200 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365 \cdot 25 \end{array} \right) = 25058000,000$$

or (say)  $\frac{1}{25,000,000,000}$  part of the money shown in the bottom line of Fig. 1.

FIG. 3.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE PERSONS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 2.

the calculation in Fig. 3, so that anyone who cares to check it may do so. The cost of making an earth of solid gold, added to the cost of firing away all these sovereigns for a thousand years, would exhaust only one-twenty-five-thousand-millionth part of the money accumulated in 1895, and which is shown in the bottom line of Fig. 1.

We have seen from Fig. 2 and the description of it how futile would be this attempt made by each person in the world to get

two vast rectangular blocks of gold, each (nearly) 11,000 million miles long by three miles wide by eight miles thick. These two blocks of gold float side by side in space, with a great gulf eight miles deep separating them. Along both the inside edges of the entire length of this precipice stand the world's population (1,500 million persons), and each second every person throws into this bottomless gulf a bundle consisting of one thousand bank-notes, each note being

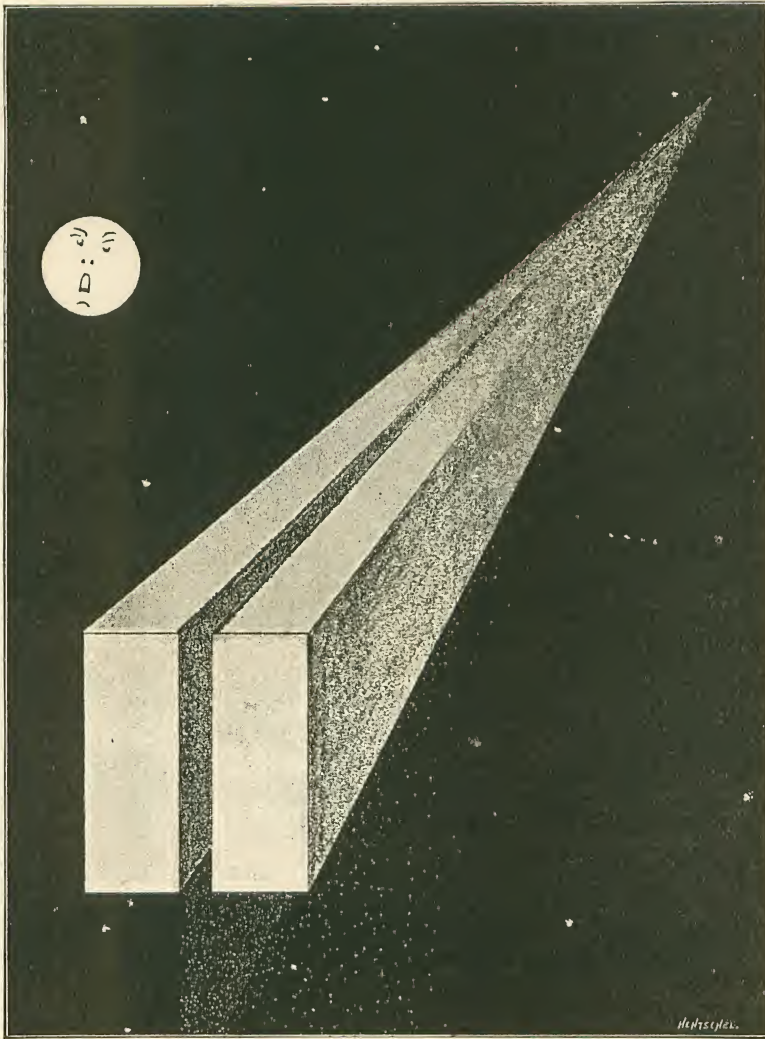


FIG. 4.—THE DELUGE OF MILLION-POUND BANK-NOTES FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

worth one million sterling. At the end of this continuous deluge for one thousand years, and including the cost of a golden earth, only one-twelve-hundred-millionth part of the money would have been thrown away

away every second by each person contains one-and-a-half times the National Debt of this country (see the little white specks falling in Fig. 4). I append in Fig. 5 the details of the calculation relating to Fig. 4, merely for

out of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at 5 per cent. compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895.

There is here a distinct improvement as regards the spending of money by each individual. Still, and despite the fact that every single person has been assumed to throw away 1,000 millions of pounds sterling once every second for the period of a thousand years continuously, each of us would only have succeeded in getting rid of the very small fraction of our fortune which is represented by placing the figure 1 above a line and the figures 1,194,300,000 beneath the line.

Incidentally, we may note that *each* of the bundles of bank-notes thrown

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \left[ \begin{array}{l} \text{(cubic miles in the Earth)} \\ 259330,000,000 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{yards} \\ 1760 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{feet} \\ 27 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{(volume of standard gold in 1 cubic foot)} \\ 17486 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{(grains in 1 oz. avoirdupois)} \\ 437.5 \end{array} \div \begin{array}{l} \text{(grains in one sovereign)} \\ 123.27447 \end{array} \right] + \left[ \begin{array}{l} \text{persons} \\ 1500,000,000 \end{array} \times \right. \\
 & \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{years} \\ 1000 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{bank-notes} \\ 1000 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{(value of each bank-note)} \\ 1,000,000 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{seconds} \\ 60 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{minutes} \\ 60 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{hours} \\ 24 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{days} \\ 365.25 \end{array} \right] = \text{£}49705 \text{ followed} \\
 & \text{by } 24 \text{ 0's, which is (say) } \frac{1}{1200,000,000} \text{ part of the money shown for 1895 in Fig. 1.}
 \end{aligned}$$

FIG. 5.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE PERSONS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 4.

(N.B.—Nasmyth and Carpenter, working with more detail than is here necessary, computed the volume of the earth at 259,300,000,000 cubic miles. See Figs. 3 and 5.)



the use of readers who may, quite rightly, prefer to test the facts on their own account.

As regards this Fig. 4, I thought it would be interesting to show a facsimile of a bank-note value one million sterling, so that we might obtain a graphic idea of the enormous value of each of the little white specks which are seen in Fig. 4, every one of which specks represents one thousand of these scarce bank-notes. After applying to the Bank of England for a million - pound note, I learnt from Mr. G. F. Glennie that "the Bank are unable to grant your request, as such a proceeding is contrary to law." Mr. Glennie was kind enough to send me a copy of the clause in the Act relating to

this matter, and, from this clause, I found that, unwittingly, I had invited the Directors of the Bank of England, the publisher of this Magazine, and every person who should have in his "custody" or "possession" a copy of such facsimile (*i.e.*, about one-seventieth part of the population of England and Wales—who are purchasers of this Magazine) to join me in committing a felony, the punishment for which is

"Penal Servitude for any Term not exceeding Fourteen Years, and not less than Three Years," or, imprisonment "for any Term not exceeding Two Years, with or without Hard Labour, and with or without Solitary Confinement." As it might be inconvenient to the prison officials to have so many new convicts at one time, we must, I fear, dispense with the facsimile of a million-pound bank-note.



FIG. 6.—THE ROAD OF GOLD FROM THE EARTH TO THE SUN.

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \left[ \begin{array}{ccccccc} \text{miles} & \text{miles} & \text{miles} & \text{yards} & \text{yards} & \text{yards} & \text{feet} \\ 92,500,000 & \times 8,381,700 & \times 8,381,700 & \times 1,760 & \times 1,760 & \times 1,760 & \times 27 \times 17,486 \times 4,375 \end{array} \right] \div \\
 & \begin{array}{l} \text{(grains in one} \\ \text{sovereign.)} \end{array} \\
 & \div 123,274,47 = \text{£ } 59,362 \text{ followed by 33 0's, see bottom line of Fig. 1} \\
 & \text{And, } 92,500,000 \div [60 \times 24 \times 365.25] = 175.87 \text{ years of travel for the express train in Fig. 6}
 \end{aligned}$$

FIG. 7.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE READERS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 6.



FIG. 8.—THE VISION OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN AND THE NIAGARA OF MOLTEN GOLD.

Having so much money at our disposal, we shall scarcely be able to spend it on this earth even by such reckless extravagances as have been illustrated, so we will do a piece of astronomical engineering, and make a road to the sun. Fig. 6 shows a Road of Gold from the Earth to the Sun, and may certainly claim to be the most expensive engineering project

ever designed. The dimensions of this road of solid gold are  $92\frac{1}{2}$  millions of miles long, more than  $8\frac{1}{3}$  millions of miles wide, and more than  $8\frac{1}{3}$  millions of miles thick. An express train travelling along this road at the rate of 60 miles an hour would not reach the sun until nearly 176 years after the date of departure from the earth. Some idea of the width and of the thickness of this golden road may be gathered from the statement that it would be more than one thousand times as wide and as thick as the diameter of the earth (say 8,000 miles), and by noting that the railway train shown in Fig. 6 is no ordinary train, but is (approximately) seven million miles long from the front of the engine to the back of the guard's van. The distance between the two rails on which the wheels of this train revolve, but which are too far away to be distinguished by us as two rails, is about 140 thousand miles, which is, therefore, the approximate distance between the two buffers on the front of the engine.

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \left[ \begin{array}{l} \text{mountains} \quad \text{cubic miles in Earth} \quad \text{yards} \quad \text{feet} \quad \text{(ounces of standard gold in 1 cubic foot)} \quad \text{(grains in 1 oz. avoirdupois)} \quad \text{(grains in one sovereign)} \\ 100,000,000 \times 259,330,000,000 \times 1760^3 \times 27 \times 174.86 \times 437.5 \div 123.27447 \end{array} \right] + \\
 & + \left[ \begin{array}{l} \text{Niagaras} \quad \text{years} \quad \text{cubic feet per second} \quad \text{secs.} \quad \text{mins.} \quad \text{hours} \quad \text{days} \quad \text{(ounces of standard gold in 1 cubic foot)} \\ 100,000,000 \times 30,190,000,000 \times 10,000,000 \times 60 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365.25 \times 174.86 \times \end{array} \right. \\
 & \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{(grains in 1 oz. avoirdupois)} \\ \times 437.5 \div 123.27447 \end{array} \right] = \text{£ } 59362 \text{ followed by } 33 \text{ } 03, \text{ see bottom line of Fig 1} \\
 & \text{And, } \left[ \begin{array}{l} \text{cubic feet per sec.} \quad \text{(ounces of standard gold in 1 cubic foot)} \quad \text{(grains in 1 oz. avoirdupois)} \quad \text{(grains in one sovereign)} \\ 10,000,000 \times 174.86 \times 437.5 \div 123.27447 \end{array} \right] = \text{£ } 620,600,000,000 \text{ (Value of gold falling in one second from one Niagara)}
 \end{aligned}$$

FIG. 9.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE PERSONS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 8.



By making such a road as this, and of the dimensions given, we could exhaust the accumulated interest of One Penny which is set out in the bottom line of Fig. 1. [Sceptical readers are invited to check the accuracy of the calculations given in Fig. 7.]

In 1882 a project was suggested to tap the force of Niagara by constructing turbines, or water-wheels, and to transmit this force of falling water throughout the United States. The water-power of Niagara was then estimated at ten million cubic feet of water-fall per second, and the value of this utilized force was estimated at £300,000 a day. In 1889, the City of Buffalo contracted with the Niagara Power Company for 10,000 horse-power at £30,000 per annum, to light the city and drive factories by a cable twenty miles in length from Niagara Falls to Buffalo City—we will make a golden Niagara, and see if we can thereby get rid of some of this super-abundant wealth of ours.

In Fig. 8 we have the Vision of the Golden Mountain and the Niagara of Molten Gold. Imagine a great mountain of gold, as large as the earth, with a Niagara of molten gold rushing over the precipice into space for 1,000 million years continuously. During every second of this inconceivably long period, as many cubic feet of molten gold fall over the precipice as there are cubic feet of water stated to be falling over the real Niagara: *i.e.*, gold to the value of nearly one thousand times the amount of the National Debt of this country rushes away every second. At the end of the 1,000 million years'

rushing of this golden Niagara, only a small fraction of the money would have been expended out of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at 5 per cent. compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895—see Fig. 1. In order to exhaust all this accumulated money it would be necessary to set at work 100 millions of golden Niagaras, on 100 millions of golden mountains, instead of only one mountain and one Niagara, as seen in Fig. 8, and to extend the working period to more than 30,000 million years of continuously-rushing torrents of molten gold.

This statement seems to go beyond the limits of human belief, and, as I do not wish anyone to rest content with the mere statement itself, I give, in Fig. 9, the materials for checking the truth of these results. [By the way, any person who may set about the

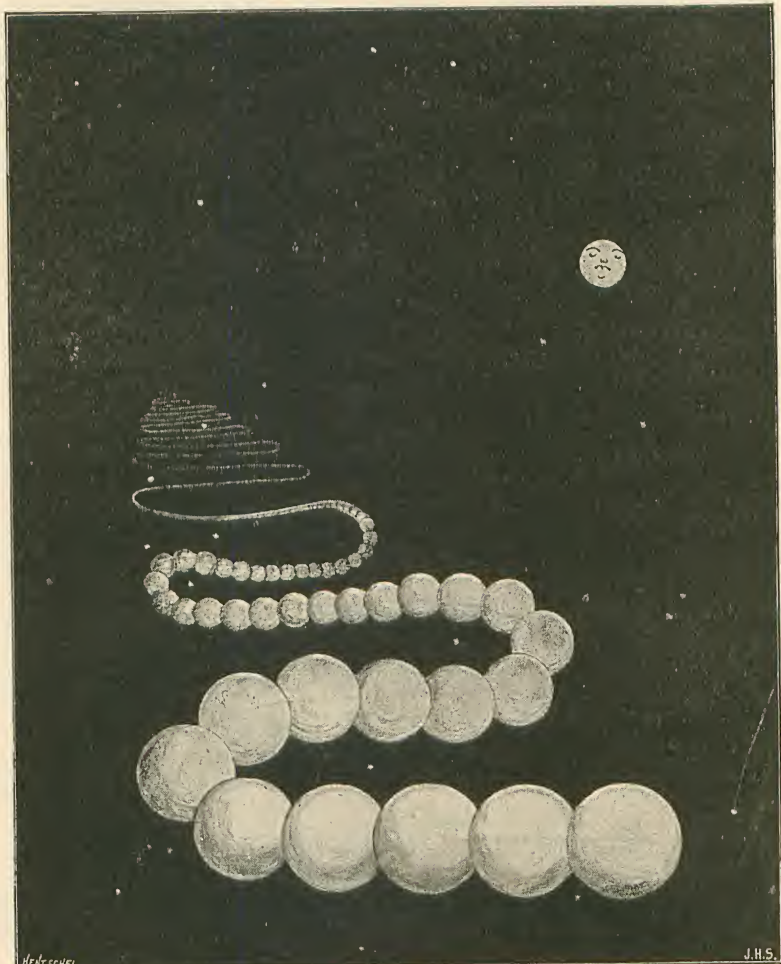


FIG. 10.—THE DREAM OF THE GOLDEN EARTHS.

calculations in Figs. 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11, will be materially aided if he use a table of logarithms. Otherwise it may be necessary to work with charcoal on the walls of a spare room, using a step-ladder, and going down it step by step as the work proceeds, shifting the ladder round the spare room as one calculation follows another. *Verbum sat sapienti.*]

And now we come to the Dream of the Golden Earths. The procession of globes in space shown in Fig. 10 represents 25,000 millions of spheres made of solid gold, each one being equal to the earth in size. This number is sufficient to supply every living person in the world (1,500 million persons) with more than sixteen golden globes apiece, each one being as large as the earth. The value of all this gold—at one sovereign for 123·27447 grains troy—is

coldly regard our wealth—which would not be wealth, but poverty.

And so collapses the philanthropic scheme propounded early in this paper—for what would be the good of giving to every person living in A.D. 2895 the sum of twenty-nine millions of pounds sterling, when, by so doing, gold would lose its value as a purchasing medium? Therefore, to carry out the scheme of endowing posterity with vast wealth would earn the universal execrations of mankind, and not their gratitude as at the first glance seemed probable.

And now that we have dreamed strange golden dreams, logically illustrated even though they be based on hypothetical facts, and have found non-existent for us the Enchanter of A.D. 1—let us, after our piece of fantastic play, not forget that there were indeed Magicians of old whose golden

$$\begin{aligned} & \text{£ } 59362 \text{ followed by } 33 \text{ 0's (see fig. 1)} \div \left[ \begin{array}{c} \text{cubic miles in Earth} \\ 259330,000,000 \times 1760^3 \times 27 \times 17,486 \times \end{array} \right] \\ & \left[ \begin{array}{c} \text{grains in 1 oz.} \\ \text{avoirdupois} \end{array} \right] \times 437.5 \div \left[ \begin{array}{c} \text{grains in one} \\ \text{sovereign} \end{array} \right] \div 123.27447 = 25,058,000,000 \text{ golden Earths} \\ & \div 1,500,000,000 \text{ persons} = 16.705 \text{ golden Earths for each person.} \end{aligned}$$

FIG. 11.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE PERSONS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 10.

equal to the value of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at 5 per cent. compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895: see Fig. 1, bottom line, and check, if you wish, the calculation in Fig. 11.

Here, then, is the culminating trick of the Magician whose achievements have now been shown to us—he gives us sixteen earths apiece, and each one is made of solid gold! But, stay—if we all had so much gold, nobody would want any, and therefore all this vast wealth of ours would be as withered leaves for any value in it. A loaf of bread could not be bought even at the expenditure of a mass of gold equal in bulk to the size of England. A golden continent would not buy a coat, and a horse would be worth more than one of our sixteen golden earths. We should all have so much gold, and yet be so poor withal, that, like the moon in Fig. 10, we should indifferently and

thoughts, if not their money, were invested for us of later generations. Invested at compound *intellect*, by the operation of which force, as these early thoughts spread and fructified they made men's brains pregnant with other thoughts of worth, and these again bred others. And so, spreading and circling-out—as the river's twinkling agitation caused by a stone thrown into it at Richmond Bridge does send even its faint influence across the Atlantic—this ever-massing thought is even now passing us and going on to dim futurity, where some man's penny of thought will become, as it has become, worth more than millions of sterling gold by reason of the living germ put into it by some old dead brain. And, at some time, these true Enchanters will, by the ultimate living of good and death of evil, cause to vanish from this earth not poverty only, but also the far worse ills than poverty which come from bad hearts and weak heads.





**I** WAS trying to keep myself warm on the windy sea-front of Yokohama, in Japan. The bare-legged rickshaw men, huddled up in dark blue hoods, exposed to the fierce northeasters that swept the "bunds" and "bluffs" of this wind-swept but interesting city, looked as yellow, as bilious, and as melancholy as "human horses" could well look on a Japanese cab-rank. All they wanted was a fare: a fare to warm them, a fare to make them trot and restore circulation to their wiry frames. Again and again I had exchanged the warm, unhealthy, over-heated atmosphere of the Imperial Hotel for the blasts and wind storms of the wave-tossed shore.

What wonder that the "boys," the cheery, good-natured idlers of Yokohama, the passengers, the agents, the newspaper men, the

interviewers, the business men, and the gamblers of this "inn of strange meetings" should prefer the bar and its merriment of good-fellowship and "cocktails" to the "bar and its moaning" across the dull and wintry waves of the Yokohama sea-board? It was a strange experience, but one repeated again and again at every resting-place and treaty port all round the world. If, confounded and demoralized by the east wind, I sought the cosy but oven-like hotel, I was certain to be the victim of well-intentioned hospitality, since not to drink with everybody to whom you are introduced on every possible occasion is death to your reputation as a "good fellow," whilst to drink whenever and wherever you are invited to a coterie of companionship is death to your constitution. Show your nose at the hotel bar, and you must do as the bar does: fly from temptation and rush into the east winds outside, and you will be pinned by a circle of rickshaw men who are only too ready to trundle you in the "go-carts" of Japan, to shops, to native quarters, to views, to temples, to china factories, to warehouses of curios, to tattooers, to homes of strange dancers, to tea-houses in

sly corners, tea-houses destitute of romance, but overflowing with whisky and alcohol in its various forms: in fact, to every temptation devised at the headquarters of modern civilization.

But I had made my small investments in Japanese curios; I had turned over all the silks and satins and "kimonos" that interested me, both in the modern and native quarters of Yokohama; I had seen Japanese dances, and eaten a Japanese dinner in slippered feet reclining uncomfortably on the matted floor; I had been hospitably and regally entertained both by Europeans and natives; I had been up hill and down dale to see all the sights and mountain rest-houses and sulphur springs and snows and sleets of Alpine Japan; I had worshipped Fusi-yama from every available prospect; and, anxious for still more information, I looked up an old school-friend, of Marlborough days, who lived in a handsome house in the European quarter of Yokohama, as befitted one of its leading men. We had parted last in the famous "B" dormitory of the Old house at Marlborough, and we met over a quarter of a century afterwards at a dinner-table in Yokohama.

I was boasting to my old school-fellow of the wonderful things I had done in a short space of time; how I had seen Nikko, and Kioto, and Tokio, and Atami; how I had visited Kamakura and Enoshima; how I had walked up snow precipices and scalded my hands in boiling sulphur, and been rickshawed for hundreds of miles and rested at Myanoshita, and had a bird's-eye view of Japanese life in every shape and form, when the good old fellow put on his considering cap and said:—

"But you have not seen old Playfort, who lives on the race-course and is a Yokohama character?"

At once I owned up that the pleasure of old Playfort's acquaintance had been hitherto denied me.

"But you must see old Playfort," observed my friend, "he is dying to see you; he has talked of nothing else but you since your steamer arrived. He has begged and entreated all the boys to bring you up to him, and if you have nothing better to do, I will drive you up to the race-course this afternoon."

I assented: but I was as much in the dark as ever concerning the trade, or occupation, or idiosyncrasies of old Playfort.

My friend at once enlightened me. He was an old English actor, he had seen Edmund Kean, had acted with Macready

and Phelps, had toured and "stocked" in nearly all the best provincial towns of England, had been an actor in America for years, and had now settled down as the landlord of a curious kind of old English inn or shanty on the breezy race-course on the hill overlooking Yokohama and the sea.

"But how on earth did an English actor manage to find his way to Japan?" I observed.

"Oh! I don't know: drifted here, I suppose; but he must tell you his story in his own fashion. All I know is that he wants to see you, and that I promised to bring you up on the first opportunity."

That same afternoon my old school-fellow and I drove through an outlying grey Japanese village, and found ourselves at the gate of the "Shakespeare Inn," a curious, embowered, tumble-down old beer-house or grog-shop, within a convenient walking distance of Yokohama.

At the rustic gate of the "Shakespeare Inn," which title was placarded on a sign-board amongst the trees, my thoughts were irresistibly taken back to dear old England. The cottage bore no resemblance whatever to the ordinary grey-boarded and grey-slatted shanties of native Japan. It might have been transplanted from an old Warwickshire lane, and I am certain I have seen dozens of inns of the same pattern in Shakespeare's country.

The illusion of English home-life was kept up in the garden, in the shrubberies, in the miniature arbours of the curious little cottage, so distinct from the dismal bungalows found in a land of paper-covered windows and squeaking shutters.

The pleasant illusion was only lost in the public smoke-room, where shock-headed Japs, and down-at-heel, untidy women, men with scrubbing-brush heads of hair, and girls in frousy-padded "kimonos," also down-at-heel and sloppety, took the place of "Ostler Joe" and the neat-handed "Phyllis" in her pink print gown, so intimately associated with an English inn.

Old Playfort, the landlord of the "Shakespeare Inn," was undoubtedly a character and a favourite. Every Englishman and Englishwoman in Yokohama was familiar with the old actor. Old stagers were wont to turn in to his best parlour with their wives and daughters on a Sunday afternoon to drink a cup of tea and have a chat with the old man, and the youngsters, the stewards, the sailors, the engineers, the captains, and the mates of every imaginable vessel touching at this Japanese port knew that they could find a drop of wholesome liquor, after a long walk,



at the "Shakespeare Inn," kept by an old English actor.

I entered the room and was formally introduced to mine host. He was a fine, tall, handsome old fellow, erect, with a commanding presence, and a noble voice, hearty and vigorous, like all the old school of actors. When he came across the room to greet me, and to shake my hand, with a strong grip of good fellowship, I could not help recalling the style and the manner of John Ryder. He had just the same boisterous, breezy manner, the same assertive presence, the same stentorian lungs.

Actors proverbially love to talk "shop," and those whose living is thrown in with actors inherit the same peculiarity. I must own it was a treat to me, after the long severance from the footlights, to plunge into the kind of conversation that was going on at that moment thousands of miles away at the Garrick, Savage, or Green Room Clubs at home.

Here, on the wild, wind-tossed heights of Yokohama, in a semi-English cottage with Japanese surroundings, smoking a pipe over a glass of Scotch whisky, handed to me by a yellow-complexioned Asiatic, who wiped up the glasses at a rude bar, I was learning from this fine old man experiences of the old Macready and provincial stock company days, and fortifying from the fountain-head my recollections of old Sadler's Wells and Samuel Phelps, and Belford, and Fred Robinson, and Lewis Ball, and Miss Glyn, and Miss Atkinson, by one who had been their playmate; whilst the old actor was in turn pumping me about Henry Irving and his splendid Shakespearean revivals, and the advantage or disadvantage, as the case might be, of the new school over the old.

Of course, his recollections dated back far



THE SHAKESPEARE INN

longer than mine. But we were able to compare notes, at any rate, over the Phelps period and the Charles Kean period of dramatic art, and I certainly from the lips of old Playford got an insight into the history of the American stage of the last half-century, that strengthened the impressions that I had received from long conversations with actors like Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Edward A. Sothorn, and John Sleeper Clarke, who could all tell a story of the stage as well as they could act a part on it.

How wonderful is the freemasonry of the stage even amongst amateurs! Directly I landed at Hong Kong, before my arrival in Japan, I received a note from one of the leading and most popular merchants in the English colony, an amateur actor of considerable renown, imploring me to come up any evening to dinner at his lovely villa on the green hill overlooking Hong Kong harbour, in order to chat with him about old times at the play, and to tell him all that



had happened in theatrical London since he left it for inevitable banishment in un-theatrical China. The amateur as well as the professional actor is fond of a bit of stage shop, and is never so happy as when he is comparing notes with one whose dramatic experiences cover his own exact period of play-going. And so, in the somewhat squalid smoke-parlour of the tumble-down "Shakespeare Inn," in the seaport of Japan, old Playfort and I fell to talking about the past and the present of the English stage.

He had much to tell me of Macready, and Phelps, and Charles Kean, and the old stock company days in the time of Knowles of Manchester and Harris of Dublin: he regaled me with plenty of good stories, which, strange to say, I had never heard before, for theatrical stories are apt to circulate, as we all know; whilst from me, the fine old gentleman had to learn all about the Henry Irving era of dramatic art, the notable Bancroft accession and too early retirement, and the promise of what is now known as the "new school," headed by such men as John Hare, George Alexander, and Beer-bohm Tree.

It was a curious scene: the untidy Japanese women and black-eyed Japanese boys bustling about the inn bar, and so far as they were concerned we might have been talking double Dutch, or Chinese, and here to their astonishment were an old actor and a middle-aged critic talking away "sixteen to the dozen" about English dramatic art in far-distant Japan.

I could not help noticing that the old man

was nervously anxious to get me alone in order to discuss some private matter that seemed to agitate him. He knew that my visit to Yokohama was necessarily a short one, as I was bound to be in Chicago for the opening of the exhibition, and he also knew, which seemed to be a far more important matter to him, that I was going home to England, that in a few weeks' time, if all were well, I should be in London again, the England from which the old actor had so mysteriously disappeared or drifted,

the London where I guessed all that could ever have been near or dear to him were living, still unconscious, doubtless, of his very existence after these long years of separation.

But all conversation, save on general subjects, was impossible that day. My old school-fellow was with me, and the public room was full of visitors and strangers, who had strolled in for a glass.

But before I left he called me aside and said, in a mysterious stage whisper:—

"Promise me on your faithful word of honour that you will come up and see me alone before you sail away from Japan. But you must come alone. I have something very im-

portant to tell you, something that weighs heavily on my mind, something that you must know."

I promised. There was a mystery about the place and the old man that I could not at the moment fathom. It was a *ménage* such as I had never seen before, although I had been introduced to semi-English and semi-Japanese households that were curious enough.



"I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU."



My school-fellow on our way home helped to enlighten me. Old Playfort had done what so many Englishmen had done and regretted afterwards in Japan. Possibly for a little bit of money, probably for mere companionship, he had gone through a certain form of marriage with a native woman. She it was who presided over his dingy and uncleanly household. She it was who passed as his wife. The children, half Jap and half European, were hers.

It was the old story: the alliance, such as it was, had been, so far as I could see, a complete failure. During my short residence in Japan I saw plenty of such unions, but not one in which anything like married happiness existed. There can be no true union, no marriage in its highest and most beautiful sense, between a European and one of a race so peculiar and distinct from ours as the Japanese race is to-day.

Cultivated they may be, clever and accomplished they certainly are, affectionate and home-loving they have proved themselves to be; but their lives, their manners, and their customs are so distinct from ours, that in the end satiety breeds not joy and peace, but sorrow and tribulation.

It is not marriage at all, but exalted concubinage. Englishmen such as these honestly and honourably mean to do the correct thing by the woman they have bought or loaned from her parents, who are only too ready to pocket the money, a woman who is, no doubt, for a time sincerely attached to him so far as her life and instincts will allow her. But it is not marriage! The man is always ashamed of his so-called wife, and not particularly proud of his children. He cannot introduce her to the society even of his intimate friends. She is, after all, only a superior kind of servant. There is no real equality between them. No woman in the East, wife, or no wife, is held in such respect, or treated with such chivalry and loyalty, as European women are treated, and the bond-slave feeling is only aggravated when the woman is an Asiatic and the man of European origin. The "new woman" should take this important fact to heart,

Here, then, there was only one more instance of the fatal folly of these attachments that begin in sheer recklessness or carelessness, but are tied together by a legal bond. Any religion in the matter is out of the question, for Christians and heathens can no more mix in any exalted or soulfeeling than can oil and water.

Three distinct cases of mixed European and Japanese unions came under my immediate notice. In not one of them was there any real happiness. Quite the contrary!

Again and again I went up to the "Shakespeare Inn" to see the "grand old man," but always, unfortunately, in mixed company. Everybody liked him, from the highest to the lowest, and the European ladies of the colony were accustomed, with their husbands and brothers, to visit the old actor in his "best parlour," and to listen to his stories and cheery conversation.

On the last day before my ship sailed from Yokohama to San Francisco, true to my promise, I called a swift "jinricksha" and bowled away to the "Shakespeare Inn." The old gentleman was overjoyed to see me, and



"WE BOWLED AWAY."

escorted me to the best parlour, where we could be alone and undisturbed. And there and then he told me the story of his curious vagabond and wandering life.

First of all he told me his real name, or rather quickly identified it with an English actress who is held in universal respect—an old lady now, but one who has pursued her honourable and blameless career in London for over five-and-thirty years.

And with tears streaming down his old grey cheeks, he told me how devoted he still was and ever had been to as good a wife as man ever possessed, and the intense love he felt for the daughter whom he had scarcely set eyes on from infancy, a lovely woman now, happily married with children of her own—grandchildren that the old man was never likely to see on this earth.

It was a sad story of man's weakness and unfaithfulness. Husband and wife had acted together in England, they had toured together in America, and, full of love and hope, they had parted—years and years ago—at Boston, where he saw her off to England, for she had accepted an important and lucrative professional engagement in the old country. From that moment they drifted apart! From that hour he had never set eyes upon his faithful and devoted wife. It was a painful story, but he did not flinch in the recital of it. He did not spare himself or excuse himself, but went through it all as if he were in torture or on the rack. In this case also confession seemed good for the soul.

He had drifted!

He drifted into American stock companies, drifted into strange society, drifted no doubt into careless ways. The wife was steadily working away at home: he knew where to find her, he knew what a comfort some tidings of the derelict would be to her. But gradually he forgot to write home. He had omitted to write for so many months, soon so many years, that he became ashamed to do so.

And then the iron entered into his soul, and he crowned unpardonable neglect with the recklessness of despair. He determined to die to the world. He would lose himself, become another being, lead a new life, try to forget a past that no doubt haunted and tortured him. The old vagabond spirit took firm possession of him. He bought an old caravan and a horse, and tramped gipsy-fashion from one sea-board of America to the other, stopping at miners' camps and ranches to give recitations and Shakespeare readings. He cooked for himself, tended himself, lived for himself, thought for himself.

This American Robinson Crusoe had no Man Friday. He was alone, doomed to be alone.

Ever and ever he turned farther and farther away from home. He did not dare look back. He must pass on and on. So as the years went by he found himself in the days of gold and prosperity at San Francisco.

Home, wife, child, friends: well, all far away in the dull, half-forgotten background.

And so, as the years rolled onward, still frightened to turn back, to set sail once more from America, but not, alas! to seek forgiveness in England, but to bury himself still deeper in the dark grave of forgetfulness in far-distant Japan.

Here he arrived strong, well, and hearty; here he tried readings and recitations, here he helped the English amateurs with their private theatricals, here he became a character and a Boniface, here, unhappily, he plunged into new domestic turmoil, and involved himself with fresh liabilities and responsibilities, and here I found him at the "Shakespeare Inn" at Yokohama, an exile from home after some thirty years' absence from the "dear white cliffs of Dover." He concluded this sad story with the following words as he took my hand, the tears still streaming down his handsome old face:—

"You are going back to great old England, my friend, but I shall never see it any more. As I have made my bed so I must lie on it. My journey is almost done—I am, as you see, a very old man. Here I shall die ere long, and here they will bury me when I am gone: away from home, from wife, from child; alone amongst strangers, forgotten, as I well deserve to be!"

I tried to comfort him, to assure him that I could find the money to bring him back if he still longed for the dear old country.

I suggested how merciful, how loving, how tender, and how forgiving good women are; and prophesied a reconciliation with his neglected wife, and a last home in some familiar English churchyard. Let him turn his back on the heathens and come home to die!

But he was not to be moved from his resolution.

"Dear friend, I shall never go home, nor do I deserve it; I am an outlaw, an exile, an old derelict, still tossing on the troubled sea of life. But I shall go under, and get in no one's way at last." And then he came closer and whispered, "But you must see her, my dear old wife, when you get back to England.



You must tell her from me that I love her still. You must impress upon her that I am full of repentance for the evil that I have done. You must assure her from me that at the hour of death, which cannot be much longer now, my last prayer, my last thought on earth will be for her—for her—my wife!—my wife!—my only, only wife! And now, good-bye! and may God bless you, and take you safely home!”

He was much affected, but he tottered to the garden-gate, still clinging affectionately to my hand.

“Remember, dear friend, this hand-clasp will be for her. Farewell! farewell!”


The sun was setting as I went down the hill, and it seemed to pour a golden benediction on the silver hairs of the old man as he stood waving a last good-bye from the shadow of the trees.

But when I turned round for the last time his venerable head was bowed upon his clasped hands. He was weeping and praying for the woman he had injured—the woman whose face he would never see again on earth. And thus my promise is fulfilled.



## Oxford at Home.

BY HAROLD GEORGE.

“LL their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure,” wrote Rabelais of the Thelemites. If three exceptions be allowed, the modern Oxford undergraduate will be able to draw a fairly close parallel between his Alma Mater and Gargantua's great foundation. Leave out examinations, Dons, and a certain paucity of feminine society, then “Fay ce que vouldras” is his not inappropriate motto.

Our pious benefactors called the University into being for the promotion of what in these latter days we term “Higher Education.” A generous-minded nineteenth century has permitted athletics to go hand in hand with scholarship. Both these sides of University life have often been discussed, but there exists another aspect of Oxford which in comparison is virgin soil: I mean the relation of the undergraduate to matters social.

Now, man is by nature a gregarious animal. Civilization develops this tendency by means of clubs and societies; and, since it is pretty generally known that the Universe has been civilized by Oxford, I need scarcely mention that social organizations have sprung up there in shoals. The “Union” is not the beginning and end of our club life, as some outsiders would have the world believe; in the present day that body has no *raison d'être* except for purposes of debate. “Vincent's”—the meeting-place of Blues—and the “Grid,” both close corporations, though nominally open to the whole University, are conducted after the manner of the ordinary social club. Some of the colleges possess liliputian establishments of the same type—very select these; while dining clubs, wine clubs, political clubs, musical clubs, essay societies,

debating societies, theological societies, are to be discovered in every corner both of University and college. I say nothing of athletic institutions—such matters are beyond my present scope; and, moreover, from what has already been said, it will be seen that the organized channels of social intercourse 'twixt man and man at Oxford are not insignificant.

Of course, the Freshman does not jump into this all at once. His first experiences of social life are of a somewhat formal nature. He receives calls and returns them. Next come invitations to all sorts of things. At most of the colleges it is the custom of the Head to invite all his Freshmen to some meal. Such an invitation—like that of Cæsar Borgia—is virtually a command. So on the appointed day the guest goes, and returns, thankful to find that the entertainment was deadly only in its slowness.

The first meal is generally a breakfast; but as one advances in terms, and perchance finds favour with the college authorities, the promotion to lunch or even dinner is reached—happy indeed is that undergraduate who sips his nectar at the table of his Head! In days gone by the Head of a certain college made a point of inviting all his Freshmen to dinner. In the old orthodox style he would take wine with each guest. This was charmingly polite of the great man, though somewhat embarrassing to the shy fledglings straight from school. Indeed, it was most unfortunate that for his health's sake the host affected a peculiar medicated wine, unpleasant to the ordinary palate, and allowed no other beverage in which his visitors might drink their part of the pledge.

Another anecdote of “Dondom,” for Oxford delights in such. A “Fellow and Tutor” had during the



A SPEAKER AT THE “UNION.”



vacation taken unto himself a wife. Early in the term he chanced to give one of his rightly famous breakfast parties. The morning was bright, and in marked contrast to the long spell of rain which had preceded it. Hard up for conversation, the host fell back on the ordinary English topic.

"Is it not charming that we've got a little sun this morning?"

The reply from his right-hand neighbour was unexpected, possibly *mal-à-propos*.

The undergraduate rose in his place, and stretching out a hand, exclaimed effusively:—

"My dear sir, allow me to congratulate you. I hope Mrs. — is doing well."

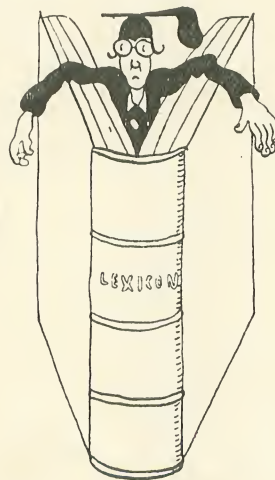
As a little piece of candid confession on the part of another college Head, perhaps the following is worthy of record. Upon the occasion of his entertaining some undergraduates to breakfast, the conversation grew more exciting than usual, for somehow or other the subject of temperance at the University had cropped up. In this sort did the great man deliver himself thereon: "For my part, I fancy that every undergraduate at Oxford becomes intoxicated upon some one occasion in the course of his career. In my own case I recollect that one evening several of us grew very convivial, and, what with drinking a little of this, and a little of that, I am bound to confess that in the end I could not stand straight, and had to be carried to bed."

Perhaps the learned gentleman exaggerated in laying down a rule so very stringently, but readers will agree when I suggest how venial it is to slightly exceed the limits of discretion just for once at a merry gathering. We do not take too much wine as a matter of course.

But let me now introduce the reader to a so-called "Wine." The time is about half-past eight in the evening; the scene, a man's rooms, in which is set out an elaborate dessert, with decanters containing appropriate liquids. Boxes of cigars and cigarettes help to adorn the tables. A piano stands open in a prominent position; lamps and candles illuminate the scene. When the guests have all arrived, the company numbers some five-and-twenty. A modicum of fruit is quickly disposed of, and as the cigar-boxes empty, a dense fog arises. For a time there is a perfect Babel: everybody talks at the same time; and then the host remarks "Order, order!" so that he may announce that Mr. — will sing "The Man that Broke the Bank." The song is a success because of the chorus, which is roared out in stentorian tones regardless of time or key. Next, "the 'ossiest man afoot," who possesses a mild, harmless voice, essays a hunting song, which once more is saved by a swinging chorus. The banjoist and the reciter are both present and perform. Nor is the topical song absent, for a writer and composer is there, and himself sings of his



"BLOOM"



"SMUG"

trials with "Those Troublesome Dons," the refrain running after this style :—

And I may as well acknowledge  
There exists a certain tension  
'Twixt some members of the college—  
Whose names I need not mention—  
And myself : for it's the old refrain,  
"Ploughed ! ploughed ! ploughed again !"

And so the entertainment goes on until the festive assembly disperses. Not so very wicked after all, was it ?

Still I dare not venture to show another scene, in which pasteboard holds the chief position ; suffice it to say that "Nap" and "Loo," "Bank" and "Poker," are not unknown in the home of learning. Nor need the undergraduate go so far afield as the Riviera to be initiated into the game, abhorred by Deans and Proctors, called "Roulette." However, these sports of varied chance and skill have spent their attractions for many after the first year. There is a certain man still "up," who, as a "Fresher," went the whole "hog" in these wicked pursuits. Now he is a reformed character ; one of those intellectual people beloved of Dons, clever without a doubt. If you wish to offend, remind him of the frivolities of his first year ! As it is, he will probably get a "First" in the schools and settle down into the staid, sober Fellow of a college.

I spoke of Proctors a moment ago, and am thereby reminded of a little episode connected with one of those University "policemen." It was on the occasion of some Home Rule meeting somewhere in the city—with one of the Irish leaders for chief speaker—that an ardent Unionist, from the windows of his lodgings, endeavoured to raise a counter demonstration. The "Undergrad" succeeded in attracting a small knot of curious spectators, and then began : "Men of Oxford ! In your thousands are you assembled"—but his eloquence was rudely interrupted by the myrmidons of the law, and next morning the incident was valued by the Proctor at £2 sterling.

To assist at a "Bump Supper" is not the lot of every undergraduate, but if you would see a whole college in a state of wild excitement, choose such an occasion. One of the college boats has pre-eminently distinguished itself in the "Eights," or "Torpids" ; the victory must be fitly celebrated, and, the Dons being propitious, a supper is held in Hall after the conclusion of the races. The feast consists chiefly of champagne, speeches, and smoke. The Head, if he be a sportsman, will preside ; if not, some other Fellow. But the proceedings in Hall by no means comprise the entire function. About

twelve o'clock an adjournment is made to one of the quads, where a huge pile of coal, timber, and fagots has been erected. At this time the wary man changes his dress suit for the oldest garments he can find. Amid great cheering the bonfire is lighted, fireworks are produced from all kinds of hiding-places, and ignited regardless of life, limb, or property. In some mysterious way you find a Roman candle in your hand, approach the fire, light the torch tenderly, and, when it is fairly ablaze, hurl it, for choice, at a group of men ; they scatter, yet no one is hurt. Truly the narrow escapes are many and marvellous.

At one of these festivals a college servant, quite *non compos*, was intrusted for a few moments with certain fireworks. Without a thought he dropped a cracker into the chimney of a lighted paraffin lamp. Naturally, the glass was blown to atoms ; but the experimentalist, in no way disconcerted, proceeded to lay another cracker across the flame, and caused several explosions before his hand was stayed. Strangely enough, he had not even set fire to the room.

Another droll sight was afforded by a big man apostrophizing the stars to his utmost satisfaction ; this one had discarded the dress suit for a rowing attire, and his bare legs were a great feature. So, at all events, thought a mild little chap under the influence of





champagne. Softly the little one lit a squib, stole behind his bulky compatriot, and applied the fire to his calf.

It is very seldom that any unpleasantness occurs between Don and undergraduate upon these occasions. Yet it is not entirely unknown. At one "Bump Supper" enthusiasm passed all reasonable limits even while the supper proper was in progress. Several pieces of glass and china were ruined irrevocably, two or three chairs and tables were smashed. The college authorities felt bound to take official cognizance of the matter, and summoned the suspected delinquents to a meeting of the "Head" and Fellows next day. One of the suspects denied all knowledge of the affair; "he had left the Hall before any riotous proceedings took place." The Head was not satisfied with the explanation, and proceeded to cross-examine:—

"But, Mr. —, at what time did you go out of Hall?"

"I regret I am unable to state the exact moment by the clock."

"Can you not give us any approximate idea of the time?"

"No; I can only say I was not there when this happened."

"Well, even some incident that would give us a notion of the hour you left?"

"Then, if you must know, I went out just as your health was being proposed."

Events of this sort, exciting while they last, are none of them the *beau idéal* of the undergraduate. Walter Vivian was perfectly right when he

Swore he long'd at college,  
only long'd,  
All else was well, for she-  
society!

We are nothing if not sentimental, and since it is given but to few to be on intimate terms with residents at Oxford, or with the fair denizens of Somerville and Lady Margaret—(the latter place has, by the irreverent, been called the "Tricolour," the building being half white and half red; *verb. sap.*)—we hail with glee the advent of the "Eights" and "Com-

mems." The reason we delight so much in these festivals is that here we meet those charming beings—"somebody else's sisters!"

The "Eights" week—it happens towards the end of May—brings the first invasion of the gentler sex. Breakfasts, lunches, dinners, afternoon teas are given in their honour. Just for the sake of the thing, they are shown the races, which last for a few minutes, twice every afternoon. Two in a Canadian canoe on the well-shaded Cher is far more interesting than watching a procession of boats in the blazing sun.

Far preferable to the "Eights" is Commemoration. The standing order about being "in" by twelve is then suspended. Schools are dead and done with; the immediate future holds only the "Long Vac." And this is how we spend our time, in order that for a few days each June we may properly bear in mind the benefits conferred upon us by pious benefactors of old.

On Saturday the arrivals take place: strange faces begin to haunt the "High"; but as yet we have not the chance of gauging the charms of the daughters or the dispositions of the chaperons. Sunday—once "Show Sunday," before the Broad Walk and the Meadows were thrown open to Dick, Tom, and Harry—can scarcely now be counted a festival day; it is Monday that sees the *fête* begin. The morning is employed

in showing the "lions," the afternoon is taken up partly perhaps by a concert at the "Sheldonian," and most certainly by numerous tea parties; but the evening eclipses these little things, for then comes the first ball.

Commemoration dances at Oxford are themselves all alike in method, but there are none like them elsewhere in the world. Nobody goes as a duty; everybody is intent on enjoyment. The invitations mention 9.30 as the opening hour, but the dance seldom begins before ten o'clock. For the occasion, the college—if it is a college ball—has been transformed. In the Hall a



• A STUDENT •  
• OF •  
• SOMERVILLE •  
• HALL •

spring floor has been laid over the ordinary hard oak boards. Some colleges, indeed, go so far as to build a huge temporary room in one of the quads for dancing, but the Hall is the usual place. Supper is laid in a special marquee; the whole of the college is available for sitting out; the gardens are lit up by fairy lamps and lanterns; many luxurious chairs are scattered about, two by two, in sequestered nooks; in fact, nothing is easier than for two people to get lost at an Oxford dance if they so please. The committee and stewards wear sashes of the college colours. The music is invariably drawn from a crack military band, such as the Marine Light Infantry, the Coldstreams, or the Royal Artillery. Everything, indeed, is as near perfection as possible so far as preparations go, and, better still, the results generally coincide with the arrangements. Day has dawned before anyone dreams of going home, and it is half-past four before our fair partners are all gone. But the men are still left behind; they return to the supper room, and now the hungry ones may eat without fear of detaining a partner. Healths are proposed and drunk: the health of the committee and secretary; the health of the band—for they are usually present now; the health of any Don who is there; and so forth. The toasts are responded to, but speeches are brief at such an hour. Next the word goes round that the photographers have come. All stand up, and arms are linked for "Auld Lang Syne." Then they go out, group themselves under the direction of the "artist," and in dress clothes have their pictures taken, between five and six on a summer morning.

The photograph is the last act of the ball, although many have not yet finished their exertions. A sunny morning suggests a bathe, so off we go to our lodgings, to put on flannels; then to "Parson's Pleasure," where we swim away to our hearts' content. At the conclusion of one such dance I agreed with two others to go and "have a dip." We were to return home, discard the dress suit for flannels, and meet again. I carried out my part of the bargain, but the other twain never arrived. When next I saw them I discovered that they reached my abode some time after I had started for the river. They had no knowledge of the whereabouts of my room, but that seemed of small consequence. They went upstairs and, opening a door at haphazard, came upon an old lady in bed, who squealed. Thereupon the invaders retreated; but, on reaching the



street, it occurred to one that they had never apologized for their stupid mistake. Back they went, once more opened the door, and solemnly begged the old lady's pardon for their former intrusion.

The remaining three nights of Commemoration are spent in the way that I have described. There are one or two balls at the Corn Exchange, but a dance there is scarcely comparable to one in college. Tuesday is, par excellence, the day for picnics. Steam launches to Nuneham; lunch on board; getting lost in somebody's company in the woods; home again in time to dress for the ball.

Wednesday, of course, is the day of the "Encænna," or formal ceremony of commemorating the founders and benefactors. There may be a flower show in the afternoon; the evening is like the others. Thursday sees the last of the gaieties, and Friday is devoted to sorrowful leave-takings. The "Vac" has commenced.

Now, Oxford being made for the undergraduate, in our absence the city is as the Dead Sea. Nought will live in it, and there is nothing to be caught. In term time, since the place swarms with our species, it would



seem as though the society of Oxford in general were largely dependent thereon. Yet the party-going undergraduates form a very small part of the whole number, and, owing to the demand for them, these social members are in great request. It is even possible for a man to gain a bubble reputation for his social qualities. When the boy arrives, fresh from school, *ipso facto* he becomes a man. He feels himself his own master to such an unaccustomed extent that he rejoices in doing that which he ought not to do, and in escaping from the trammels of ordinary society. Therefore he is content to herd swine with other undergraduates: there is so much to be done that is entirely new, and he hastens to attempt it all at once. So for awhile the foolish boy thinks it a waste of time to indulge in afternoon tea and ladies' society.

His first experience of the latter is probably at the feast of some married Don. If the lady of the house be not patronizing, the Freshman is soon at his ease. He can talk his own "shop" and air his latest ideas without being snubbed. He can even be appreciated for his modern notions. But, alas! in some instances the better half is worse than her husband. This was well exemplified very recently. The wife scorned the ordinary undergraduate. She would allow him to swallow an uncomfortable breakfast, and directly the meal was over would say, "But, Mr. So-and-so, we really must not keep you: you are sure to have a lecture to attend." A tactless and rude hint of this sort is completely out of place, especially when the guests are fairly certain to make themselves very scarce upon the earliest opportunity.

The wives of some Dons are, quite unconsciously, possessed of some humour. There was one such lady who greatly prided herself upon a knowledge of the athletic distinctions of individual men in the college with which her husband was connected. She invited a number of undergraduates to dine, and the place of honour

at her right hand fell to the "'Varsity stroke." To him the hostess turned, and, by way of starting a conversation, inquired, "Do you row, Mr. —?"

Should the Don to whose feast the undergraduate is bidden be unmarried, the intellectual fare will not improbably consist of the host's prosy reminiscences of old school days and old 'Varsity life. This, though uninteresting, would be tolerable did it go no farther. But a senior member of the University is given to posing, all unconsciously, as a *laudator temporis acti*, and his recollections may be supplemented by invidious comparisons between past and present—much to the detriment of the latter.

Or, perchance, the older man abhors the sight of a petticoat, just as did the Head of one college. Of him it is related that, expressing a certain approval of the practice of public speakers rehearsing in private to a friend or two, he wound up by saying: "And should I ever enter into the bonds of matrimony—though I trust no such misfortune may befall me—I conceive a wife might be useful in that capacity."

When fortune throws the Oxford residents (as distinct from Dons) across our undergraduate path, they are really kind to us. They ask us to all sorts of nice things: tea parties, picnics, dinners, at times even dances. The resident ladies, perhaps because of their greater age, deem themselves very

superior to their youthful guests, and will not allow them to enjoy themselves in their own way. They give the undergraduate no chance of looking after himself, but take for granted a want of *savoir faire* on his part. Therefore, when the hostesses think to amuse, they often bore. After dinner, for instance, they inveigle us into playing harmless but unnecessary games; cards perhaps, in the mildest form, and puzzles of all kinds; or it may be "hunt the thimble"—what *man* ever shone at "hunt the thimble"?—or that milk and water "pitch-and-toss," which consists in throwing cards into a hat.



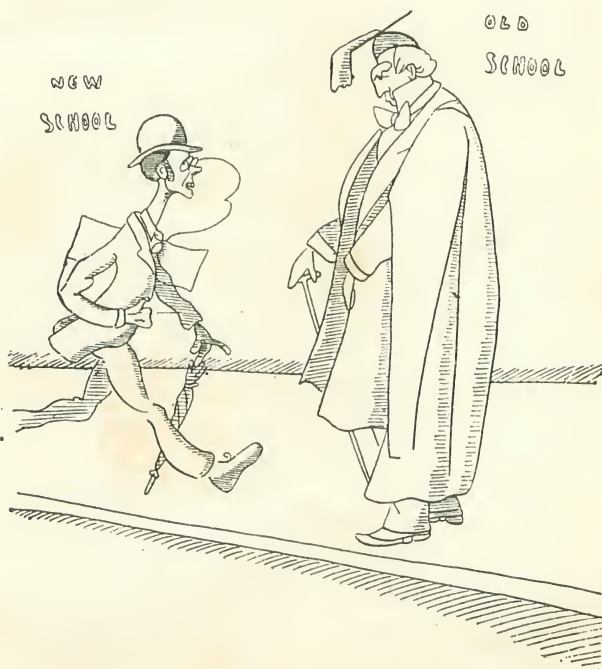
The undergraduates are not expected to do much in return for all this hospitality. They have a few rather formal tea parties to attend, and are expected to drop the requisite amount of pasteboard. But at Oxford there is always something better to do than walk half a mile and drink tepid tea for half an hour. Therefore, we are detestably ungracious over this slight recognition of other people's efforts on our behalf. We are conscious of this, and of late some enterprising spirits have been wiping off their deficit of "calls" in a novel manner. They requite hospitality by giving miniature dances, to which they invite those who have entertained them, and thus do the right thing well, once and for all. Yet dances in Oxford, whether given by residents or undergraduates, are a rarity, and men who dance reserve their best energies for Commemoration.

Should the junior man stay up in vacation, he may have a really pleasant time all round. For once he finds himself treated as a gentleman, and discovers that the most severe Don can so conduct himself if he chooses. The younger Fellows, married or single, are very charming in ordinary life out of term time, when there is a lull in their crusade against the vile undergraduate. But although, as he grows old in terms and nears the end of his tether, the undergraduate

may tardily recognise a certain reason for the existence of Dons, yet as pastors and masters these are at the most allowed the title of "fellow creatures." It is very hard to pierce the *robur et aes triplex* of pedantry and high living. I myself, favoured undergraduate, have dined with Dons, and vividly recall how kindly one of them tried to put me at my ease. He commenced by talking of that "wretched animal," "the pass schools man"; which happy phrase he supplemented by saying that almost all undergraduates, fresh from a public school, were either "utterly immoral" or else were "prigs." I was just fresh from a public school, but I forgave him. He himself had never graced such an institution with his presence. Was it with such a person in his mind that the undergraduate first supplemented the New College motto, "Manners makyth Man," by the addition "the want of them the Fellow"?

I have sketched several types of Dons, but would not have my readers think there are no exceptions. No one can appreciate kindness and courtesy more than the Oxford undergraduate; no one can return it better. The spot that is his home for three or four years he worships with an intense affection, and we all know how disconsolately he realizes the approach of his final departure from the great Alma Mater.

D O N S







### A CHESS STORY.

BY H. RUSSELL PRESTON.

**D**O you mean to say, doctor, that you have introduced chess amongst your patients?"

"Yes. Why not? Some of these poor creatures, although they suffer from various forms of madness, are able at times to exercise certain faculties of mind with a brilliancy that is really remarkable."

"But surely they are not capable of playing a rational and sustained game?"

"Oh, yes! I have myself been beaten by a mad patient. Of course, at times, their play is whimsical and erratic; but even then, if I may say so, there is often a good deal of method in their madness. It is rather curious that, at the present time, I have under my charge a poor fellow whose mental derangement is almost entirely the result of excessive chess-playing. He indulged in his favourite pastime to such an extent that it ultimately affected his mind. We do not now allow him even the sight of a chessboard, because anything to do with the game seems to rouse in him the worst form of his madness. Sometimes he will sit for hours playing with an imaginary opponent, and whenever he has these fits he always ends by exclaiming, 'Mate in six moves!' He then deliberately

counts the six moves aloud, and when in his disordered imagination he has made the final move he becomes very violent, and is then dangerous to himself and other people. He was a remarkably brilliant blindfold player, but whether he actually retains the power of mentally working out a game, I am unable to say."

The speakers were myself and Dr. Chorley, the famous "mad-doctor," whose private asylum was generally recognised as one of the best institutions of the kind in the country. I was staying a few days with the doctor, and we had been spending the evening very pleasantly over a game or two of chess. We had finished our play, and the doctor was telling me a few things concerning his patients, in the course of which he narrated an anecdote about a game of chess played by two of the inmates of his asylum which led to the conversation above recorded.

Shortly afterwards the doctor retired for the night, leaving me alone to write a few letters which I was anxious to get off the first thing the next morning. For several minutes I went on smoking my cigar, turning over in my mind the idea of mad people playing chess, and then settled down to my letters.

I had not been writing long when I heard



the handle of the door turn, and someone came in. I looked up, expecting to see Dr. Chorley, but to my surprise a complete stranger stood before me. "Oh!" I thought, "one of the doctor's assistants whom I have not happened to meet before," but it certainly struck me as rather strange that he should have entered my host's private study at a time when the rest of the household were in bed, for the doctor on bidding me good-night had told me I was the last up.

I naturally waited a moment for my visitor to speak, expecting that he would apologize for the intrusion, or at any rate explain his presence. To my utter surprise, however, he stood perfectly motionless, fixed his eyes upon me, and remained silent.

"Whoever you are," I thought, "you are a pretty cool customer," and feeling annoyed at what seemed to me the fellow's insolence, I said, with some dignity, "I don't understand——"

"You play chess?" he interrupted, with-

out apparently noticing that I had attempted to speak, and all the time keeping his eyes fixed upon me.

This was certainly extraordinary, and as I looked at my strange visitor the truth all at once seemed to dawn upon me—the man was mad! I am not naturally nervous, but I must confess to feeling something akin to fear when I realized that I was face to face with a man who for all I knew might be a dangerous lunatic.

My worst anticipations were soon realized. Without taking his eyes off me, he walked to the mantelpiece and deliberately took up the large revolver which the doctor always kept at hand in case of a surprise, and which I knew to be loaded.

My unwelcome guest had certainly now the best of the position. What was I to do? To make a bolt of it would be to offer myself a target to this homicidal madman; to shout for help might equally be the signal for him to send a bullet through me; and yet I would not stand still and be shot like a rat in a hole. "I must humour him," I thought, "and so gain time, as his absence must soon be discovered."

My mind, however, was somewhat relieved when he repeated, in the same quiet tone of voice:—

"You play chess?"

It was something, at any rate, to know that I was not to be instantly shot.

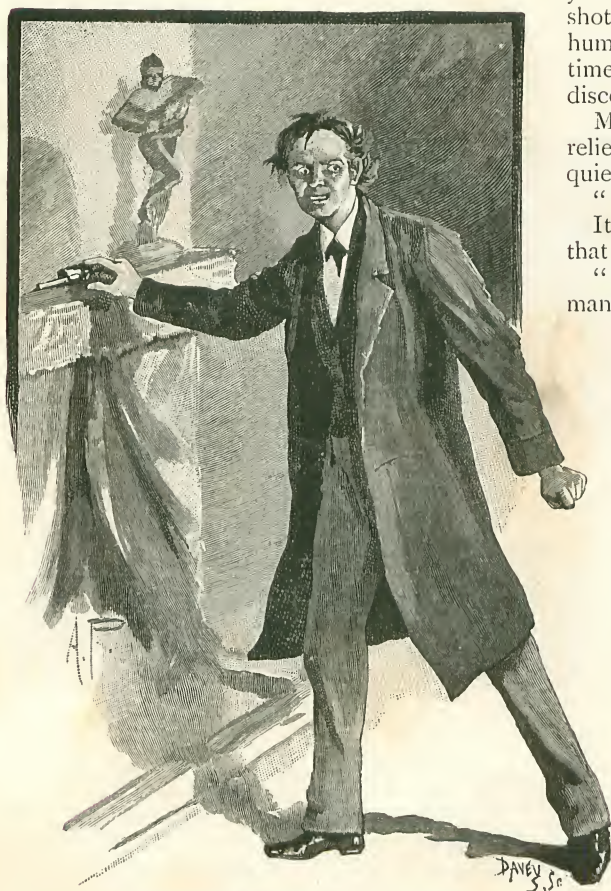
"Yes," I replied, in my most winning manner. "Would you like a game?"

Without speaking, he sat down in front of me, carefully placing the pistol on the table near to his right hand.

When the pieces were arranged he looked at me with the most diabolical expression on his face and said:—

"You will play for your life. If I win, I shall shoot you on the spot; if I lose, I shall kill myself," and he deliberately examined the revolver, as if to assure himself that it was loaded.

The reader will imagine what my feelings were on hearing this ultimatum. Imagine sitting down to a chess-table at midnight with an armed lunatic who tells you in terrible earnest that he will murder you if he beats you. What a fiendish whim! Under ordi-



"HE DELIBERATELY TOOK UP THE REVOLVER."



nary circumstances I knew I was liable to make mistakes and lose a game against an inferior player, but it is difficult to describe what I felt at being obliged to play, when a false move might cost me my life. A hundred thoughts flashed through my brain. Could my grim and terrible opponent really play an accurate game? If he could, should I be able to make a stand against him till someone came to my rescue? Even if I could beat him, what guarantee had I that my life would not still be in danger? And besides, I was morally bound to prevent if possible the man taking his own life.

I looked up at him. His eyes were fixed on the board with a terrible stare, and there appeared to be no escape from the awful ordeal of being forced to stake my life on a game of chess.

Without consulting me he selected the white pieces and moved first. He played what chess-players call an irregular opening, but there was nothing very remarkable or fantastic about it. I tried to keep cool, but as I lifted the pieces my hand trembled and my head felt on fire.

I soon discovered that my opponent knew perfectly well what he was doing, and that whatever the particular form his madness might take, it did not prevent him from playing the game accurately and in earnest. He quickly forced an exchange of pieces to his own advantage, and secured a vigorous attack upon my king. The position, no doubt, was a simple one to defend, but my feelings had been wrought up to such a state of excitement that I seemed incapable of analyzing the most ordinary combinations.

Suddenly I was startled by my opponent almost hissing between his teeth, "Mate in six moves!"

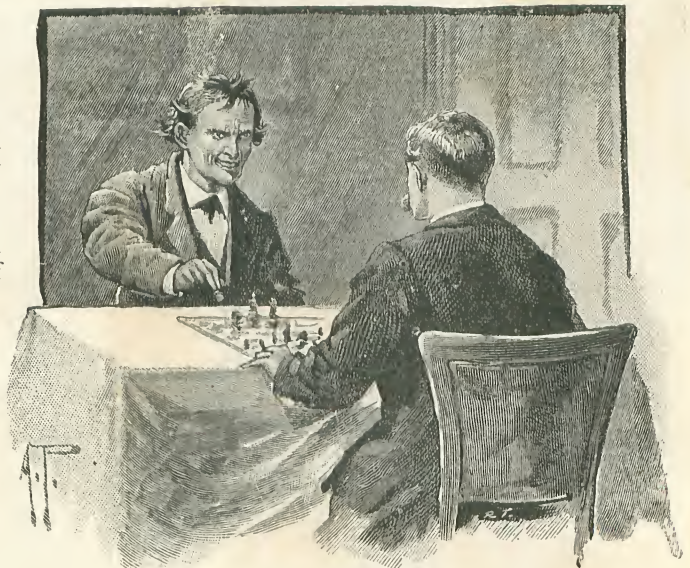
Good heavens! This, then, was the man of whom my host had been talking. A cold shiver ran through me. Those terrible words, "Mate in six moves," sounded in my ears like a death-knell. "What did they mean?" I asked myself. "Did the demented wretch see his way clear to force a mate in six moves in spite of anything I could do? Or was he only uttering an expression he was

in the habit of using, which had no significance for the game we were engaged in?"

I tried to calm myself in order to examine the position on the board. So far as I could make out, it was impossible to force a mate in six moves, and beyond that my opponent had some advantage in the matter of attack, our positions seemed to me about equal.

After uttering the ominous words, "Mate in six moves," my opponent leaned back in his chair and indulged in a series of horrible chuckles which seemed to make my blood run cold. Then resuming his former attitude, he slowly lifted his queen. "One," he cried, as he brought the piece down with a bang which shook the table. By making this move he offered me a piece, which I promptly took, thinking he had made a blunder which would give me the game.

"Two," said my opponent, without a moment's hesitation, as he replaced one of my knights with his own, while I, thinking to be a piece to the good, accepted the exchange, and took the white knight off the board. The moment I had done so I realized that I had fallen into a fatal trap. It was plain that I must be mated in four moves, and



"MATE IN SIX MOVES!"

without doubt this cunning madman had foreseen the mate six moves ahead.

"Three," he cried, the white queen giving check to my king. Great beads of perspiration now began to break out on my forehead. I had lost the game, and unless someone

came to my rescue, I thought I should most assuredly be killed. I pretended to be studying the position, but my head was busy trying to concoct some scheme for my escape from this terrible dilemma. Seeing, however, that my opponent was getting excited, I moved my king to the only available square.

"Four—check!" he almost shouted, as he moved his queen one square back. My position was now desperate. I could only prolong the game by interposing my rook, and as I reluctantly pushed the piece forward, I saw with horror my opponent pick up the pistol.

"Five—check!" and away went my rook. My king had now only one move followed by mate. Never shall I forget what my feelings were at that moment, and now the time for action had come I felt powerless to move hand or foot. My head seemed to reel, and almost mechanically I made my last move.

"Six—mate!" he literally shrieked, and I saw him raise the revolver on a level with my head. Instinctively I closed my eyes, and the next instant there was a loud report, and I fell to the ground unconscious.

"How do you feel now? You have certainly had a very narrow escape."

I opened my eyes and saw Dr. Chorley bending over me.

"Is that you, doctor?" I murmured. "Am I really alive? I thought I was dead."

"You are not only alive, but uninjured," was the comforting reply; and then, my host told me that at the very moment the madman raised the revolver to fire at me, he had noiselessly entered the room and was just in time to knock the would-be assassin's arm in an upward direction, so that the weapon went off without doing any more harm than a little damage to the room. I had simply been overcome, and fallen down in a dead faint, owing to the mental strain I had undergone. My opponent had been immediately overpowered by the keepers, who were waiting in readiness.

It seems that, after bidding me good-night, the doctor had had occasion to open the sliding-door arrangement, which when closed effectually shut off the house from the asylum. By some means my mad opponent had slipped through unobserved and made his way to the study. His absence had been discovered, and the doctor and his assistants had instituted a quiet and careful search, until at length, hearing a noise in the study, they made all haste there, and arrived just in time, as I believe, to save my life.

When I said good-bye to the doctor next day, I made up my mind that it would be a long time before I paid him another visit, and to this day I never sit down to a game of chess without the terrible experience of that night being vividly recalled to my mind.







## BOGEY.

BOGEY is an imaginary golfer who always plays the game as well as it ought to be played. He is the Demon of the Links, whom it is hard to beat. Matches against Bogey are regularly played. Perhaps, in the imagination of different golfers, he takes many shapes. Here is the conception of Mr. W. A. Wickham, who has

presented a large coloured picture to the Chiswick Golf Club, from which the above is reproduced. The picture, 18in. by 22in. (about), is being reproduced in fourteen colours, suitable for framing, and may be obtained for 3s. 6d., post free 3s. 9d., from the offices of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.





"A WHIRR AND A RUSH, AND ALL WAS DARK."

(See page 125.)



# Stopping an Execution.

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.



At the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about thirty-five miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking ; in fact, I was writing a novel. I had engaged myself to get the work in question completed by a certain date, and in order to do so I found myself compelled to throw over all other occupation for the time being. I knew very few people in the town where I was living, and for five or six weeks had scarcely seen anyone to speak to.

So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the newspaper, and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. The only relaxation I allowed myself was a good brisk walk into the country every afternoon. With this exception I had hardly stirred from my house, except to run up to London once or twice for the purpose of visiting the docks, and making certain technical investigations concerning them. This I did, as a good portion of the novel I was working at was about the life of dock-surroundings in the vicinity of Rotherhithe.

It was a little after eight o'clock one evening in April, that I finished the second volume of my work. It was with great satisfaction that I wrote, and with a considerable flourish, too, the words : "End of Volume the Second." I generally worked up till ten or eleven, but it was useless doing any more that night ; so I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street, than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm, and the request : "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket, and resumed my walk.

It was a fine night, and I went some little distance, reaching home a little after half-past nine. My landlady had brought in my supper, and as my walk had given me an appetite, it was with no small pleasure that I viewed a goodly joint of cold beef awaiting my attack. I took off my boots and put on my slippers. Then I sat down and did ample justice to my cold repast.

I had laid down the newspaper on the table when entering the room, intending to read it during supper, but my appetite had got the better of any craving for intelligence, so it was not till I had lit a pipe and subsided into a cosy arm-chair by the fire that I unfolded the sheet of printed matter.

Now, reader, I daresay you know the sensation of reading a paper for the first time after having neglected doing so for some weeks. You don't *rush* at it at all ; in fact, you are very chary of beginning, because such thoughts come into your head as : "I don't expect I shall enjoy the 'leaders,' because I don't know what has led up to them." "Sure to be something about a big trial of which I haven't heard the beginning." "Forgotten entirely all about our foreign policy." "Let me see, is the same Ministry still in?"

Therefore I opened my paper leisurely—nay, lazily. I looked at the "leader." Something about a new "Greek Loan." *That* didn't interest me. I skipped through the little items of news and hurried jottings, and summaries peculiar to our evening papers. Presently my eye was caught with the following paragraph-heading :—

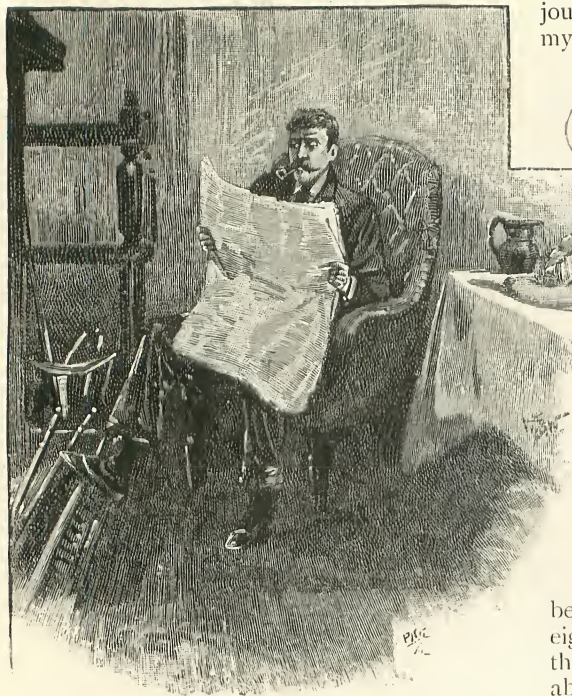
## "IMPENDING EXECUTION OF THE CLINFOLD MURDERER."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph.

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenthurst—is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name of Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good fifteen years my senior, and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow, who had emigrated to South Africa early in life, and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on.

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenthurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clinfold. It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected there on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs, of a strongly condemnatory character, were also laid against him. He has persisted from the first, however, in main-



"I BECAME DEEPLY INTERESTED."

taining that he was absent from Clinfold at the very time the murder took place. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day; only one witness, he says, could prove this, and that is an individual who travelled with him as far as P—— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advisers, for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate, there seems but small chance of the *alibi* being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed on February 6th. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminster Gaol, where his execution will take place."

Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid the paper down. I was the missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered, early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been for rather a longer walk than usual. I had entered into conversation on the return

journey with the only other occupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my diary, and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6th. There was the entry: "Ran up to town in afternoon. Inquired concerning material for Chap. vii. Saw B—— for half-hour. Returned by 6.42 train."

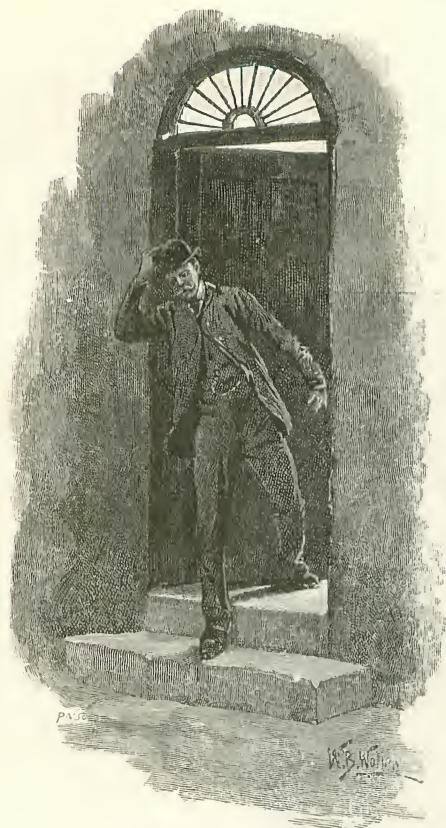
The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just eleven o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after eight o'clock, and that the postmaster took the 8.30 train to the large town of F——, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in the charge of a caretaker, and returning by an early train the next morning.

It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and a sergeant in our little town), but what could they do more than I? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about any inquiry, and it would never do to trust to them. I was in despair.

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the post-office. Of course, it was shut—and if I had aroused the caretaker, *he* couldn't have wired; besides, all our wires went first to F——, and, as I have said, all communication was shut off after eight o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the post-office, and well outside the town. As I hurried along, I thought, with fresh dismay, that *this* would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminster was the 8.30 p.m., by which I have mentioned the postmaster always travelled. Silkminster, I must mention, was nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open *till eight o'clock!* I had, by this time, reached the station. Of course, it was all shut up and all the lights were out, except





"MADLY I RUSHED OUT."

those in the signal lamps for the night expresses. It was now past half-past eleven. Was there no hope? Yes!

At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal-box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within. I looked at my watch: the down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal-box, and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it. It was a desperate game; but only get that train to stop for an instant, and all would be right. By getting into it I could reach Silkminster in the early morning, and what cared I for any action the company might take if I saved my friend's son? If the signalman refused to put back the levers, the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him, and relax them myself. All this flashed across me in an instant, and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station, and found myself on the line.

Even as I reached the rails, a semaphore signal that was near me let fall its arm, and

the red light changed into a brilliant green. *The express was signalled!* Would there be time? I dashed along over the rough sleepers towards the signal-box. It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared about half the distance, when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head-lamp bearing towards me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly-looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one-armed gallows with a man hanging from it! For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenthurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I remembered that this strange-looking apparition was none other than a mail-bag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope net would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.

As a bag would be deposited from the train in a somewhat similar manner, there ought to have been a man on guard. I afterwards found he had left his post and gone to have a chat with his friend in the cheery signal-box.

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. The train that was bearing down, and which would reach me in one minute, should pick me up with the mails! I grasped the idea of the thing in a second. If I could hang on to that bag so that it came between me and the net, it would break the force of the shock, and the net would receive *me* as well as the bag. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag hung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. It did not take me half a minute to do all this. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. I shall *never* forget the row of lighted carriages passing about a foot away from me—closer even than that, I suppose—and I hanging and waiting for the crash to come.

And it came. There was a dull thud—a whirr and a rush, and all was dark.

When I came to my senses I was lying on



the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt-sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief.

"Where are we?" I asked.

They turned round.

"Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now, perhaps, you'll give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar-bone broken. We've tied it up a bit. Now, perhaps, you'll speak out; and look here, if we find you've been dodging the police, don't you go thinking you'll give 'em the slip any further. The mail van ain't a refuge of that sort."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They wouldn't believe it at first. Luckily, though, I had put the evening paper and my diary in my pocket, so I showed them the paragraph and the entry. They were civil enough then.

"Well, sir, we shall be in Silkminster about three, or a little after. I hope you'll be able to save the poor beggar. You must excuse our turning to work again, and the best thing for you will be to rest yourself."

They piled a quantity of empty mail-bags on the floor and made me a rough shake-down. Before he went to his work again, the other one said:—

"What a pity you never thought of a better way out of the difficulty than coming in here so sudden-like."

"There was no other way."

"Yes there *was*, sir."

"What was that?"

"Why, you should have got the signalman to *telegraph* to Silkminster: he could have done it all right."

What an idiot I had been, after all! However, I should be in time to stop the execution.

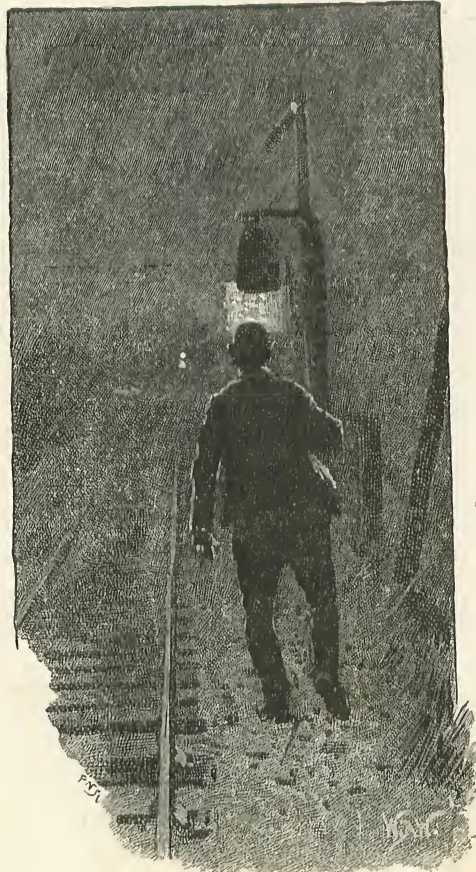
A little after three we drew up at Silk-

minster Station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove round to the gaol and insisted upon seeing the governor. Of course, he was deeply interested in what I had to tell him, and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The Home Secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately, he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense, a reprieve was received from him.

"Well," said the governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenthurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape."

Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old

friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable, until about a fortnight afterwards the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenthurst and myself became firm friends, and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for some weeks after this adventure, I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails.



"TOO LATE!"



## Vanishing Valentines.

By W. G. FITZGERALD.



AT the present day, when ladies in bifurcated nether garments may be seen awheel in Piccadilly, or enjoying a cigarette in the smoking-room of their own club, it is no wonder that the pretty custom of sending valentines is fast falling into desuetude. In the days of Chaucer and Shakespeare, the charming, if fanciful, theory obtained that birds chose their mates on the 14th of February. Later on, shy maidens and laggard lovers took advantage of this uncertain object-lesson from Nature, and were emboldened to go through a form of betrothal on St. Valentine's Day. In the course of time, however, this ceremony was preceded by an exchange of fancy cards, on which were written declarations of love in more or less shaky doggerel. Now, as it is not given unto every man to be a poet, there was clearly a brilliant commercial career before the man who would put on the market a quantity of passable sentimental verse, accompanied by appropriate designs—in a word, valentines as we know them.

Here is one of the very earliest of these

prints, published in 1827, and remarkable for its graceful simplicity (Fig. 1). The subject of the sailor and his lass, by the way, has served the valentine designer on more occasions than we care to count; nor is this surprising, in view of the fact that Jack has at all times loyally observed St. Valentine's Day. Indeed, we are quite satisfied that in the dock districts of London and Liverpool, the guileful retailer has a special tariff for sailors, whereby the latter are not only induced to pay double prices for a valentine that suits their fancy, but are also charged a comparatively large sum for a pipe or tobacco pouch which is introduced into the purchase, and which the dealer could never otherwise dispose of.

It may be interesting to mention here that this ingenious system of business reached the Midlands; and the Birmingham manufacturers hailed it as a Heaven-sent notion for pushing the sale of shoddy jewellery. They ordered hundreds of gross of sentimental valentines in boxes, stipulating that the design should include a piece of loose blue ribbon on which might be hung watches, engagement rings, pencil cases, and charms, such as only Birmingham can produce. The finished valentines were then retailed at audacious prices, and found wonderful favour in the eyes of persons of a utilitarian turn of mind.

Artists of some repute soon turned their attention to valentines. Our next reproduction is from a design by Kenny Meadows, in 1832 (Fig. 2). At this time, comic valentines were unknown; people took their love affairs somewhat seriously, and paid so generously for pictorial love-letters, that manufacturers were enabled to employ first-rate artists. Simple though the design appears, this valentine of Mr. Meadows



FIG. 1.—THE FIRST PICTORIAL VALENTINE.



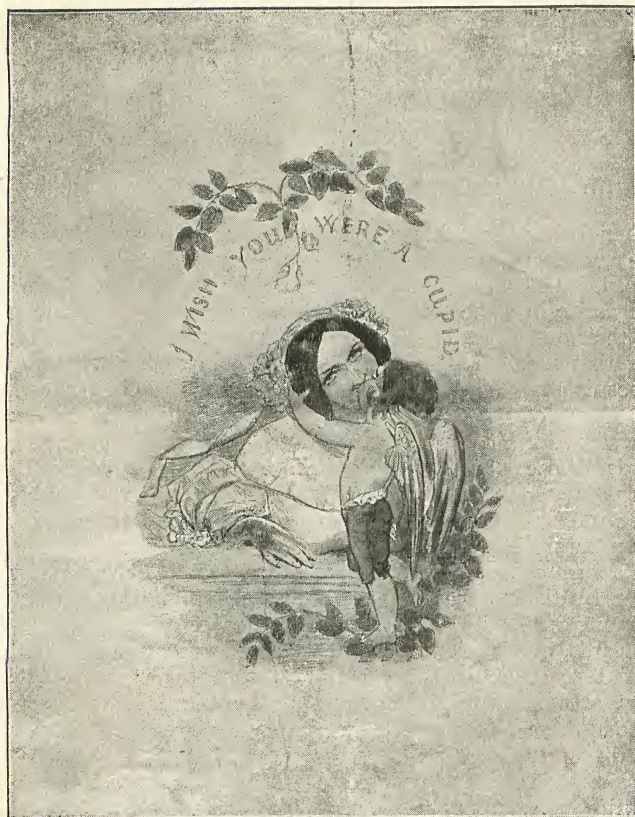


FIG. 2.—VALENTINE DESIGNED BY KENNY MEADOWS IN 1832.

sold at two shillings—a sum for which one can now buy a gorgeous and perfumed arrangement of silk and hand-painted satin, artificial flowers, and gold and silver lace paper.

Novelties in valentines came but slowly. No departure from a somewhat sickly sentimentality was made until the "fourteenth" came to be regarded less seriously. Then came valentines containing a certain element of mechanical contrivance—a tongue of card-board, which, when jerked, caused the figures in the picture to move. We are enabled to show here the origin of this type, which dates from about 1840 (Fig. 3). The design consists of a church, of no known architecture; and, on folding back a flap, the recipient of the valentine has a view through the wall of this remarkable edifice, in which it appears a wedding is taking place. The minister's hand is raised in benediction, but the bridegroom seems to be a little ill at ease,

Valentines now became more elaborate and expensive. Here is a photograph of one specially made for the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851 (Fig. 4). This valentine is still preserved in a massive frame by the manufacturers, Messrs. Goode Bros., of Clerkenwell Green. It is composed of thousands of leaves and beads, put together by hand; it took the most skilful lady designers of the day about a fortnight to make, and it cost ten pounds. At this time the above firm used a thousand pounds' worth of artificial flowers in a week, solely for sentimental valentines. Satin was purchased in quantities of 5,000 yards at a time, and the annual bill for lace paper came to £3,400. A thousand a year was paid for

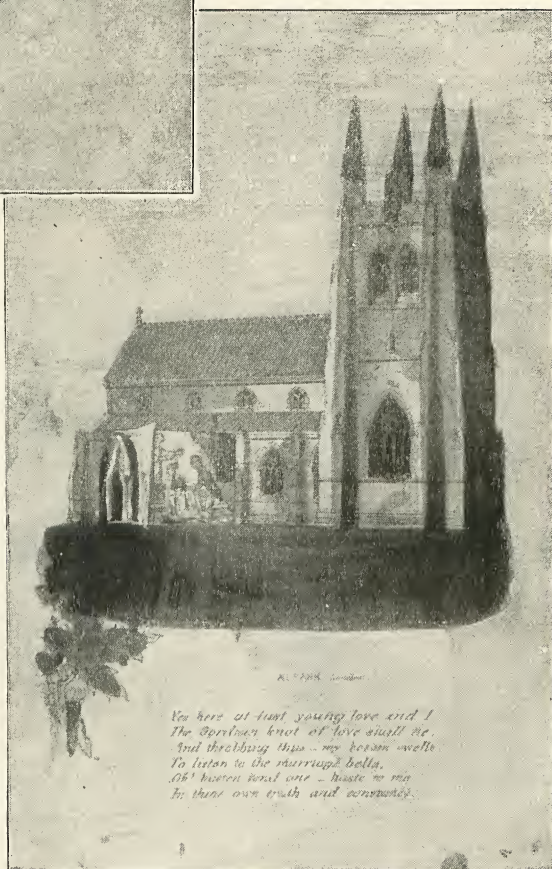


FIG. 3.—THE FIRST MECHANICAL VALENTINE (ABOUT 1840).



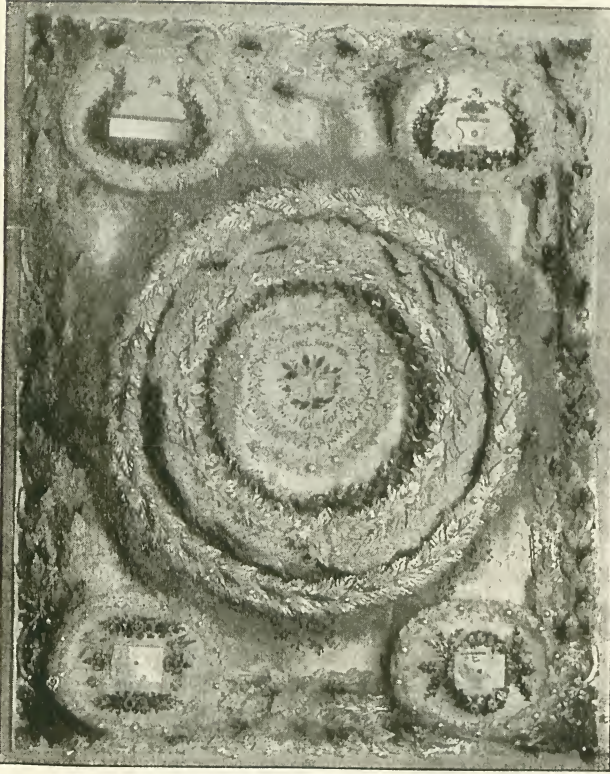


FIG. 4.—MADE FOR THE HYDE PARK EXHIBITION OF 1851.

boxes, and small fortunes were spent in humming birds, birds of paradise, and dry perfumes, such as kegs of lavender powder, Tonquin bean, and orris root.

Fig. 5 illustrates the fashionable valentine of this period, which can only be described as a kind of satin pillow inclosed in a box, and perfumed and ornamented. Sending valentines of this sort to friends in the Colonies caused such an export trade to spring up, that single houses in Sydney and Melbourne soon began to send in orders for a thousand pounds' worth at a time. And very expensive, too, were these Antipodean valentines, the wholesale shipping terms in many cases being 200s. per dozen. Never again, we may safely predict, will valentines fetch such preposterous sums as were realized by the class to which Fig. 6 belongs.

The Ballarat gold fever was at its height when the Australian houses sent urgent messages to the London makers for a special "line" suitable for the gold-laden, improvident miners. As might

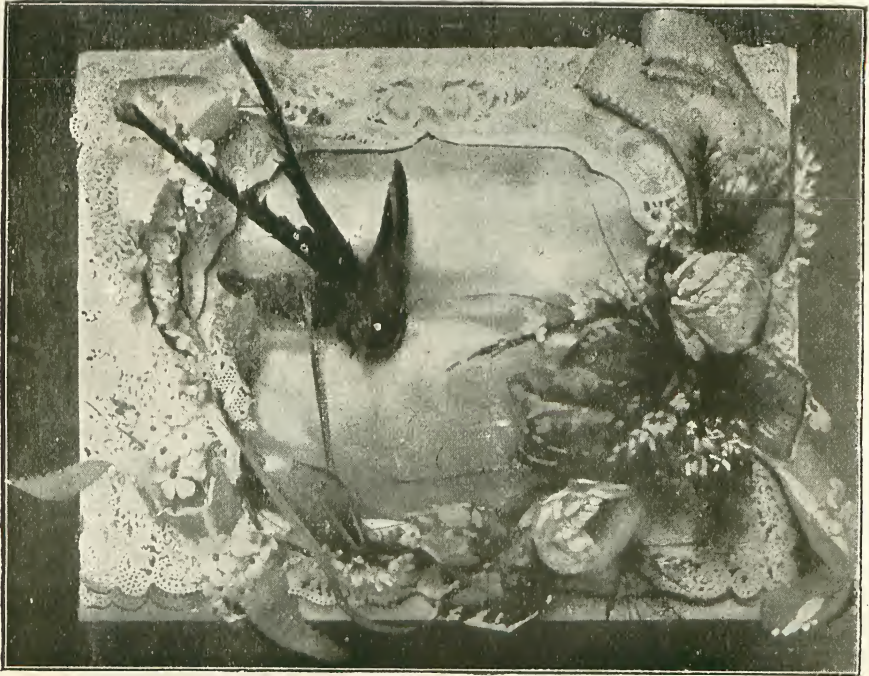


FIG. 5.—SACHET VALENTINE, 1855.



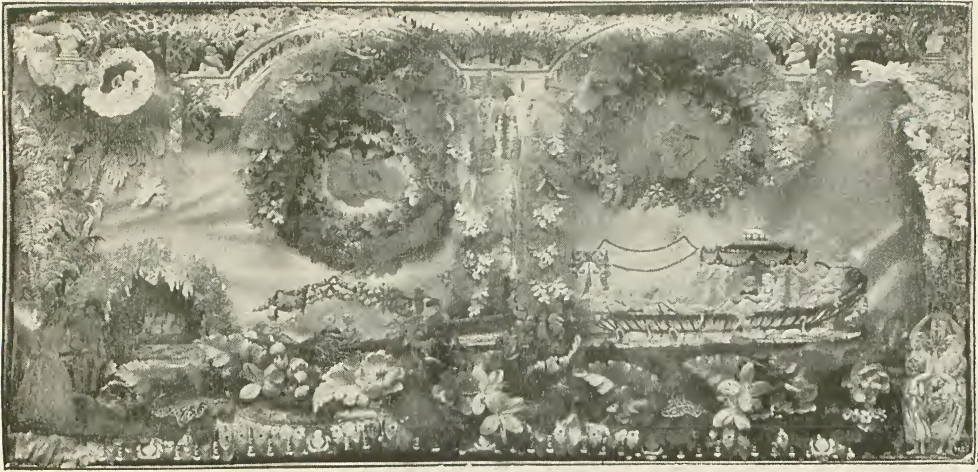


FIG. 6.—DESIGNED AND MADE FOR THE BALLARAT GOLD FIELDS.

be expected, the designers set to work with amazing celerity, and produced an extraordinary valentine more than 2ft. long and inclosed in a shallow box. It was made up of artificial flowers and leaves, paintings on satin, and imitation gems. The gold-seekers paid from £10 to £25 each for these valentines, one of which is depicted in Fig. 6. The original belongs to Mr. King, of 304, Essex Road, N., who, we have no hesitation in saying, possesses the largest and most complete "valentine museum" in the world. Another curious and elaborate valentine, made with paper springs, was in great request half a century ago.

From this time we note the genesis of the comic valentine, and, curiously enough, the policeman figures in the very first.

Fig. 7 is a reproduction from a very old proof, the caricature being directed against exaggerated officialism; and Fig. 8 is a photograph of a page of one of Mr. King's innumerable albums. The "suit" thus quaintly depicted was described

as being of "real cloth, cut by a tailor of repute." No sooner were these and similar humorous productions sprung upon an admiring public, than the designers cast about for

further novelties, the result being that sentimental valentines were for a time somewhat neglected.

Fig. 9 shows another page from one of Mr. King's albums; and it should be noted that the whimsical figures are clad in real cloth, and that the wild-looking lady in the middle has a profusion of woolly hair, pasted on. "Cupid's Official Telegraph" (Fig. 10) was next hailed with delight as a novelty in valentines. It was sent out in a reddish-yellow envelope, and was altogether so close an imitation of the real article, that the then Postmaster-General set about binding the makers with red tape, and finally con-



FIG. 7.—AN EARLY COMIC POLICEMAN.

demned the quaint little missive altogether. Not to be beaten, the designers instantly produced a Post Office Order, worded in the drollest possible manner. This was also withdrawn "by order," the authorities being





FIG. 8.—NOVELTIES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO.

apparently quite destitute of humour; at any rate, one would have thought such small game as this unworthy of serious consideration by a Government department.

There must have been a tremendous

demand, though, for this sort of valentine. Baffled by the Post Office, the ingenious designers turned their attention to the Bank of England, and issued thousands of notes on that world-renowned and long-established



FIG. 9.—ANOTHER DEPARTURE—CARICATURES IN CLOTH.





## CUPID'S OFFICIAL TELEGRAPHS.

 No. of Message } 100,000.  
 Dated Stamp of


If the sincerity of the sentiments conveyed in this Telegram be doubted, they will be repeated, but double the number of kisses anticipated will be required in payment. If too many are given by mistake, the sender of this will gladly repay such excess on the ruby lips of the fair recipient of this Telegram. When the cost of a reply to a Lover's Telegram has been prepaid, and the number of words in such reply are in excess of "Well I'm sure," "Be quiet do," garnished by a few blushes, the sender of such reply is bound to pay extra for such excess, by an extra number of endearments. Fractions of kisses do not count, and when Telegrams are taken in by a third party the same must not open them and kiss by proxy.

N.B.—This Form should occupy a lady's thoughts on the Festival of St. Valentine's.

 Charges to pay *Unlimited Smiles*

 Handed in at *Cupid's Bower* Office at *7 1/2* Received (it is hoped) at *8 1*

Delivering Office.

From

*Your adoring Admurer:  
true and faithful*

To

*The sweetest Girl  
in the World*

*Be at your Casement one minute after Sunset, and when  
I see your shadow on the window blind I shall know  
that my darling is at home You may as well warble  
"Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad."*

FIG. 10.—A TELEGRAPHIC VALENTINE.

institution, the "Bank of Love" (Fig. 11). The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, however, would have none of it, so she compelled the manufacturers to withdraw the notes from circulation. They were, therefore, "called in" in the orthodox manner.

But the craze for commercial, official, and

financial valentines was far from being dead. Swayed by the public, the makers continued to produce I O U's, jury and other summonses, promissory notes, official reports, writs, marriage certificates and licenses, School Board notices, wills, and acceptances. One of these latter is reproduced in Fig. 12,

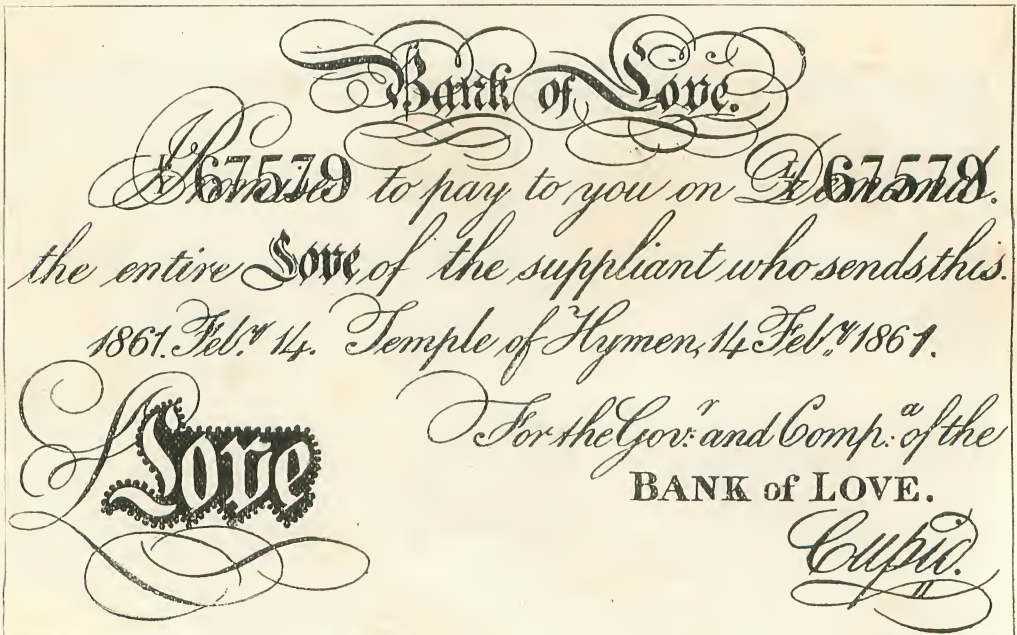


FIG. 11.—A NOTE ON THE BANK OF LOVE (REDUCED FACSIMILE).



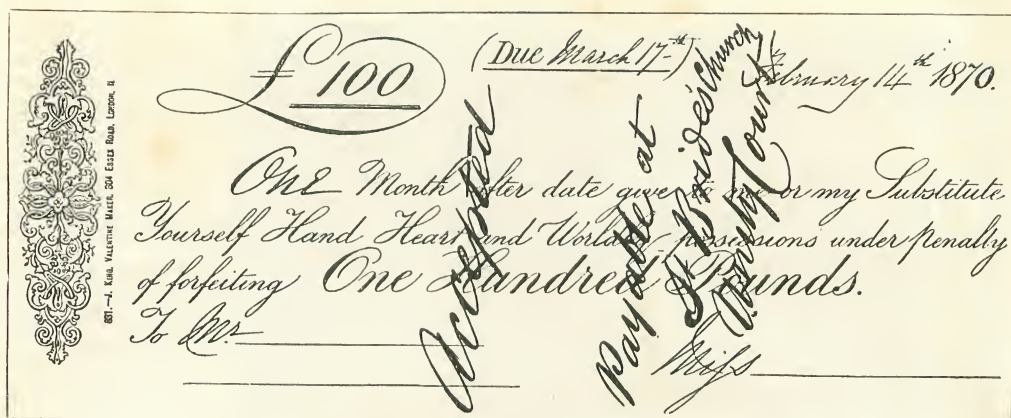


FIG. 12.—A TRAP FOR THE UNWARY.

and seems to have been specially designed with the view of expediting matters in breach of promise actions. Correctness of phraseology was observed with such scrupulous care, and paper and printing were imitated so closely in these valentines, that there can be no doubt of their being formidable weapons in the hands of practical jokers and unscrupulous persons. Will it be believed that change in hard cash was given for notes on the Bank of Love! Women were deluded by the strangely-worded marriage certificates and licenses, signed by Peter Tiethemtight, M.A., whose name is not to be found in Crockford; and busy men lost time and money over jury summonses, issued in the vague county of "Eithersex." This class of valentine gave place to the cheap comic prints, coarse and vulgar, as a rule, which we see in fancy shops prior to the now decadent "fourteenth," and which sold like wild-fire about twenty-five years ago.

Practically, there is but one firm left in the valentine trade, namely, Messrs. Goode Brothers, of Clerkenwell. The astonishingly rapid decline of the valentine within the past ten years brought ruin to many a wholesale manufacturer, to whom the trade was worth perhaps £20,000 a year, between the years 1870 and 1875—the golden age of the valentine. At this period a single maker would keep six designers and eighty girls employed on valentines all the year round. Rice paper from China was bought by the shipload; plush, in wholesale quantities of 9,000 yards at 2s. per yard; and silk fringe, from Coventry, in bales of a hundred gross of yards. Twenty years ago, too, the big valentine dealer's turnover was a thousand pounds a week during the three months of the season; and in his workrooms a quarter of a ton of the finest white gum disappeared in

the dainty trifles. Four well-paid male artists designed the "comics"—mainly trade skits and domestic incidents—and these were reproduced on 1,500 reams of paper. The machines were kept going night and day, turning out a million caricatures a week, of which some 5,000 gross were dispatched to Australia by sailing vessels in May and June. From a hundred to a hundred and thirty different comic designs were produced every year, and one house would have five smart "commercial" showing the pattern-books to retailers in all parts of the kingdom.

When one knows these things, it is extremely interesting to listen to the great wail that goes forth from whilom valentine makers. "Valentines belong to the past," say they; "therefore we have given up making them." One is then referred to Messrs. Goode Brothers for practical information; thither we went for the purpose of seeing how valentines are made. It seems that plush, satin, lace paper, fringe, and sachet powder are still bought wholesale, but in sadly reduced quantities. There is left but one solitary lady designer, and she must have ready two sets of about fifty different designs of sentimental valentines in the month of September, the retail prices to range from 1d. to 5s. One set, packed in trays, is taken away by the traveller, and according to his reports large quantities of certain designs are promptly put in hand to be made. The second set is retained at head-quarters for guidance. Nor must we omit to add that, in many cases, scope is left in the design for the introduction of such foreign matter as cheap jewellery and the superfluous stock of fancy dealers.

Our photograph (Fig. 13) shows the interior



FIG. 13.—THE "SENTIMENTAL" WORKROOM.

of the "sentimental" workroom. The "hand-paintings on satin" which mark the superior article are reeled off at a perfectly amazing rate by outside lady artists, who earn about 25s. a week at the work. This is as it should be, seeing that for each separate work of art the sum of three farthings is paid. As a rule there is a church, with a pond in the foreground bordered with a few straggling rushes, and over the surface of the water a small flock of strange birds are hovering. During our investigations, by the way, we noticed but few of these "hand-paintings" without the birds.

"They are done in a moment and are *so* effective," was the curious comment of the forewoman. The sheets of satin given out to lady artists are folded into squares, and measure 15in. by 12in.

The rates of pay for comic and sentimental valentine poetry are not such as would tempt either Mr. Morris or Mr. Swinburne. Time was, indeed, when the wholesale houses were con-

strained to advertise for designers and poets; but now, we grieve to say, sixpence for eight lines of verse is considered fair remuneration. This being so, it seems rather strange that our informants should, in the season, be almost overwhelmed with poetry, sent chiefly by ladies, many of whom ask comparatively enormous sums for their rhymes, and never fail to mark even the veriest nonsense "copy-

right," in aggressively bold characters. The firm whose premises we visited now keep but two comic valentine artists. These gentlemen produce about twenty different designs every season, and 10,000 copies of each design are made.

Our illustration (Fig. 14) depicts the interior of the comic designing room. The artist in the middle is drawing on stone one of his own designs; for each finished design he receives five shillings, or half a sovereign if he reproduces it on the stone. Comic valentine artists may not be as clever as Phil May,



FIG. 14.—"COMIC" DESIGNING ROOM.



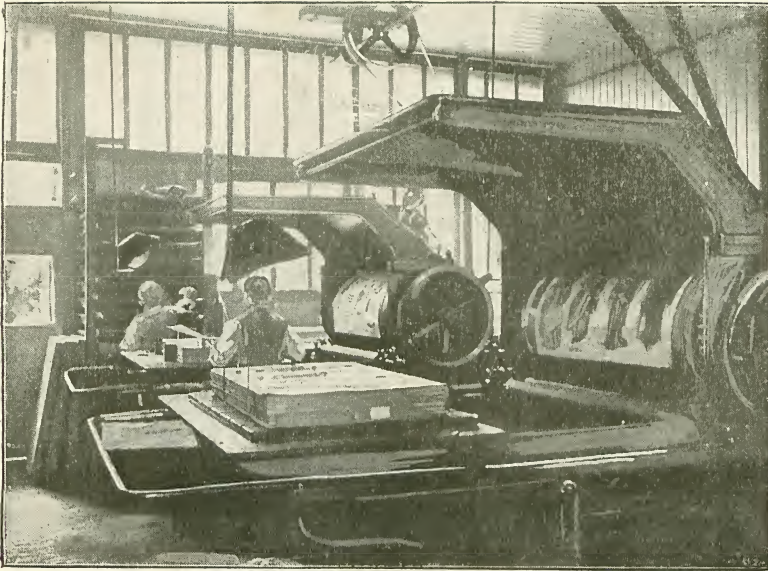


FIG. 15.—"COMIC" MACHINES AT WORK.

or as careful in detail as Sambourne, but that they are observant and up-to-date will be seen from a glance in the stationers' windows at the beginning of February. It is interesting to note that there are certain districts which are dear to the designer's heart by reason of their having a marked partiality for a certain subject. For example, a comic valentine showing a stalwart athlete, who has apparently sustained serious bodily damage on the football field, is certain to command a great sale in the North of England, and especially in Lancashire. It is absolutely necessary, however, that the football itself be seen in the picture.

Again, the favourite comic designs of Plymouth and Portsmouth are those which caricature in a genial way our gallant soldiers and sailors. The photograph we reproduce in Fig. 15 shows the "comic" machines at work. It is not a little amusing to watch the cylinders turning out these grotesque pictures with a rhythmical swing. The sheets of four are then cut

up and sent to the dispatch department, where the designs are mixed, in order that retailers may get a complete assortment. Here the perennial comic policeman, who seems to be for ever receiving surreptitious grog or rabbit pie, has for his companions jovial soldiers and sailors, domestic servants of all grades, impossible tradesmen, more or less happy parents, and even several varieties of the so-called New Woman.

One of the very few of the valentine "commercials" left in London tells a woful tale of the dying trade. Every season a fresh batch of fancy dealers shake their heads at his approach, with the remark, "I don't think I'll go in for it this year." The valentine trade in the Metropolis is simply infinitesimal; the matter-of-fact Londoner prefers to send his lady-love a box of gloves on the "fourteenth," and we opine that the damsel herself prefers this useful valentine even to the chastely designed "sentimental" of to-day, though the latter be resplendent with aluminium frosting which costs a guinea a pound.

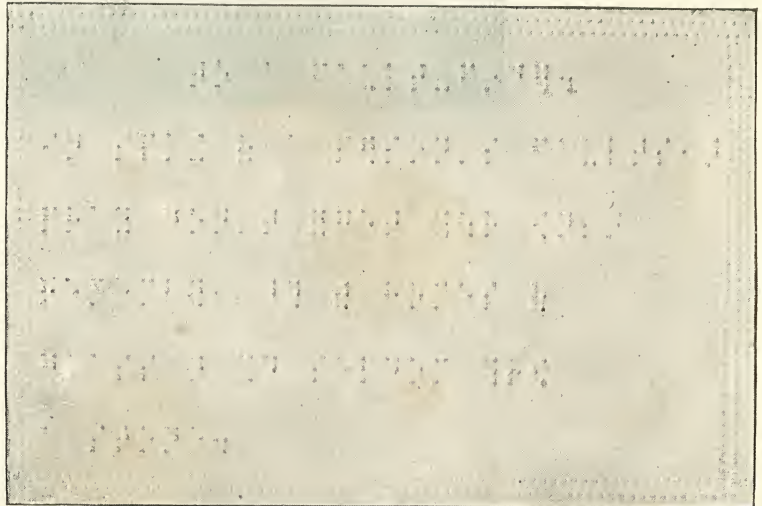


FIG. 16.—VALENTINE FOR THE BLIND.

It is a noteworthy fact that Ireland and Wales continue to take sentimental valentines in some quantities, the miners of Cardiff and the Rhondda Valley district paying as much as five shillings each for suitable designs; it goes without saying, of course, that appropriate valentines are designed for these places. Yet, notwithstanding support of this sort, there can be no doubt that the custom observed on the 14th of February will soon be numbered among the interesting memories of the past.

Perhaps the most extraordinary valentine we are enabled to reproduce is that shown in Fig. 16, a veritable valentine for the blind. It is to Lady Falkland that the idea is due; and this lady is one of the most charitable and industrious of the philanthropic "seeing workers" who devote themselves to the well-being of their sightless brethren. Here is a translation of the playful verse in Braille type already given, which consists of raised dots systematically arranged:—

TO A FAULT-FINDER.

In speaking of a person's  
faults

Pray don't forget your  
own;

Remember, those with  
homes of glass

Should seldom throw a  
stone.

Designs or figures of any kind are never put upon valentines or Christmas cards for the blind, simply because such designs and figures, being flat, would convey false impressions to these afflicted, but generally cheerful, people. Here is a photograph of the blind writer turning out valentines for the amusement of hundreds of his fellows all over the country (Fig. 17).

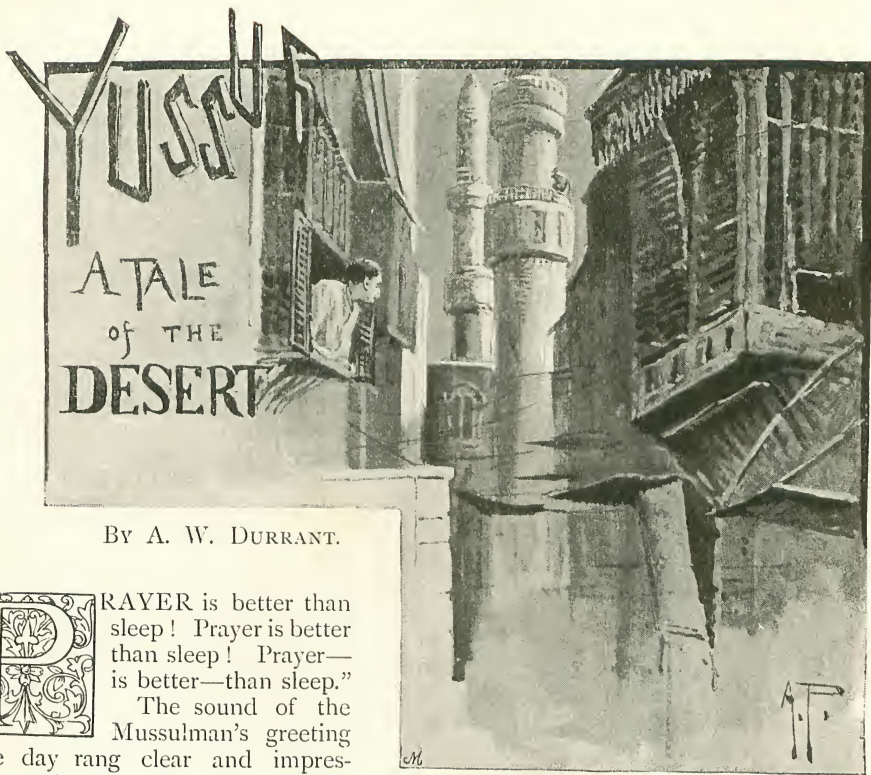
As a rule, a seeing person prepares the first design; this enables the blind copyist to dispense with a seeing reader, who would otherwise be required to dictate the text. The photograph shows the copy beneath the left hand of the sightless operator. With his right hand the blind man is punching the dots on the soft, thick paper, with a style resembling a gimlet, about 2 in.

long. The paper is held firmly on the board by a transverse piece of brass, which also guides the lines and is punctured to allow of the dots being made through it. We are indebted for our reproductions of both valentine and photograph to Mr. G. R. Boyle, of the British and Foreign Blind Association.



FIG. 17.—BLIND OPERATOR MAKING VALENTINES FOR THE BLIND.





BY A. W. DURRANT.

“**P**RAYER is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer— is better—than sleep.”

The sound of the Mussulman’s greeting to the day rang clear and impressive through the keen early morning air from the great Mosque of Fez across the spacious yard of the Kasbah, filled with the Cadi’s drowsy guards; along the narrow streets, overhung with the ghostly habitations of the faithful; past the famous square market-place, as yet untenanted save for a few Jews in their gaily-coloured jubbas, and one or two white turbaned Moors; into the lattice-windowed, low-ceilinged sleeping rooms of the only hotel in the Holy Town of Fez where an infidel, even though he be under the special protection of the Most High and Mighty Sultan of Morocco, may rest his thrice-accursed body with tolerable safety.

The only infidel thus favoured at the time of which we write was the Honourable Hereward Trewayne. The call to prayers awoke him with a start. Springing from his bed, he went to the window overlooking the court-yard. A faint haze palpitated over the distant minarets, which pointed with their slender fingers toward an unspeakably blue sky, just tinged on the horizon with streaks of the palest rose colour. Even as he looked,

the streaks broadened in extent and deepened in hue, until, with a swiftness like the rushing of the wind, the whole sky was flooded with a crimson flame, which was as rapidly chased away by the triumphant beams of the rising sun, in whose golden glow the entire scene was soon bathed.

Impressed by the solemnity of the call of the Muezzin, and by the marvellous beauty of the dawn, Hereward drew a deep breath; then, turning to dress, he murmured, aloud:—

“‘Prayer is better than sleep.’ Ah, yes; sometimes, no doubt. Looking out of that window at the sunrise, for instance. But just now, it strikes me rather forcibly that, so far as one individual is concerned, breakfast is better than either!”

Which soliloquy was no sooner ended than he shouted at the top of his voice:—

“Yussuf! Yussuf!”

The door opened almost immediately, and a smooth, swarthy-faced Arab glided noiselessly into the room.

“Has the Lord Duke sufficiently rested

his honourable bones?" he asked, with a low obeisance.

Yussuf's knowledge of English was remarkably good for a native, but it did not include an intimate acquaintance with Debrett or even Whitaker. He had been told that Trevayne was, or might be one day, a very important personage in his own country, and therefore had a right, Yussuf thought, to the highest English titles which could be bestowed upon him. The idea tickled Trevayne immensely, and he always kept up the joke.

"My honourable bones," he replied, gravely, "are sufficiently rested; but my honourable stomach cries aloud that it has more than sufficiently rested. In plain English, Yussuf, breakfast, and as soon as you like!"

Yussuf bowed low and left the room as noiselessly as he had entered it.

Trevayne had come to Fez in order to add a fresh experience to his already long list. He was a younger son of Lord Trevayne, and as such was travelling to "receive impressions" before finally settling down to a political career.

Travelling, to Hereward Trevayne, however, did not mean the same thing as it apparently does to many of our brilliant young politicians, who, after a sort of personally conducted Cook's tour through the Colonies, return to pose as colonial statesmen. Nothing was so abhorrent to Trevayne. He vastly preferred to wander alone to and fro over the face of the earth, exploring its strange corners with even more interest than its well-known places. After nearly three years' absence from England, he had worked his way back as far as Morocco. At Tangier, however, he had heard that a caravan was to start shortly from Fez into the interior, and with characteristic impulsiveness he suddenly decided to make one of the party, intending to return with a homeward-bound caravan, which, it was calculated, would be met with a few days' journey distant from Fez. He had accordingly, though not without a good deal of bother, settled all the necessary preliminaries, and had become a prospective member of the caravan.

That was a month ago, and the day of departure now appeared to be hardly any nearer. Sometimes, indeed, twelve or eighteen months are spent in making ready the equipment for such a caravan, the preparations principally consisting in the collection and arrangement of the merchandise to be bartered away to the negro tribes in the

far interior for ostrich feathers, gold dust, skins, tusks, and, occasionally, diamonds. To Trevayne's inquiries every morning the cry was still the same.

"Inshallah! If it please God—to-morrow."

But to-morrow the pig-skin water-bottles must be made water-tight by being filled with oil and left to dry in the sun. And then there are the dates to be pressed into the saddles to form comfortable cushions until required for food. And so on, almost, it seemed to Trevayne, to infinity.

Finally, after the ten thousand details of a caravan equipment have been attended to, there is the merry-making and feasting, which is invariably indulged in for a week or two previous to the actual start.

It was during these last few days that Hassan, who, with Yussuf, had been engaged by Trevayne as guide, was caught in the act of stealing some money belonging to the proprietor of the hotel. Trevayne dealt summarily with the thief, for it was not his first offence. He took Hassan by the scruff of the neck, and kicked him vigorously all along the wide veranda, down the broad staircase, through the lengthy hall, and out of the grand entrance into the crowded street beyond. By this time the erring native had attained a velocity certainly never before equalled by any voluntary efforts on his part. Indeed, so rapidly was he travelling, that before he could stop himself he had collided with two or three fierce-looking Riffs, whose hands instinctively glided to their daggers. However, they passed on without molesting the unhappy Hassan, whom they left feeling himself all over for broken bones, and cursing Trevayne for finding him out and himself for getting found out.

Yussuf, who had witnessed the incident with twitching fingers and a curious half closing of the eyes, turned to Trevayne and said, solemnly:—

"Kismet. It is the will of God. The Lord Duke has dealt mercifully with his thieving slave."

"Oh!" replied Trevayne, when he had recovered his breath. "You think so, do you? I'm not quite so sure about it myself. However——"

But Yussuf was persistent. In his colourless, monotonous voice he continued, interrupting Trevayne:—

"It was well for him that the Lord Duke chastised him, and did not hand him over to his tribe for the fitting reward of his sin."

"I suppose so," drily remarked Trevayne. "No doubt they would have substantially





"OUT OF THE GRAND ENTRANCE."

rewarded him for being smart enough to steal from his own countryman. Though, on the other hand, they might have punished him for the disgrace of being detected—and by an infidel, too."

But the sarcasm was lost on Yussuf, who replied, reflectively :—

"Yes, when Allah wills it, they open the thief's hands and slash a knife across them, so—" and Yussuf ran the forefinger of his right hand diagonally across the palm of his left hand ; "and then rub saltpetre into the wounds, and shut up the thief's hands and bind them ; and he can never open them to steal again. And sometimes they hold a red-hot iron to the eyes of the thief until they are gone, and the thief never again sees anything to steal. God is great," concluded Yussuf, piously shaking his head.

"Fiends !" ejaculated Trevayne, with a gesticulation of horror. "And those poor blind wretches I have seen wandering about the streets are thieves then, eh ? Have been, I should say," he added.

"The Lord Duke has said it," replied Yussuf, quietly.

At last the camels' loads, after almost

innumerable futile attempts, were satisfactorily arranged, and everything was ready. As usual, a short preliminary march was undertaken to test the mettle of the camels, and then the caravan fairly started on its tremendous journey.

Soon the Holy City faded away in the distance ; first the rambling, white, ghost-like houses, then the minarets, tall and stern as if standing guard over their lowly brethren ; and then the drooping palm trees with their graceful outlines projected in jet black against the blue brightness of the sky, lingering on the horizon as if bidding a last reluctant goodbye to the venturesome travellers.

Then on over the unending, wave-like dunes

the vast procession ranged, until, the sand becoming interspersed with sharp, flinty stones, the caravan was halted in order that the camels' feet might be bound round and round with rags, making them look like huge boxing gloves.

Then the night fell, outposts were stationed half a mile or so distant, and the caravan was formed into a sort of laager, but with the camels taking the place of the waggons and various impedimenta usually placed on the outside of the square. Inside, big fires were kept blazing all the night through, for in the desert the nights are icy cold, harder to be borne by reason of the burning heat of the day. Trevayne, wrapped up in his burnouse—for he had assumed the Arab costume—lay at a short distance from one of the fires, while not far from him lay Yussuf, asleep and snoring.

The novelty and excitement of it all had kept Trevayne partially awake, and for a long time there danced grotesquely through his brain confused visions of fierce-faced Arabs, shambling camels, stretches of sand dazzling with the glare of a pitiless sun, rocks of fantastic shapes that stood menacingly by

the way. At last, just as he was dozing off, he thought he heard a slight crackling—a sound as of someone creeping towards him through the sand. Raising himself on his arm, he peered around him. For a moment he could see nothing, and then, by the light of the fire, he discerned a man crawling away on his hands and knees. When the intruder reached a spot where he thought he could not be seen, he turned his head. But Trevayne's sight was very keen, and he saw with a feeling of astonishment, and something like dismay, that a knife gleamed between the teeth, and that the face was the face of

Yussuf soon came to arouse Trevayne in a more civilized manner, but finding him already awake, shot a rapid glance around to insure that no listeners were near, and then began in a low, agitated voice:—

"It was not well that the Lord Duke, not being of the true faith, himself punished the thieving Hassan. I, Yussuf, have seen Hassan in the caravan, and have heard from the lips of one who speaks truth that the chief of the caravan is of the same tribe. God is great, but a fear has sprung up in the heart of thy slave, even as a palm tree throwing a great shadow, for the dog Hassan is cunning, and seeks the life of the Lord Duke."

Trevayne reflected a moment, and then told Yussuf of the attempt that had already been made. Yussuf heard the tale in silence, but the working of his face showed how deeply he was stirred.

For the next three days both Trevayne and Yussuf kept a sharp watch on Hassan, but that worthy always managed to be in the rear of the caravan, whereas they were generally in the van, and consequently saw next to nothing of him.

On the fourth day, when the sun was at its fiercest, and the heat was so oppressive that Trevayne had to gasp for the breath that seemed to scorch his very lungs, the half-dozen Arabs forming the advance guard were seen to suddenly converge to a point, and, after a brief consultation, turn their camels' heads

and ride towards the caravan. Evidently something had been sighted, and that something might be the expected caravan, or it might be the dreaded Touaregs—those merciless pirates of the desert.

In an instant all was animation. The heat was forgotten. The camels were halted and the square formed as at night, while the motley collection of weapons with which the party were armed, comprising almost all kinds of firearms, from old flint-lock muskets to the latest Winchesters, were eagerly examined and made ready for use.

When these preparations were complete,



"A KNIFE GLEAMED BETWEEN HIS TEETH."

Hassan, the dismissed guide! The object of the nocturnal visit was only too plain. Murder was writ large on the features of the treacherous villain. Revenge was doubtless the motive. But how did the cur come there?

Trevayne puzzled over the problem for hour after hour, until the velvety darkness grew into an austere grey. Then, long before the sun was up, he was again startled, this time by a shout. Rising to his feet, he saw two or three Arabs running round and awaking the sleepers by the simple but effective method of striking them a stinging blow with a long cane,



and the outposts had been received into the square, a swirl of dust could be plainly seen advancing right down on to the caravan. Then the cloud of dust stopped and settled, and there rode out from it half-a-dozen Arabs, who soon made it known that they were friends, and that their party, in fact, formed the looked-for caravan.

In a very short time the members of the two caravans were ejaculating praises to the Prophet, and fraternizing in a most effusive manner. Trevayne was much struck by the gaunt, worn look of the new-comers. They had been away from home for two whole years, and their appearance showed that they had experienced the severest privations. The feasting, for which the most trifling occurrence is deemed by the Arab to be sufficient excuse, took place with much ceremony, though the viands were neither very numerous nor very rich.

Far into the night the festivities extended, for the returning caravan would pass on its way on the morrow, the Arabs composing it being naturally anxious, now that they were so near home, to lose as little time as possible.

Everyone was stirring very early the next morning, and preparations for the departure of the two caravans on their opposite courses were pushed forward with all speed. Yussuf had gone some little distance off to look after the baggage, when Trevayne saw Hassan walk up, and after casting a malicious glance at him, go a few steps further on and say something in a hurried manner to the chief of the caravan, who was standing close by, and who at once turned and gazed at Trevayne with a deep frown on his dark, scarred face. Then, before Trevayne could

realize what was happening, Hassan stepped up, and thrusting his hand into the folds of Trevayne's haik, pretended to draw forth a small dagger. It was the veriest trick, most clumsily performed. What the performance meant was a puzzle to Trevayne, who, however, was filled with wrath at the insult, and was about to avenge it in true English fashion, when he heard the chief shout a short, sharp command to his followers. The next moment, to Trevayne's utter amazement, he found himself surrounded by scowling Arabs, who, before he could defend himself in any way, pounced upon him, tied his hands behind him, and pushed him to where the chief was standing.

Now, however, the meaning of Hassan's insulting trick was apparent to Trevayne. No doubt the lying hound had professed to have discovered a plot to murder the chief, for whose benefit the dagger farce had evidently been enacted.

But he was wrong. Hassan's design was a far deeper one than he had conceived. Nor had he long to wait before making the discovery, for Yussuf, hearing the hubbub, rushed to the spot. In a minute he had



"THE CHIEF TURNED AND GAZED AT TREVAYNE."

grasped the situation. Wringing his hands, he grovelled at the feet of the chief and addressed him in tones of piteous entreaty. Trevayne glanced at the impassive Arab chief; at the imploring Yussuf; at his captors, armed to the teeth; at the motley crowd, attracted by the commotion; and the knowledge that he, the central figure, knew least about it all caused his impatience to break



"HE GROVELLED AT THE FEET OF THE CHIEF."

all bounds. In a loud voice he called Yussuf, who rose from the sand, and slowly came towards his master. There was a look of despair in Yussuf's eyes as he cried:—

"God is great, but the Evil One is in our midst to work mischief. The dog of a thief has told the chief that thou—even thou, Lord Duke—hast stolen his dagger, and he asks that thou mayst be punished as one of the true faith."

Then the full horror of his situation flashed upon Trevayne.

"Surely," he cried, as his face paled—"surely they won't cut my hands or burn out my eyes!" Then, in a frenzy of fear, he shouted: "Tell the chief that it was only a trick—tell him why that fiend did it—that he tried to murder me the other night."

Yussuf trembled. "Lord Duke," he said, sorrowfully, "I have done even as thou hast said, and more also, but the chief will not listen. He says that his eyes cannot lie."

"Tell him," cried Trevayne, in desperation, "that if I am harmed, my people will come and kill him and all his tribe."

Yussuf translated the threat to the chief, who calmly replied:—

"Kismet. It may come to pass even as the infidel sayeth. But it will go hard with those that seek me and my tribe in the desert. It is written that justice must be done to the oppressed, and who am I that I should disobey? Let the infidel suffer the penalty of his crime." The chief made a sign with his hand, and then went into his tent.

Justice is summarily dispensed in the desert. The sentence had been pronounced, and would be carried into effect on the spot. Trevayne was dragged forward. Three or four Arabs held him fast, while a couple more unbound his arms sufficiently to enable them to pull his hands over a

bale of merchandise. One had brought a bowl of saltpetre, and another drew his knife ready to inflict the wounds which would, Allah be praised, effectually prevent the dog of an infidel from ever again robbing a true believer.

Trevayne had not tamely submitted to all this. Death he would have faced without turning a hair—but to be horribly maimed for life was far worse than death. And now a brazier of charcoal was brought, and Trevayne noticed with a thrill of terror that a small iron was sticking through the bars and was already nearly red-hot. Despite all his efforts to control himself, the agony of his fear overcame him, and he struggled like a madman. It was useless. His hands were forced open and the knife was actually uplifted, when, suddenly, the chief reappeared, shouted a brief command, and strode back to his tent. To Trevayne's inexpressible joy and bewilderment, the knife was slipped into its sheath and he was released from his bonds! Without another word, he was hurried along to the homeward-bound caravan, which was already on the move, and almost before he could realize his good fortune, he was on the way to Fez.



Not until the caravan reached the Holy City did Trevayne become aware that Yussuf had not returned with him. After some deliberation on the subject, he came to the conclusion that the guide

he heard someone stumble into the passage leading to his room. He heard the intruder grope about outside, and then the door was pushed open. A native advanced into the room with a feeble, unsteady step. His head drooped forward, his chin upon his chest. Trevayne gazed curiously at his visitor, but

in a moment his curiosity was replaced by pity, for he saw that there were black cavities where the man's eyes had been. He had evidently suffered the Arabs' diabolical punishment for theft. Trevayne's heart was touched. Concluding that the man was a beggar, he put his hand in his pocket for some money to give him, saying, impulsively, "My poor fellow——"

But as the native approached, he stretched forth his hands imploringly, and Trevayne saw with a sickening feeling of horror that they were red and inflamed, and tightly closed. Blind and maimed for life! The remembrance of how narrowly and how inexplicably he had escaped the same terrible fate unmanned him. He was aroused by hearing a weak, quavering voice murmur, in heart-breaking accents of despair:—

"They have burnt out mine eyes, and never again shall I see thy face; and they have closed my hands, and never again shall I open them—and thou, Lord Duke, thou knowest that I stole not the dagger!"

"Good God!" cried Trevayne. "Yussuf!"



"THE KNIFE WAS ACTUALLY UPLIFTED."

had been induced to throw in his lot with the outward bound caravan. As to his own adventure, Trevayne decided that the Arabs had never intended to do anything more than frighten him.

Notwithstanding his previous lengthy stay in Fez, Trevayne found sufficient to interest him in the region to the south of the town to keep him in the neighbourhood for nearly three weeks after his return. At length, however, he made up his mind to start for England.

On the morning of his intended departure, as he was finishing his breakfast at the hotel,

# The Population of the World.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.\*

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)

THE population of the world has been given by various statisticians as follows:—

In 1874, according to Behm and Wagner .....	1,391 millions.
" 1878, " Levasseur .....	1,439 "
" 1883, " Behm and Wagner .....	1,434 "
" 1886, " Levasseur .....	1,483 "
" 1891, " Wagner and Supan .....	1,480 "

The last estimate may be regarded as sufficiently trustworthy as a working basis: Messrs. Wagner and Supan have earned a just reputation for painstaking and thorough work, and, moreover, this estimate of the German savants has been established to more than one-half its bulk (*i.e.*, to 57 per cent. of the 1,480 millions) upon the actual results of recent censuses.

In dealing with this large population, we have to deal with big figures and a good many of them. As masses of figures do not convey to the mind so clear an impression of the real facts they stand for as may be conveyed by simple diagrammatic representations, I shall therefore show my figures as much as possible in the form of black and white illustrations.

For example, in No. 1 we have a graphic illustration of the following figures:—

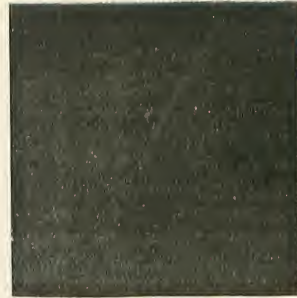
	Population.
Asia .....	825,954,000
Europe .....	357,379,000
Africa .....	163,953,000
America .....	121,713,000
Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions .....	7,500,400
Australia .....	3,230,000

The World .....

People to whom these figures convey little or nothing can get, by looking at No. 1, a pretty clear idea of the bulk of population on the various continents, etc. Each of these seven black squares has been drawn to exact mathematical scale, and, if the first six of them be cut out, and then fitted by aid of a pair of scissors upon the large square at the bottom, it will be found that the total area of these six squares exactly covers the large square; in other words, the black surfaces of the six smaller squares "add up to" the black surface of the big square, which diagrammatically shows to us the number of people in the world—1,480 millions, approximately.

Here is another way to obtain a clear idea of how the world's population is split up. Thus: for every one thousand persons in the world there are:—

In Asia .....	558 persons.
" Europe .....	242 "
" Africa .....	111 "
" America .....	82 "
" Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions .....	5 "
" Australia .....	2 "
The World .....	1,000 "



I.—Asia: 826 million persons.



II.—Europe: 357½ million persons.



III.—Africa: 164 million persons.



America: 121¼ million persons.



V.—Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions: 7½ million persons.



VI.—Australia: 3¼ million persons.



Total.—The World: 1,480 million persons.

No. 1.—These seven squares show the Population of the World: the areas of the squares respectively illustrate the sizes of the populations mentioned—not the areas of the various continents, etc.

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We see that more than one-half of the world's population live in Asia, and nearly one-quarter in Europe; that about one-ninth of the people live in Africa, and just under one-twelfth in America (North, Central, and South combined), and that the aggregate populations of the Oceanic Islands, Polar Regions, and Australia account for only seven persons out of every one thousand people in the world.

If asked to guess at the distribution of the world's population, nine people out of ten would probably place Asia, 1; Europe, 2; America, 3. But we see that Africa takes the third place instead of it being occupied by America. This is mainly due to the North Tropical Zone of Africa, which is larger than the whole of the United States, contains 42 million more people, and which is also more densely populated. To this population of the North Tropical Zone of Africa, 60 millions are contributed by the Soudan and Upper Guinea only—a number which nearly equals the 63 millions of the United States of America enumerated at their census of 1890.

It is also somewhat of a surprise to find Australia coming below the Oceanic Islands, which contain nearly all of the  $7\frac{1}{2}$  millions shown in No. 1, square V. (These islands contain the New Guinea group, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, etc.) Only some 80 thousand persons live in the Polar Regions, and of these, Iceland claims 69 thousand. The population of Australia is considerably less than that of London, and is not quite equal to the combined populations of Paris and St. Petersburg.

And now let us compare the *sizes* of these continents, etc., whose populations we have briefly glanced at. No. 2 shows the area in square miles of each of the six divisions of the earth already named in No. 1. The actual figures are:—

	Square miles.
Asia .....	17,044,000
America .....	14,801,000
Africa .....	11,277,000
Europe .....	3,757,000
Australia .....	2,972,000
Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions .....	2,464,000
The World .....	52,315,000

Here again, as in No. 1, the black squares I. to VI. of No. 2 will, if cut out and fitted upon the large square representing the world's area, suffice to cover that square—they add up to it, just as the six rows of figures given here add up to the world's area,  $52\frac{1}{4}$  million square miles, approximately.

In this race for size the result is very different from that in the race for population, Vol. ix.—20.



I.—Asia: 17 million square miles.



II.—America: 14½ million square miles.



III.—Africa: 11¼ million square miles



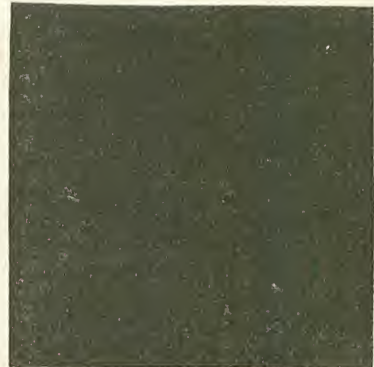
IV.—Europe: 3¾ million square miles.



V.—Australia: 3 million square miles.



VI.—Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions: 2½ million square miles.

Total.—The World:  $52\frac{1}{4}$  million square miles.

No. 2.—These seven squares show the Land-Area of the World: the areas of the squares respectively illustrate the areas of the various continents, etc., in square miles.

Here, it is Asia 1, America 2, Africa 3 : Europe is a bad fourth, and not far ahead of Australia, who was nowhere in No. 1. Europe, as regards size, might be cut out of the big square for the world in No. 2 without making much of a hole in it—but fancy the world *minus* Europe and Europeans ! How quiet it might be if we were all submerged and the Atlantic waves lapped the side of Asia, which now adjoins Eastern Europe. Here's a chance for the Anarchists—don't waste time in pettifoggish explosions, but blow up all Europe, and find your "equality"—and your proper level—at a certain number of fathoms beneath the sea-surface.

The following figures help us to appreciate the sizes of the six divisions of the world. For every one thousand square miles of land-area in the world, there are :—

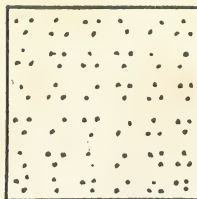
In Asia.....	326 sq. miles.
„ America.....	283 „ „
„ Africa.....	215 „ „
„ Europe.....	72 „ „
„ Australia.....	57 „ „
„ Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions..	47 „ „

The World ..... 1,000 sq. miles.

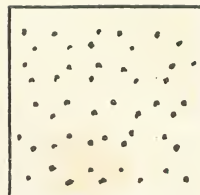
Thus, nearly one-third of the earth is in Asia, which also possesses more than one-half the population ; more than one-quarter of the earth went to make America, and over one-fifth for Africa. Europe contains only one-fourteenth part of the world's area, although she has nearly one-quarter of the population, and Australia contains one-eighteenth part. The last division on our list takes the "shillings from the guineas," being a twenty-oneth part of the world's area.

Having now a fairly definite mental conception of the distribution of the world's population and of its area, we may turn to the interesting feature of density of population in various parts of the world : this is illustrated in No. 3.

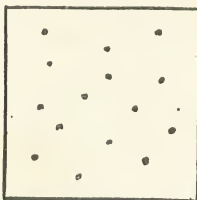
Each of the seven squares in No. 3 represents one square mile, and the little dots in the squares represent the number of persons to each square mile of the continents named. At last Europe leads—and easily. The mighty Asia, which has held first place in Nos. 1 and 2, has now to make way for Europe with her 95 persons to the square mile. We see that Asia has to each of its square miles of area only about one-half the population which live upon a European square mile. Africa, a long way behind, is third with 15 persons to the mile, and America has only 8 inhabitants upon each square mile. Australia comes last with the ample allowance of one square mile (approximately) for each member of its population.



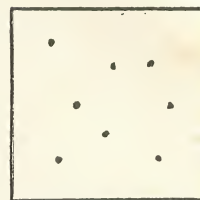
I.—Europe : 95 persons to the square mile.



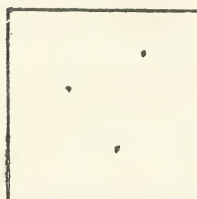
II.—Asia : 48 persons to the square mile.



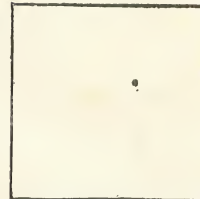
III.—Africa : 15 persons to the square mile.



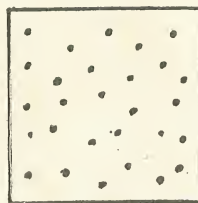
IV.—America : 8 persons to the square mile.



V.—Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions : 3 persons to the square mile.



VI.—Australia : 1 person to the square mile.



The World : 28 persons to the square mile.

No. 3.—These seven squares show the Density of Population of the World : illustrated by the number of persons to each square mile of the various continents, etc.

We may with advantage look at these facts in another way. The space for each person :—

In Europe is .....	7 acres.
„ Asia is .....	13 „
„ Africa is .....	44 „
„ America is .....	78 „
„ Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions is ..	210 „
„ Australia is .....	589 „
„ the World is .....	23 „

[It should be noted that the number of persons stated beneath each of the squares in No. 3 is the *nearest whole number*, and similarly with the number of acres just given : therefore, if 640—*i.e.*, the number of acres in a square mile—be divided by each of the numbers given in No. 3, the results will not in every case bring out the results just tabulated, and which are based upon my original working figures in decimals.]



This way of looking at the facts concerning density of population shows us that there is still ample room in the world for all of us, wherever we may chance to be located. The over-crowding of which we hear so much disappears when we take an extended view of the facts, which seem to invite us to spread ourselves out more than we do.

And now may come in the results of some calculations I have very carefully made as regards the future growth of the population of the world, and as to the year A.D. when our descendants will have so increased in number that there will then be only one acre for each person in the world, instead of the 23 acres mentioned above.

As a preliminary, I went into all the available facts upon which to compute the annual rate of increase in the world's population, and finally I determined that the rate of increase might be taken at 5 per 1,000 persons per annum: this means that for every one million persons living in 1891, there were:—

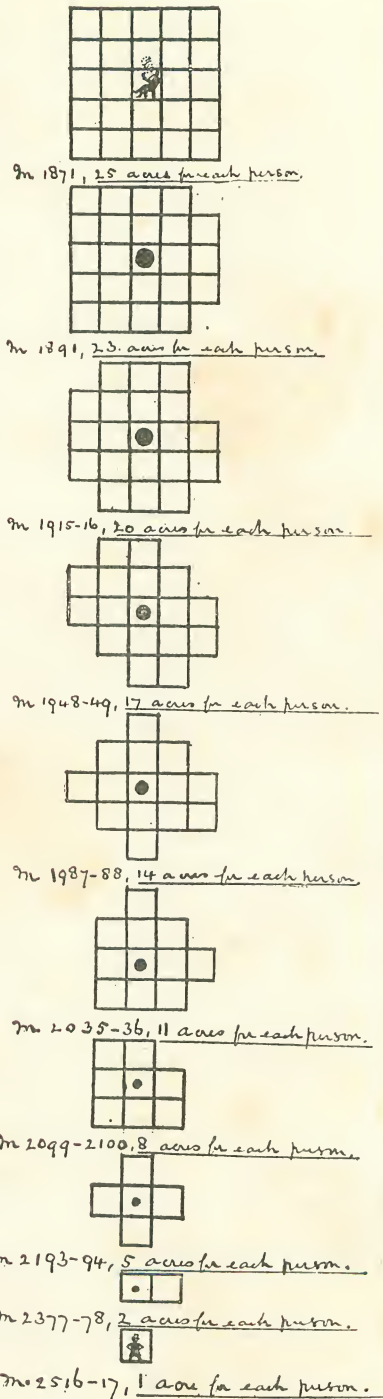
In 1892 .....	1,005,000 persons.
" 1893 .....	1,010,025 "
" 1894 .....	1,015,075 "
" 1895 .....	1,020,150 "
etc., etc.	

And the results for the future population of the world work out thus:—

In 1891 .....	1,480 million persons.
" 1900 there will be .....	1,548 "
" 1950 " " .....	1,986 "
" 2000 " " .....	2,548 "
" 2030 " " .....	2,960 "
" 2100 " " .....	4,197 "
" 2200 " " .....	6,910 "
" 2300 " " .....	11,379 "
" 2400 " " .....	18,738 "
" 2515 " " .....	33,413 "
" 2517 " " .....	33,586 "

These figures show us, for example, that in A.D. 2030, the 1891 population will have doubled itself, and will have taken 139 years to do it in. The population of the United Kingdom has doubled itself in 80 years, and the population of England and Wales in 57 years; but we should be quite wide of the mark if we applied our own rate of annual increase to the population of the world—for our rate of increase is above the average. In France, for example, the increase of population is very slow; in fact, but for the attractions it offers to foreigners as a residence, its population would of late years have shown a falling off, because, while the births decrease, the deaths increase.

I may also point out that the above figures show us that between A.D. 2516 and A.D. 2517—621 years later than this present year, 1895—there will be in the world as many people as there are acres; there being 33,482 million acres of land, a number which, as we



No. 4.—For explanation see text.

see, falls between the last two numbers in the above column.

But perhaps the best way to illustrate the

*future growth* of the world's population is to show it as in No. 4, where we see the gradual lopping-off of acre after acre from the 25 acres which were the space for each person in the year 1871, until, at the expiration of 621 years from now, only one acre will be available for each person. The dot in the centre of each of these diminishing estates (except two) represents the gradually thinning owner, who is wise enough to lessen his requirements—and his bulk—as his estate grows smaller and smaller; the two little figures in the top and bottom “estates” suggest a possible change of ownership during the 645 years of change to which the ten diagrams in No. 4 relate—i.e., from A.D. 1871 to A.D. 2516. Long before this latter date our descendants will probably be living in the air, or perhaps in the sea for a change, so that the lessening of space, illustrated in No. 4, will not cause real inconvenience. Moreover, as we shall see when dealing with Nos. 5 and 6, one acre for one person is not a bad allowance. Belgium is now very nearly as crowded as this, and she yet finds room for all her manufactories and works, not to mention the ground-space of the recent Antwerp Exhibition.

As regards this diving into the future by aid of logarithms, the results of which procedure have now been shown in No. 4, etc., I may say that my estimate of the annual growth of the world's population (5 per 1,000) is probably somewhat lower than the actual rate—I have preferred to err on the side of moderation. If my estimate be approximately correct, and



No. 5.—These ten circles show the Population of Europe split up into the various countries here specified. The areas contained in these ten circles respectively illustrate the bulk of the various populations—not the sizes of the land-areas of the countries named.

I venture to think it will be so considered by statisticians, then the results I have deduced from it follow as a mathematical necessity—startling as some of them may appear. Astronomers, who have the advantage of dealing with facts less complex than are social facts, predict to a second, many years prior to the occurrence of an event, when this or that transit or eclipse will take place. It is no unusual thing to predict the results of this or that census, and to find the prediction closely akin to the ascertained results; and similarly with many other matters—life assurance, for example—in which a mathematical forecast is often ultimately proved by ascertained facts to have been expressed within relatively close limits of error. In the present instance, although the basis for calculation is not nearly so stable as in some other channels of statistics, it is yet sufficiently sound to make the diagrams in No. 4 worthy of attention, as a prediction of the future population of the world—necessarily, a factor of vast international range and social importance.

In No. 5 we have a graphic illustration of the population of the principal European countries. The area contained by each of the nine smaller circles represents the numerical bulk of each of the populations stated; and as these circles have been drawn to mathematical scale, the combined areas of them equal in size the area of the large circle at the bottom of No. 5. Here is a concise statement of the facts: for every one thousand persons in Europe there are:—



In European Russia .....	262 persons.
" the German Empire .....	139 "
" Austria-Hungary .....	116 "
" France .....	107 "
" Great Britain and Ireland .....	106 "
" Italy .....	84 "
" Spain .....	48 "
" Belgium .....	17 "
" Other Parts of Europe .....	121 "
Europe .....	1,000 "

The eight countries named are those which contain the largest populations. Turkey, without Bulgaria, has fewer people than Belgium, and, moreover, Belgium is a very industrious and worthy little country, and more entitled to a place than Turkey; so Turkey must be included in "Other Parts of Europe."

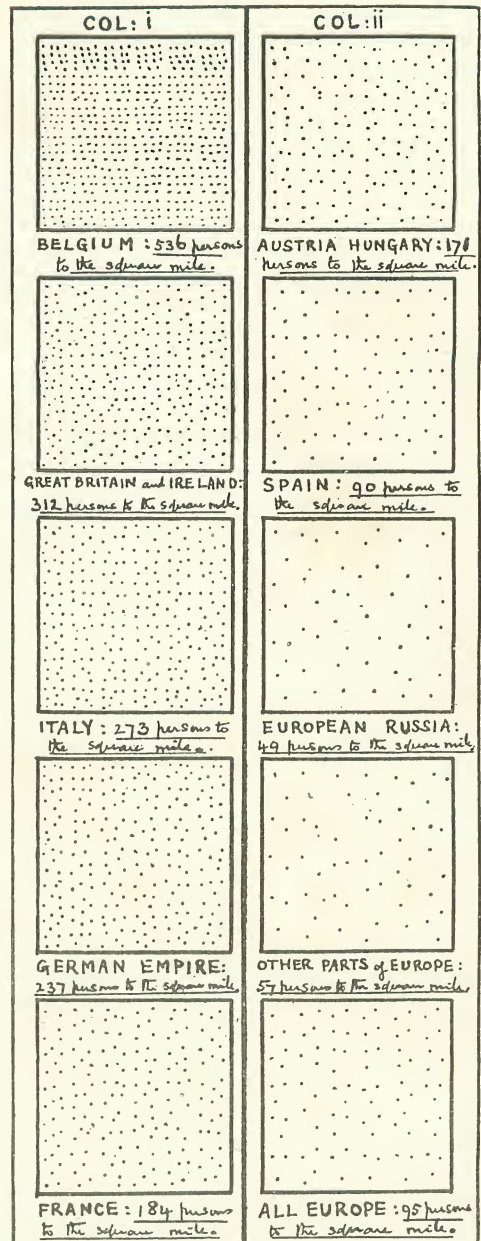
It is rather interesting to look at the first six circles—the leading six Powers of Europe—and to note that whilst the United Kingdom comes last but one as regards population, she yet holds her own in the very front rank as regards power.

Illustration No. 6 has been calculated after the fashion of No. 3, and upon the same scale. It shows to us the density of population in the various European countries to which it relates. Here, Belgium heads the list with 536 persons supported upon every square mile of the country. As there are 640 acres in a square mile, we see that the inhabitants of Belgium have each of them, upon the average, very little more than one acre of space—see my remarks about No. 4. When we look at this top square of No. 6, we are not surprised that Belgium is essentially a manufacturing country—it simply has not the room for extensive agricultural industries. In every available hole and corner the Belgians busy themselves with agriculture—they don't waste space as we do in England—and although agriculture is carried on with much industry, the Belgians—like ourselves—are largely dependent upon foreign supplies for their food.

I have put in all these dots very carefully in order to let each square show by the number of dots inside it the density of population to each square mile of the countries specified: in this way we get a clear idea of the different degrees of density of population of the European divisions—a clearer picture than figures can show to us.

For the rest, this No. 6 can very well speak for itself: it has been calculated upon sound facts, and it exactly represents these facts.

After Europe comes Asia—in point of interest—old Asia, older even than Europe in its quaint manners and fashions of men



No. 6.—These ten squares show the Density of Population in Europe: illustrated by the number of persons, *i.e.*, dots, to each square mile of the various countries named.

and things. But how incomparable with Western Europe is Asia of the 19th century! Asia is, for the main part (China), hopelessly conservative, and we have had a recent illustration of how modern progress may enable a little nation like the Japanese Empire to get the better of an old nation

nearly nine times as populous. The Chinaman shows to us the abuse of Conservatism in the East as plainly as we have seen the abuse of Liberalism in the West.

Compare, in No. 7, the short line (3) which illustrates the population of Japan, with the long line (1), which shows the population of China: the comparison makes us feel almost incredulous as to the success in the war of Japan over China—so great is the difference. And look, too, at the line (6) that shows the population of Corea, about which place China and Japan are fighting.

It should be noted that if the lines marked (1) to (15) be ticked off with a pencil on a piece of paper from No. 7, the total length of these fifteen lines will exactly equal the length of line (16), which represents the population of all Asia.

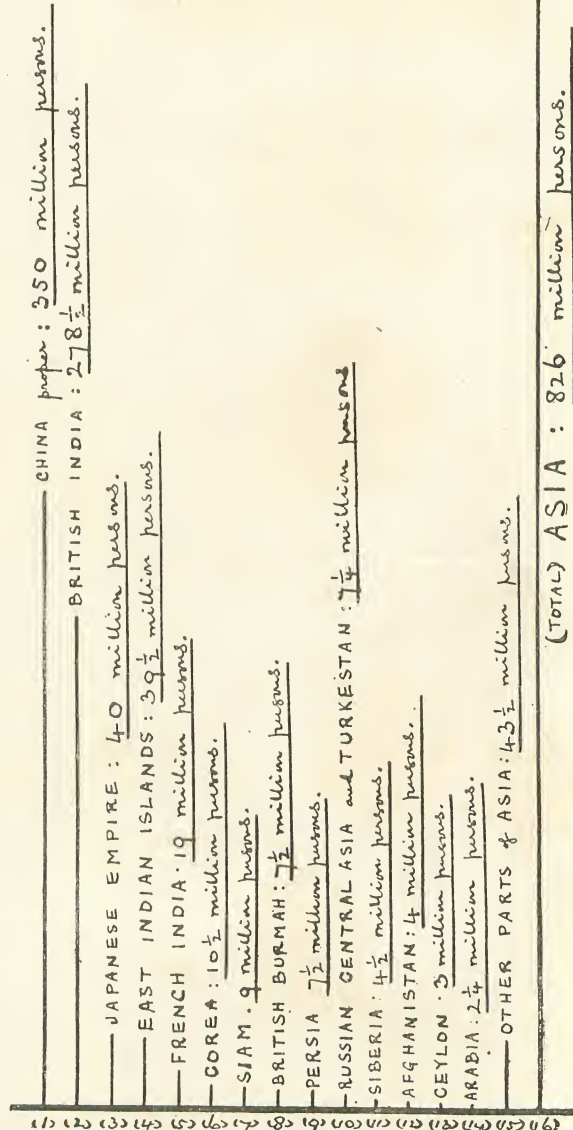
We see the distribution of Asia's population rather significantly in the following figures. For every one thousand persons in Asia there are:—

In China Proper.....	424 persons.
„ British India.....	337 „
„ the Japanese Empire.....	48 „
„ the East Indian Islands.....	48 „
„ French India.....	23 „
„ Corea.....	13 „
„ Siam.....	11 „
„ British Burmah.....	9 „
„ Persia.....	9 „
„ Russian Central Asia and Turkestan.....	9 „
„ Siberia.....	5 „
„ Afghanistan.....	5 „
„ Ceylon.....	4 „
„ Arabia.....	3 „
„ Other Parts of Asia.....	52 „
Asia.....	1,000 „

British India is the only division of Asia that as regards population comes anywhere near China, and these two divisions combined absorb more than three-quarters of the whole of Asia's people. The quality of the Japanese stands out in favourable contrast with the quality of the Chinese when we compare lines (1) and (3) in No. 7, and then note that there are in Asia 424 Chinamen for every 48 Japs.

I have not the space to deal with America and with Africa as I have dealt with Europe and with Asia, so these two continents must go without more notice than has already been given to them in Nos. 1, 2, and 3. I pass to No. 8, which shows in black and white the face of the world (I.), with the population of the British Empire omitted. What a gap it makes! The face of the world looks rather pale with the British Empire missing. In II. of No. 8 I show the piece of the world's popu-

lation that I have cut out from I. The whole of this No. 8 has been calculated upon the same scale as illustration No. 1 (which see), and so we get here a good picture of the part that is played by the British Empire in the game of the world's population: an Empire which is nearly three times as large as Europe, almost as large as Africa, and which comprises more than a fifth part of the land-surface of the whole globe. We see in III. of No. 8 the little black



No. 7.—These sixteen vertical lines show the Population of Asia split up into the countries here specified. The lengths of these sixteen vertical lines respectively illustrate the sizes of the populations of the countries named.





I.—The Population of the World (1,480 million persons: see Fig. 1) with the British Empire—371½ millions—"missing."



II.—The Population of the British Empire; 371½ million persons



III.—The Population of the United Kingdom: 37½ million persons.

No. 8.—A comparison in black and white.

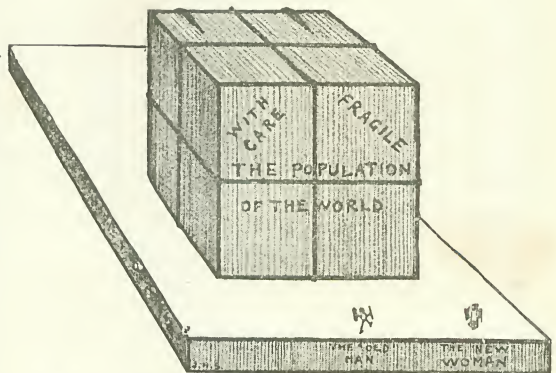
square, showing the population of the United Kingdom—which little square practically "bosses" the great square above it. These three squares, and their relative sizes, seem to emphasize the necessity of always maintaining the third square (III. Population of the United Kingdom) at the highest degree of harmonious density and unity of the particles that go to compose it.

And now let us see what a really insignificant body is this population of the world. For example, every living person could be contained in a square common less than twenty-two miles each way; each person of the 1,480 millions could have a square yard to stand on; and Mr. A. A. Chase or some other expert cyclist could be left outside with his machine, and ride round the square containing the world's population in about 3½ hours for the 87½ miles of boundary fence. Or the 1,480 million persons could each occupy a square yard of standing room in Bedfordshire and then fill up only two-thirds of that

county. They could be tucked away down in Radnorshire, by a little squeezing, and leave all the rest of the world empty. Even the Isle of Man would hold nearly one-half of the world's population at one person to the square yard.

This fighting, struggling, white, black and tan, good and bad, very much mixed population of 1,480 millions could be packed in a cubic box measuring only 1,140 yards in width, 1,140 yards in depth, and 1,140 yards in height—see No. 9. Each person could be allowed 27 cubic feet of room inside such a box, and the box itself could be deposited when full in Battersea Park with a squeeze, in Victoria Park with ample room to spare, or in Hyde Park and not occupy much more than one-third of the ground-space of that park—and Mr. Chase, the cyclist, again, could, if left outside, run round the box containing the world's population in about six minutes for the 2½ miles; or, a person accidentally left unpacked—one of the two shown in No. 9, for example—could stroll round the box and inspect it in one hour easily. This is a literal and solid fact which can be readily proved—startling as it may seem to show in No. 9 a packing-case amply large enough to hold everybody in the world—a packing-case which, although a large one, would not occupy nearly one-half the ground-space of Hyde Park, London.

A fact like this serves to illustrate the really trifling importance of the world's population *en masse*, and, incidentally, the utter insignificance of the individuals who compose it.



No. 9.—A cubic packing-case containing the Population of the World less two persons—"1,480 millions" minus 2. This case measures (outside) only 1,140 yards in width, in depth, and in height, and each person inside it has 27 cubic feet of space.

# Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

## II.—THE SEVENTH STEP.



PLEASURE yacht, of the name of *Ariadne*, was about to start upon a six-weeks' cruise. The time of the year was September—a golden, typical September—in the year of grace 1893. The *Ariadne* was to touch at several of the great northern ports: Christiania, St. Petersburg, and others. I had just gone through a period of hard and anxious work. I found it necessary to take a brief holiday, and resolved to secure a berth on board the *Ariadne*, and so give myself a time of absolute rest. We commenced our voyage on the second of the month; the day was a lovely one, and every berth on board had secured an occupant.

We were all in high spirits, and the weather was so fine that scarcely anyone suffered from sea-sickness. In consequence, the young ship's doctor, Maurice Curwen, had scarcely anything to do.

The passengers on board the *Ariadne* were, with one exception, of the most ordinary and conventional type, but a girl who was carried on board just before the yacht commenced her voyage aroused my professional sympathies from the first. She was a tall, dark-eyed girl of about eighteen or nineteen years of age—her lower limbs were evidently paralyzed, and she was accompanied by a nurse who wore the picturesque uniform of the Charing Cross Hospital.

The young girl was taken almost immediately to a deck cabin which had been specially arranged for her, and during the first two or three days of our voyage I had not an opportunity of seeing her again. When we reached the smooth waters of the Norwegian fiords, however, she was carried

almost every day on deck. Here she lay under an awning, speaking to no one, and apparently taking little interest either in her fellow-passengers or in the marvellous beauties of Nature which surrounded her.

Her nurse usually sat by her side—she was a reserved-looking, middle-aged woman, with a freckly face and thin, sandy hair. Her lips were perfectly straight in outline and very thin, her eyebrows were high and faintly marked—together, she had a disagreeable and thoroughly unsympathetic appearance.

I was not long on board the *Ariadne* before I was informed that the sick girl's name was Dagmar Sorensen—that she was the daughter of a rich city merchant, and was going to St. Petersburg to see her father's brother, who was a celebrated physician there.

One morning, on passing Miss Sorensen's cabin, my footsteps were arrested by hearing the noise of something falling within the room. There came to my ears the crash of

broken glass. This was immediately followed by the sound of rapid footsteps which as suddenly stopped, as though the inmate of the room was listening intently. Miss Sorensen's nurse, who went by the name of Sister Hagar, was probably doing something for her patient, and was annoyed at anyone pausing near the door. I passed on quickly, but the next moment, to my astonishment, came face to face with Sister Hagar on the stairs. I could not help looking at her in surprise. I was even about to speak, but she hurried past me, wearing her most disagreeable and repellent expression.

What could the noise have been? Who could have moved in the cabin? Miss Sorensen's lower limbs were, Curwen, our ship's doctor, had assured



SISTER HAGAR.



me, hopelessly paralyzed. She was intimate with no one on board the *Ariadne*. What footsteps had I listened to?

I thought the matter over for a short time, then made up my mind that the stewardess must have been in Miss Sorensen's cabin, and having come to this conclusion, I forgot all about the circumstance.

That afternoon I happened to be standing in the neighbourhood of the young lady's deck chair; to my surprise, for she had not hitherto taken the least notice of me, she suddenly raised her full, brilliant dark eyes, and fixed them on my face.

"May I speak to you?" she said.

I came up to her side immediately.

"Certainly," I answered. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You can do a great deal if you will," she answered. "I have heard your name: you are a well-known London physician."

"I have a large practice in London," I replied to her.

"Yes," she continued, "I have often heard of you—you have doubtless come on board the *Ariadne* to take a holiday?"

"That is true," I answered.

"Then it is unfair——" She turned her head aside, breaking off her speech abruptly.

"What is unfair?" I asked.

"I have a wish to consult you professionally, but if you are taking a holiday, it is unfair to expect you to give up your time to me."

"Not at all," I replied. "If I can be of the slightest use to you, pray command me; but are you not under Curwen's care?"

"Yes, oh, yes; but that doesn't matter."

She stopped speaking abruptly; her manner, which had been anxious and excited, became suddenly guarded—I looked up and saw the nurse approaching us. She carried a book and shawl in her hands.

"Thank you, Sister Hagar," said Miss Sorensen. "I shall not require your services any more for the present."

The nurse laid the shawl over the young lady's feet, placed the book within reach, and, bestowing an inquisitive glance on me, walked slowly away.

When she was quite out of sight, Miss Sorensen resumed her conversation.

"You see that I am paralyzed," she said.

I bowed an acknowledgment of this all-patent fact.

"I suffer a good deal," she continued. "I am on my way to St. Petersburg to see my uncle, who is a very great physician. My father is most anxious that I should consult him. Perhaps you know my uncle's name—

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Professor Sorensen? He is one of the doctors of the Court."

"I cannot recall the name just now," I said; "but that is of no consequence. I have no doubt he is all that you say."

"Yes, he is wonderfully clever, and holds a high position. It will be some days before we get to Russia, however, and—I am ill. I did not know when I came on board the *Ariadne* that a doctor of your professional eminence would be one of the passengers. Perhaps Mr. Curwen will not object——" She paused.

"I am sure he will not object to having a consultation with me over your case," I answered. "If you wish it, I can arrange the matter with him."

"Thank you—but—I don't want a consultation. My wish is to see you—alone."

I looked at her in surprise.

"Don't refuse me," she said, in a voice of entreaty.

"I will see you with pleasure with Curwen," I said.

"But I want to consult you independently."

"I am sorry," I answered; "under the circumstances, that is impossible."

She coloured vividly.

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because professional etiquette makes it necessary for the doctor whom you have already consulted to be present," I replied.

Her eyes flashed angrily.

"How unkind and queer you doctors are," she said. "I cordially hate that sentence for ever on your lips, 'Professional etiquette.' Why should a girl suffer and be ill, because of anything so unreasonable?"

"You must forgive me," I said. "I would gladly do anything for you; I will see you with pleasure with Curwen."

"Must he be present?"

"Yes."

"I cannot stand this. If he consents to your seeing me alone, have you any objection to make?"

At that moment Curwen suddenly appeared. He was talking to one of the ship's crew, and they were both slowly advancing in Miss Sorensen's direction.

"Mr. Curwen, can I speak to you?" called out Miss Sorensen.

He came to her at once.

I withdrew in some annoyance, feeling pretty well convinced that the young lady was highly hysterical and required to be carefully looked after.

By-and-by, as I was standing by the deck rail, Curwen came up to me.

"I have talked to Miss Sorensen," he said. "She is most anxious to consult you, Dr. Halifax, but says that you will not see her except in consultation with me. I beg of you not to consider me for a moment. I take an interest in her, poor girl, and will be only too glad to get your opinion of her case. Pray humour her in this matter."

"Of course, if you have no objection, I have none," I answered. "I can talk to you about her afterwards. She is evidently highly nervous."

"I fear that is the case," replied Curwen. "But," he added, "there is little doubt as to her ailment. The lower limbs are paralyzed; she is quite incapable of using them."

"Did you examine her carefully when she came on board?" I asked.

"I went into the case, certainly," replied Curwen; "but if you mean that I took every step to complete the diagnosis of the patient's condition, I did not consider it necessary. The usual symptoms were present. In short, Miss Sorensen's case was, to my mind, very clearly defined to be that of spastic paralysis, and I did not want to worry her by useless experiments."

"Well, I will see her, as she wishes for my opinion," I replied, slowly.

"I am very pleased that you should do so," said Curwen.

"Do you happen to have an electric battery on board?" I asked.

"Yes, a small one, but doubtless sufficient for your purpose. Will you arrange to see Miss Sorensen to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," I answered. "If I am to do her any good, there is no use in delay."

Curwen and I talked the matter over a little further, then he was obliged to leave me to attend to some of his multifarious duties.

The nightly dance had begun—awnings had been pulled down all round the deck, and the electric light made the place as bright as day. The ship's band was playing a merry air, and several couples were already revolving round in the mazes of the waltz.

I looked to see if Miss Sorensen had come on deck. Yes, she was there; she was lying as usual on her own special couch. The captain's wife, Mrs. Ross, was seated near her, and Captain Ross stood at the



"CURWEN AND I TALKED THE MATTER OVER."

foot of her couch. She was dressed in dark, rose-coloured silk, worn high to the throat, and with long sleeves. The whiteness of her complexion and the gloomy depths of her big, dark eyes were thus thrown into strong relief. She looked strikingly handsome.

On seeing me, Captain Ross called me up, and introduced me to Miss Sorensen. She smiled at me in quite a bright way.

"Dr. Halifax and I have already made each other's acquaintance," she said. She motioned me to seat myself by her side. The conversation, which had been animated before I joined the little party, was now con-



tinued with *verve*. Miss Sorensen, quite contrary to her wont, was the most lively of the group. I observed that she had considerable powers of repartee, and that her conversational talent was much above the average. Her words were extremely well chosen, and her grammar was invariably correct. She had, in short, the bearing of a very accomplished woman. I further judged that she was a remarkably clever one, for I was not five minutes in her society before I observed that she was watching me with as close attention as I was giving to her.

After a time Captain and Mrs. Ross withdrew, and I found myself alone with the young lady.

"Don't go," she said, eagerly, as I was preparing to rise from my chair. "I spoke to Mr. Curwen," she continued, dropping her voice; "he has not the slightest objection to your seeing me alone. Have you arranged the matter with him?"

"I have seen him," I replied, gravely. "He kindly consents to waive all ceremony. I can make an appointment to see you at any hour you wish."

"Pray let it be to-morrow morning—I am anxious to have relief as soon as possible."

"I am sorry that you suffer," I replied, giving her a sudden, keen glance—"you don't look ill, at least not now."

"I am excited now," she answered. "I am pleased at the thought——"

She broke off abruptly.

"Is Sister Hagar on deck?" she asked.

"I do not see her," I replied.

"But look, pray, look. Dr. Halifax—I fear Sister Hagar."

There was unquestionable and most genuine terror in the words. Miss Sorensen laid her hand on mine—it trembled.

I was about to reply, when a thin voice, almost in our ears, startled us both.

"Miss Sorensen, I must take you to bed now," said Nurse Hagar.

"Allow me to help you, nurse," I said, starting up.

"No, thank you, sir," she answered, in her most disagreeable way; "I can manage my young lady quite well alone."

She went behind the deck-chair, and propelled it forward. When she got close to the little deck cabin, she lifted Miss Sorensen up bodily in her strong arms, and conveyed her within the cabin.

During the night I could not help giving several thoughts to my new patient—she repelled me quite as much as she attracted me. She was without doubt a very hand-

some girl. There was something pathetic, too, in her dark eyes and in the lines round her beautifully curved mouth; but now and then I detected a ring of insincerity in her voice, and there were moments when her eyes, in spite of themselves, took a shifty glance. Was she feigning paralysis? What was her motive in so anxiously desiring an interview with me alone?

Immediately after breakfast, on the following morning, Sister Hagar approached my side.

"Miss Sorensen would be glad to know when it would be convenient for you to see her, Dr. Halifax," she said.

"Pray tell her that I can be with her in about ten minutes," I replied.

The nurse withdrew and I went to find Curwen.

"Is your electric battery in order?" I asked.

"Come with me to my cabin," he replied.

I went with him at once. We examined the battery together, put it into order, and then tested it. I took it with me to Miss Sorensen's cabin. Sister Hagar stood near the door. She came up to me at once, took the battery from my hands, and laid it on a small table near the patient. She then, to my astonishment, withdrew, closing the door noiselessly behind her.

I turned to look at Miss Sorensen, and saw at a glance that she was intensely nervous. There was not a trace of colour on her face; even her lips were white as death.

"Pray get your examination over as quickly as you can," she said, speaking in an almost fretful voice.

"I am waiting for the nurse to return," I replied. "I have several questions to ask her."

"Oh, she is not coming back. I have asked her to leave us together."

"That is nonsense," I said; "she must be present. I cannot apply the electric battery without her assistance. If you will permit me, I will call her."

"No, no, don't go—don't go!"

I looked fixedly at my patient. Suddenly an idea occurred to me.

I pushed the table aside on which the battery had been placed, and stood at the foot of Miss Sorensen's bed.

"The usual examination need not take place," I said, "because——"

"Why?" she asked. She half started up on her couch; her colour changed from white to red.

"Because you are not paralyzed!" I said,

giving her a sudden, quick glance, and speaking with firmness.

"My God, how do you know?" she exclaimed. Her face grew so colourless that I thought she would faint. She covered her eyes with one trembling hand. "Oh, Sister Hagar was right," she continued, after a moment. "I did not believe her—I assured her that it was nothing more than her fancy."

"I have guessed the truth?" I said, in a stern voice.

"Alas, yes, you have guessed the truth." As she spoke, she sprang with a light movement from her couch and stood before me.

"I am no more paralyzed than you are," she said; "but how, *how* do you know?"



"SHE SPRANG FROM HER COUCH AND STOOD BEFORE ME."

"Sit down and I will tell you," I replied.

She did not sit—she was far too much excited. She stood near the door of her little cabin. "Did you really hear the bottle fall and break, yesterday morning?"

"I heard a noise which might be accounted for in that way," I answered.

"And did you hear my footsteps?"

"I heard footsteps."

"Sister Hagar said that you knew—I

hoped, I hoped—I earnestly trusted that she was wrong."

"How could she possibly tell?" I replied. "I met her on the stairs coming towards the cabin. I certainly said nothing—how was it possible for her to read my secret thoughts?"

"It was quite possible. She saw the knowledge in your eyes; she gave you one glance—that was sufficient. Oh! I hoped she was mistaken."

"Mine is not a tell-tale face," I said.

"Not to most people, but it is to her. You don't know her. She is the most wonderful, extraordinary woman that ever breathed. She can read people through and through. She can stand behind you

and know when your eyes flash and your lips smile. Her knowledge is terrible. She can almost see through stone walls. I told you last night that I dreaded her—I do more than that—I fear her horribly—she makes my life a daily purgatory!"

"Sit down," I said, in a voice which I made on purpose both cold and stern: "it is very bad for you to excite yourself in this way. If you dislike Sister Hagar, why is she your nurse? In short, what can be your possible motive for going through this extraordinary act of deception? Are you not aware that you are acting in a most reprehensible manner? Why do you wish the passengers of the *Ariadne* to suppose you to be paralyzed, when you are in reality in perfect health?"

"In perfect health?"

she repeated, with a shudder. "Yes, I am doubtless in perfect bodily health, but I am in—oh, in such bitter anguish of soul."

"What do you mean?"

"I can no more tell you that, than I can tell you why I am in Sister Hagar's power. Pray forget my wild words. I know you think badly of me, but your feelings would be changed to profound pity if you could guess the truth. Now listen to me—I have only a



moment or two left, for Sister Hagar will be back almost directly. She found out yesterday that you had guessed my secret. I hoped that this was not the case, but, as usual, she was right and I was wrong. The moment my eyes met yours, when I first came on deck, I thought it likely that you might see through my deception. Sister Hagar also feared that such would be the case. It was on that account that I avoided speaking to you, and also that I remained so silent and apparently uninterested in everyone when I went on deck. I asked for this interview yesterday for the express purpose of finding out whether you really knew about the deception which I was practising on everyone on board. If I discovered that you had pierced through my disguise, there was nothing for it but for me to throw myself on your mercy. Now you know why I was so desirous of seeing you without Mr. Curwen."

"I understand," I answered. "The whole matter is most strange, wrong, and incomprehensible. Before I leave you, may I ask what motive influences you? There must be some secret reason for such deception as you practise."

Miss Sorensen coloured, and for the first time since she began to make her confession, her voice grew weak and faltering—her eyes took a shifty glance, and refused to meet mine.

"The motive may seem slight enough to you," she said; "but to me it is, and was, sufficiently powerful to make me go through with this sham. My home is not a happy one; I have a step-mother, who treats me cruelly. I longed to get away from home and to see something of life. My father's brother, Professor Sorensen, of St. Petersburg, is a very celebrated Court physician—my father is proud of him, and has often mentioned his name and the luxurious palace in which he lives. I have never met him, but I took a curious longing to pay him a visit, and thought of this way of obtaining my desires. Professor Sorensen has made a special study of nervous diseases such as paralysis. Sister Hagar and I talked the matter over, and I resolved to feign this disease in order to get away from home and to pay my uncle a visit. All went well without hitch of any sort until yesterday morning."

"But it is impossible for you to suppose," I said, "that you can take in a specialist like Professor Sorensen."

"I don't mean to try—he'll forgive me when I tell him the truth, and throw myself on his mercy."

"And is Sister Hagar a real nurse?" I asked, after a pause.

"No, but she has studied the part a little, and is far too clever to commit herself."

Miss Sorensen's face was no longer pale—a rich colour flamed in her cheeks, her eyes blazed—she looked wonderfully handsome.

"And now that you have confided in me," I said, "what do you expect me to do with my knowledge?"

"To respect my secret, and to keep it absolutely and strictly to yourself."

"That is impossible—I cannot deceive Curwen."

"You must—you shall. Why should two—two be sacrificed? And he is so young, and he knows nothing now—nothing. Oh, do have mercy on him! Oh, my God, what wild words am I saying? What must you think of me?"

She paused abruptly, her blazing eyes were fixed on my face.

"What must you think of me?" she repeated.

"That you are in a very excitable and over-strained condition, and perhaps not quite answerable for your actions," I replied.

"Yes, yes," she continued; "I am over-strained—over-anxious—not quite accountable—yes—that is it—that is it—but you will not tell Mr. Curwen—Oh, be merciful to me, I beg of you. We shall soon reach St. Petersburg. Wait, at least, until we get there before you tell him—promise me that. Tell him then if you like—tell all the world, then, if you choose to do so, but respect my secret until we reach Russia."

As Miss Sorensen spoke, she laid her hand on my arm—she looked at me with a passion which seemed absolutely inadequate to her very poor reason for going through this extraordinary deception.

"Promise me," she said—"there's Sister Hagar's knock at the door—let her in—but promise me first."

"I will think the whole case over carefully before I speak to anyone about it," I replied. I threw the door open as I spoke, and went out of the little cabin as Sister Hagar came in.

That afternoon Curwen asked me about Miss Sorensen—I replied to him briefly.

"I will tell you all about the case," I said, "in a short time—there is a mystery which the young lady has divulged, and which she has earnestly implored of me to respect until we reach St. Petersburg."

"Then you believe she can be cured?" said Curwen.

"Unquestionably—but it is a strange story, and it is impossible for me to discuss it until I can give you my full confidence. In the meantime, there is nothing to be done in the medical way for Miss Sorensen—I should recommend her to keep on deck as much as possible—she is in a highly hysterical state, and the more fresh air she gets, the better."

Curwen was obliged to be satisfied with this very lame summary of the case, and the next time I saw Miss Sorensen, I bent over her and told her that I intended to respect her secret until after we arrived at St. Petersburg.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," she said—her eyes flashed with joy, and she became instantly the most animated and fascinating woman on board.

At last we reached the great northern port, and first amongst those to come on board the *Ariadne* were the tall and aristocratic form of Professor Sorensen. I happened to witness the meeting between him and his beautiful niece. He stooped down and kissed her on her white brow. A flush of scarlet spread all over her face as he did so. They spoke a few words together—then Sister Hagar came up and touched Miss Sorensen on her arm. The next moment I was requested to come and speak to the young lady.

"May I introduce you to my uncle, Dr. Halifax?" she said. "Professor Sorensen—Dr. Halifax. I can scarcely tell you, Uncle Oscar," continued the young lady, looking full in his face, "how good Dr. Halifax has been to me during my voyage."

Professor Sorensen made a polite rejoinder to this, and immediately invited me to come to see him at his palace in the Nevski Prospect.

I was about to refuse with all the politeness I could muster, when Miss Sorensen gave me a glance of such terrible entreaty that it staggered me, and almost threw me off my balance.

"You will come; you must come," she said.

"I can take no refusal," exclaimed the

Professor. "I am delighted to welcome you as a brother in the great world of medical science. I have no doubt that we shall have much of interest to talk over together. My laboratory has the good fortune to be somewhat celebrated, and I have made experiments in the cultivation of microbes which I should like to talk over with you. You will do me the felicity of dining with me this evening, Dr. Halifax?"

I considered the situation briefly—I glanced again at Miss Sorensen.

"I will come," I said—she gave a sigh of relief, and lowered her eyes.

Professor Sorensen moved away, and Sister Hagar went into the young lady's cabin to fetch something. For a moment Miss Sorensen and I were alone. She gave me an imperious gesture to come close to her.

"Sit on that chair—stoop down, I don't want others to know," she said.

I obeyed her in some surprise.

"You have been good, more than good," she said, "and I respect you. I thank you from my heart. Do one last thing for me."

"What is that?"

"Don't tell our secret to Maurice Curwen until you have returned from dining with my uncle. Promise me this; I have a very grave reason for asking it of you."

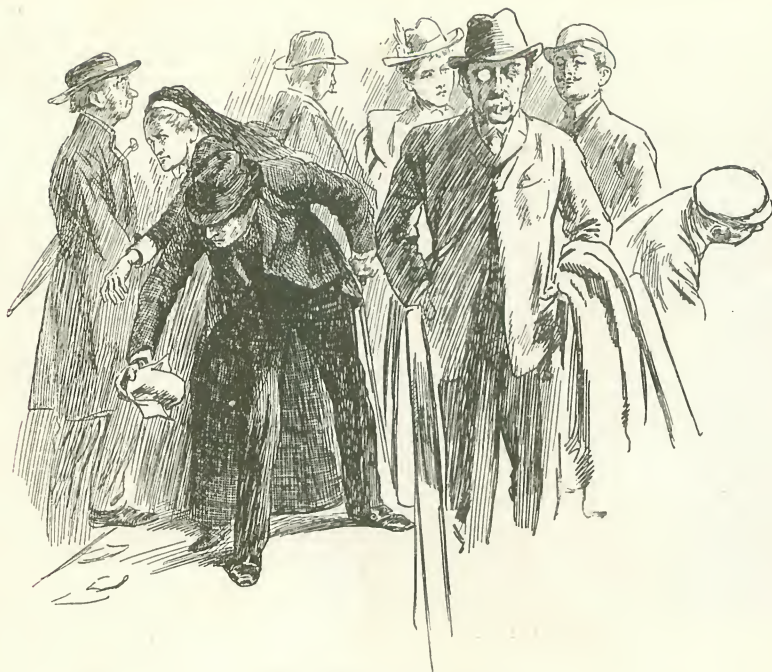
"I shall probably not have time to tell him between now and this evening," I said, "as I mean immediately to land and occupy myself looking over the place."

At this moment Sister Hagar appeared, carrying all kinds of rugs and parcels—amongst them was a small, brass-bound box, which seemed to be of considerable weight. As she approached us, the nurse knocked her foot against a partition in the deck, stumbled, and would have fallen had I not rushed to her assistance. At the same time the heavy, brass-bound box fell with some force to the ground. The shock must have touched some secret spring, for the cover immediately bounced open and several packets of papers were strewn on the deck.



PROFESSOR SORENSEN.





"I STOOPED TO PICK THEM UP."

I stooped to pick them up, but Nurse Hagar wrenched them from my hands with such force that I could not help glancing at her in astonishment. One packet had been thrown to a greater distance than the others. I reached back my hand to pick it up, and, as I did so, my eyes lighted on a name in small black characters on the cover. The name was Olga Krestofski. Below it was something which looked like hieroglyphics, but I knew enough of the Russian tongue to ascertain that it was the same name in Russ—with the figure 7 below it.

I returned the packet to the nurse—she gave me a glance which I was destined to remember afterwards—and Miss Sorensen uttered a faint cry and turned suddenly white to her lips.

Professor Sorensen came hastily up—he administered a restorative to his niece, and said that the excitement of seeing him had evidently been too much for her in her weak state. A moment later the entire party had left the yacht.

It was night when I got to the magnificent palace in the Nevski Prospect where Professor Sorensen resided.

I was received with ceremony by several servants in handsome livery, and conducted immediately to a bedroom on the first floor of the building. The room was of colossal size and height, and, warm as the weather

still was, was artificially heated by pipes which ran along the walls. The hangings and all the other appointments of this apartment were of the costliest, and as I looked around me, I could not help coming to the conclusion that a Court physician at St. Petersburg must hold a very lucrative position.

Having already made my toilet, I was about to leave the room to find my way as best I could to the reception-rooms on the ground floor, when, to my unbounded amazement, I saw

the massive oak door of the chamber quickly and silently open, and Miss Sorensen, magnificently dressed, with diamonds in her black hair and flashing round her slim white throat, came in. She had not made the slightest sound in opening the door, and now she put her finger to her lips to enjoin silence on my part. She closed the door gently behind her, and, coming up to my side, pressed a note into my hand. She then turned to go.

"What is the meaning of this?" I began.

"The note will tell you," she replied. "Oh, yes, I am well, quite well—I have told my uncle all about my deception on board the *Ariadne*. For God's sake don't keep me now. If I am discovered, all is lost."

She reached the door as she spoke, opened it with a deft, swift, absolutely silent movement, and disappeared.

I could not tell why, but when I was left once more alone, I felt a chill running through me. I went deliberately up to the oak door and turned the key in the heavy lock. The splendid bedroom was bright as day with electric light. Standing by the door, I opened Miss Sorensen's note. My horrified eyes fell on the following words:—

"We receive no mercy, and we give none. Your doom was nearly fixed when you found out the secret of my false paralysis on board the *Ariadne*. It was absolutely and irrevocably





"IF I AM DISCOVERED ALL IS LOST."

clever enough and have sufficient nerve to act as I suggest. Pay me all the attention in your power — make love to me even a little, if you like — that will not matter, for we shall never meet again after to-night. After dinner you will be invited to accompany Professor Sorensen to his laboratory — he will ask no other guest to do this. On no account refuse—go with him and I will go with you. Where

sealed when you saw my real name on the packet of letters which fell out of the brass-bound box to-day. The secret of my return to Russia is death to those who discover it unbidden.

"It is decreed by those who never alter or change that you do not leave this palace alive. It is utterly hopeless for you to try to escape, for on all hands the doors are guarded; and even if you did succeed in reaching the streets, we have plenty of emissaries there to do our work for us. You know enough of our secrets to make your death desirable—it is therefore arranged that *you are to die*. I like you and pity you. I have a heart, and you have touched it. If I can, I will save you. I do this at the risk of my life, but that does not matter—we hold our lives cheap—we always carry them in our hands, and are ready to lay them down at any instant. I may not succeed in saving you, but I will try. I am not quite certain how your death is to be accomplished, but I have a very shrewd suspicion of the manner in which the final attack on your life will be made. Your only chance—remember, your only chance of escape—is to appear to know absolutely nothing—to show not the ghost of a suspicion of any underhand practices; to put forth all your powers to fascinate and please Professor Sorensen and the guests who will dine with us to-night. Show no surprise at anything you see—ask no impertinent questions. I have watched you, and I believe you are

he goes and where I go, follow without flinching. If you feel astonishment, do not show it. And now, all that I have said leads up to this final remark. *Avoid the seventh step*. Bear this in your mind—it is your last chance.—DAGMAR."

I read this note over twice. The terrible feeling of horror left me after the second reading. I felt braced and resolute. I suspected, what was indeed the case, that I had fallen unwittingly into a hornet's nest of Nihilists. How mad I had been to come to Professor Sorensen's palace! I had fully made up my mind that Miss Sorensen had told me lies, when she gave me her feeble reasons for acting as she had done on board the *Ariadne*. No matter that now, however. She spoke the truth at last. The letter I crushed in my hand was not a lie. I resolved to be wary, guarded—and when the final moment came, to sell my life dearly.

I had a box of matches in my pocket. I burnt the note to white ash, and then crushed the ashes to powder under my foot. I then went downstairs.

Servants were standing about, who quickly directed me to the reception-rooms. A powdered footman flung the door of the great drawing-room open and called my name in a ringing voice. Professor Sorensen came forward to meet me. A lady came up at the same moment and held out her hand. She was dressed in black velvet, with rich lace and many magnificent diamonds. They shone in



her sandy hair and glistened round her thin throat. I started back in amazement. Here was Sister Hagar metamorphosed.

"Allow me to introduce my wife, Madame Sorensen," said the Professor.

Madame Sorensen raised a playful finger and smiled into my face.

"You look astonished, and no wonder, Dr. Halifax," she said. "But, ah, how naughty you have been to read our secrets." She turned away to speak to another guest. The next moment dinner was announced.

As we sat round the dinner table, we made a large party. Men and women of many nationalities were present, but I quickly perceived, to my own surprise, that I was the guest of the evening. To me was given the terribly doubtful honour of escorting Madame Sorensen to the head of her table, and in honour of me also, English—by common consent—was the language spoken at dinner.

Miss Sorensen sat a little to my left—she spoke gaily to her neighbour, and her ringing, silvery laugh floated often to my ears. There had been some little excitement caused by the bursting of a large bomb in one of the principal streets that evening. Inadvertently I alluded to it to my hostess. She bent towards me and said, in a low voice:—

"Excuse me, Dr. Halifax, but we never talk politics in Petersburg."

She had scarcely said this before she began to rattle off some brilliant opinions with regard to a novel which was just then attracting public attention in England. Her remarks were terse, cynical, and intensely to the point. From one subject of interest to another she leaped, showing discernment, discrimination, and a wide and exhaustive knowledge of everything she touched upon.

As I listened to her and replied as pertinently as possible, a sudden idea came to me which brought considerable comfort with it. I began to feel more and more assured that Miss Sorensen's letter was but the ugly result of a mind thrown slightly off its balance. The brilliant company in which I found myself, the splendid room, the gracefully appointed table, the viands and the wines of the best and the choicest, my cultivated and gracious hostess—Professor Sorensen's worn, noble, strictly intellectual face—surely all these things had nothing whatever to do with treachery and assassination! Miss Sorensen's mind was off its balance. This fact accounted for everything—for the malingering which had taken place on board the *Ariadne*

—for the queer letter which she had given to me before dinner. "*When you saw my real name to-day, your doom was irrevocably sealed,*" she said. "*Avoid the seventh step,*" she had continued. Could anything be more utterly absurd? Miss Sorensen was the acknowledged niece of my courtly host—what did she mean by attributing another name to herself?—what did she mean by asking me to avoid the seventh step? In short, her words were exactly like the ravings of a lunatic.

My heart, which had been beating uncomfortably high and strong, calmed down under these reflections, but presently a queer, cold, uncomfortable recollection touched it into fresh action as if with the edge of bare steel.

It was all very well to dispose of Miss Sorensen by treating her wild words as the emanations of a diseased brain; but what about Madame Sorensen? How was I possibly to account for her queer change of identity? I recalled her attitude on board the *Ariadne*. The malevolent glances she had often cast at me. The look on her face that very morning when I had saved her from falling, and picked up the papers which had fallen out of the brass-bound box. She had seen my eyes rest upon the name "Olga Krestofski." I could not soon forget the expression in her cold eyes when I returned her that packet. A thrill ran through me even now, as I recalled the vengeance of that glance.

The ladies withdrew, and the men of the party did not stay long over wine. We went to the drawing-rooms, where music and light conversation were indulged in.

As soon as we came in, Miss Sorensen, who was standing alone in a distant part of the inner drawing-room, gave me a look which brought me to her side. There was an imperious sort of command in her full, dark eyes. She held herself very erect. Her carriage was queenly—the lovely carnation of excitement bloomed on her cheeks and gave the finishing touch to her remarkable beauty. She made way for me to sit on the sofa beside her, and bending her head slightly in my direction, seemed to invite me to make love to her.

There was something in her eyes which revived me like a tonic.

I felt suddenly capable of rising to my terrible position, and resolved to play the game out to the bitter end.

I began to talk to Miss Sorensen in a gay tone of light badinage, to which she responded with spirit.

Suddenly, as the conversation arose full and animated around us, she dropped her voice, gave me a look which thrilled me, and said, with slow distinctness :—

"You Englishmen have pluck—I—I admire you!"

I answered, with a laugh, "We like to think of ourselves as a plucky race."

"You are! you are! I felt sure you would be capable of doing what you are now doing. Let us continue our conversation—nothing could be better for my purpose—don't you observe that Hagar is watching us?"

"Is not Madame Sorensen your aunt?" I asked.

"In reality she is no relation; but, hush, you are treading on dangerous ground."

"It is time for me to say farewell," I said, rising suddenly to my feet—I held out my hand to her as I spoke.

"No, you must not go yet," she said—she rose also—a certain nervous hesitation was observable for a moment in her manner, but she quickly steadied herself.

"Uncle Oscar, come here," she called out. Professor Sorensen happened to be approaching us across the drawing-room—he came up hastily at her summons. She stood in such a position that he could not see her face, and then gave me a look of intense warning.

When she did this, I knew that the gleam of hope which had given me false courage for a moment during dinner was at an end. There was no insanity in those lovely eyes. Her look braced me, however. I determined to take example by her marvellous coolness. In short, I resolved to do what she asked me, and to place my life in her hands.

"Uncle Oscar," said the young lady, "Dr. Halifax insists upon leaving us early; that is scarcely fair, is it?"

"It must not be permitted, Dr. Halifax," said the Professor, in his most courteous tone. "I am looking forward with great interest to getting your opinion on several points of scientific moment." Here he drew me a little aside. I glanced at Miss Sorensen: she came a step or two nearer.

"You will permit me to say that your name is already known to me," continued my host, "and I esteem it an honour to have the privilege of your acquaintance. I should like to get your opinion with regard to the bacterial theory of research. As I told you on board the *Ariadne* to-day, I have made many experiments in the isolation of microbes."

"In short, the isolation of those little horrors is my uncle's favourite occupation,"

interrupted Miss Sorensen, with a light laugh. "Suppose, Uncle Oscar," she continued, laying her lovely white hand on the Professor's arm—"suppose we take Dr. Halifax to the laboratory? He can then see some of your experiments."

"The cultivation of the cancer microbe, for instance," said Sorensen. "Ah, that we could discover something to destroy it in the human body, without also destroying life! Well, doubtless, the time will come." He sighed as he spoke. His thoughtful face assumed an expression of keen intellectuality. It would be difficult to see anyone whose expression showed more noble interest in science.

"I see all my guests happily engaged," he continued. "Shall we follow Dagmar's suggestion, then, and come to the laboratory, Dr. Halifax?"

"I shall be interested to see what you have done," I said.

We left the drawing-rooms. As we passed Madame Sorensen, she called out to me to know if I were leaving.

"No," I replied; "I am going with your husband to his laboratory. He has kindly promised to show me some of his experiments."

"Ah, then, I will say good-night, and farewell. When Oscar goes to the laboratory he forgets the existence of time. Farewell, Dr. Halifax." She touched my hand with her thin fingers; her light eyes gave a queer, vindictive flash. "Farewell, or, *au revoir*, if you prefer it," she said, with a laugh. She turned abruptly to speak to another guest.

To reach the laboratory we had to walk down more than one long corridor—it was in a wing at some little distance from the rest of the house. Professor Sorensen explained the reason briefly.

"I make experiments," he said; "it is more convenient, therefore, to have the laboratory as distant from the dwelling-house as possible."

We finally passed through a narrow covered passage.

"Beneath here flows the Néva," said the Professor; "but here," he continued, "did you ever see a more spacious and serviceable room for real hard work than this?"

He flung open the door of the laboratory as he spoke, and touching a button in the wall, flooded the place on the instant with a blaze of electric light. The laboratory was warmed with hot pipes, and contained, in addition to the usual appliances, a couple of easy chairs and one or two small tables;



also a long and particularly inviting-looking couch.

"I spend the night here occasionally," said Dr. Sorensen. "When I am engaged in an important experiment, I often do not care to leave the place until the early hours of the morning."

We wandered about the laboratory, which was truly a splendid room and full of many objects which would, on another occasion, have aroused all my scientific enthusiasm, but I was too intensely on my guard just now to pay much attention to the Professor's carefully worded and elaborate descriptions. My quick eyes had taken in the whole situation as far as it was at present revealed to me: the iron bands of the strong door by which we had entered; the isolation of the laboratory. I was young and strong, however, and Professor Sorensen was old. If it came to a hand-to-hand fight, he would have no chance against me. Miss Sorensen, too, was my friend.

We spent some time examining various objects of interest, then finding the torture of suspense unendurable, I said, abruptly: "I should greatly like to see your process of cultivation of the cancer microbes before I take my leave."

"I will show it to you," said Dr. Sorensen. "Dagmar, my love, light the lantern."

"Is it not here?" I asked.

"No; I keep it in an oven in a small laboratory, which we will now visit."

Miss Sorensen took up a silver-mounted lantern, applied a match to the candle within, and taking it in her hand, preceded us up the whole length of the laboratory to a door which I had not before noticed, and which was situated just behind Dr. Sorensen's couch. She opened it and waited for us to come up to her.

"Take the lantern and go first, Uncle Oscar," said the young lady. She spoke in an imperious voice, and I saw the Professor give her a glance of slight surprise.

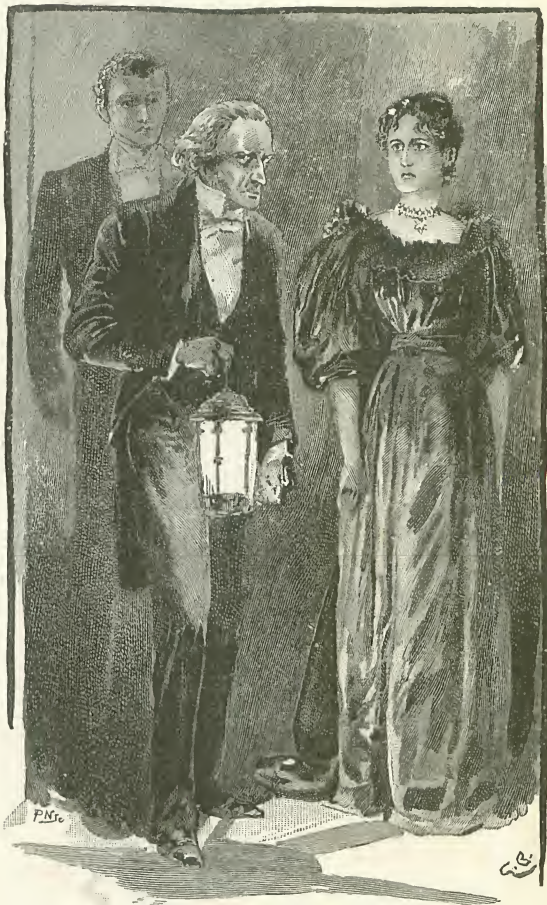
"Won't you go first, Dagmar?" he said. "Dr. Halifax can follow you, and I will come up in the rear."

She put the lantern into his hand.

"No, go first," she said, with a laugh which was a little unsteady. "No one knows your

private haunts as well as you do yourself. Dr. Halifax will follow me."

The Professor took the lantern without another word. He began to descend some narrow and steep stairs. They were carpeted, and appeared, as far as I could see through the gloom, to lead into another passage farther down. Miss Sorensen followed her uncle immediately. As he did so, she threw



"THE PROFESSOR TOOK THE LANTERN."

her head back and gave me a warning glance.

"Take care, the stairs are steep," she said. "Count them; I will count them for you. I wish, Uncle Oscar, you would have this passage properly lighted."

"Come on, Dagmar: what are you lingering for?" called the Professor.

"Follow me, Dr. Halifax," she said. Her hand just touched mine—it burnt like coal. "These horrid stairs," she said. "I really must count them, or I'll fall." She began to count immediately in a sing-song, monotonous



voice, throwing her words back at me, so that I doubt if the Professor heard them.

"One," she began, "two—three—four—five—six." When she had counted to six, she made an abrupt pause. We stood side by side on the sixth step.

"Seven is the perfect number," she said, in my ear—as she spoke, she pushed back her arm and thrust me forcibly back as I was about to advance. At the same instant, the dim light of the lantern went out, and I distinctly heard the door by which we had entered this narrow passage close behind us. We were in the dark. I was about to call out: "Miss Sorensen — Professor Sorensen," when a horrid noise fell upon my ears. It was the heavy sound as of a falling body. It went down, down, making fearful echoes as it banged against the sides of what must have been a deep well. Presently there was a splash, as if it had dropped into water.

That splash was a revelation. The body, whatever it was, had doubtless fallen into the Neva. At the same instant, Miss Sorensen's mysterious words returned to my memory: "Avoid the seventh step." I remembered that we had gone down six steps, and that as we descended, she had counted them one by one. On the edge of the sixth step she had paused, had pushed me back, and then had disappeared. The Professor had also vanished. What body was that which had fallen through space into a deep and watery grave? Miss Sorensen's mysterious remark was at last abundantly plain. *There was no seventh step* — by this trap, therefore, but for her interference, I was to be hurled into eternity.

I sank back, trembling in every limb. The

horror of my situation can scarcely be described. At any moment the Professor might return, and by a push from above, send me into my watery grave. In my present position, I had no chance of fighting for my life. I retraced my steps to the door of the upper laboratory and felt vainly all along its

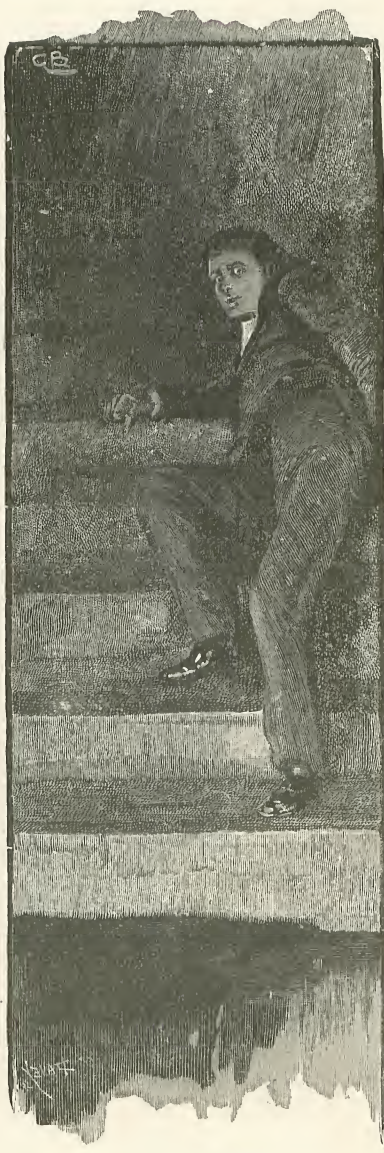
smooth, hard surface. No chance of escape came from there. I sat down presently on the edge of the first step, and waited for the end with what patience I could. I still believed in Miss Sorensen, but would it be possible for her to come to my rescue? The silence and darkness of the grave surrounded me. Was I never to see daylight again? I recalled Madame Sorensen's face when she said "farewell" — I recalled the passion of despair in Miss Sorensen's young voice. I had touched secrets inadvertently with which I had no right to meddle. My death was desired by the Invincible and the Merciless — of course, I must die. As I grew accustomed to the darkness and stillness—the stillness itself was broken by the gurgling, distant sound of running water—I could hear the flow of the Neva as it rushed past my dark grave.

At the same moment the sound of voices fell on my ear. They were just below me—I felt my heart beating almost to suffocation. I clenched my hands tightly together—surely the crucial moment had come—could I fight for my life?

The Professor's thin, polished tones fell like ice on my heart.

"We had better come back and see that all is safe," he said. "Of course, he must have fallen over, but it is best to be certain."

"No, no, Uncle Oscar, it is not necessary," I heard Miss Sorensen say. "Did you not



"I SANK BACK."



hear the sound—the awful sound—of his falling body? I did. I heard a splash as it fell into the Neva.”

“Yes, I fancy I did hear it,” answered the Professor, in a reflective voice.

“Then don’t come back—why should we? It is all so horrible—let us return to the drawing-rooms as quickly as possible.”

“You are excited, my dear—your voice trembles—what is the matter with you?”

“Only joy,” she replied, “at having got rid of a dangerous enemy—now let us go.”

Their voices died away—I could even hear the faint echo of their footsteps as they departed. I wondered how much longer I was to remain in my fearful grave. Had I the faintest chance of escaping the doom for which I was intended? Would Miss Sorensen be true to the end? She, doubtless, was a Nihilist, and as she said herself, they received no mercy and gave none. My head began to whirl—queer and desperate thoughts visited me. I felt my nerves tottering, and trembled, for a brief moment, for my reason. Suddenly a hand touched my arm, and a voice, clear, distinct, but intensely low, spoke to me.

“Thank God, you are here—come with me at once—don’t ask a question—come noiselessly, and at once. I rose to my feet—Miss Sorensen’s hot fingers clasped mine—she did not speak—she drew me forward. Once again I felt myself descending the steps. We came to the bottom of the sixth step. “This way,” she said, in a muffled tone. She felt with her hands against the wall—a panel immediately gave way, and we found ourselves in a narrow passage, with a very faint light at the farther end. Miss Sorensen hurried me along. We went round a sort of semi-circular building, until at last we reached a small postern door in the wall. When we came to it she opened it a few inches, and pushed me out.

“Farewell,” she said then. “I have saved your life. Farewell, brave Englishman.”

She was about to shut the door in my face, but I pushed it back forcibly.

“I will not go until you tell me the meaning of this,” I said.

“You are mad to linger,” she replied, “but I will tell you in a few words. Professor Sorensen and his wife are no relations of mine. I am Olga Krestofski, suspected by the police, the owner of important secrets: in short, the head of a branch of the Nihilists. I shammed illness, and assumed the name under which I travelled, in order to convey papers of vast importance to our cause, to Petersburg. Professor Sorensen, as Court physician, has not yet incurred the faintest breath of suspicion—nevertheless, he is one of the leaders of our party, and every individual with whom you dined to-night belongs to us. It was decreed that you were to die. I decided otherwise. There was, as you doubtless have discovered, *no* seventh step. I warned you, and you had presence of mind sufficient not to continue your perilous downward course beyond the edge of the sixth step.”

“But I heard a body fall,” I said.

“Precisely,” she replied; “I placed a bag of sand on the edge of the sixth step shortly after my arrival this morning, and just as I was following Professor Sorensen through the secret panel in the wall into the passage beyond, I pushed the bag over. This was necessary in order to deceive the Professor. He heard it splash into the water, and I was able to assure him that it was your body. Otherwise he would inevitably have returned to complete his deadly work. Now, good-bye—forgive me, if you can.”

“Why did you bring me here at all?” I asked.

“It was your only chance. Madame Sorensen had resolved that you were to die. You would have been followed to the ends of the earth—now you are safe, because Professor and Madame Sorensen think you are dead.”

“And you?” I said, suddenly. “If by any chance this is discovered, what will become of you?”

There was a passing gleam of light from a watery moon—it fell on Miss Sorensen’s white face.

“I hold my life cheap,” she said. “Farewell. Don’t stay long in Petersburg.”

She closed the postern door as she spoke.

## *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

XVIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A NEW HOUSE FOR THE COMMONS. THE Select Committee of the House of Commons, which last year, under the presidency of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, considered whether any and what arrangements might be made to improve the accommodation provided for members and officials of the House, and for the representatives of the Press, shrank from a larger question submitted. It was proposed that evidence should be taken with regard to moderate enlargement of the existing Chamber and its galleries. On a division, this was negatived, and the Committee proceeded to recommend certain tinkering, duly carried out during the recess.

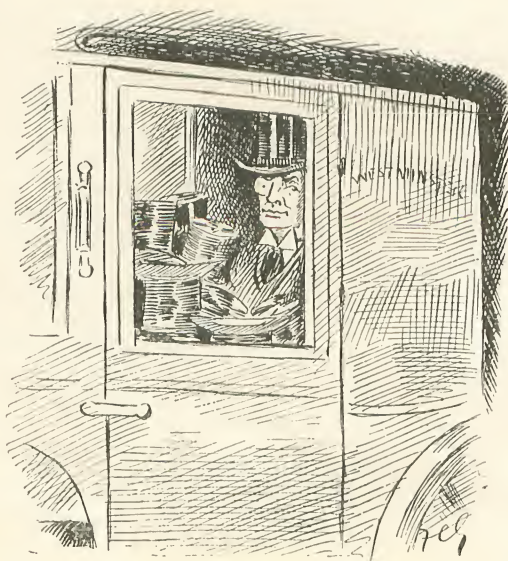
The question of a new House for the Commons comes up with unfailing regularity with every new Parliament. There is no doubt that, for the greater number of working nights in a Session, the accommodation of the present Chamber is more than ample. It is true that, knowing the Assembly when fully constituted comprises 658 members, a Chamber was deliberately built to seat 306. Beyond this, accommodation is provided in the galleries for an additional 122 members. This is well enough for gentlemen in the front row, but those in the rear can see very little and hear not much. Within the last few years, whilst the number of members has been increased to 670, accommodation for them in the galleries has

been considerably reduced by the enlargement of the Press Gallery.

Whilst, even in these conditions, "PEGGING-OUT CLAIMS," the Chamber is big enough for its ordinary purposes, there are occasions when inexorable limits of space assert themselves. The most recent example of extreme inconvenience arose on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill in the Session of 1892. As early as five in the morning members presented themselves, and by means of visiting-cards or hats allotted particular seats. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Whip of the Liberal Unionist Party, was reported to have driven into Palace Yard in a four-wheeler filled with second-hand hats, which he arranged on the benches below the gangway, "pegging-out claims" on behalf of his friends. Dr. Tanner having exhausted all available stock of hats, literally took off his coat, as Mr. Parnell once conditionally promised to do, and attempted to establish a claim for the seat it covered. That,

however, went beyond all Parliamentary precedent, and the claim was disallowed. Colonel Sanderson, coming in a little late (though seven o'clock had not yet sounded from Big Ben), finding a strange hat on his accustomed seat, with rare absence of mind sat down upon it.

The general result of the arrangement was so undesirable that at subsequent critical stages of the Bill the



UNIONIST HATS.





A SARTORIAL SACRIFICE.

Speaker gave orders that the doors of the House were not to be unlocked till noon, a restriction which chiefly had the result of postponing the scrimmage by six or seven hours. By way of increasing the accommodation, chairs were brought in and planted in double row down the floor. Not more than twenty could be so disposed of, and what were they among so many, clamorous for seats?

IN As far back  
PALMER- as 1867,  
STON'S TIME the present  
Houses of

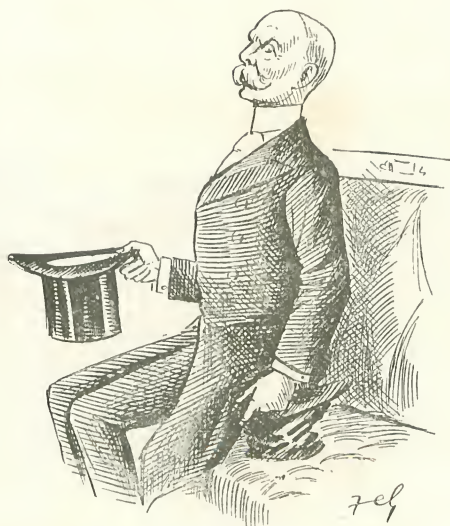
Parliament having then been in occupation for thirty-four years, it was felt that something must be done to improve and, if possible, enlarge their accommodation. In the debates of the closing years of this the Palmerston Parliament, there will be found many conversations on the subject. One suggestion which met with general favour was that the walls separating the House from the division lobbies which encircle it should be re-

moved and the space added to the Chamber. This attractive proposal was dropped upon discovery that the roof of the Chamber is supported upon the inner walls, and that in order to obtain the space devoted to the lobbies the House would practically have to be rebuilt. Another scheme provided that the walls at either end of the Chamber, under the clock and behind the Speaker's Chair, should be removed. It was estimated that this would provide additional seating accommodation for a hundred persons. Whether they would be able to hear or see is another matter.

The late Sir Thomas Bazley, at the time member for Manchester, fresh from morning service at the Tabernacle, propounded still another scheme. Behind the side galleries of the House there are corridors corresponding with the division lobbies below. Mr. Bazley (not yet Sir Thomas) proposed that these lobbies should be appropriated, the galleries of the House being extended backward till they reached the outward walls. This, he triumphantly affirmed, would give sitting room for 200 more members. It was clear that these might as well be seated within the Tabernacle itself as far as ability to follow current debate was concerned.

A C o m-  
MR. BARRY'S mittee was  
PLAN. appointed  
in 1867

with instructions to consider the whole question of the accommodation of the House. The main result was to formulate a notable plan for a new House of Commons, which caught on at the time, but has long rested forgotten in the archives of the House. It was the work of Mr. Barry, son of the architect of the Palace of Westminster, and was unanimously adopted by the Committee as providing an increase



ABSENCE OF MIND.

of accommodation in a most satisfactory manner, without involving interruption of Sessional proceedings.

I have before me a copy of the plan, certainly the best and the most practicable of a cloud of suggestions. It implies nothing more

nor less than the erection of a new House in the court adjoining the existing Chamber, known as the Commons' Court. It provides a statelier Chamber than the present, with the usual accessories for division lobbies, corridors, reading-rooms, dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, private rooms for members of the Ministry and officials, and enlarged accommodation for the Press. The new House would seat 569 members, for 419 of whom places would be found on the floor. There would be sitting room for 330 strangers, making a total of 899 persons, increasing the accommodation for members, as compared with the present House, by 141 seats, and for strangers by something like fifty.

In the present House the average width of each seat is  $20\frac{2}{3}$  in. In the new House the width of seat room provided per member would be 20 in. The shape of the proposed Chamber is octagonal, with four long and four shorter sides. Its dimensions are 67 ft. by 63 ft., and as it would be 39 ft. high, it would contain 154,300 cubic feet of space. The present Chamber is 68 ft. by 44 ft., and is 44 ft. high, containing 127,000 cubic feet of space.

#### THE SECRET OF THE CEILING.

A feature in Mr. Barry's plan which strongly recommended it to the Committee was that not only would it leave the existing Chamber undisturbed during the process of erection, and available for the sittings of the House, but when completed would utilize the present Chamber as a handsome adjunct. Last year I incidentally mentioned—what is a secret to nine-tenths, not only of visitors to the House of Commons, but of members—that the glass roof, illuminated at night, which canopies the House of Commons is not part of the original plan. When the Speaker first took the Chair in the new House of Commons, members were seated under a splendid roof, on which had been lavished the fulness of master masons' art. It soon became clear that this lofty ceiling, with its delicate chisel-work, its noble arches, and its dark recesses, was the sepulchre of speech. Here the sound of the human voice was buried, giving up the ghost amid inarticulate rumbling. The House of Lords was finished off with a roof of similar character and proportions. It remains to this day, and there are

not more than a dozen peers who can, without effort, make themselves heard throughout the Chamber. The Commons, more utilitarian, decided that, after all, speeches were more precious than the roof; a conclusion which perhaps will not be generally accepted in its entirety. The ceiling was lowered by the construction of the existing glass, the intervening space between the false ceiling and the true one coming in useful for lighting and ventilating purposes. The result was that the Chamber, at one time as difficult to speak in as is the House of Lords to-day, was transformed into a hall whose acoustical properties are unrivalled.

It was part of Mr. Barry's plan that the present House, with the glass ceiling removed and the splendid roof restored to the light of day, should be used as an approach to the new House, and as a private lobby for members. Within it would be provided post-office accommodation and rooms for the Whips, Ministerial and Opposition. Amongst other attractive details of the scheme was a refreshment room for the use alike of Lords and Commons, with a frontage to the river. Mr. Barry, probably with the sanguine temperament constitutional with architects, estimated that the new buildings might be erected at an outlay not exceeding £120,000.

THE OLD, A Select Committee having been  
OLD STORY. specially appointed to consider  
the question of a new House for



SCHOOLBOYS.



the Commons, and having unanimously recommended a particular scheme, it would seem that the next thing to do was to vote the money and get to work on the building. That is an anticipation that discloses only superficial knowledge of the House of Commons' habitude. Oftener than not the appointment of a Select Committee, or of a Royal Commission, is nothing more than a device deliberately to shelve a troublesome question. More than twenty-seven years have passed since this painstaking and prolonged inquiry was concluded. Nothing has in the meantime been done in the way of carrying out its definite, almost peremptory, recommendations. Last Session there was a slight recurrence of the unrest of members in view of their inadequate accommodation. Invariably at the opening of a new Parliament, when the withers of members are unwrung and they flock down to Westminster with the eagerness of boys admitted to a new playground, there is fresh outcry for a new House. But it dies away as the Session grows older, and the old Chamber, in which Peel has sat, Palmerston has slept, Disraeli has manœuvred, and Gladstone has thundered, still serves.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, STEEPLE-CHASE. The return to Parliamentary life of Mr. Elliott Lees suggests the possibility of re-establishing the House of Commons' Steeplechases. These were started in the Session of 1889, when, after a memorable race, Mr. Lees, then member for Oldham, rode in first amongst the light weights, repeating his victory in the following year. Mr. Cyril Flower, now Lord Battersea, actually came in first on a horse, understood to have been named "Home Rule." The circumstance that one of the Liberal Whips had ridden past the winning post on "Home Rule" was regarded at the time by adherents of that policy as a good omen. It turned out that there had been a mistake. It was not "Home Rule," but quite another horse, one disqualified by earlier achievements, which Mr. Flower had ridden. He was accordingly

disqualified, and to this day in his Dorset home Mr. Elliott Lees dines under the shadow of the huge silver cup, prize of the House of Commons' Steeplechase, none daring to make him afraid.

One circumstance calculated to UNHORSE. militate against inclination to re-establish this festival is the notable Parliamentary mortality marked in the cases of the riders in this race. Of a dozen whose names I remember, a very small proportion escaped the perils of the General Election. Only three—Mr. Bromley-Davenport, Mr. Muntz, and Mr. Frank Mildmay—rode in at the memorable struggle at the polls in the autumn of 1892. For the rest, one, Mr. Fitzwilliam, died; Mr. Cyril Flower ascended to the House of Lords, where he now beams as Lord Battersea; Mr. Western Jarvis, the most active promoter and manager of the steeplechase, did not offer himself for re-election at the General Election, an example followed by Mr. Bazley White. Of the rest, Mr. Elliott Lees, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Hermon-Hodge, Mr. Raymond Heath, and Mr. A. Pease were defeated at the poll. Mr. Walter Long got in at a by-election, and Mr. Elliott Lees has now joined him.

Dick Power never rode in any of the steeplechases which followed each other in regular succession from 1889 to 1892. But he took a keen interest in the proceedings, and at the time his earthly race was all too early closed had missed none of the House of Commons' events. Mr. Alfred Pease won the race in 1891. Mr. Frank Mildmay delighting an honest hunting constituency by winning the cup in 1892, a distinction which, as mentioned, did not at the General Election save his seat in quite another mount.

WILLIAM THE SILENT. It is piquant to hear complaints made of the taciturnity of Sir William Harcourt in his capacity of Leader of the House of Commons following upon his placid enjoyment of a hermit recess. The Chancellor of the Exchequer might well retort, in the words of the corporal administering an ordered



MR. ELLIOTT LEES, M.P.

bout of punishment to a peccant private: "Hit high or hit low, I can't please you." Time was when complaint of his manner on the Opposition Benches was directed against his, alleged, too-frequent interposition in debate. Now he is accused of provoking brevity, of contemptuous abstention from participation in debate. Speak much or speak little, he fails to please.

It is quite true that Sir William Harcourt's Parliamentary custom of to-day varies in marked manner from what it used to be, even so recently as the Session of 1893. But a great deal has happened since then. He is now Leader of the House of Commons, responsible for getting its work through. To that end he knows there is no contribution more valuable than habitual flashes of silence. The House of Commons is prone to find the key-note of its passing mood on the Treasury Bench. If the Leader is talkative, it will cheerfully respond. If he is concise, it refrains from garrulity. When, on the final day of July last year, Sir William Harcourt moved the Time Closure with the object of getting the Evicted Tenants Bill through, he, to Mr. Arthur Balfour's measureless amazement, his quite uncontrollable indignation, spoke for only five minutes.

"Never in the history of Parliament," Mr. Balfour, with clenched hands and flashing eyes, cried aloud, "has such a proposal been made in so brief a speech."

That was true; but long before midnight debate was brought to a conclusion, and the extra hour which another leader might have occupied in spinning phrases over a foregone conclusion was utilized to pass the report stage of a batch of Supply.

Sir William  
MR. Harcourt's  
DISRAELI. plan of campaign as  
Leader of the House of Commons is avowedly based on a study of Mr. Disraeli's manner whilst he occupied the same position. The member for Oxford in the Parliament of 1874 was, in spite of political differences, on terms of personal intimacy with the Conser-

vative chief. They said many good things to each other. One of Disraeli's apothegms falling on attentive ears lives in practice at this day. "A successful Leader of the House of Commons," said Mr. Disraeli, "should, in degree, order his procedure by the nursery formula for the direction of a child admitted to the company of his elders. He should be seen, but not heard."

That was a principle faithfully carried into practice by its promulgator. He was the most patient and the most constant attendant on the business of the House. However dull might be the proceedings, he was there to watch their course. Hour after hour he sat with arms folded, legs crossed—"Like a Crusader on a tombstone," Beresford-Hope, who did not unreservedly admire him, once spitefully, but *sotto voce*, observed—head bent down, eyes that seemed to sleep, but missed no movement in any part of the House. Whole pages of *Hansard*, covering successive nights of a Session during his leadership, may be glanced over without evidence of his presence beyond an answer extracted from him at question time. His idea was that the Leader of the House of Commons should occupy something of the position of editor on a well-regulated newspaper.

It is that able person's business to get the best possible work out of his staff, confining his own labour to inspiration, direction, and revision. Disraeli, holding his colleagues responsible for the affairs of their several departments, let them speak for them in the House of Commons.

AN  
EXTREME  
CASE.

This principle was sorely tried when, in the Session of 1876, Sir Charles Adderley, as President of the Board of Trade, had charge of the Merchant Shipping Bill. Rarely has such a muddle been seen since Parliaments began. It culminated in the famous

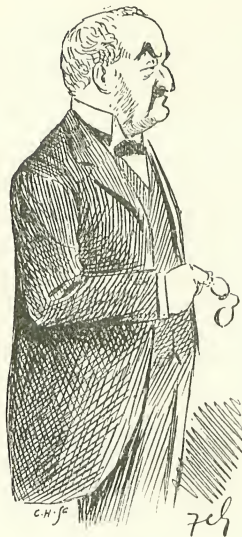
episode when Mr. Plimsoll broke out and, as was written at the time, stood on one leg on the floor of the House and shook his fist at the Speaker. After that, poor Sir Charles



INDIGNATION.



Adderley was obviously impossible. Still, the Premier scrupulously refrained from any overt act of super-session. Only Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir John Holker, then Attorney-General, were told off to sit, one on either side of him, through the long nights when the Bill was in Committee. With their aid the Bill, wholly transformed, passed through the House, and as soon as possible, having due regard to



LORD NORTON.

decency, Sir Charles Adderley was made a peer, with the title of Lord Norton.

It is little wonder that Mr. W.

MR. W. H. H. Smith, who, regarded as a SMITH. Minister, was almost literally "brought up by hand" in the

Disraeli nursery, should, when he came to be Leader of the House, remember his old master's lessons. Though in no other-wise comparable with Parliamentary giants of his own or other days, Mr. Smith was, undoubtedly, one of the most successful Leaders the House has known. Like Mr. Disraeli, he was always on the spot. If not actually on the Treasury Bench, whence he was rarely missed, he was in his room, within sound of the division bell or call of the messenger. Also like the Master, he appreciated the relative value of speech and silence. Though the Leader of the House may strategically refrain from lengthening debate by interposing speeches in supplement of the Minister in charge of Bill or motion, it is (or was) expected of him that he should wind up the debate. In times when Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone faced each other across the table, no important debate was concluded till the Leader of the Opposition had delivered a set speech, and the Leader of the House had elaborately replied.

Mr. Smith invariably excused himself from observance of this custom. Mr. Gladstone, as Leader of the Opposition, might fire a parting volley into a passing Bill. The Leader of the House left the duty of replying to the Minister in charge of the measure, he

sitting applaudive by his side. This habit led to abatement of excitement as compared with the immediate preparation for an important division in earlier days. But the division took place a little earlier, and the practical result, as far as figures went, was precisely the same.

Mr. Gladstone, whether as Leader MR. of the House or as Leader of the GLADSTONE. Opposition, differed wholly from the model set up by his long-time rival. So restless was his energy, so minute his knowledge, so boundless his vocabulary, that, even to the last, he found it impossible to abstain from taking the lead in whatever debate went forward. Had Mr. Disraeli, in the process of evolution, found himself Leader of a Government pledged to the Home Rule Bill, and had he had a Chief Secretary so capable and enthusiastic as Mr. John Morley, he would, have left the direct charge of the Bill to his colleague, holding himself in reserve, as Napoleon was wont to hold the Imperial Guard. It was reported at the opening of the Session that, whilst the Premier would personally introduce the Bill, he would thereafter, more especially in Committee, leave its conduct to Mr. Morley. Perhaps, being constitutionally of a sanguine mood, he thought that was possible. When put to the test, he found irresistible the temptation to be ever in his place through Committee, watchful, alert, convincing out of all proportion to necessity, replying to a captious nonentity with as painstaking precision and force of argument as he answered Mr. Balfour or Mr. Goschen.

In his translation of the "Odes of Horace," a work completed, I believe, before sunset on the very day he resigned the Premiership, Mr. Gladstone expresses the opinion that "the translation of Horace should carry compression to the farthest practicable point." That is a principle he reserved for the classics and denied to the Commons. Through the prolonged debate on the Home Rule Bill of 1893, as the Premier pounced upon some immaterial person below the gangway and rent his assertion to shreds, one often thought of the eagle catching flies. It was magnificent, but it was not war. Frequently the direct effect of the Premier's interposition was to revive a flagging debate and postpone by an hour or an evening a division which, had he restrained himself, might forthwith have been taken. Sir William Harcourt has had the advantage of personally studying both manners of conduct-



MR. GLADSTONE AND THE FLY.

ing business in the House of Commons. Observation of the Gladstonian has confirmed his conviction of the sounder principle that underlies the Disraelian.

**IRISH MEMBERS ; OLD STYLE.** The most notable feature in the thirteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria, as far as it has gone, is the self-effacement of the Irish members. Peers who chanced to sit in the Parliaments of 1874 or 1880, looking in now on the old familiar scene, scarcely recognise it. In those days no debate was complete without contributions from at least a dozen of the Irish members. A case that occurs to the mind dates back just eighteen years. The Government had brought in a Bill proposing the Federation of the South African Colonies ; this was a subject, it was reasonable to suppose, not specially attractive for the Irish members. That assumption only showed how limited, at the time, was knowledge of the possibilities of Irish eloquence. The House having got into Committee on the South African Bill, the formal motion that the preamble be postponed was made. Thereupon Mr. O'Donnell blandly interposed. There followed a scene in which Mr. Parnell had "his words taken down," and a condition of affairs supervened which culminated in a sitting of twenty-six hours. That has been beaten since, but it was thought much of at the time.

**NEW STYLE.** Since those days the capacity of the Irish member, apparently without an hour's preparation, to talk on any subject that comes uppermost, has been frequently vindicated. In the Salisbury Parliament, which preceded that now sitting, they, falling more into line with the regular Opposition, moderated their oratorical ardour. Since the General Election of 1892 returned

Mr. Gladstone to power with the Home Rule flag nailed to the Ministerial mast, the Irish members have developed an almost uncanny ability to forego speech-making. To the ordinary representative of Irish Nationalist politics, this vow of silence must be a severe discipline. What it must be for Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. T. Healy, and, above all, for Mr. Sexton, no tongue can tell and few imaginations can conceive. To sit silent night after night, week after week, whilst others talk at large, is an ordeal the patient standing of which testifies to possession of high courage and marvellous self-command.

During the debates on the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Healy hit upon a plan which Mr. Arthur Balfour, whilst not approving, admitted was desirable from the point of view of a safety valve. When any particularly provocative speech was made against the Bill, Mr. Healy punctuated its delivery with more or less pertinent remarks. It is an ordinary habit of members to jot down comment or criticism, as they suggest themselves in listening to a speech they propose to answer. Mr. Healy, in accordance with the Irish Parliamentary Plan of Campaign, did not propose to answer anyone by set speech. It was, therefore, no use jotting down observations as they occurred to him. Accordingly he let them fly forthwith, a proceeding which, though not lacking in interest, was somewhat embarrassing even to so practised a speaker as Mr. Balfour. Still, he recognised a certain utility in the habit, since, as he put it, there was every prospect of the hon. gentleman bursting if it were not for this safety valve of exclamation.

Mr. O'Brien, who up to the epoch of the Boulogne expedition was one of the most prominent and most passionate participants in debate, now finds it possible to sit through a long evening without uttering a sentence. He somewhat unexpectedly broke silence last Session, interposing in debate arising out of the conflict between Lords and Commons on the Evicted Tenants Bill. It was interesting to note how with withdrawal from practice he seems to have lost his former hold on the House. Even when — perhaps because when — he faced an assembly the vast majority of which was angrily hostile, he has commanded its attention, sometimes controlled its conviction, by the strength of his argument and the power of his eloquence. The transformation in these respects marked by his carefully-



prepared speech on the Evicted Tenants Bill was painfully notable.

THE  
HARDEST  
CASE  
OF ALL.

Of all Irish members this spell of comparative silence is most remarkable in Mr. Sexton. For some years he did his best to spoil his own reputation. With the Irish question in all its phases at his finger-ends, a keen debater, a felicitous phrase-maker, capable on occasion of rising to heights of genuine eloquence, he swamped himself and his audience in floods of immeasurable verbosity. Under the new condition of affairs, pledged not to assist the Opposition in the design he and his friends alleged against them of

indefinitely postponing Home Rule by talking against time, he, above all men, was bound to circumscribe the number and the length of his speeches. The undesigned consequence has been most beneficial. Of late, his contributions to debate, rare in number and condensed in bulk, have been listened to with pleasure and approval by crowded Houses. To influence votes in the House of Commons by speech-making has long been recognised as beyond the range of custom, if not of possibility. Mr. Sexton's speeches, in his later and better manner, if they have not achieved the impossible, have not infrequently at least influenced the course of debate.



VOWS OF SILENCE.

## An Ocean Graveyard.

### A MYSTERY OF THE ATLANTIC.

By J. LAURENCE HORNIBROOK.



WE never knew his real name. Everyone called him Captain George; and Captain George he remained, from the first day he entered Landport Harbour, until the night I parted from him in Plymouth Sound, about four years later. His arrival at Landport was announced in the *Northern Post and Shipping Gazette* in this manner:—

Landport, Sunday.—Steam yacht *Wanderer* arrived from Stockton, with machinery damaged. Owner, Captain George.

What was he like? Well, if you had put the question to the gentry of the place, some

was looked upon as a bold, gallant sailor, who loved the sea and everything connected with it—a man we all admired and looked up to.

He frequently put into Landport after that—at odd times, summer and winter—but came round regularly every June. He never made friends in the place, and few acquaintances. People still held pretty much the same opinion concerning him. On different occasions, as he passed along by the sea-wall, I have seen more than one lovely head turned to take a sly look at his tall figure, and heard the whisper:—

“There’s that strange man, Captain George. Isn’t he handsome?”



“ISN'T HE HANDSOME?”

would have answered it with a shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say they couldn't well make him out; others would have told you he seemed a haughty, reserved, stand-off sort of man. If you had asked any of the young ladies, you would very likely have heard that he was “charming,” but that they believed him to be a pirate chief in disguise, or some nonsense of that kind. Among us divers he

Towards the end of August I was engaged with two other divers to remove cargo from the steamer *Magellan*, which had run on an outlying reef about twenty miles down the coast. The surveyor of the Landport Salvage Association, Captain Lorton, was in charge of the wreck, and had orders to make a push to get her cleared out while the weather held fine. We put up at a neighbouring village, a



place called St. Nevin, a pretty little spot hidden away at the top of a small, land-locked bay.

On the third morning it was blowing rather fresh. While I was waiting in the little parlour of the "Mariner's Rest"—the only thing in the shape of an hotel of which St. Nevin could boast—Captain Lorton came in. He went up to the barometer on the wall, tapped it, and said :—

"Glass falling : this breeze will freshen during the day, and most likely run up to a gale before night. If it does, there won't be much of the *Magellan* left by morning, Lawrenceson. At any rate, it would be too risky to venture out with the wind rising in this way."

About twelve o'clock I noticed a considerable stir amongst the fishermen on the beach. Looking seaward, I saw a large steam yacht entering the bay. I recognised her at once. It was the *Wanderer*.

Captain George came on shore during the afternoon, and looked in to the "Mariner's Rest." It seemed he had heard of the wreck, and was anxious to visit the scene of the disaster.

"It's blowing hard outside," he said, "and very thick, too. I saw the fishing boats running in for Widmouth this morning, a sure sign of dirty weather at sea. We're in for a stiff sou'-wester, I fancy, and I shouldn't be surprised if it brought down the rain before evening."

He was right. As the wind increased, a thick mist crept up from the sea, and presently a sudden squall drove a torrent of rain against the window. There were just six of us present : myself, the two other divers, Moxly and Williams, Captain Lorton, Captain George, and a Captain Linklater, a retired master mariner, who lived in St. Nevin.

We had a ccsy fire in the room, for the weather was unusually cold, and sat round it spinning yarns. The heat inside and the cold without had dulled the glass of the window, so that it almost looked as if it had been muffed. We could hear the crash of the billows on the beach below, followed by a deep rumble, like distant thunder, as the backward rush of the water tore the loose shingle from the beach.

"It's well you won't be at sea to-night, Captain George," I remarked, in a pause of the conversation.

"I'm half sorry to miss it," he returned, getting up and approaching the window. He cleared a space on the glass, and stood

looking out over the bay. "There's nothing I like better than driving full speed through a gale," he went on, "provided I have a good sea-boat under me, and no fear of a dangerous coast lying under my lee."

"Aye, the're worse dangers at sea than storms," put in Captain Linklater.

"I'm inclined to agree with you there," said Captain Lorton. "When I had command of a North Atlantic boat, I'd rather have faced a three-day gale than be walled up for ten hours in a fog. A gale of wind is a straightforward, honest kind of thing ; you can see at a glance how matters stand, and know where the danger lies. But Heaven defend me from a fog ! I always felt like a child out in a strange place on a dark night, groping my way along, and never knowing at what moment I might bump up against some obstruction."

"The're worse dangers than fogs," returned the old captain, blinking his eyes at the fire, and smoking very hard.

"Icebergs ?"

"Worse still."

"Derelicts ?"

"Worse."

"What, then ?"

"Rocks."

"Rocks !" exclaimed the surveyor. "Why, you have them plainly marked on your chart, and know exactly where to expect them."

"Aye, but when they are *not* marked on your chart, and you come across them where you *don't* expect them !" the other replied, in a rather mysterious manner.

I noticed that Captain George had turned from the window, and was listening attentively to the conversation.

"I should like to know where such a rock exists !" said Captain Lorton, in a way that showed plainly he had very little faith in anything of the kind.

"Well, I'll tell you," returned the old skipper, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and laying it on the mantelshelf. "It exists in the broad Atlantic—out in mid-ocean—somewhere between the Azores and the coast of Nova Scotia."

"A pretty wide range that," remarked Captain Lorton.

"Yes ; but a dangerous one."

Linklater stood up, turned his back to the fire, and seemed striving to recall some half-forgotten facts. Every eye was fixed upon his weather-beaten face ; we saw he had a strange story to tell.

"It is a well-known fact," he began, "that every year three or four vessels—sometimes



"HE HAD A STRANGE STORY TO TELL."

more—disappear in the Atlantic, and their fate has always remained a mystery. As far back as 1841, the *President* sailed from New York for Liverpool, in charge of one of the most skilful navigators of the day, Captain Roberts, the man who commanded the *Sirius*, the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic. She foundered in mid-ocean with all hands. In 1846 the *Savannah*, an American sailing ship, left New Orleans for Bristol. She was sighted off the Bahamas, but from that day to this nothing more was heard of her. In 1850 the *Southern Cross* disappeared in the same manner. A few years later an emigrant steamer—the *Nomad*, I think—went down with 800 souls, and the cause of the disaster was never known. Between 1860 and 1870 no fewer than eighteen vessels disappeared in the same mysterious way. Coming down to a later date, we have the *Crusader*—the old *Crusader*, I mean—the *Cleptic*, the *White Slave*, the *Ontario*, an American liner, and a host of others. In 1890 we have the *Erin*, of the National line; the Italian barque, *Silvio*, which sailed from Holyhead in January of that year, and was subsequently spoken in the North Atlantic;

the *Thanemore*, a British steamer; and the *Roman Empire*, a splendid iron ship, which was passed on the 11th June by a homeward-bound vessel, and reported 'All well.' But, perhaps, the strangest case of all was that of the German ship, the *Maria Rickmers*, about which there has been so much talk lately in the shipping world."

"I remember hearing of her," said Captain Lorton. "She was a five-masted barque, I think, and said to be the largest sailing ship afloat."

"Well, this magnificent vessel, fully manned, and in charge of experienced officers, sailed from Saigon for Bremen on the 15th July, 1892. It was only her second voyage, mind you. She was sighted in the Atlantic, about 300 miles west of the Azores, and the total disappearance of such a ship, in comparatively fine weather, is one of the most remarkable of these ocean mysteries. From all those vessels, not one soul escaped to tell of the disaster, and save in one or two instances, not even a boat or life-buoy belonging to them was picked up. How did they disappear? You will say they foundered in a



gale; possibly some of them might have done so, but not all. How do you account for the fact that dozens of other vessels crossed the Atlantic in safety at the very same time, often without encountering unusually bad weather?"

"It seems strange, certainly," remarked Moxly.

"It just comes to this," continued the skipper, in a rather excited way, for he was now thoroughly warmed into the subject; "it just comes to this: an unknown danger lay in the path of those vessels—or some of them, at any rate; they came upon it suddenly, perhaps in the dead of night, when they were least prepared, and the result was an appalling disaster."

"But I don't see how all this proves the existence of a mid-Atlantic rock," said Captain Lorton.

"Wait a minute, I'm coming to that presently," replied Linklater. "In '76 I was bound from Pensacola, in Florida, to Falmouth, with a cargo of grain. My vessel, the barque *St. Kilda*, of Sunderland—afterwards wrecked, you may remember, off Cape Hatteras—was not what you might call a clipper, though a good, safe boat in a heavy sea. Her qualities were well tested on that voyage, at any rate; we came in for one of the stiffest gales I ever encountered in the Atlantic. After trying to hold her on her course for some hours, I had to give it up as a bad job, and let her drive. We ran away before the wind for the best part of two days, in a nor'-westerly direction.

"When the gale slackened a bit I got the vessel round, and commenced to beat back to our former course. It was still blowing fresh enough, the sea running high, and the clouds showing signs of more wind, so we had to be sparing with our canvas. One night, just as I was about to go below and turn in, the man in the bows suddenly sang out:—

"'Breakers ahead!'

"My first impression was that the fellow had got hold of a rum cask, and had been imbibing pretty freely. I took no notice of the warning, but as I stood there the man turned and shouted, in more startling tones:—

"'Breakers ahead, sir!'

"Now, if he had said, 'The sea-serpent ahead,' or 'A mermaid ahead,' I mightn't have been so surprised, but 'Breakers ahead'—in mid-ocean, mind you—fairly took my breath away. I rushed forward. As I stood in the bows, peering out over the tossing waters, I could distinctly hear the roar of breakers somewhere in front.

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"The moon was showing out through the broken clouds, and just then I caught sight of a dark spot straight ahead, round which the water swirled and tossed. I had barely time to halloo out 'Hard a-port!' to the helmsman, in order to clear it. Without any mistake it was a rock; I could see its black top appear for a second or two, and then it was covered in a cloud of foam. Sometimes a big wave swept right over it, but generally they smashed with a roar that I can tell you would have struck terror to your heart."

A dead silence followed this extraordinary story. It had been told in such a way as to convince us there was something in it; even Captain Lorton appeared to ponder over the facts. After a long pause, Moxly said:—

"I remember once hearing an old Scotch skipper from Dundee tell pretty much the same story."

It was plainly to be seen that Linklater's strange yarn had made a deep impression upon every man present. After that last remark, no one spoke. Perhaps if it had been told under different circumstances, it might not have taken such a hold upon us; but, somehow, the pounding of the billows on the beach, the rumble of shingle, and the furious gusts of wind that sent the rain dashing against the window, seemed to deepen the effect.

"What do you think of all this, Captain George?" I said, at length, turning towards him.

"I think Captain Linklater is right," he answered.

"You believe in this mysterious rock, then?"

"I have seen it."

"Well, if that Scotch skipper could be found, three of us could bear witness to the fact, at any rate," remarked Linklater.

"It may be as you say, of course," said Captain Lorton, doubtfully. "But how is it, if such a rock really exists, it has remained so long unknown?"

"I have my own theory as to that," replied Captain George.

"Would you mind giving us the benefit of it?"

"My belief is this: that rock appears and disappears at intervals."

"Impossible!"

"Why so? How can you or I tell what goes on in the bed of the ocean? It is a sealed book to us. We are told there are hills and valleys there, just the same as on land. How do we know what forces are at work in those submarine tracts? In South



América, and other parts, an earthquake will change the whole face of a district in half an hour. If such an alteration can take place on land, who dare venture to say it cannot occur at the bottom of the sea?"

"I should be slow to believe it," said the surveyor.

"Look at the Pacific," continued Captain George, who appeared strangely interested in this question. "There you will find that not only a rock, but a whole island, will come to the surface in a single week. If you go to look for it a month later, most likely it will have vanished. What is to prevent a thing of this kind happening nearer home? Why, only the other day the hull of a brig, which had been burnt at sea fifty years ago, was thrown up off the Faroe Islands, and towed into Galveston Harbour. How do you account for that?"

The question led to a pretty lively discussion, and it was eight o'clock before the party broke up. By that time the rain had ceased, and the wind was dying down. Captain George asked for a lantern to signal the *Wanderer* to send a boat on shore.

"Come on board with me, Lawrence-son," he said, as he was leaving. "I want to have a chat with you about this matter we have just been discussing."

When we reached the wet, slippery deck of the yacht, he led the way into the saloon, turned up the lamps, and pointed to a chair near the table. I sat down. He folded his arms, and walked backwards and forwards with a gloomy look.

"A snug cabin this, Captain George," I said, glancing around.

"Rather too large for my taste," he replied; "but one requires a roomy boat when their home is on the sea. It is strange, Lawrence-son, what disappointment will do for a man; it drives some to drink, some to a monastery, and some to an asylum. It has driven me to the sea."

I didn't exactly know what to say, for I had never seen him in one of these dark moods before, and thought it best to remain silent.

"Well," he said, presently, brightening up a bit, "I didn't bring you off here to listen to my growling. About this rock. You heard what Linklater had to say; though,

perhaps, you may think he was mistaken. He was not. I can give you pretty fair evidence of its existence."

He went to a sort of writing-table at the head of the saloon, unlocked one of the drawers, and took out a piece of torn, discoloured paper.

"Read this," he said, laying it on the table before me. "You can take it on shore if you like, and show it to your surveyor. I think it will convince him."



W. X. Symonds.

"READ THIS!"

The writing was blotched and blurred, as if the paper had been under water a considerable time. Nevertheless, I had little difficulty in making it out. I have that scrap of paper still; I keep it with a few other curious relics of the sea. Here it is:—

"'Nevada' struck unknown rock in mid-ocean. God have mercy upon us! We are all lost.—H. B. West, Elmira, U.S."

"A strange message," said Captain George, "and it came into my hands in a very singular way. Some years ago I was cruising off the west coast of Ireland. One morning we put out a trawl, and in making a haul we captured an enormous codfish.



When the cook opened it, he found in the maw a silver match-box, a plain gold ring, and a small case of cedar-wood. That case, which bore the initials 'H. B. W.,' contained this scrap of paper. Though the water had soaked into it, I fancy it must have been floating when the greedy fish got hold of it. I infer this from the fact that there was an inch or so of string hanging from the case, as if it had been originally attached to a bottle, a piece of cork, or something of that kind."

"The *Nevada*!" I said, repeating the name. "I fancy I remember hearing of that vessel."

"Very likely," he replied. "She was an Atlantic boat, running between Boston and London. If I'm not mistaken, she was lost in '78; another of those ocean mysteries, you see, for her fate is still a matter of mere conjecture in the shipping world."

"I suppose you endeavoured to trace the friends or relatives of this Mr. West?—for it looks like a man's handwriting."

"Not I. What good would it have done? His friends or relatives, if he had any, had long ago given him up for lost; why should I open an old wound?"

"But, at any rate, you communicated with the owners of the vessel?"

"I did nothing of the kind. I should only have brought their representative down upon me; probably he would have followed me from port to port, and I had no fancy to be pestered in that way. Very possibly a newspaper man would have been set on my track, and I couldn't have given *him* the slip so easily. If he failed to find me in port, he would have started off in chase of the *Wanderer*, and tried to interview me on the high seas—as one of them did, you remember, in the case of Captain Morrell, of the *Missouri*."

"So you kept this information entirely to yourself?"

"I made good use of it. I went and searched for that rock; and I found it."

"Where does it lie?"

"You shall see for yourself; that is, if you agree to a proposition I have to make. When I discovered the position of the rock I determined, some day or other, to make a careful survey of the spot on my own account, by sending down a diver to examine its formation. The conversation this afternoon has revived my—well, whim, fad, or whatever you like to call it. I am ready to set out on the expedition whenever I can find a diver bold enough—"

"I'm your man, Captain George!" I exclaimed.

"Good: I couldn't ask for better. I think you will find it as profitable employment as staying at home and taking your chance of wrecks. This is not exactly the best time of year for the enterprise, but no matter! It will take a week or so to get the *Wanderer* properly fitted out, and ship sufficient stores. Can you be ready within ten days?"

I told him I had no other work in view once we had finished with the *Magellan*, and, after that day's storm, I fully expected she would give us little further trouble.

"I will drop into Landport at the end of next week," he said. "Meanwhile, keep this project to yourself; I don't want it talked about, or to have any fuss made in the newspapers."

He accompanied me on deck, the boat was hauled up alongside, and I returned to the shore. When I awoke next morning, and looked out over the bay, the *Wanderer* was gone.

On the 17th of September we commenced our remarkable voyage. I felt somewhat depressed, I don't know why, at leaving home on that occasion. There was something attractive in the idea of solving this great Atlantic mystery, which, if it really existed, must have caused untold disasters. Still, I was not altogether carried away by Captain George's views, and entertained considerable doubt as to our success. But upon one point I had fully made up my mind: if the rock was there, my first duty on returning to England would be to make the fact known far and wide, so that the fatal spot might be marked on the charts of every nation.

We put into Queenstown on our way out, to get a full supply of water, and I had an opportunity of admiring the extent of this magnificent harbour, which I now saw for the first time.

We were soon at sea again, and steered west-sou'-west for several days. We sighted some of the big Atlantic liners in the distance. One evening a huge Cunarder passed within a mile or so of us, her funnels belching out columns of smoke that trailed away far behind.

"Making a rush with the mails," Captain George remarked, as we watched her.

That night, before turning in, we saw the lights of another steamer on our starboard bow, and waited on deck to get a view of her as she passed. When she came up abreast of the yacht, and I gazed at the long, dark outline of her hull, studded with rows of electric lights, I could scarcely bring myself to believe it was a ship. It looked more like a small

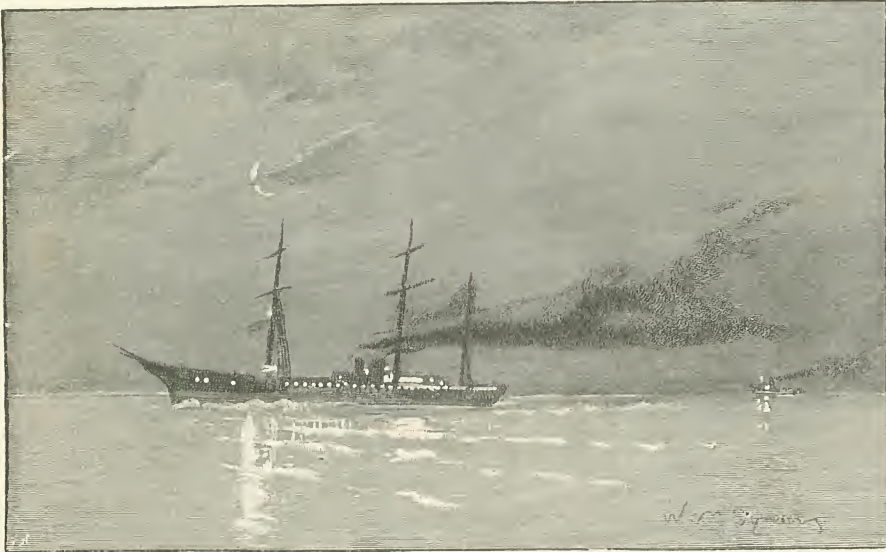
seaport when seen from the water on a clear night. She was going ahead at tremendous speed — probably between twenty-one and twenty-two knots an hour.

"A race!" said Captain George. "Depend upon it, she is trying to overhaul the *Cunarder*."

Next day it was blowing rather fresh, and

down. Captain George stood on the bridge, and for upwards of an hour he took entire charge of the vessel, altering the course from time to time. Then he gave the signal to stop.

The men in the bows were ready with the anchor, and presently I heard it splash into the water. We were provided with a special



"A RACE!"

we had a choppy sea. It struck me as strange that, up to the present, Captain George had made no direct reference to the object of our voyage. That morning, however, after breakfast, he said to me:—

"We must take our bearings at noon, *Lawrenceson*, or we may overshoot the mark."

We did so, and when we had picked out our position on the chart, the course was altered to sou'-sou'-west. This brought us more out of the track of Atlantic steamers, though we still sighted a number of sailing ships. I noticed that Captain George kept a close eye on the chart during the next few days.

One morning, when he had made the usual daily reckoning, he came down into the saloon with a paper in his hand, upon which was marked the latitude and longitude.

"Get your diving-gear ready, *Lawrenceson*," he said. "You'll want it before long."

"Is the rock in sight?"

"No; nor likely to be. Probably it is submerged, as I believe is generally the case, though at what depth is another question. All the same, we are not far off it."

That evening the engines were slowed

deep-sea cable, but I was rather surprised to find the depth was not so great as I had fancied. Captain George descended from the bridge and joined me.

"To-morrow morning we will get the long-boat out, if the weather holds fine," he said. "You will have to proceed more to the south before you make your first descent."

I confess I did not sleep much that night. My mind was too full of the mystery of this ocean rock. Was the story true? Did the terrible spot really lie within reach of us? If so, what an appalling sight would meet my view when I stood beneath it, and gazed around at the havoc it had wrought! I felt I might be on the verge of some startling discovery.

I lay awake till long after midnight. Then I determined to get up and go on deck. As I passed Captain George's cabin, I could tell by his heavy breathing that he was sleeping soundly. I moved on, and stepped out into the cool night air.

How well I can recall the scene from the *Wunderer's* deck at that silent hour! The moon was on the wane; she was wading slowly through a mass of dark clouds, emerg-



ing occasionally to flood the ocean with her silver light. Not a sound was to be heard save the melancholy moan of the sea, or the splash of the water against the yacht's side. There was a man in the bows, but evidently the scene had little attraction for him. I could hear a faint "Heigh-ho!" now and then, apparently following a deep yawn, and saw him cast an occasional look at the moon as if to mark how the time was going. It was three o'clock before I returned to my berth.

In the morning I felt more like myself; perhaps I was too busy with my preparations to think much of anything else. Following Captain George's directions, we rowed away to the south, and when we got about half a mile from the yacht, I went down.

On reaching the bottom, I stood for a minute or two looking around me. Which direction should I take? I struck out to the right, and made a wide circle, but there was nothing unusual to be seen. The bed was hard—rising and dipping here and there, with loose rock lying about, and hardly any weeds. I paused again. I tried to remember in what direction the yacht lay, and moved, as I thought, away from her. I walked on and on, until it was time to ascend, and on getting to the surface found I had wandered east of the vessel.

"Try further south this afternoon," said Captain George, when I made my report. "By-the-way, what did those loose rocks look like?"

"Most of them were rough and jagged," I replied. "In some places they were thrown together in heaps, and in others only two or three were to be seen."

"Ah, I thought so! Don't despair, Lawrenceson, you're not far from the mark."

At three o'clock I made a second descent, a good deal further to the south. Soon after I touched the bottom, I found something that aroused my interest. It was an iron stanchion, evidently torn from a vessel which must have foundered close at hand. I went on, and then stood still.

What was it made me pause? I scarcely knew at first, but I had a sort of instinctive feeling that I was near some unseen danger. I moved on very cautiously, and halted a second time. With a strange sense of awe stealing over me, I became aware of a singular circumstance, for which I could not account. There was a slight but peculiar tremor in the water around me, much like the vibration in the air after a distant peal of thunder. Once

or twice, too, I fancied I felt a faint heaving in the ground under my feet.

It was some little time before I could bring myself to proceed. I walked first ahead, then to the left, then to the right, and back again towards the point from which I had started. I made no further discovery. Sometimes the tremulous motion in the water seemed to grow more distinct; frequently it died away until it was hardly perceptible. I was puzzled. I thought it better to go up, and see whether Captain George could give any explanation of this singular occurrence.

"You were within reach of the rock," he said, when he had heard what I had to tell. "The next time you go down, try and ascertain from what point that tremor proceeds. Follow in this direction; it will lead you to your goal."

The next morning I set out again. I was now thoroughly bent upon pushing on with the search, no matter what risks might lie in the way. I had placed a buoy over the spot where I had descended the previous day, and told the men to keep rowing slowly to the south while I was under water, for that was the direction I determined to take.

I still noticed that strange tremor I have described, but I soon grew accustomed to it, and walked boldly ahead. As I proceeded the disturbance increased, the ground seemed to sway under me; it was as if waves of motion were passing beneath my feet. Once or twice I felt half inclined to turn back; I was just a little bit—well, I remembered I had a wife and family depending upon me, and it looked like tempting Providence to proceed further. But I set my teeth hard, and pressed on.

Presently, the ground began to shelve downwards. The commotion around me was now so great that at times I had some difficulty in keeping my feet. I was nearing the awful spot, then! I grew reckless. I cast aside every fear. If I succeeded in locating this rock, what an inestimable service I would render to mankind!

As I descended into a kind of hollow, I became aware of something like a dark wall rising before me. At first I thought it was the rock; but, no! it was long, low, and regular in outline. I approached it; then I gave a sort of gasp inside my helmet. Good heavens! it was a ship!

A big steamer, too! What a sight she presented, as she lay there on her side, rising and falling with the undulating motion of the ground! Her masts and funnels were gone, her decks torn up, and her bows battered in,

almost down to the foremast. Around her, the place was littered with wreckage, cargo of every description, and the bones of her gallant crew. What was her name? I groped my way round to the stern, held up my lamp, and read—"Ontario, Liverpool."

Scarcely had I left her, and moved further

approached, I noticed there was an upward tendency in the ground. I determined to proceed in that direction. After walking for a few minutes, the ascent grew steeper. I made slow progress, and was nearly hurled back into the hollow more than once. I went down, and tore an iron bar from one of

the vessels. Armed with this, I renewed the attempt, and found it afforded me great assistance in the climb.

Steadying myself with the bar, and taking advantage of every piece of projecting rock which might aid my ascent, I crept up the steep slope. On I went, panting, and half-stifled, not daring to pause lest I should be swept away by the strong current which seemed to beat down upon me from above. At last I reached a sort of narrow platform, and stood there, with my bar thrust into a crevice. I looked up. Above me rose a great, towering, irregular mass of solid rock!

I scarcely remember how I got back to the boat, for I was feeling terribly exhausted, and my head was dizzy. When I reached the deck of the yacht, it was only to drop into the nearest seat. I must have looked scared and white, for Captain George hurried to my side.

"Whatever is the matter, Lawrenceson?" he said. "You look as if you had just escaped

from the jaws of some sea monster."

"I have escaped from the jaws of death itself!" I replied.

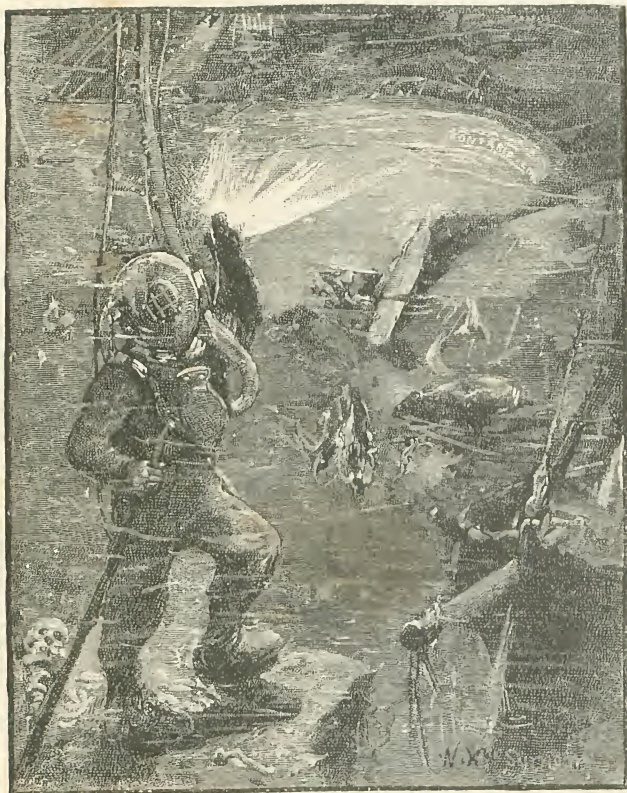
"You found the rock?"

"I did."

He turned hastily, and gave an order to one of his men, who darted away towards the saloon. Presently the man came running up with a glass and a bottle of brandy.

"Here, swallow off this," said Captain George, handing me a pretty stiff dram. "I can well imagine the sight was enough to give any man a bit of a shock."

After dinner he made me go through the whole story of my adventure that morning. He listened attentively, never interrupting me once.



"WHAT WAS HER NAME?"

along the hollow, than another hull appeared in sight. A sailing ship this time! After that, almost every step I took brought me in view of a sunken vessel. They lay scattered around in all directions, and in all positions; some mere shells, others just beginning to break up, and a few which showed they had been afloat within the last year or two. The battered bows of each told the same terrible story. Ships of every size—and almost of every nation, I suppose—were huddled together in this awful valley of death. Here stood the remains of an old three-decker, and by her side lay the skeleton of a small vessel, not much bigger than a schooner. I turned away; I had seen enough!

At the opposite side from which I had



"Just as I thought," he said, when I had finished.

He rose from his seat, and walked up and down in silence, as if pondering deeply over what he had just heard.

"Do you know, Lawrenceson," he said, suddenly, halting before me, "I would like to go down and have a look at the place myself!"

"Don't do it, Captain George," I replied, hastily.

"Why not? It is not often a man gets a chance of witnessing a sight like that. The risk, if there is any, does not deter me. I shall ask for the loan of your diving-dress this afternoon, and make the attempt."

I knew he was not the sort of man to be lightly turned from his purpose, so I had to give in. I told him he would have little difficulty in finding the spot, as the boatmen had stationed a buoy over it. I did not accompany him, for I was feeling a bit out of sorts, and lay down on a couch in the saloon. I was soon fast asleep.

An hour or two later I was aroused by a step on the cabin stairs. I looked up and saw Captain George entering the saloon. He went straight into his own cabin, without even glancing in my direction.

When he had changed the diving-dress for his ordinary yachting suit, he came out into the saloon and sat down.

"Well, Captain George, what did you think of it?" I asked.

"It might well be called 'The Graveyard of the Ocean,'" he replied, solemnly.

There was silence for a minute or two, then he said:—

"That three-decker must be the old *Redoubtable*, I fancy. She left Bermuda in the autumn of '63, and has long been returned as 'missing' at the Admiralty."

After another pause, I ventured to say:—

"Now that we have found the rock, what's to be done next?"

"Blow it up," he answered, gravely.

I looked at him in amazement.

"I have brought out a

quantity of tonite for this very purpose," he went on. "It is a rather powerful explosive, four times the strength of ordinary blasting powder, and equal to No. 1 dynamite. As the rock appears to be fissured, it will save us the trouble of boring. The cartridges must be incased in waterproof packing, or india-rubber bags. When you have laid the charges, we can retire to a distance, and explode them by means of an electric cable and battery. If we even succeed in splitting the rock, it would answer our purpose."

I entered heartily into the scheme, for my whole thoughts were bent upon getting rid of the danger. Though I might have to encounter some risk in placing the charges, it was a small matter compared to the advantages that would follow if we were successful. For several days I was busily engaged in inserting the powerful cartridges, and as I had some experience of this kind of work, I laid the charges so as to give the explosion the greatest effect possible.

At last the work was completed, the cable laid, and all in readiness for the final moment. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, I remember, not much like the general run of October



"THE OLD 'REDOUBTABLE.'"

days. I looked around the wide expanse of ocean. Not a sail was in sight.

The *Wanderer* had weighed anchor that morning, and had full steam up, ready to depart for home. Captain George stood on deck, with the battery before him. He was about to attach the ends of the cable.

"Now," he said, when it was done, "prepare to see the last of this mysterious rock!"

I kept my eyes fixed upon the spot where the buoy still marked the position of the rock. Suddenly a column of water rose into the air, and we heard a dull report as of distant thunder. But we were little prepared for the full result. Almost instantaneously with the first report—so quickly, in fact, as to appear part of it—came the roar of a mighty detonation that shook the yacht from stem to stern. A vast body of water was flung to a height of several hundred feet, and carried with it huge masses of rock, some of which fell thirty or forty yards away. It was a grand, but an appalling, sight! Never before had I witnessed such a mighty upheaval. The foundations of the sea seemed to have been torn up.

The commotion on the surrounding surface was so great that the *Wanderer* was lifted on an immense ridge of water, and carried away at such tremendous speed we had to hold on to the taffrail to keep ourselves from being dashed across the deck. When all was still again, Captain George turned to me, and said:—

"We didn't count on the pent-up forces which lay beneath that rock. The explosion of the tonite must have given them vent, and they finished the work more

completely than we ever could have done. I expect there is little left either of the rock itself or the vessels that lay around it. Well," he continued, gazing back towards the spot, from which the *Wanderer* was fast gliding away under full steam, "I owe little to mankind and, as yet, mankind has owed little to me. Henceforth, how-



"THE EXPLOSION."

ever, those who traverse this sea will, without knowing it, be debtors to me for their safety."



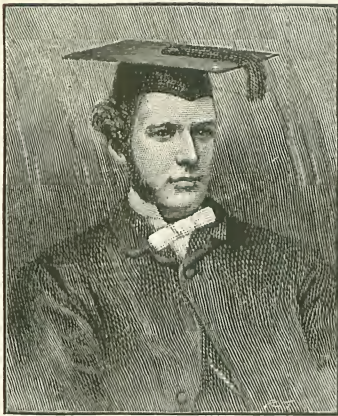
## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

### CANON DUCKWORTH.

BORN 1834.



THE REV. CANON ROBINSON DUCKWORTH, D.D., is the second son of the late Robinson Duckworth, Esq., of Liverpool. He was born in 1834, elected to an open scholarship at University College, Oxford, in 1853, and graduated B.A. in first class classical honours in 1857; he was afterwards elected a Fellow of Trinity, and was Assistant Master at Marlborough College from 1858



AGE 25.

*From a Photograph.*

to 1860, and Tutor of Trinity College from 1860 to 1866. In 1864 he was appointed Examining Chaplain to the late Bishop of Peterborough, and in 1866 was selected by Her Majesty as Instructor to His Royal Highness the late Prince Leopold. In 1867 he was appointed Governor to H.R.H., and held that post for three years. On his retirement in 1870 he was appointed Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and presented to the Crown living of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, N.W. He was appointed a Canon of Westminster in succession to the late Rev. Charles Kingsley in March, 1875. In the same year he was appointed Honorary Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and in that capacity accompanied His Royal Highness to India.

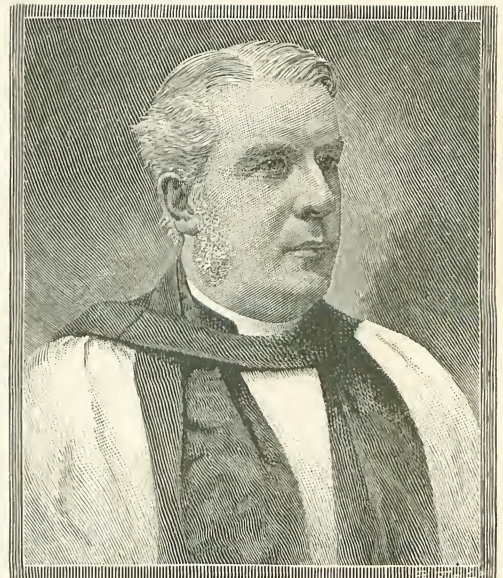
Vol. ix.—25.



(THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY.)

AGE 36.

*From a Photo.  
by Hermann Ernst, St.  
John's Wood.*



PRESENT DAY.

*From a Photo. by Hermann Ernst, St. John's Wood.*



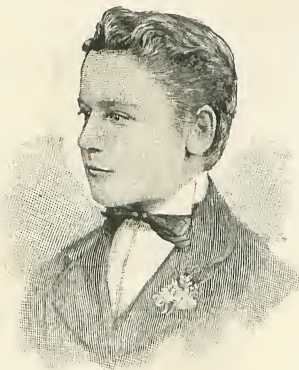


From a Photo. by] AGE 3. [Freeman Bros., Sydney.

### MR. HADDON CHAMBERS.

BORN 1860.

**M**R. HADDON CHAMBERS, one of our most promising dramatic writers, was born at Marrickville, in the neighbourhood of Sydney, New South Wales, and is the son of Mr. John Ritchie Chambers, who held a high position in the N.S.W. Civil Service. At the age of fifteen he passed the Civil Service Examination at the Sydney University, and entered the Civil Service. In 1880, Mr. Haddon Chambers paid his first visit to London, and very few years later the young aspirant found his literary work appreciated. His tales were generally of a dramatic turn,



AGE 13.  
From a Photo. by David Scott, Sydney.

and not a few have seen the footlights. A two-act farce from his pen, "One of Them," was brought out at Margate. This was suc-

ceeded by "An Open Gate," and was followed by an adaptation of Mr. Rider Haggard's "Dawn," produced at the Vaudeville with success. Mr. Beerbohm Tree then suggested that the young dramatist should write a play for the Haymarket Theatre. Four months later "Captain Swift" was the result. This was the turning-point of Haddon Chambers's career. "Captain Swift" was produced, and



AGE 23.  
From a Photo. by Leonard Blake, Bayswater.

met the public taste in a most remarkable manner. Then came "The Idler," at the St. James's, in 1891, and later "The Honourable Herbert," his latest successes being "The Fatal Card," produced at the Adelphi, and "John-a-Dreams," at the Haymarket.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Sarony, New York.





From a Photo. by AGE 2.  
W. P. Glaisby, York.



AGE 31.  
From a Photo. by  
Martin and Swallow,  
Strand.



AGE 13.

From a Photo. by  
W. Hardman, York.



From a Photo. by] AGE 22. [W. P. Glaisby, York.

MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD.

(JOHN STRANGE WINTER.)

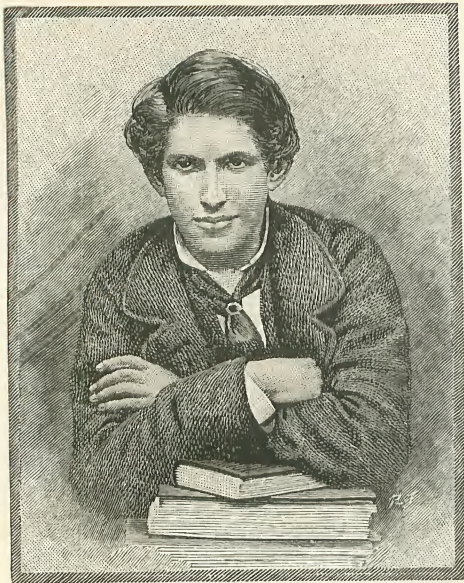
**M**RS. ARTHUR STANNARD, better known as John Strange Winter, the popular authoress of "Bootle's Baby," began her public literary career in 1874, and was for some years after then a prolific contributor to periodical literature. Her first publication in volume form was "Cavalry Life," issued in 1881, and which has since become so well known. In 1885 two stories from her pen, entitled "Bootle's Baby" and "Houp-la," appeared in the *Graphic*, and attracted great atten-

tion, and we regret that her other works are too numerous to be mentioned here. Since the publication of the two first-mentioned books she has become a familiar and favourite figure in literary and artistic circles.



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Wimbledon.



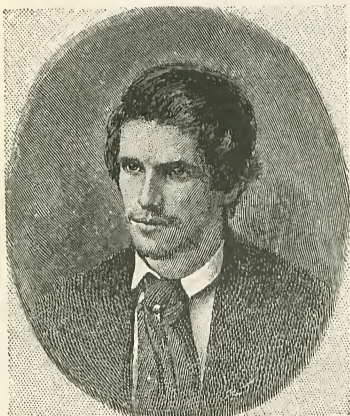


AGE 17.

From a Photo. by H. W. Weyde, Regent Street.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON.  
BORN 1839.

**M**R. JOSEPH HATTON is the eldest son of the late Francis Hatton, founder of the *Derbyshire Times*, for which his son began to write at an early age. Mr. Hatton first came to London in 1868, to edit and reconstruct the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which he conducted for some years. For seven or eight years he was the special correspondent in Europe of the *New York Times*.



From a

AGE 22.

[Miniature.

Mr. Hatton is, however, better known as a novelist than as a journalist. His principal stories are "Clytie," "Cruel London," "Christopher Kenrick," "Three Recruits,"

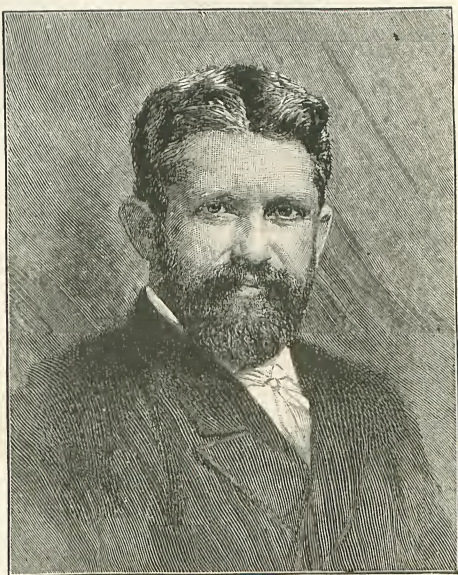
"Queen of Bohemia," and "By Order of the Czar." The first-mentioned book enjoys an almost phenomenal popularity. Among his



AGE 34.

From a Photo. by J. O'Neill, Broadway, New York.

miscellaneous works are "Toole's Reminiscences," "Old Lamps and New," "Joseph Needham's Double," etc. He is also the author of several successful plays.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by the Van der Weyde, Regent Street.





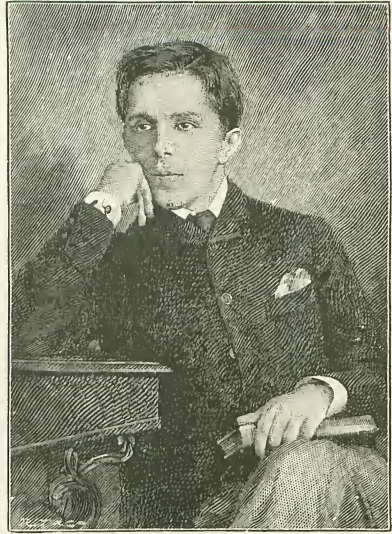
From a Photo. by] AGE 2. [T. Smith.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

BORN 1864.



ENRY PELHAM ARCHIBALD PELHAM CLINTON, 7th Duke of Newcastle, who succeeded to the title at the age of fifteen, was educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, and married Kathleen, only daughter of Major Candy. He is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, a hobby which he took up about four years ago, is owner of the gorgeous gipsy-caravan, "The Bohemian," in which he recently made a photographic tour of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire; and in 1893,

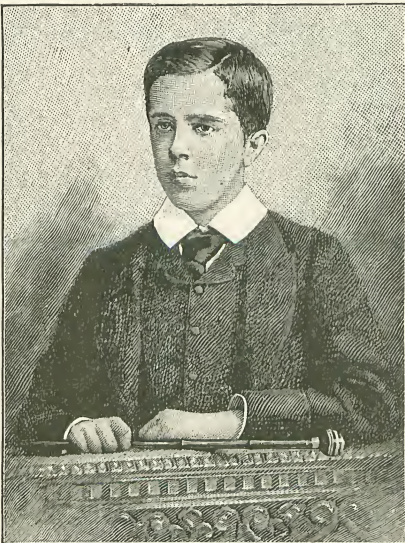


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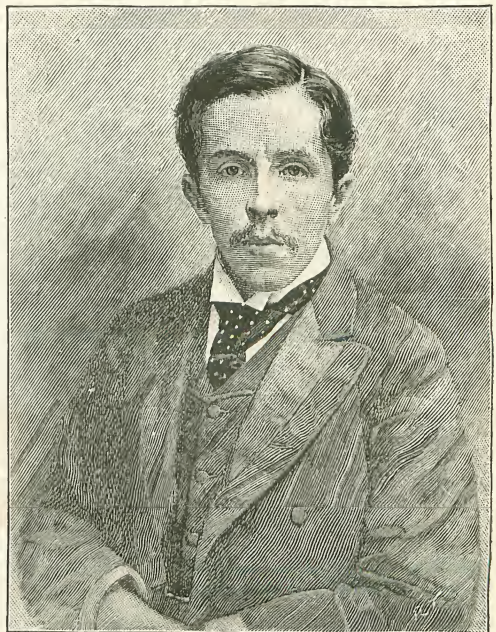
accompanied by Mr. Gambier Bolton, he made a tour round the world, visiting America, Canada, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, Java, Malay Peninsula, Burmah, and India. He has recently been elected on the School Board for the City of London, and is interested in matters ecclesiastic and scholastic, and is a Vice-President of the English Church Union.



From a] AGE 23. [Photograph.

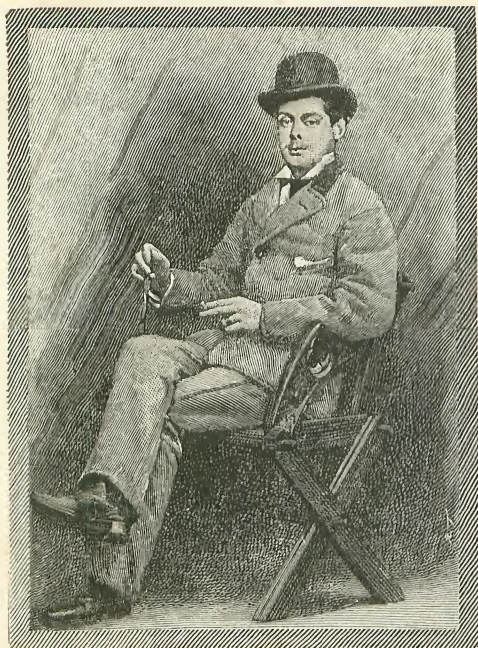


From a Photo. by] AGE 12. [W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Russell & Sons





From a Photo. by] AGE 19. [Hills & Saunders.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL,  
M.P., P.C.

BORN 1849.

**T**HE RIGHT HON. LORD RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL, whose serious illness at the time of writing calls forth universal sympathy, was educated at Merton College, Oxford. He represented Woodstock from February, 1874,



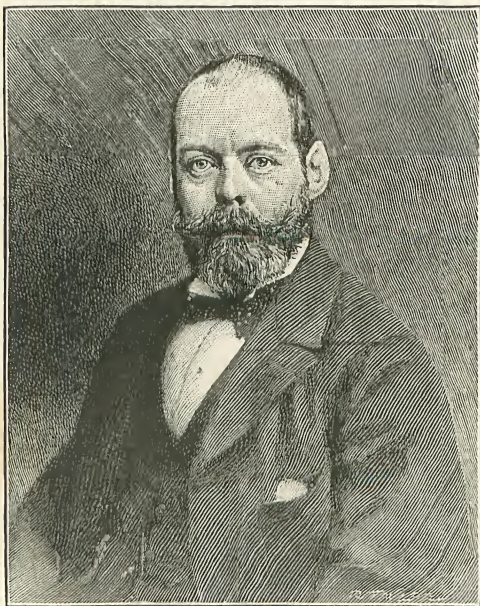
AGE 28.  
From a Photo. by A. Bassano.

until April, 1880, and again from that time until November, 1885, and was afterwards returned for South Paddington. From 1880



From a Photo. by] AGE 35. [Elliott & Fry.

he made himself conspicuous in the House of Commons and on public platforms by the excellency of his speeches; during Lord Salisbury's Cabinet of 1885 he filled the post of Secretary of State for India. He was Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons in 1886. Of recent years, owing to failure of health, he has taken little part in active politics.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [A. Bassano.



# Some Curiosities of Modern Photography.

## II.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



INSTANTANEOUS photography has indeed given us many scientific curiosities. Deeming the ordinary animal and other photographs of this description too well known to need special mention, I pass to the decapitated mule which is here depicted (Fig. 1), and which certainly is one of the most extraordinary photographs ever taken. The mule

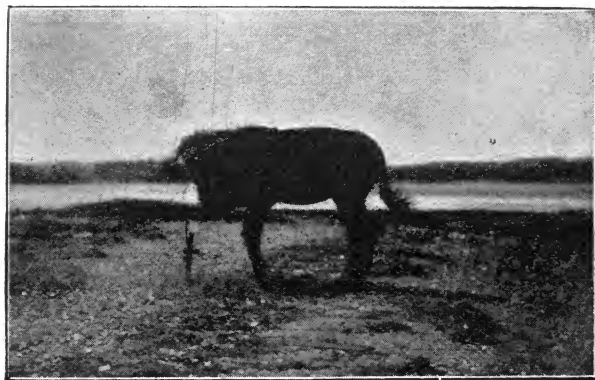


FIG. 1.—THE DECAPITATED MULE.

was an old and worthless one which was about to be destroyed; therefore it was decided to sacrifice the animal upon the altar of science, the high priest on this occasion being Mr. Van Sothen, photographer in charge at the United States School of Submarine Engineers, Willett's Point, New York.

The mule's head was to be blown off with dynamite, and the wires that conveyed the electric current to the cartridge round the animal's neck were also employed to produce a simultaneous action of a photographic shutter. As seen in the accompanying reproduction, the mule is just about to fall, and the rope by which it was tied to the stake has not had time to show the slightest movement.

For the amazing details of the photography of flying bullets and other projectiles, travelling possibly at a velo-

city exceeding 1,400 miles an hour, I am indebted to Professor C. V. Boys, F.R.S., of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. Fig. 2 shows a bullet from a magazine rifle immediately after having left the muzzle.

Now, I have no desire to puzzle my readers with elaborate descriptions of Professor Boys' electrical apparatus; therefore, I will simply say that the photographs here given, resulting from the experiments, are only photographs of the *shadows* of the bullets.

A word concerning the electric spark used by this scientist is absolutely necessary. Not only did such sparks as were used by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Worthington last much too long, but a spark that was extinct within the  $7\text{-}1,000,000$ th of a second was hardly suitable for bullet photography. Professor Boys first provided an electric spark whose duration was rather less than the  $1\text{-}10,000,000$ th of a second; in other words, that duration bore the same proportion to a second that a second does to *four months*. While this spark lasts, a bullet from a magazine rifle, travelling at the rate of 3,000ft. in a second, cannot go more than  $1\text{-}400$ th of an inch.

Professor Boys set up his apparatus in one of the passages of the college. The bullets were received in a box of tightly packed bran, five feet square, after having passed through an old packing case; and the spark was produced by the projectiles themselves severing some fine lead wires and thus completing the circuit. No camera entered into the experiment. Martini-Henry and Service rifles firing cordite ammunition were used; also a choke-bore sporting gun, and a rifle carrying an aluminium ball whose speed was 2,000 miles an hour.

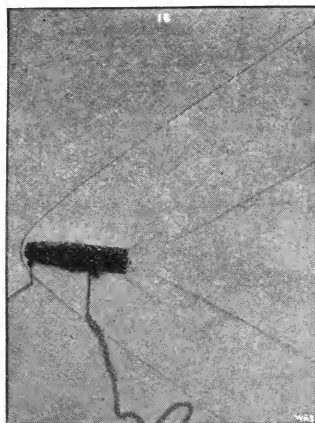


FIG. 2.—MAGAZINE RIFLE BULLET IN TRANSIT.

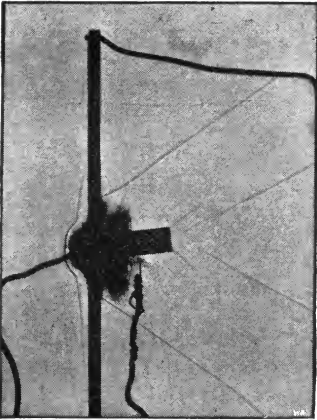


FIG. 3.—BULLET PENETRATING GLASS PLATE.

The air waves caused by the bullets are clearly defined; and in that photo. which shows a plate of glass being struck, one may see the splinters flying backwards (Fig. 3). As in the case of falling drops, Professor Boys took photographs of various stages of flight. In one picture is seen the magazine

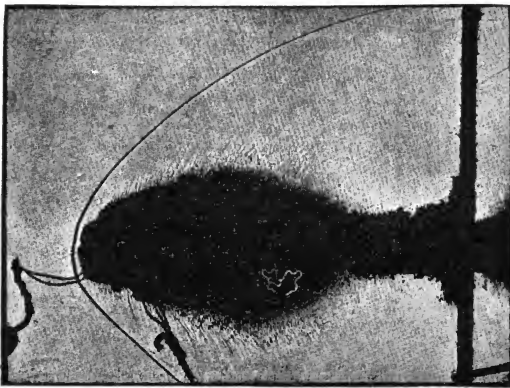


FIG. 4.—BULLET COATED WITH GLASS SPLINTERS.

bullet immediately after having passed through the glass; it is thickly coated with bristly particles (Fig. 4). A little later on we see it comparatively clear of glass splinters, but accompanied by the piece punched out on the first contact. This piece of glass has an air wave all to itself, and is evidently bent on accompanying its liberator (Fig. 5). A discharge from a shot gun is depicted in Fig. 6. The wad is seen behind the shower of bullets.

I may say that the photography of projectiles commenced shortly after the Crimean War, when experiments were conducted by the War Department at Woolwich Arsenal. That was in 1858. Wires were placed across the muzzle of a mortar throwing a thirty-six

inch shell (the "Palmerston Pacificator"), and a photograph of its flight was electrically obtained.

Submarine photographs of sponge-fishing in the Greek Archipelago have been taken

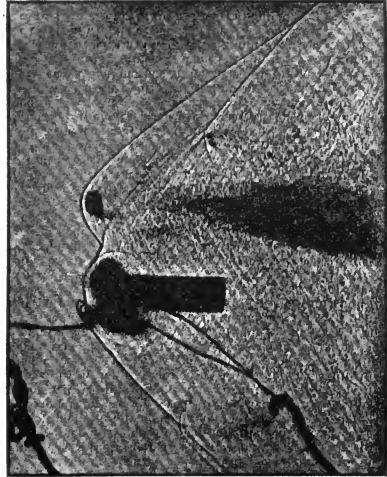


FIG. 5.—BULLET AND PIECE OF GLASS.

by a French *savant*. The accompanying reproduction (Fig. 7), illustrating this industry, was kindly lent me by Mr. W. A. Gorman, of the eminent firm of submarine engineers, Messrs. Siebe and Gorman. This curious view is said to be made up of two photographs, one taken above water and one below.

The beginning of photography in the bowels of the earth may be traced to Mr. Bretz, of the Kohinoor Colliery, Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. That clever engineer's apparatus consisted of a number of tin reflectors shaped to parabolic curves, which concentrated the light produced by from six to ten inches of ordinary magnesium ribbon.

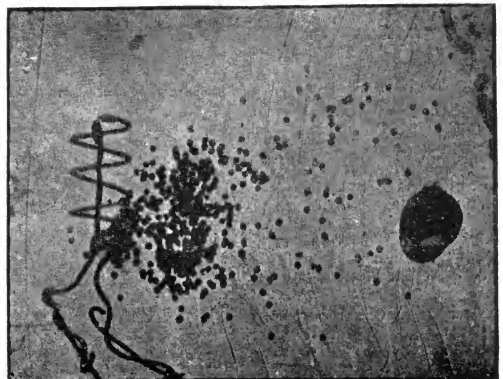


FIG. 6.—DISCHARGE FROM SHOT GUN, SHOWING WAD.



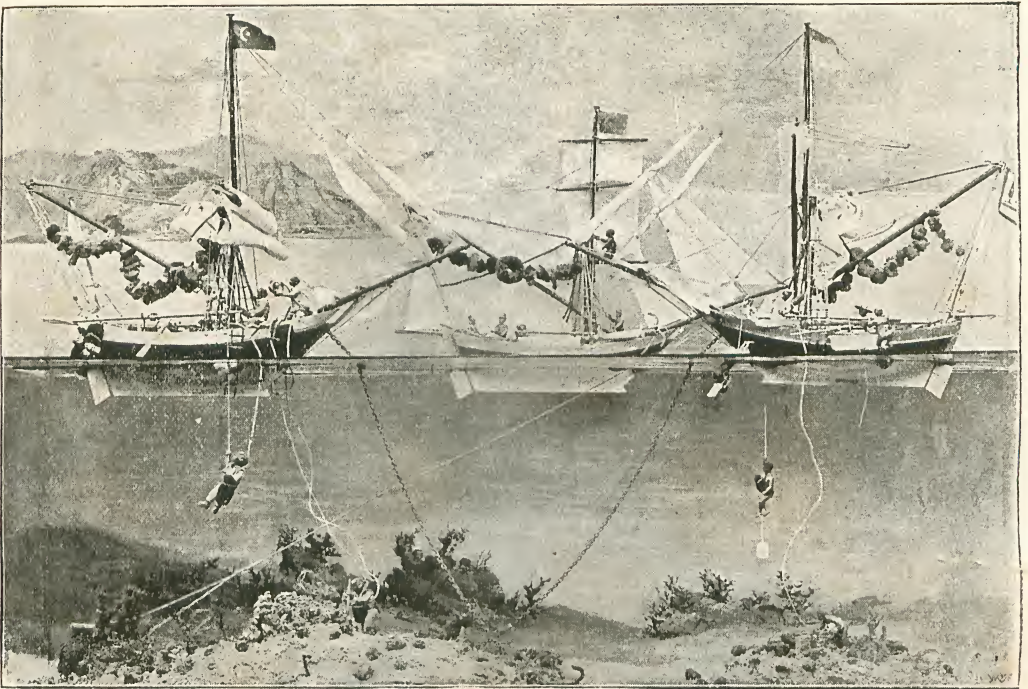


FIG. 7.—COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Later on, an installation of electric light was placed in the mine, the five arc lamps having a nominal power of 2,000 candles each.

Although the light failed somewhat, out of seven exposures made, five negatives turned out well. An exposure of from eight to thirty minutes was allowed, and pyrogallic

acid and carbonate of potash were used for developing. Mr. Bretz, by the way, now uses an ordinary flash-lamp, and on a recent occasion, when he burnt eight or nine ounces of powder, he succeeded in obtaining a negative measuring 22in. by 18in. — the largest subterranean photograph ever taken.



FIG. 8.—PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A MILITARY BALLOON.



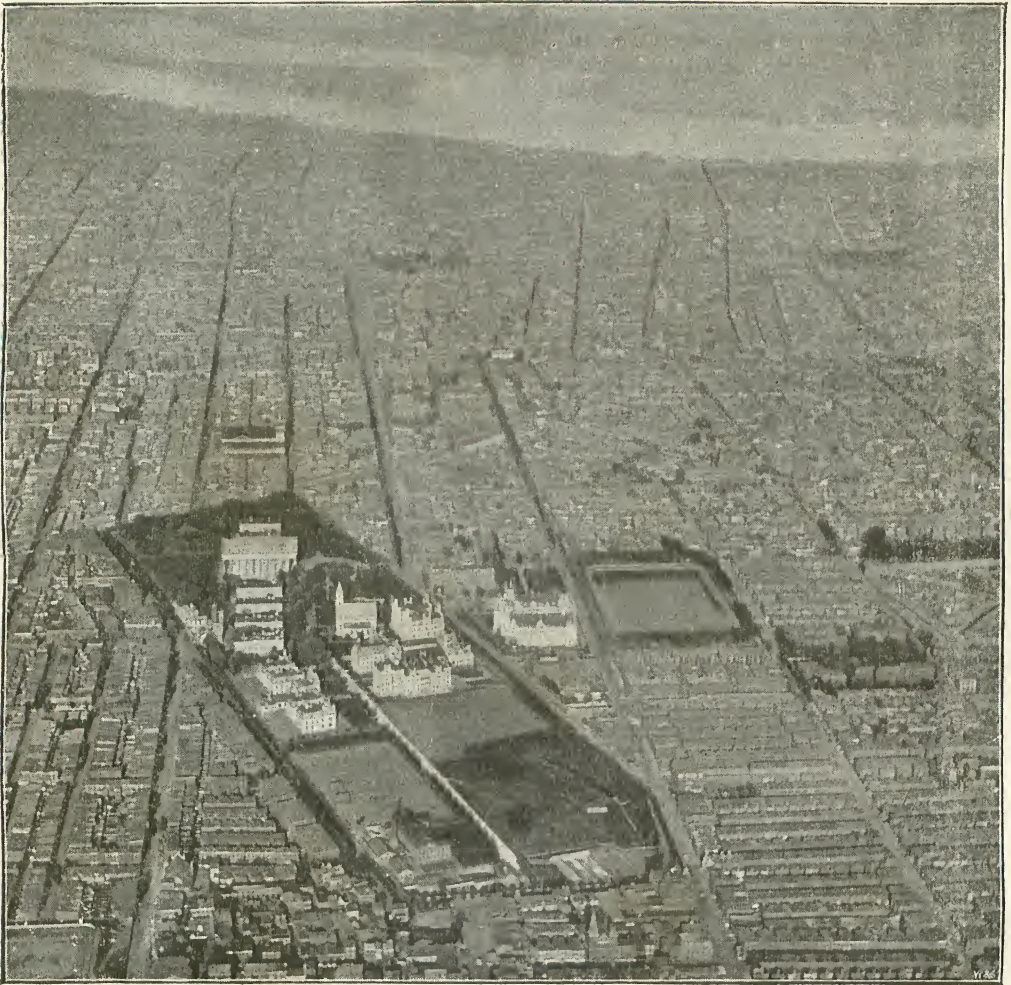


FIG. 9.—BALLOON PHOTOGRAPH—VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA, U.S., FROM AN ALTITUDE OF THREE MILES.

War balloons will no doubt figure largely in the coming European war, and as will be seen from the photographs reproduced here (Figs. 8 and 9), it is possible to obtain a complete map of the enemy's country in this way. Balloon photography, however, has its drawbacks. Captain Mantell, R.E., who turned aeronaut during the autumn manoeuvres at Aldershot, declares he had to tie his camera loosely to the car, which swayed and rocked violently.

While on the subject of war, it is interesting to note that photo-micrographic messages were in 1870 and 1871 conveyed to and from beleaguered Paris by means of pigeons. On a single film of collodion, weighing less than a grain, there were more than 3,000 despatches. Sixteen folio pages of printed matter, reduced to microscopic photographs, were secured to the tail feathers of one of these ornithological

messengers, each of whom could in this way carry a despatch of a million words if necessary. I reproduce here, by kind permission of M. Dagron of Paris, a facsimile of an original film containing photo-micrographic despatches sent from beleaguered Paris (Fig. 10).

The expert in foreign stamps has in photography a powerful ally. The searching eye of the camera brings out the crude lines of bogus varieties, and even when the micro-

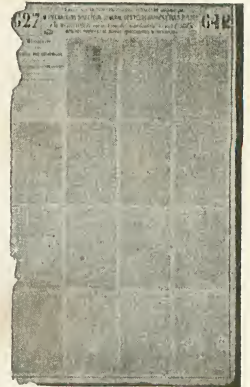


FIG. 10.—MICROSCOPIC MESSAGE CARRIED BY A PIGEON FROM PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.



scope itself fails to reveal a chemically obliterated post-mark, the ghostly strokes appeal to the sensitive plate.

Galton's finger-print method of identification, which has been grafted on to the

Academy of Annapolis, in Maryland. 'The principal instructor could not induce the students to remain still during gun practice; they would start violently and stop their ears. Therefore the chief officer took a number of instantaneous photos., showing the cadets in "undignified and unwarlike attitudes." These pictures were hung up in the academy, and the young men thenceforward forced themselves to keep still during gun fire, for very fear of the camera.

Heirlooms, wills, and fortifications are photographed; so are all alterations made by overseers of estates abroad owned by gentlemen residing in this country. Mr. Traill

Taylor possesses an orange grove of a hundred acres in Florida, and his foreman in that sunny State hardly cuts down a tree without showing the whole thing to his master in a photograph.

The camera is even called upon to decide the genus of prehistoric fauna. When the geologist discovers indistinct marks upon certain strata, and has reason to believe that such marks were made by animals of bygone ages, he takes a photograph of the spot, and on developing his plate he finds the lines brought out most clearly. Here, for example, is a section of a rock bearing the footprint of the cheirotherium, an extinct reptile (Fig. 13). This rock was found at Storeton, in Cheshire.

Contemning the photo-maniac who causes photographs of himself, his wife, and his near relations to be reproduced on the family china, Mr. Traill Taylor tells an interesting



FIG. 11.—ENGRAVER'S HAND.

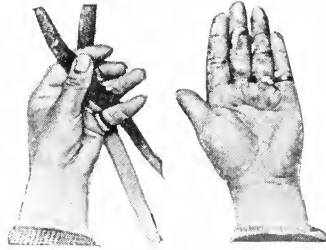


FIG. 12.—COACHMAN'S HAND.

Bertillon system for use in our police departments, has proved its efficacy in a rather curious way in America. A packet of paper money was tampered with in transit between New York and New Orleans, two seals having been broken open and the notes extracted; one seal was afterwards re-fastened by thumb pressure.

The expert who examined the package had thumb impressions taken of all the Express Company's *employés* on that route. The impressions were then magnified by photography, compared with the seal mark, and the delinquent easily discovered.

Enlarged photographs of merchants' books that have been passed by accountants have been exhibited in court, and the breaking-up of the paper fibre caused by fraudulent erasure has been clearly shown.

The reproductions shown here illustrate the system of photographing the hands of suspected criminals, for the purpose of identification. Fig. 11 depicts the hand of an engraver, and Fig. 12 that of a coachman. The hands of the latter distinctly show the corns caused by the reins.

A curious use was found for photography at the Naval



FIG. 13.—PREHISTORIC FOOTPRINT REVEALED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

story of the wonders of applied photography. An English gentleman had a big apple-tree, of which he was inordinately fond, trained against his garden wall. Fearful of pruning it himself, however, he took a sharp photo., and sent it to an expert gardener at Hyères—it might have been Timbuctoo. In due course the photo. was returned, showing certain pencil marks through numerous branches. These the gentleman had lopped off by a "handy man," while he himself directed operations, photograph in hand.

In many Continental cities where passports are required, the holder's photograph is impressed upon the document; and at Tacoma, in Washington, electors are photographed as they record their votes.

It may interest my lady readers to know that famous costumiers seldom place in the window their choicest confections in costume, or the last "sweet thing" in bonnets, lest perhaps the pirate pattern-seeker should come along with his or her (generally her) kodak. Then, again, patterns of costly lace have been photographically stolen without a camera at all, but simply by means of a sheet of paper rendered sensitive with bichromate of potash or nitrate of silver, and then dried. A sheet of glass completes the apparatus.

Here is a curious photograph taken by Mr. Hepworth with a vertical camera (Fig. 14). It illustrates an equally curious industry carried on by the wily Chinese at the expense of the guileless "foreign devil." Living pearl mussels are taken from the Chinese rivers; little balls of wax or leaden gods are introduced into the shells, and then the mussels are returned to their native element. In due time the pellets and figures become coated with pearl; the latter are sold at a huge profit, while the former are palmed off upon unsuspecting Europeans as real pearls of great size and faultless shape. The illustration shows shells filled with "pearls" and the little figures of the god Buddha.

That eminent photo-micrographer, Mr.

Andrew Pringle, of Bexley, and his brother, Mr. R. Hunter Pringle, were recently employed in an interesting manner by the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression. These gentlemen toured through the Maldon Division of Essex, taking photographs of land and farms that had gone out of cultivation. They returned with quite a host of pictures showing thistles growing in fields, and ruined farmhouses, which appealed to the Commission far more powerfully than the most eloquent speech would have done.

The camera, as everyone knows, is one of the most indispensable articles in a war correspondent's outfit; and as the battlefield of the future will be comparatively smokeless, the correspondent will be enabled to make still greater use of photography. Mr. Melton Prior states that he can make a sketch in less time than he can take a photograph; yet the last time he was "on the war-path," Mr. Prior carried three cameras in his saddle-bags.

By the way, if the records of the photography of the dead are not cheerful, they abound in interesting detail and even comic incident. About five years ago a well-known Oxford Street photographer was sent for to photograph a woman in her coffin. When

the picture was developed, one finger was found to be out of focus. "Now," argued the photographer, "if the body had slipped, the whole would be out of focus; therefore I conclude that only the finger moved." He drove back in a cab with a doctor, and it was then found that the woman was not really dead, but merely in a sort of a trance. This is a fact.



FIG. 14.—HOW THE CHINESE MANUFACTURE PEARLS.

The vagaries of the camera, too, are distinctly amusing. Mr. F. P. Cembrano, of the Royal Photographic Society, shows a photo. of a tiny burn, or brooklet, in Scotland, on the banks of which is an equally small village. Yet up this little rill of water is steaming a colossal ironclad of the *Royal Sovereign* class, with all her mighty guns and fighting towers, and thousands of tons dis-



placement. Another whimsical photo. depicted a castle in Edinburgh, out of the topmost windows of which a number of sheep were placidly gazing.

The photograph reproduced in Fig. 15 simply demonstrates that photography can,

been held very close to the lens. The rule, of course, was taken some distance away.

One of my authorities was once engaged by both sides in a law case. A company, whom I will call the City Lands Improvement Company, wanted to abolish a certain court leading from Lombard Street to King William Street, and were willing to establish in its stead a passage through one of their own buildings. The company's plea was that the court was a dingy, not to say dirty, one, and furthermore, that it was haunted by loafers of questionable character.

Counsel for the other side, representing merchants having offices in the court, stoutly maintained that the passage was well lighted and eminently respectable. Photographs were handed in from both sides. The first photo. showed a narrow, disreputable-looking alley, strewn with rubbish and fallen hoarding; the other picture, however, showed the court in dispute to be a fairly broad, well-lighted City thoroughfare, frequented by merchants of thriving appearance. These photographs were taken for the House of Lords Committee, but the matter was amicably settled.

Here is another case: The Shuttle Machine Company vacated their premises in Cheapside, and another sewing-machine dealer moved in. In order to trade upon the established reputation of the company, the second tenant left the old name on the windows and over the

door, but added the word "Late" in very minute characters for his own protection.

The Shuttle Company waxed wroth, brought an action, and engaged a photographer to take a view of the offending shop-front from a tailor's window opposite. When this photograph was produced in court, it was handed to the presiding judge with a powerful glass, whereupon his lordship was able to perceive that what appeared to the eye to be a mere ornamental dash, was in reality the protecting word "Late." The photographer himself, by the way, was not aware of this. The aggrieved sewing-machine company secured an injunction.



FIG. 15.—"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

by a combination of negatives, be made to depict that which is *ipso facto* impossible. The beautiful story of the girl who in this way prevented the Curfew Bell from ringing in order to delay the moment of her lover's execution is too well known to bear narration in detail.

The amateur photographer who is also an angler is well aware that his camera will back him up when boasting of his piscatorial prowess. One photo. I saw represented a huge fish, the length of which appeared to equal that of a 2ft. rule, which was also shown. In reality the "take" was a little dace or carp; and while being photographed it had

In Fig. 16 we have depicted a submarine explosion on the occasion of the removal of a dangerous rock at Hellgate, New York. Our next reproduction (Fig. 17) shows a tremendous dynamite explosion during the destruction of an old dock wall at Newport, Monmouthshire.

The most interesting law case ever decided by photography was that intrusted to Mr. J. Traill Taylor. The facts were as follows: A collision occurred in New York Harbour between a White Star and a Cunard liner; and when the collision seemed imminent, an amateur photographer on board the latter vessel took a snap-shot of the approaching liner. Both companies put in claims for damages.

First of all, Mr. Taylor procured the dimensions of both steamers; the approximate speed of both at the time the photo. was taken; also the height of the masts. He then retired to a park at Crouch End, armed with compasses and measuring lines, and, subsequently, worked out a little mathematical problem, the vessels being represented by bricks.

After a trip to the Mersey to satisfy himself on a few minor points in the construction of a Cunarder, Mr. Taylor worked out his theory, based upon the fortuitous photograph, before the combined committees of both



FIG. 16.—A SUBMARINE EXPLOSION.



FIG. 17.—BLOWING UP DOCK WALL, NEWPORT, BY DYNAMITE.



companies, using books this time to represent the two vessels.

One of the most eminent architects in the kingdom once showed the accompanying photograph (Fig. 18) to a number of his colleagues. Had they ever seen such

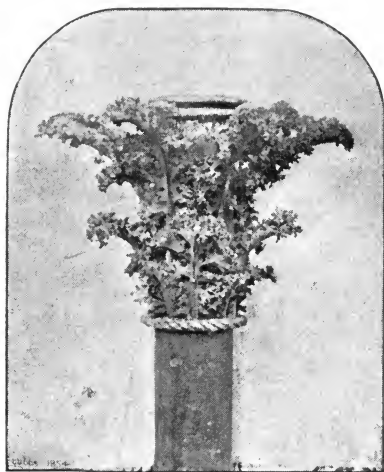


FIG. 18.—THE MYSTERIOUS CAPITAL.

an exquisitely carved capital? They had not; and they said so. Then arose disputes as to the precise nature of the architecture. Finally sundry big wagers were made, and then the architect gravely proceeded to explain the structure of the column



FIG. 19.—HOW THE CAPITAL WAS MADE.

and its capital. This he did by producing his Malacca walking-stick and a few sprigs of succulent brocoli, such as are seen in Fig. 19. Naturally enough, however, after many abstruse disquisitions on

mediæval architecture had been given on the subject of the mysterious pillar, this explanation of the photograph was received in silent disgust.

That photography has made many changes in the painter's art, few can deny. Had Landseer been a kodaker, the paws of his massive lions in Trafalgar Square would not have been so faulty as they are; nor, possibly, would the eyes of his horses and dogs have been so large. In a general way, an artist can tell when photography has entered too largely into the conception of a painting; for one thing, the perspective is somewhat distorted. However this may be, I am satisfied that "*Photography versus Art*" is a sore subject with those concerned. Lady Butler was, I believe, the first English artist to portray a horse walking with three legs on the ground. Consequently, a small force of police were required to keep back the crowds that came to get a glimpse of her picture, "*The Roll Call*," when it was hung. Lady Butler took Meissonier as her authority for this artistic innovation; and it is common knowledge that the French Government provided that great master with a little railway, in order that he could travel along the road with horses, sketching as he proceeded.



FIG. 20.—"CANINE LEAP-FROG."

As will be occasionally seen in this article, certain experts devote themselves to particular branches of photography. The name of Captain Hayes is associated with equine photography, and he himself has travelled all over India, China, and South Africa, armed with a hand-camera. As the result of an argument with Mr. John Charlton, the chief artist of the *Graphic*, Captain Hayes once produced a photograph of a horse with all four legs on the ground, yet showing a decided sense of movement.

All sorts of odd means are devised to make horses that are going to be photographed look smart. The official photographer at the Royal Military Repository tells me he has a shrill whistle blown at the critical moment; or the sergeant-major who assists him opens an umbrella sharply, causing the horse to prick up its ears.

Fig. 20, "Canine Leap-frog," by Mr. Dresser, of Bexley, is one of the most successful instantaneous photographs ever taken. Infinite patience and ingenuity are required to get such pictures.

Another famous animal photographer, Mr. Frederick Haes, found that the best way to get a good photo. of a rhinoceros was to direct the animal's attention to a boy clad in a bright blue coat. "Wild animals," adds Mr. Haes, "have a strange objection to a man in his shirt-sleeves."

Certainly one of the most interesting marvels of photography is that the mysterious eye of the camera sees objects which are absolutely invisible to the human eye, the telescope, or the microscope.

An expert can take a sheet of paper prepared with gelatine and bichromate of potash, and can photograph on it a secret letter, containing, it may be, treasonable matter. This done, he may sit down and write a garrulous letter about the crops, the weather, and the baby's health. The recipient, of course, cares for none of these things, but wets the sheet with plain water, holds it up to the light, and literally reads between the lines. When dry, the document defies detection, and it can be moistened and dried again as often as the recipient pleases.

Mr. Traill Taylor tells me that a room which appears

visually quite dark may be full of the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and, paradoxical as it may seem, photographs may be taken in that dark light. Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S., has traced invisible drawings on white cardboard, the "ink" used being such fluorescents as mineral uranite and disulphate of quinine. When photographed, the drawings have come out bold and clear.

Mr. Taylor relates a funny story concerning a young lady of scientific, and at the same time mischievous, proclivities.

This young lady painted upon her fair brow with fluorescent liquid a death's head and cross-bones, and she then demurely visited a photographer's to have her portrait instantaneously taken. All went well until the operator had developed the plate, and then it became evident that he was having a row with his assistant, whom he blamed for coating a dirty plate. After apologies, a second negative was taken, and then the operator fetched his master from downstairs. A third attempt was made, when sounds of a heated altercation were heard, followed by a scuffle.

The photographer, pale and excited, requested his fair sitter to withdraw, as *there was electricity in the air* which was unfavourable to photography. The lady insisted on taking away a negative showing the hideous insignia on her forehead. It is a fact that the photographer requested the vicar of his

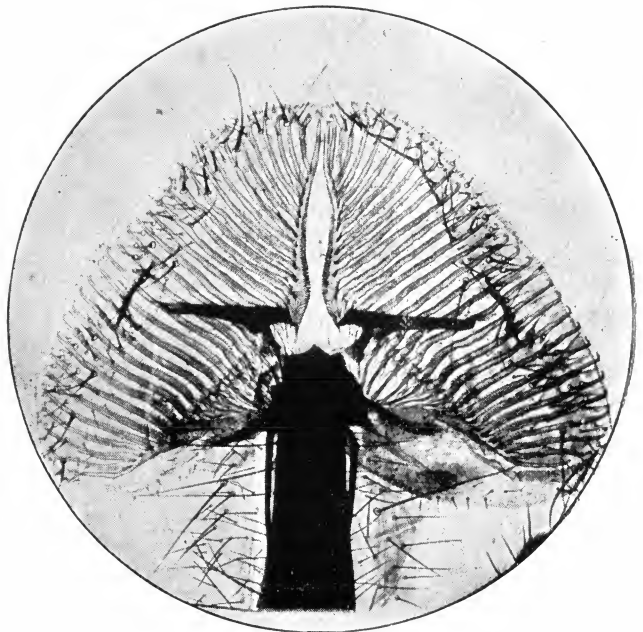


FIG. 21.—TONGUE OF A BLOWFLY—MAGNIFIED.





FIG. 22.—A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

parish to say a few prayers in his studio, after the departure of his mysterious visitor. I reproduce here a fair specimen of the result achieved from the union of the microscope and the camera. Fig. 21 represents the tongue of a blowfly, of course, magnified many hundred diameters.

Without expressing an opinion of my own, I should like to touch upon the so-called psychic or ghost photography, conducted in the presence of a spiritualistic medium. When one learns, by the way, that Professor Crookes, F.R.S., and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace

have investigated the subject, believe in it, and possess collections of spirit photos., one is almost tempted to think that there must be "something in it."

The best-known experiment in ghost photography was conducted by Mr. Traill Taylor in the presence of the well-known medium, Mr. David Duguid—a truly reassuring name, at any rate. Mr. Taylor not only used his own unopened packages of dry plates and conducted the developing himself, but he set a watch upon his own camera in the guise of a duplicate one of the same focus. And yet ghosts appeared—spirits of departed friends, all nicely draped (Fig. 22).

But, perhaps, when I turn to stellar photography the average reader will be able to form a more adequate conception of the marvels of modern photography.

As well as peering into the depths of the earth and the sea, and making visible the invisible, the omniscient eye of the camera defeats the telescope on its own ground, or, rather, in its own element. In an area which did not contain one visible star, ten thousand have been found by photography. We have photos. of lunar mountains, and egg-shaped masses of hazy nebulae which the human eye, aided by the most powerful telescope in existence, could never have discovered (Fig. 23).

Here is the weapon of the New Astronomy. A gigantic telescope, fitted as a camera, and carrying a plate of great sensitiveness, is

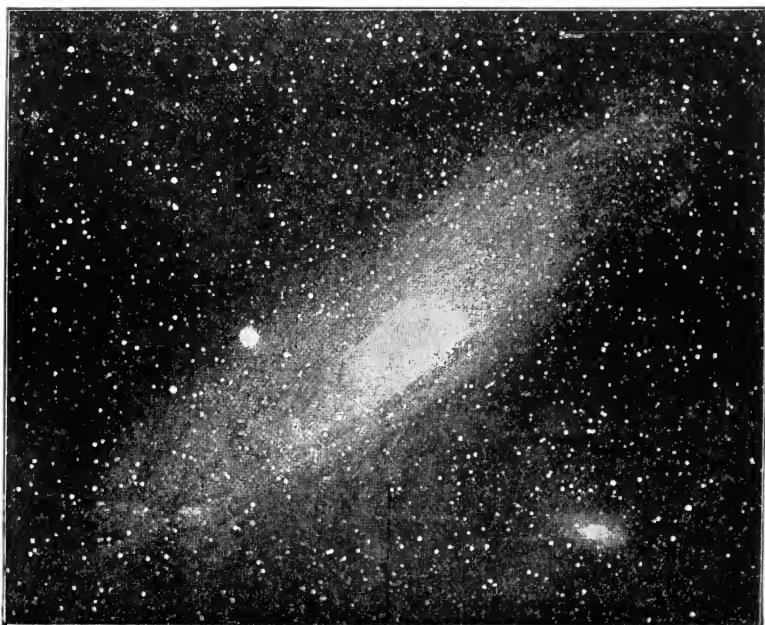


FIG. 23.—A TELESCOPIC STELLAR PHOTOGRAPH.

exposed in the ordinary way, as a telescope only would be. The apparatus is driven by a huge clock, which causes the telescope to follow the stars for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time a vast number of otherwise invisible astral bodies impress themselves on the plate. The eye of the camera, be it noted, does not tire; the longer it gazes, the more its sensitive vision takes in. The very composition of the stellar worlds has been determined by modern photography.

The man who has tackled the photography of animal locomotion in the most extraordinary, and at the same time most thorough, manner is unquestionably Professor Muybridge, of Pennsylvania University. It is interesting to learn how this scientist came to adopt the business of his life.

In 1872, Muybridge was official photographer to the United States Government on the Pacific Coast, and while at San Francisco, a dispute arose between two wealthy residents as to whether a fast-trotting horse had at any moment his four feet off the ground.

After experimenting for a few days, taking as a model the celebrated trotting horse, "Occident," who trotted a mile in two minutes and sixteen seconds, about a dozen negatives were obtained, which plainly showed that for some portion of his stride, at least, the horse was entirely free from contact with the ground. Indeed, seeing that some trotting-horses take a twenty-foot stride, it is difficult to understand why the dispute ever arose.

The apparatus now used by Professor Muybridge consists of an electrically controlled battery of twelve cameras, so arranged

that a regulated succession of exposures can be made in any given time. When completed, his pictures are combined in an instrument of his own invention called the zoöpraxiscopes, and projected on to a screen by an optical lantern, the result being that one finds it hard to believe one is not actually looking at the moving original.

When the professor lectured at the Royal Institution, there were among his audience the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Sir Frederick Leighton, Professors Huxley, Gladstone, and Tyndall, and the late Lord Tennyson. On the screen before this imposing assembly horses walked, ambled, and leaped over hurdles in a perfectly natural manner; athletes and kangaroos jumped; birds flew; monkeys climbed trees; and ladies danced and carried on a fan flirtation. Yet the majority of the photographs, seen singly, seemed to depict ungraceful and impossible attitudes. Fig. 24 shows a really extraordinary series of Muybridge's photographs. The famous mare "Sallie Gardner," belonging to the well-known American sportsman, Leland Stanford, is shown running at a high rate of speed over the Palo Alto track. The negatives of these photographs were made at intervals of 27in. of distance, and about the 25th part of a second. They illustrate consecutive positions assumed in each 27in. of progress during a single stride of the mare. The vertical lines shown in the photograph were 27in. apart; and the exposure of each negative was rather less than the 2,000th part of a second.

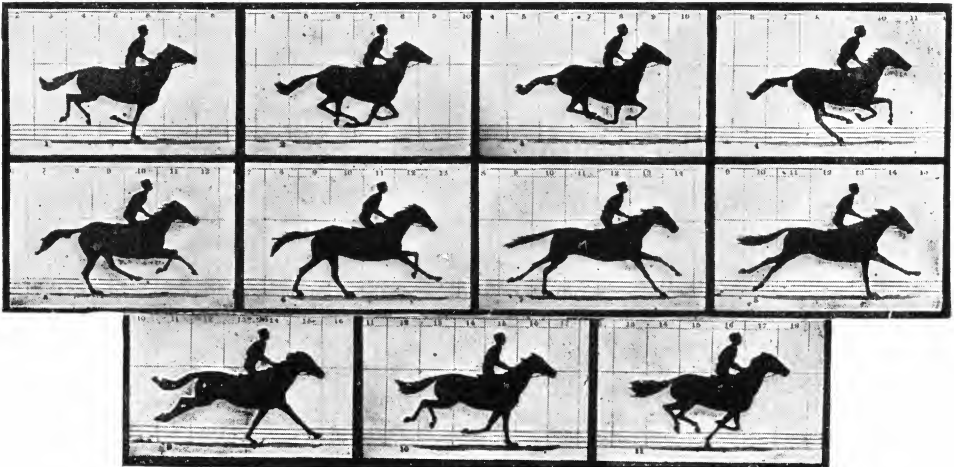


FIG. 24.—THE HORSE IN MOTION.



## A Silver Coin.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. ROGUENANT.



WHEN Hector Merot left his office he found it was nearly midnight. He was annoyed at having had to go back just to correct his proofs, but the week before, in one of his finest articles, an absurd printer's error had just taken away the effect of a phrase which had been his pride, and turned the whole thing into ridiculous nonsense. Since then he had made a point of going himself every night to look over the final proof.

It was the beginning of winter, and a cool wind was blowing. As he passed along the Rue Montmartre on his way to the Boulevards, it occurred to him that he would have a glass of something to drink before returning home to his lonely bachelor's quarters. He sat down at one of the tables outside a *café*, and watched the passers-by while sipping his punch. When he had finished he put a silver coin on the table ready for the waiter, and turned round to pick up his stick.

The lights inside the *café* were being put out, so that everything was beginning to look very dreary. Just as Hector rose a hand suddenly snatched up the silver coin, and the thief immediately disappeared round the corner of the next street. In an instant Hector drew another coin from his pocket, threw it on the table, called to the waiter, and then started off in pursuit.

It was very evident that the thief knew he was being followed, and it was also evident that he was inexperienced in his *trade*, for he ran on and on, up one street and down another, coming out again a

hundred yards away from the place he started from.

Hector was interested, for he was too much of a Parisian not to know that the man in front of him was not an ordinary pickpocket. Hector himself knew all the side-streets and passages thoroughly, and he suddenly turned down one, ran at full speed, and came out again under a lamp just as the wretched man reached it.

Both men stopped short, and Hector said, shortly, "Give me back my money!" The thief stood motionless, and the journalist saw, by the light of the street lamp, the saddest human face he had ever looked upon.

The man before him was apparently quite young, but his face was pale and pinched, and his black hair and moustache gave him a ghost-like look. His clothes were shabby, and he had altogether what the French describe as "the look of a drowned man." Hector, at the sight of such evident misery, felt as though he himself had been guilty

of some crime, and when the wretched man held out the silver coin to his accuser, without attempting to offer a word of apology, but with an expression of utter despair in his sunken eyes, our journalist could not find a word to say.

He took the coin, put it in his purse, and then pressed the purse into the man's hand, and made off himself as though he had been the thief.

After ten years of uphill work and struggle, Hector had gained for himself an important position as journalist and art critic. His absolute sincerity and perfect



"GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY!"

competency had won for him golden opinions from the public, and his verdict on all matters connected with art and literature was always awaited with anxious impatience.

In spite of his success and his fame, the first hard years of struggle had left their traces on him. There was always a touch of melancholy which he never quite succeeded in throwing off. He had seen the comedy of human life too near, and it is, alas! no comedy for those who are behind the scenes.

On this bright May-day, however, Hector was quite gay as he entered Ledoyen's restaurant. It was the opening day of the Salon, and there was an animated discussion going on among a group of artists, sculptors, and journalists as to the respective merits of the works exhibited this year.

Hector's arrival made a sensation, and

look positively radiant this morning. What has happened, and what have you been doing?"

"Why! precisely the same as everyone else. I have been looking at pictures and sculpture, but I have discovered one piece which has done me good for the whole day. A perfect masterpiece, an inspiration!"

Hector's friends listened eagerly, and at the neighbouring tables the conversation ceased, for it was worth while hearing what the great art critic had to say, and hearing it from his own lips before the papers got it the next day.

"There certainly are some fine things this year in the Salon, but in my opinion there is one that surpasses all, one such as we only get once in about ten years—I mean Jean Meunier's 'Wreck.'"



"WHY, HECTOR, YOU LOOK RADIANT!"

many hands were held out towards him. Somewhat absently, and yet with the easy cordiality of a man accustomed to society, he answered the various greetings and then took his customary place at a small table, where Paul Nielssery, the young landscape painter, and Charles Zirtius, the aquarellist, were waiting for him.

With these two friends Hector could always enjoy himself: he knew and sympathized with them thoroughly in their love of art and in their utter contempt for all that was mean or mercenary.

"Why, Hector!" exclaimed Paul, "you

A murmur of approval was heard from the other tables as Hector pronounced the young sculptor's name.

Very soon the buzz of conversation was heard again, and Hector and his friends continued their repast, all three of them in the best of humours with themselves and with all the rest of the world.

During dessert Charles Zirtius got up from the table and went across to the other end of the restaurant. He soon returned, accompanied by a tall, handsome man of about thirty; well dressed, and bearing the unmistakable stamp of a gentleman. His



dark, deep-set, brown eyes were full of restless energy, but there was an expression of earnestness in them which almost amounted to sadness. This morning, however, his delicate, oval face was lighted up with happiness: Fame had appeared to him; Glory had touched him with her wings.

"Hector," said Charles, "I want to introduce my friend to you, Jean Meunier."

The journalist rose quickly and shook hands warmly with the young sculptor.

"I must thank you," he said, "for the enjoyment I have had this morning. Your 'Wreck' is a marvellous work of art, and I certainly think I have never felt so much pleasure in seeing a piece of sculpture as in that."

The artist drank in these words from the critic with delight, and, on Hector's invitation, he took a seat at the little table where the coffee was giving out its inviting aroma.

During the conversation Hector looked hard at Jean, trying to recall where and when he had seen that refined face with the intense expression in its dark eyes.

He thought of various acquaintances he had made at clubs, artists' studios, *cafés*; but, no, he could not recall having met this man before, and still the look in those eyes haunted him.

Finally, he decided that it must simply be a resemblance that he saw to someone else, and he got so interested in the conversation of the three artists that he forgot it at last, and ceased to ransack his memory. Gradually the tables around were deserted, and Hector called the waiter and paid the bill. He left some change on the table for the waiter's *pourboire*, and seeing that he had not picked up a small silver coin half hidden by a plate, he called him back, saying, "Take this, too."

Suddenly Jean Meunier looked at it and then at Hector. His pale face became still paler, the expression in his eyes still more intense, a shudder ran through him, and at the same time the memory of an utterly wretched face seen on a November evening by the light of a street lamp, ten years ago, flashed across Hector. They were all getting up from the table; he smiled sympathetically at the young sculptor, and held out his hand, which the latter grasped and wrung silently, but with gratitude of his whole soul.

Hector and Jean were from this day forth firm friends, and the sculptor told the story of the utter misery and poverty he had been in when Hector's timely and sympathetic help had rescued him from despair and his beautiful young sister from death. She was now

twenty years old, bright, happy, and gay, the very sunshine of his home.

Hector was a frequent visitor at the sculptor's studio, and he often joined the brother and sister at their dinner-table. The tinge of melancholy gradually disappeared from his face, and one morning the following announcement was seen in the papers: "The marriage of our

eminent critic, Hector Merot, with Mlle. Hélène Meunier, the sister of Jean Meunier, the well-known sculptor of 'The Wreck,' is shortly to take place."



"HE HELD OUT HIS HAND."

## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXXIX.—JULES VERNE AT HOME.

By MARIE A. BELLOC.



THE author of "Round the World in Eighty Days," "Five Weeks in a Balloon," and many other delightful stories which cannot but have endeared his personality to hundreds of thousands of readers in every part of the world, spends his happy, well-filled working life in Amiens, a quiet, French provincial town situated on the direct route from Calais and Boulogne to Paris.

The humblest Amienois can point out Jules Verne's home. No. 1, Rue Charles Dubois, is a charming, old-fashioned house, situated at the corner of a countrified street leading out of a broad boulevard.

The little door let into a lichen-covered wall was answered by a cheerful-looking old *bonne*. As soon as she heard that I had come by appointment, she led the way across a paved court-yard bounded on two sides by a picturesque, irregular building, flanked by the short tower which is so often a feature of French country houses.

As I followed her, I was able to catch a glimpse of Jules Verne's garden, a distant vista of great beeches shading wide expanses of well-kept turf brilliant with flower-beds. Though it was late autumn, everything was exquisitely

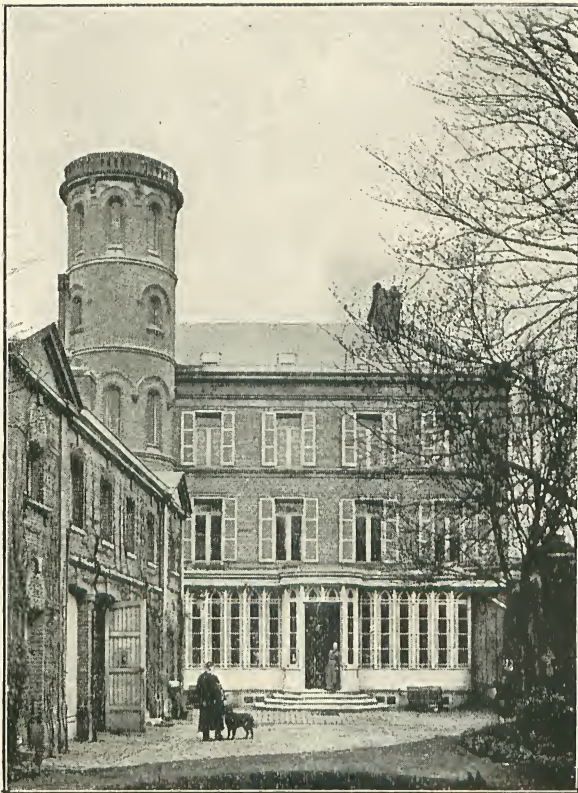
neat and dainty, and not a stray leaf was to be seen on the broad gravel paths, where the veteran novelist takes every day one of his frequent constitutionals.

A row of shallow stone steps leads to a conservatory hall, which, filled with palms and flowering shrubs, forms a pleasant antechamber to the beautiful *salon*, where I was joined a few moments later by my host and hostess.

As the famous author is the first to acknowledge, Mme. Jules Verne has played no small part in each and all of her husband's triumphs and successes; and it is difficult to believe that the bright, active old lady, still so full of youthful vivacity and French *espiglerie*, can really have celebrated over a year ago her golden wedding.

Jules Verne, in his personal appearance, does not fulfil the popular idea of a great author. Rather does he give one the impression of being a cultured country gentleman, and this notwithstanding the fact that he always dresses in the sombre black affected by

most Frenchmen belonging to the professional classes. His coat is decorated with the tiny red button denoting that the wearer possesses the high distinction of being an officer of the Legion of Honour. As he sat talking he



From a Photo, by]

JULES VERNE'S HOUSE.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.





From a Photo. by] AGE 45. [C. Herbert, Amiens.

did not look his seventy-eight years, and, indeed, appeared but little changed since the large portrait, hanging opposite that of his wife, was painted some twenty odd years ago.

M. Verne is singularly modest about his work, and showed no desire to talk about either his books or himself. Had it not been for the kindly assistance of his wife, whose pride in her husband's genius is delightful to witness, I should have found it difficult to persuade him to give me any particulars about his literary career or his methods of work.

"I cannot remember the time," he observed, in answer to a question, "when I did not write, or intend to be an author; and as you will soon see, many things conspired to that end. You know, I am a Breton by birth—my native town being Nantes—but my father was a Parisian by education and taste, devoted to literature, and, although he was too modest to make any effort to popularize his work, a line poet. Perhaps this is why I myself began my literary career by writing poetry, which—for I followed the example of most budding French litterateurs—took the form of a five-act tragedy," he concluded, with a half-sigh—half-smile.

"My first real piece of work, however," he added, after a pause, "was a little comedy written in collaboration with Dumas fils, who was, and has remained, one of my best friends. Our play was called 'Pailles Rompues' (Split Straws), and was acted at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris; but, although I much enjoyed light dramatic work, I did

not find that it brought me anything in the way of substance or fortune.

"And yet," he continued, slowly, "I have never lost my love for the stage and everything connected with theatrical life. One of the keenest joys my story-writing has brought me has been the successful staging of some of my novels, notably 'Michel Strogoff.'

"I have often been asked what first gave me the idea of writing what, for the want of a better name, may be styled scientific romances.

"Well, I had always been devoted to the study of geography, much as some people delight in history and historical research. I really think that my love for maps and the great explorers of the world led to my composing the first of my long series of geographical stories.

"When writing my first book, 'Five Weeks in a Balloon,' I chose Africa as the scene of action, for the simple reason that less was, and is, known about that continent than any other; and it struck me that the most ingenious way in which this portion of the world's surface could be explored would be from a balloon. I thoroughly enjoyed writing the story, and, even more, I may add, the researches which it made necessary; for then, as now, I always tried to make even the wildest of my romances as realistic and true to life as possible.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [C. Herbert, Amiens.

"Once the story was finished, I sent the manuscript to the well-known Paris publisher, M. Hetzel. He read the tale, was interested by it, and made me an offer which I accepted. I may tell you that this excellent man and his son became, and have remained, my very good friends, and the firm are about to publish my seventieth novel."

"Then you passed no anxious moments waiting on fame?" I asked. "Did your first book become immediately popular, both at home and abroad?"

"Yes," he answered, modestly. "'Five Weeks in a Balloon' has remained to this day one of the most read of my stories, but you must remember that I was already a man of thirty-five when this book was published, and had been married for some eight years," he concluded, turning to Mme. Verne with a charming air of old-fashioned gallantry.

"Your love of geography did not prevent your possessing a strong bent for science?"

"Well, I do not in any way pose as a scientist, but I esteem myself fortunate as having been born in an age of remarkable discoveries, and perhaps still more wonderful inventions."

"You are doubtless aware," interposed Mme. Verne, proudly, "that many apparently impossible scientific phenomena in my husband's romances have come true?"

"Tut, tut," cried M. Verne, deprecatingly, "that is a mere coincidence, and is doubtless owing to the fact that even when inventing scientific phenomena I always try and make everything seem as true and simple as possible. As to the accuracy of my descriptions, I owe that in a great measure to the fact that, even before I began writing stories, I always took numerous notes out of every book, newspaper, magazine, or scientific report that I came across. These notes were, and are, all classified according to the subject with which they dealt, and I need hardly point out to you how invaluable much of this material has been to me."

"I subscribe to over twenty newspapers," he continued, "and I am an assiduous reader of every scientific publication; even apart from my work I keenly enjoy reading or hearing about any new discovery or experiment in the worlds of science, astronomy, meteorology, or physiology."

"And do you find that this miscellaneous reading suggests to you any new ideas for stories, or do you depend for your plots wholly on your own imagination?"

"It is impossible to say what suggests the

skeleton of a story; sometimes one thing, sometimes another. I have often carried an idea in my brain for years before I had occasion to work it out on paper, but I always make a note when anything of the kind occurs to me. Of course, I can distinctly trace the beginnings of some of my books: 'Round the World in Eighty Days' was the result of reading a tourist advertisement in a newspaper. The paragraph which caught my attention mentioned the fact that nowadays it would be quite possible for a man to travel round the world in eighty days, and it immediately flashed into my mind that the traveller, profiting by a difference of meridian, could be made to either gain or lose a day during that period of time. It was this initial thought that really made the whole point of the story. You will, perhaps, remember that my hero, Phineas Fogg, owing to this circumstance arrived home in time to win his wager, instead of, as he imagined, a day too late."

"Talking of Phineas Fogg, monsieur: unlike most French writers, you seem to enjoy making your heroes of English or foreign extraction."

"Yes, I consider that members of the English-speaking race make excellent heroes, especially where a story of adventure, or scientific pioneering work, is about to be described. I thoroughly admire the pluck and go-ahead qualities of the nation which have planted the Union Jack on so great a portion of the earth's surface."

"Your stories also differ from those of almost all your fellow-authors," I ventured to observe, "inasmuch that in them the fair sex plays so small a part."

An approving glance from my kindly hostess showed me that she agreed with the truth of my observation.

"I deny that *in toto*," cried M. Verne, with some heat. "Look at 'Mistress Branican,' and the charming young girls in some of my stories. Whenever there is any necessity for the feminine element to be introduced you will always find it there." Then, smiling: "Love is an all-absorbing passion, and leaves room for little else in the human breast; my heroes need all their wits about them, and the presence of a charming young lady might now and again sadly interfere with what they have to do. Again, I have always wished to so write my stories that they might be placed without the least hesitation in the hands of all young people, and I have scrupulously avoided any scene which, say, a boy would not like to think his sister would read."



"Before daylight wanes, would you not like to come upstairs and see my husband's workroom and study?" asked my hostess; "there we can continue our conversation."

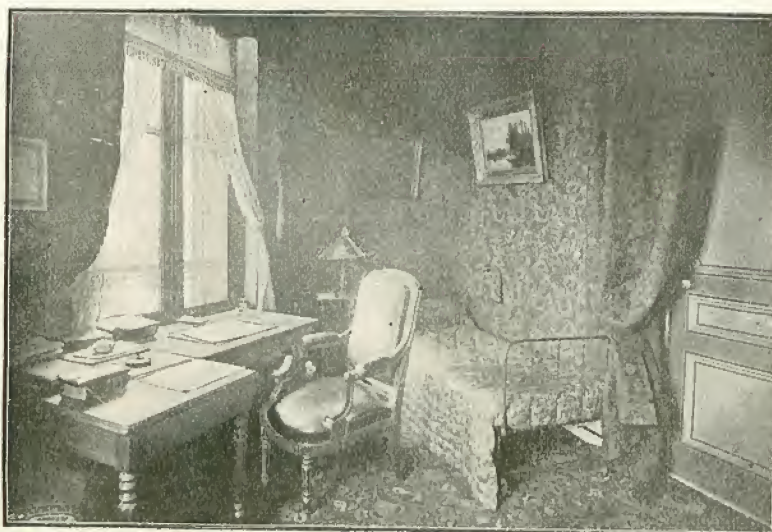
And so, with Mme. Verne leading the way, we went once more through the light, airy hall, where a door opened straight on to the quaint winding staircase, which leads up and up till are reached the cosy set of rooms where M. Verne passes the greater

colour of my host's yacht, the *St. Michel*, a splendid little boat in which he and his wife spent, some years ago, many of the happiest hours of their long dual life.

Opening out of the bedroom is a fine large apartment, Jules Verne's library. The room is lined with book-cases, and in the middle a large table groans under a carefully sorted mass of newspapers, reviews, and scientific reports, to say nothing of a representative

collection of French and English periodical literature. A number of cardboard pigeon-holes, occupying however wonderfully little space, contain the twentyodd thousand notes garnered by the author during his long life.

"Tell me what are a man's books, and I will tell you what manner of man he is," makes an excellent paraphrase of a good old saying, and might well be applied to Jules Verne. His library is strictly for use, not



From a Photo, by)

THE WORKROOM.

[O. Herbert, Amiens.

part of his life, and from where have issued many of his most enchanting books. As we went along the passage, I noticed some large maps—dumb testimonies of their owner's delight in geography and love of accurate information—hanging on the wall.

"It is here," remarked Mme. Verne, throwing open the door of what proved to be a tiny, cell-like bed-chamber, "that my husband does his actual writing each morning. You must know that he gets up at five, and by lunch-time, that is, eleven o'clock, his actual writing, proof-correcting, and so on, are over for the day; but one cannot burn the candle at both ends, and each evening he is generally sound asleep by eight or half-past eight o'clock."

The plain wooden desk-table is situated in front of the one large window, and opposite the little camp bed; between the pauses of his work on winter mornings M. Verne, by glancing up, is able to see the dawn breaking over the beautiful spire of Amiens Cathedral. The tiny room is bare of all ornamentation, save for two busts of Molière and Shakespeare, and a few pictures, including a water-

show, and well-worn copies of such intellectual friends as Homer, Virgil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, shabby, but how dear to their owner; editions of Fenimore Cooper, Dickens, and Scott show hard and constant usage; and there also, in newer dress, many of the better-known English novels have found their way.

"These books will show you," observed M. Verne, genially, "how sincere is my affection for Great Britain. All my life I have delighted in the works of Sir Walter Scott, and during a never-to-be-forgotten tour in the British Isles, my happiest days were spent in Scotland. I still see, as in a vision, beautiful, picturesque Edinburgh, with its Heart of Midlothian, and many entrancing memories; the Highlands, world-forgotten Iona, and the wild Hebrides. Of course, to one familiar with the works of Scott, there is scarce a district of his native land lacking some association connected with the writer and his immortal work."

"And how did London impress you?"

"Well, I consider myself a regular devotee of the Thames. I think the great river is





From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.

a translation. It seemed to me, when I read it, to possess extraordinary freshness of style and enormous power. I have not mentioned," he continued, "the English writer whom I consider the master of them all, namely, Charles Dickens," and the face of the King of Story-tellers lit up with youthful enthusiasm. "I consider that the author of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'David Copperfield,' and 'The Cricket on

the most striking feature of that extraordinary city."

"I should like to ask you your opinion of some of our boys' books and stories of adventure. Of course, you know England has led the van in regard to such literature."

"Yes, indeed, notably with that classic, beloved alike by old and young, 'Robinson Crusoe'; and yet perhaps I shall shock you by admitting that I myself prefer the dear old 'Swiss Family Robinson.' People forget that Crusoe and his man Friday were but an episode in a seven-volumed story. To my mind the book's great merit is that it was apparently the first romance of the kind ever perpetrated. We have all written 'Robinsons,'" he added, laughing; "but it is a moot question if any of them would have seen the light had it not been for their famous prototype."

"And where do you place other English writers of adventure?"

"Unhappily, I can read only those works which have been translated into French. I never tire of Fenimore Cooper; certain of his romances deserve true immortality, and will I trust be remembered long after the so-called literary giants of a later age are forgotten. Then, again, I thoroughly enjoy Captain Marryat's breezy romances. Owing to my unfortunate inability to read English, I am not so familiar as I should like to be with Mayne Read and Robert Louis Stevenson; still, I was greatly delighted with the latter's 'Treasure Island,' of which I possess

the Hearth' possesses pathos, humour, incident, plot, and descriptive power, any one of which might have made the reputation of a less gifted mortal; but here, again, is one of those whose fame may smoulder but will never die."

Whilst her husband was concluding these remarks, Mme. Verne drew my attention to a large book-case filled with rows of apparently freshly bound and little-read books. "Here," she observed, "are various French, German, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, and Russian editions of M. Verne's books, including a Japanese and Arab translation of 'Round the World in Eighty Days,'" and my kindly hostess took down and opened the strange vellum-bound pages wherein each little Arab who runs may read of the adventures of Phineas Fogg, Esq.

"My husband," she added, "has never re-read a chapter of a single one of his stories. When the last proofs are corrected his interest in them ceases, and this, although he has sometimes been thinking over a plot, and inventing situations figuring in a story, during years of his life."

"And what, monsieur, are your methods of work?" I inquired. "I suppose you can have no objection to giving away your recipe?"

"I cannot see," he answered, good-humouredly, "what interest the public can find in such things; but I will initiate you into the secrets of my literary kitchen, though



En l'année 1872, la maison portant le numéro 7 de Saville-row, Burlington Gardens - maison dans laquelle Sheridan mourut en 1814, - était habitée par Philéas Fogg, esq., l'un des membres les plus singuliers et les plus remarquables du Reform-Club de Londres, bien qu'il semblât perdre à tâche de ne rien faire qui fût attirer l'attention.

À l'un des plus grands auteurs qui honorent l'Angleterre, succédait donc le Philéas Fogg, personnage énigmatique, dont on ne savait rien, sinon que c'était un fort gaillard homme et l'un des plus beaux gentlemen de la haute société anglaise.

On disait qu'il ressemblait à lord Byron - par la tête, car il était irréprochable quant aux pieds - mais un Byron à moustaches et favoris un Byron impassible, qui avait vécu mille ans sans vieillir.

FACSIMILE OF JULES VERNE'S HANDWRITING.

I do not know that I would recommend anybody else to proceed on the same plan; for I always think that each of us works in his or her own way, and instinctively knows what method is best. Well, I start by making a draft of what is going to be my new story. I never begin a book without knowing what the beginning, the middle, and the end will be. Hitherto I have always been fortunate enough to have not one, but half-a-dozen definite schemes floating in my mind. If I ever find myself hard up for a subject, I shall consider that it is time for me to give up work. After having completed my preliminary draft, I draw up a plan of the chapters, and then begin the actual writing of the first rough copy in pencil, leaving a half-page margin for corrections and emendations; I then read the whole, and go over all I have already done in ink. I consider that my real labour begins with my first set of proofs, for I not

only correct something in every sentence, but I rewrite whole chapters. I do not seem to have a grip of my subject till I see my work in print; fortunately, my kind publisher allows me every latitude as regards corrections, and I often have as many as eight or nine revises. I envy, but do not attempt to emulate, the example of those who from the time they write Chapter I. to the word Finis, never see reason to alter or add a single word."

"This method of composition must greatly retard your work?"

"I do not find it so. Thanks to my habits of regularity, I invariably produce two completed novels a year. I am also always in advance of my work; in fact, I

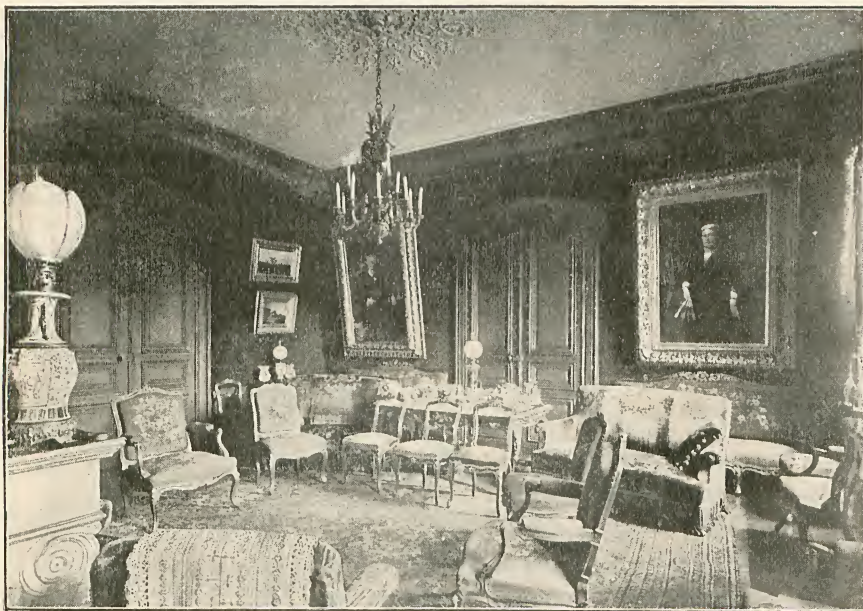
am now writing a story which properly belongs to my working year 1897; in other words, I have five manuscripts ready for the printers. Of course," he added, thoughtfully, "this has not been achieved without sacrifice. I soon found real hard work and a constant, steady rate of production incompatible with the pleasures of society. When we were younger, my wife and myself lived in Paris, and enjoyed the world and its manifold interests to the full. During the last twelve years I have become a townsman of Amiens; my wife is an Amienoise by birth. It was here that I first made her acquaintance, fifty-three years ago, and little by little all my affections and interests have centered in the town. Some of my friends will even tell you that I am far prouder of being a town councillor of Amiens than of my literary reputation. I do not deny that I thoroughly enjoy taking my share in municipal government."

"Then, have you never followed the example of so many of your own personages, and travelled, as you easily might have done, here, there, and everywhere?"

"Yes, indeed; I am passionately fond of travelling, and at one time spent a considerable portion of each year on my yacht, the *St. Michel*. Indeed, I may say I am devoted to the sea, and I can imagine nothing more ideal than a sailor's life; but with age came a strong love of peace and quietude, and," added the veteran novelist, half sadly, "I now journey only in imagination."

'Doctor Ox' formed the basis of an operetta at the Variétés some seventeen years ago. I was once able to superintend the mounting of my pieces myself; now, my only glimpse of the theatrical world is seen from the front, in our charming Amiens theatre, on the, I must admit, frequent occasions when some good provincial company honours our town with its presence."

"I suppose," I observed to Mme. Verne, "that your husband receives many communications from his immense English constituency of unknown friends and readers?"



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.

"I believe, monsieur, that you add the dramatist's laurels to your other triumphs?"

"Yes," he answered; "you know we have in France a proverb which declares that a man always ends by returning to his old love. Well, as I told you before, I always took a special delight in everything dramatic, and made my literary début as a playwright, and of the many substantial satisfactions brought me by my labours, none gave more pleasure than my return to the stage."

"And which of your stories were most successful in dramatic form?"

"'Michel Strogoff' was perhaps the most popular; it was played all over the world; then 'Round the World in Eighty Days' was very successful, and more lately 'Mathias Sandorf' was acted in Paris; it may amuse you to know further that my

"Yes, indeed," she cried, brightly; "and the applications for autographs! I wish you could see them. If I were not there to save him from his friends, he would spend most of his time writing out his name on slips of paper. I suppose few people have received stranger epistles than my husband. People write to him about all sorts of things: they suggest plots for new stories, they confide to him their troubles, they tell him their adventures, and they send him their books."

"And do those unknown correspondents ever permit themselves to ask indiscreet questions about M. Verne's future plans?"

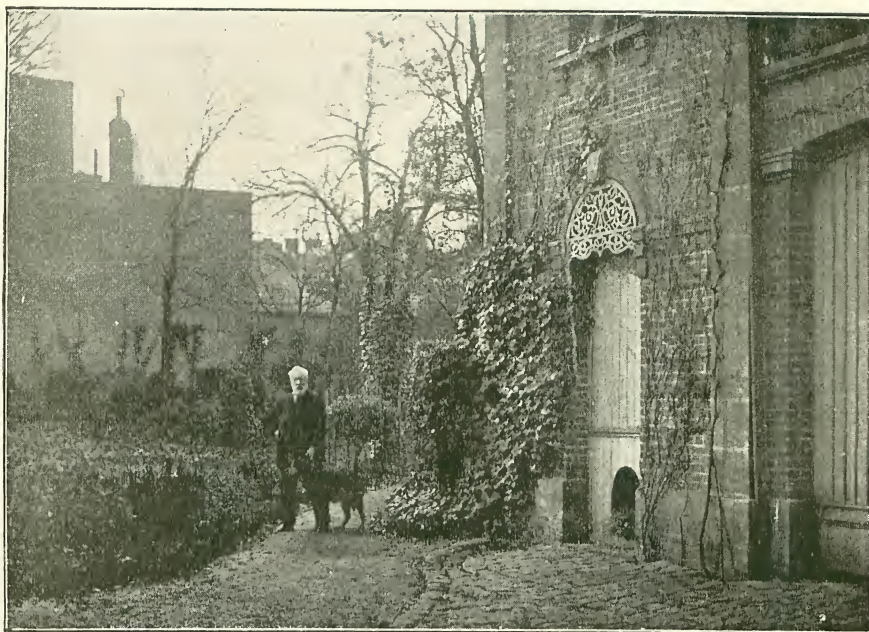
My good-natured and courteous host answered for her, "Many are so kind as to be interested in my next book; if you share that curiosity, you may care to know what I have not yet announced to any but my intimates,



namely, that my next story will have for title, 'L'Île Hélice'—in English, 'Screw Island.' It embodies a set of notions and ideas that have been in my mind for many years. The action will take place on a floating island created by the ingenuity of man, a kind of *Great Eastern* magnified 10,000 times, and containing, of course, the whole of what in this case may be truly called a moving population. It is my intention," concluded M. Verne, "to complete, before my working days are done, a series which shall conclude in story

know, I have dealt with the moon, but a great deal remains to be done, and if health and strength permit me, I hope to finish the task."

There was still half an hour left before the Calais-Paris train (once so eloquently described by Rossetti) was due, and Mme. Verne, with the gracious politeness which is so peculiarly the attribute of well-bred Frenchwomen, drove me to the beautiful cathedral, Notre Dame d'Amiens, a poem in stone, dating from the twelfth century. Within its stately walls the chance English tourist



From a Photo. by]

JULES VERNE IN THE GARDEN.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.

form my whole survey of the world's surface and the heavens; there are still left corners of the world to which my thoughts have not yet penetrated. As you

may, all unknowingly, see, any Sunday, the fine old man to whose pen he cannot but have owed many happy hours as boy or man.

## *Card-Sharpers and their Work.*

BY HARRY HOW.



THE series of articles which I recently contributed to this Magazine, under the title of "Crimes and Criminals," induced me to spend many interesting and instructive hours at New Scotland Yard. As with the dynamiters and the burglars, the pick-pockets, and sundry other pilferers who are somewhat partial to helping themselves, so it is with that particular class of folk of which I now propose to say something—you never know when you may expect them.

There are degrees of card-sharpers. There is the little trio of enterprising fellows who are to be found in the railway carriages on their way to the racecourse—and they are at times even to be found on the racecourse itself. One of them, at least, is always the most innocent-looking of bucolic countrymen, the typical modernized John Bull, who invariably wins the stakes, and so induces the "outsider" to try his luck also; and I have heard that before now an individual has been clothed in all the habiliments of a clergyman and staked his shilling or two on the picture, and, what is more, has won. What more natural to the passenger? Here is a benevolent-looking parson joining in the game—surely he does not know much about cards?—he wins. Why should not the passenger have a little flutter with the pictures? He does; and is sorry for it.

All this is the common side of card-sharpping, and is particularly known as the three-card trick. It is worked in many ways, one favourite method being to turn up the corner of the picture card, which the victim-to-be endeavours not to lose sight of. Then the clever hands of the manipulator of "the leaves from the devil's prayer-book," with marvellous dexterity, straighten the

turned-up corner of the merry little queen of hearts, and turn up the corner of the two of clubs. Most sensible people would think that this would be sufficient to warn the poor player, who is to be poorer still before he has finished. When the turned-up corner has been played sufficiently, a little bit of mud or dirt is substituted as a blind before the cards are dealt. There is no getting away from it. But there is no mud on the picture card when you make your choice, and you will find that somehow the mud has disappeared from the court card to one of very insignificant value. This is very simply done. One gentleman working the trick will shuffle the cards, show the one with the mud on, and hand the cards to a confederate, who removes the dirt, and puts it on another member of the pack, when they are displayed to entrap the speculative, though innocent, player.

It is satisfactory to chronicle the fact that, in the opinion of detectives, the three-card trick, as we all know it, is disappearing. As one smart detective suggestively puts it, "There are not so many mugs about as there used to be." This will, probably, be consoling to the public!

But there is the artistic side of card-sharpping, and during my recent visits to Scotland Yard, previously referred to, perhaps one of the most interesting of the exhibits there was a complete set of card-sharper's apparatus, which used to be frequently in use by astute

Yankees on the American liners.

These most ingenious contrivances are the first of the kind ever seen in this country, and it is believed that a similar set has not reached these shores since. It is well to know that they will not be used again, at least, by the individual who possessed them, for he is now enjoying the hospitality of Her

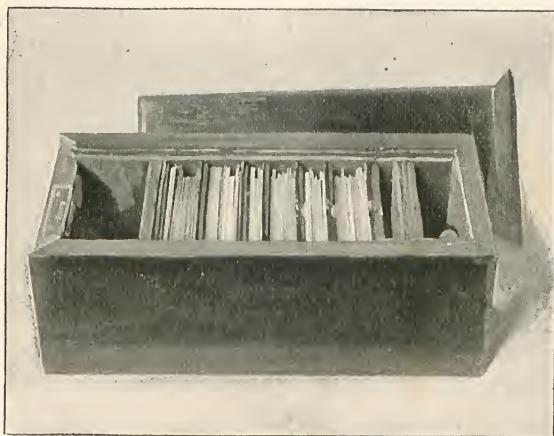


FIG. 1.—THE BOX.



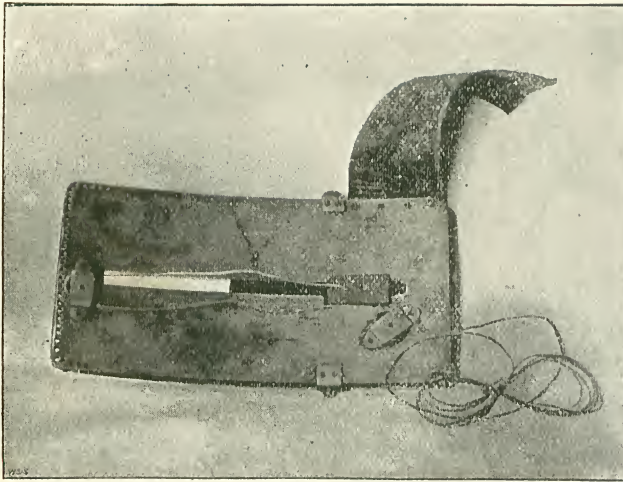


FIG. 2.—FOR THE WAISTCOAT—THE CARD IN.

Majesty, at a residence especially erected for such persons, for the very comfortable period of twenty years.

Before proceeding to diagnose the various items which go to make up this truly fearfully and wonderfully made set of apparatus, it may be said that there evidently exists in America a recognised trade for turning out this particular class of work. We are ready to admit that our friends across the "herring pond" are exceedingly well gifted in the art of originating ideas, and it seems a pity that they should permit such contrivances as are about to be described to be made with impunity in their country. This is a somewhat sweeping assertion, but I have had an opportunity of examining closely and minutely the apparatus, and the discovery was made of the name and address of the firm who made them, with a strong recommendation to all card-players to have them in their possession, and so be like Tommy Dodd—sure to win.

First, examine the packs of cards to be used by this particular card-sharper, and in ex-

amining them kindly remember that you are dealing with a man who is an artist himself at dealing a hand of cards. There are five or six packs of them, and they are contained in a nice-looking mahogany box, and kept intact with a lid (Fig. 1). The packs of cards have partitions between them. There is a small brass knob at the left hand end of the box, with a screw attached, which is connected with the first partition of the first pack of cards. The proud possessor of this box knows that, by turning the knob, he screws the cards together. Now, there is method in his screwing. Every alternate card has been previously rubbed

with a little sandpaper; hence two cards stick together. Now comes the dealing. It is very easy for a smart dealer, such as we are treating with now, to either deal one or two cards. When he is dealing to a man he is desirous of swindling, he gives him one card and deals himself two. This gives him a choice of two cards, as they are very easily separated by the person working the oracle.

A further examination of these cards heightens the mystery considerably. The back of each card has some secret hieroglyphic on it, which tells the card-sharper its exact value. These hieroglyphics lie hidden away in some part of the design on the back of the card, and the secret of the same is possessed alone by the owner of

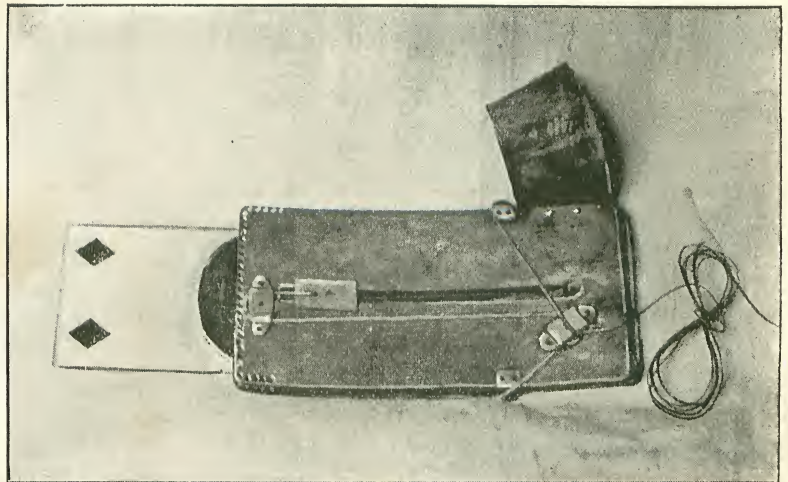


FIG. 3.—FOR THE WAISTCOAT—THE CARD OUT.

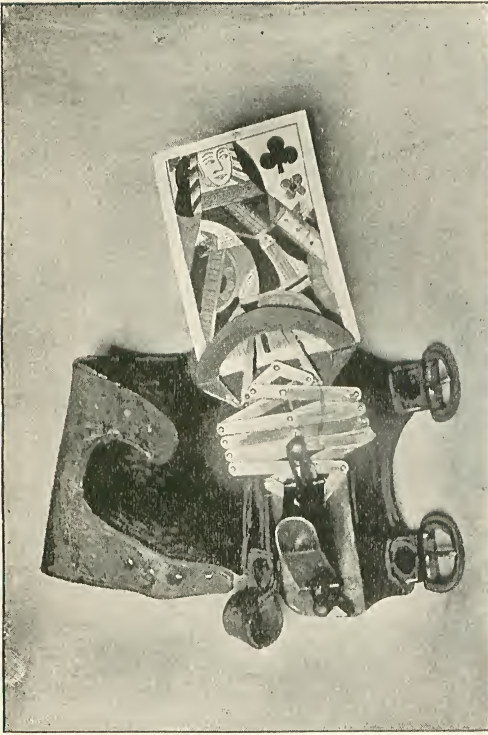


FIG. 4.—THE QUEEN OF CLUBS—WAITING.

them. Hence, there is a card-sharper's alphabet of fifty-two designs—to say nothing of the designs he has upon the person he is playing with—so that, apart from the sharper having an exceptionally quick hand, he needs also to possess a very retentive memory.

Seeing that the sharper will frequently have two cards, one of which he will use,

while the other may possibly be useless, the question arises as to how he is to dispose of the surplus card. The sleeves of his coat may probably form a refuge for the non-usable card, and there is no doubt that even your sharper who sharps from the most artistic point of view by no means despises the coat-sleeve as a convenient "stow-away." But he has a far better and prettier method of getting rid of the superfluous card. Close beside the box containing the packs is a piece of machinery, consisting of two steel plates, very slightly curved. This is placed in the waistcoat pocket. It also has a strap, in case it may be needed to fasten it anywhere about the person. The interior of the plates contains a pair of what might be described as tongues, which will either snap up a card or give one out, as may be required.

If the player desires to take a card from the table, all he has to do is to work a pair of small pulleys, by means of a piece of catgut, which runs down the leg of his trousers, and is fastened inside his boot. By moving his foot he manipulates the pulleys, the tongues slip out and receive the card, and so dispose of it. It is a very easy matter, in the excitement of the play, to remove the card from the tongue of the machine, and place it amongst the pack again (Figs. 2 and 3).

Although this particular apparatus is more often than not used for getting a card out of the way, it may, of course, be utilized for holding an ace, or a king, or a queen, or even a useful little jack within its grip,

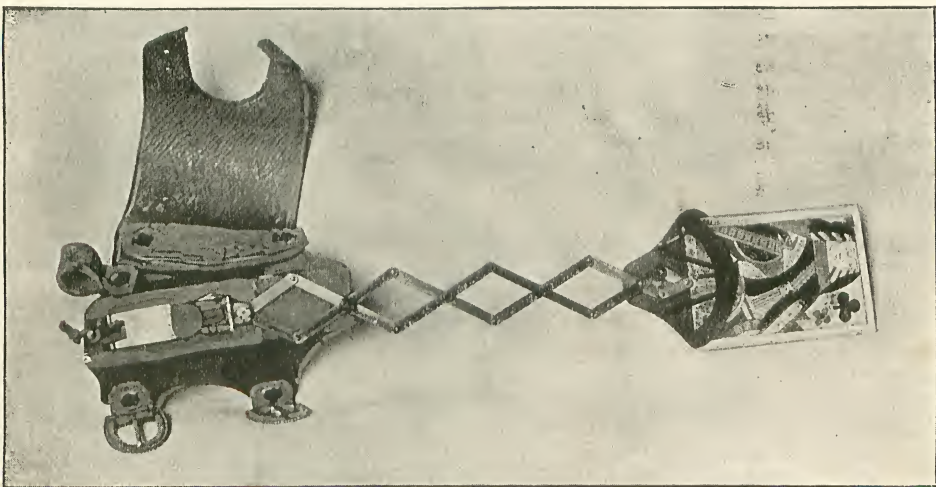


FIG. 5.—HOW TO PRODUCE A QUEEN,



which will bob up serenely when the catgut is pulled. But it is more often than not used to cause cards to disappear mysteriously. A glance at the illustration will at once show how this very ingenious dodge is carried into effect. One cannot help regretting that such ingenuity as this should not be applied to some better purpose, and one's regrets are all the greater when an examination is made of the little apparatus which is used to cap the trick of the unfortunate individual who may be pitted against its unscrupulous possessor.

Possibly the reader may remember that, some fifteen or twenty years ago, a very favourite toy for the little ones was a number of soldiers stuck on a series of workable pieces of wood, which could be pressed into a small space, or shot out into a lengthy column. Here we have the exact principle on which this latter apparatus works. Whether its inventor founded it on the toy or not it is impossible to tell, but the operations of working are exactly identical. In this case the instrument is constructed of brass, to which a strap with buckles is attached. This is worn just below the elbow of the left arm, and is usually called into play when a player wishes to hide a card, or to call one into action. More often than not, it is used for a reserve force of aces, kings, queens, and jacks. The pictures are placed in a clip, and, when the apparatus is not in action, are completely hidden by the swindler's sleeve. He is just in the midst of a game. For once his unlucky partner has got the best of it; it all depends on the value of the last card played, and fortunately —

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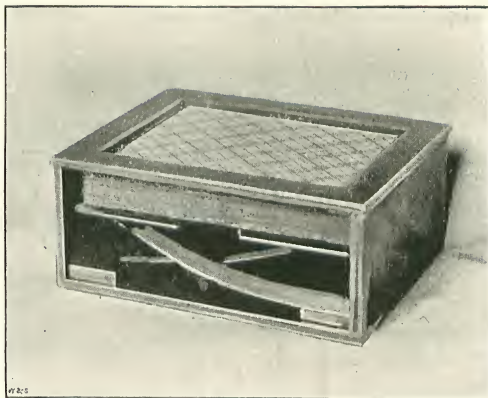


FIG. 6.—"FARO" BOX.

or unfortunately—it is the sharper's turn to play. He knows the value of the card he has in his hand, he is fully aware of the fact that it is only a wretched four of diamonds, and he stands to win or lose £50.

Possibly he has not been able, for once, owing to the shrewdness of his opponent at this exciting moment, to tell

the value of the card from the hieroglyphics amongst the flowers on the back, but he knows it all the same, for he has a little glass disc, which is resting on his knee—a precious little disc, a trifle bigger than a sixpence, and into this mirror he reflects the value of the card, which is instantly revealed to him—(Fig. 8.)

His innocent opponent has played the jack of clubs; but, bless you! the sharper has a queen of clubs up his sleeve, in more ways than one. By a clever little piece of legerdemain the four of diamonds disappears into the waistcoat piece of mechanism. He presses his left arm on the table, the spring of the apparatus just described is released, the crossed steel bands, *à la* the soldier toy, spring out, and in less time than it takes to tell, the queen of clubs is in the hand of the player. Quickly raising his arm from the table, back go the steel springs, and her majesty of clubs caps the jack (Figs. 4 and 5).

A word regarding a highly-polished nickel-

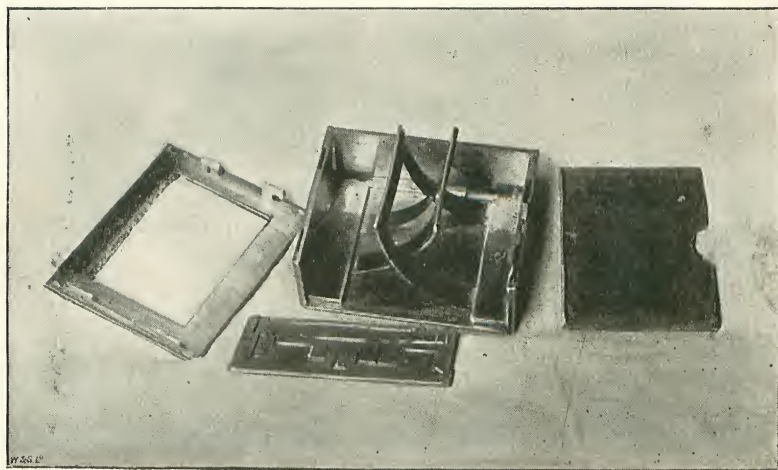


FIG. 7.—"FARO" BOX TAKEN TO PIECES.

plated box, which is used for playing the game called "Faro." It is evident that, in playing this game, a mechanical dealing-box is called into requisition; but the sharper is not going to be beaten by this. He has his own Faro box made, which, to all outward appearance, is exactly the same as that used by an honest player. It contains the usual pack of cards—there is not a suspicious sign about it. Quietly pick it to pieces, and the ingenuity of the whole thing is at once made apparent.

The writer is not proficient at the game of Faro—indeed, has never played it in his

are allowed to pass through (Figs. 6 and 7).

This very interesting item in New Scotland Yard Museum is further supplemented by what at first appears to be a most valuable roll of bank-notes. Not so, however; it is simply an old pocket-book with the leaves frayed, to give it the appearance of a roll of notes which had been well used and their value proved by passing through many hands, and covered over with what proves to be, on close inspection, a very Parisian pamphlet (Fig. 8). Still, the effect, like the transformation scene, is capital from the

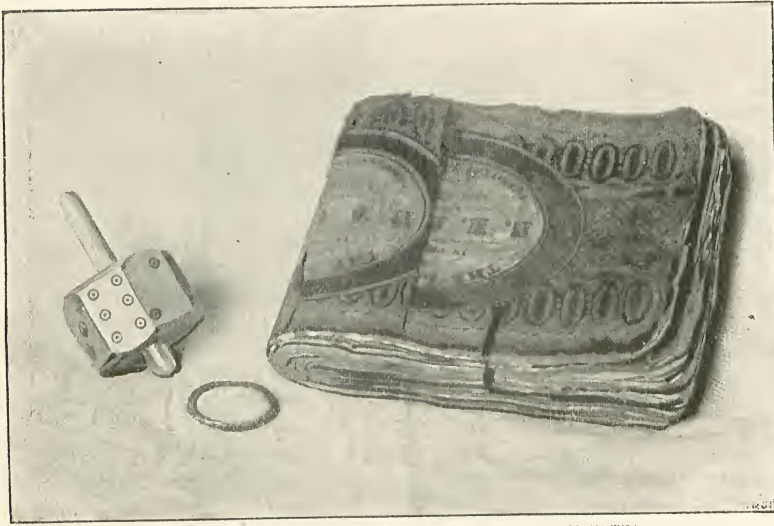


FIG. 8.—TEE-TO-TUM, LOOKING-GLASS DISC, AND SHAM NOTES.

life, or even seen it played; but it would appear that a proper Faro dealing-box allows one card to be dealt at a time, which is done by the two springs beneath the pack pressing up the cards to a narrow slit, so that, as one is taken out, the spring further pushes the pack up for another to be released. But the sharper believes in the old principle that two heads are better than one—and so are two cards; and by working a small lever in his own particular apparatus, which communicates with a very minute spring, the space for the outlet of a card is increased to exactly double its width, and so a pair

front. The card-sharper places these by his side, so that confidence is at once inspired.

Before leaving this very elaborate set of card-sharpers' apparatus, play for a moment with the tee-to-tum (Fig. 8). You give it a twist, but you never get more than a three or a four, and frequently not more than a one or a two. You will find, on close inspection, that the pivot on which it spins is movable, and can be so adapted by the manipulator as to make the tee-to-tum turn up either high or low numbers, as desired. This, of course, is operated upon by the individual who is seeking to swindle you.



## The Two Highwaymen.

BY H. D. LOWRY.

I.



BEGAN at last to think that the ball would never come to an end. I had looked forward to it with absolute dread, for I was well aware of the plan which my uncle and Madam Trelawney had devised between them. I had already recognised that the lady's son was charming in his boyish frankness, but I had seen from the first that it was intended he should propose to me before the night was ended—this night of all nights in the year!—and I was resolved on my part that he should do nothing of the sort.

Truly, he was a gallant boy; I can fancy (for an old woman may surely tell her grandchildren she once was beautiful) that we made a pretty couple as we danced together; I know that Madam treated me with quite unusual consideration, and once I caught her watching us with an altogether delightful air of satisfaction. Frank, too, did his dutiful best to offer me such attentions as are proper in a lover; and though I was resolved to thwart his mother, and to keep him from courting rejection, I could not but enjoy the little play in which I was acting. I pictured the surprise of all the good folks who were now watching me, when the news of the morrow should reach them. And, though I longed for the end of the ball, and the more serious adventure which was destined to follow, I found the situation vastly amusing.

Perhaps it was this fact which chiefly helped me to keep poor Frank at a distance.

"You are always laughing at a man," he said, reproachfully, during an interval between two dances; and upon my soul I was hard put to it to find an answer. I could

scarcely say that for him I had only pity; and yet this would have been the truth, even though I was well aware that his disappointment would be only for a week or two.

At any rate, when the hour of our departure had come, his devotion was still undeclared, and Madam looked upon me a shade less kindly, I thought, when I went to take farewell of her. But, in truth, I was by this time too completely overcome by excitement to notice little details in the comportment of these people. They were all conspirators against my happiness and Dick's; I knew they would be checkmated within the hour, and already I could have laughed in their faces.

My uncle was a great gamester, and never known to lose his coolness; on this night he had gained a large sum at cards. But, for



"WE MADE A PRETTY COUPLE."

all that, I fancy he had taken a goodly quantity of liquor during the evening: I noticed that his voice was a little thick. No sooner were we seated in his coach than he lay back in a corner and slept peacefully; soon he was snoring.

I was thus left alone. Indeed, I could not have talked with him had it been otherwise; yet I now wished I were compelled to try, for the excitement I was in came near to being unendurable. I could see nothing through the windows of the coach; nothing but the dim reflection of my own pale face against a background of utter darkness. Had I been able to take note of the landmarks as we passed them, I might have been calmer; as it was, we had hardly been gone from the house five minutes when I began and continued to feel passionately assured that the very next moment would be productive of the event to which I looked forward so eagerly.

The drive appeared interminable. I began to think that Dick must have come early and grown tired of waiting, and I knew that if he did not keep tryst, my heart would simply break. And then, frightening me despite my eager anticipation of it, came the first sign.

I saw a sudden blackness move past the window. A pistol cracked, and as the carriage ceased to move I heard a man's voice speaking sternly to the coachman and his companion on the box. It struck me the sternness was singularly well acted; for the coachman had been in the plot from the first. He happened to have a fancy for my maid, Genefer, and Dick's bribe was a superfluity once she had undertaken to make sure of him.

My uncle stirred in his corner, muttering incoherently, but he was still more than half asleep when the door of the coach was opened, and a tall, graceful figure (how well I knew it, having met him frequently at dusk on the edge of the old plantation!) stood dimly outlined against the darkness. The new-comer was masked, and put a pistol to my uncle's head.

"You ride late, sir," he said; and I wondered at the skill with which he disguised his voice. "I presume you carry fire-arms, and must ask that you will trust them to my keeping."

I can hardly report my uncle's words. Indeed, they were not coherent, so great was his indignation. But he gave up his pistols, and the highwayman straightway flung them far into the darkness.

"Your purse," he continued, politely. Then, when he had received this also: "Sir Richard Courtney's luck at the cards has passed into a proverb. Tell your friends, sir, that you have given their I.O.U.'s to one who will never ask for payment; for I have no doubt I shall find them here."

He put the purse into his pocket. "There is a diamond ring, too," he said, "and a watch." And these things he also received and pocketed.

All this time my uncle had been cursing him for a thief, and swearing he would see him hanged within a month upon the highest point of the moorland. As for me, I had enjoyed the proceedings to begin with, but now I began to be afraid. Precious time was being wasted. There were others who must use this road in returning from the ball, and there was the risk of their coming to the rescue of my dear uncle, and spoiling the plans on which so much depended. Moreover, I conceived that my uncle would be hugely angry when he discovered how prettily he had been deceived; it was possible he might be carried by his resentment so far as to make it appear that this mock robbery was real, and so bring Dick to serious trouble. It was with great relief I saw that it was ended.

The highwayman spoke again. "You have a lady in your company," he said. "I must trouble her——"

"Scoundrel!" said my uncle, angrier than he had been at all. "Do you rob helpless women, also? Oh, but you shall hang high!"

"'Beauty,'" quoted the highwayman—"and I am sure the lady is beautiful—'Beauty unadorned is best adorned.' I must ask the lady to step from her carriage a moment and give me the jewels of which she surely has no need."

My uncle would have hindered me, but I was past him in a moment, and stepped out of the carriage.

"Your necklet," said the highwayman, holding forth his hand.

I took the pearls from my neck, and pressed his hand in passing them to him. "Be quick!" I said in a whisper. "Where is your horse?"

He paused a moment. "I saw the gleam of a bracelet," he said. "I must relieve you of that also."

Again I obeyed him, but the fear that others would come while he still stopped fooling became more urgent. "I'm ready," I whispered, so eagerly that I wonder





"THE NEW-COMER WAS MASKED, AND PUT A PISTOL TO MY UNCLE'S HEAD."

my uncle did not hear. "Why do you wait?"

Again there was a pause. He appeared a little disconcerted. "And I think you are wearing a ring," he went on.

I took the ring from my finger; as I gave

it to him I clutched his hand, secure in the protecting darkness. "Take me!" I said. "Take me!"

Again he was silent for a moment. When he spoke it was in a curiously altered voice, and with a little delighted laugh.



"Dost mean it, sweet?" he cried. "Come, then!"

I gave a scream of alarm (a portion of the play we had arranged together) as he caught me round the waist and landed me upon his horse. A moment later, I was clinging to him for dear life, as we dashed headlong into the black night, and went forward across the

more than cling tightly to the highwayman and await the event.

We had ridden some miles, when he suddenly drew rein and dismounted, landing me lightly beside him.

"Upon my soul!" he said, "here is a pretty adventure! Heaven knows that I had always a passion for the unusual, or I should be still a humble usher in Brancaster Academy. But, tell me, what am I to do with you?"

I suppose I had hoped against hope; to find my fears were justified was a disastrous blow to me, nor could I make any answer.

"I would not wish a braver sweetheart," he continued, speaking with an odd and attractive perplexity. "But what have we gentlemen of the road to do with wives? Why, sweetheart, you heard the promises of your guardian. He will

surely do his utmost to fulfil them, and how should I dare go to the gallows if I knew that I left you widowed and alone? I trust a score of maids would weep a little if poor Jack Arthur went the common way; but God forbid that any should remember him at a week's end. It may seem that I am ungallant, yet I protest I do not like my share in this adventure. Kiss me, sweet, and then fancy I am old and very wise, and take my counsel, which is: that you permit me to conduct you back to some place near your home. And yet—I would not wish a braver sweetheart!"

And then, moved by the kindness of his words, and his pleasant voice, I lost command of myself and burst into foolish weeping.

"Sir," I said, "I am altogether at your mercy. I have done that which will shame me all the rest of my days. But, indeed, I thought you were another, my sweetheart, whom I should have married to-morrow."

I fancied he spoke less gaily than before: perhaps he had not hoped altogether that I



"WE DASHED HEADLONG INTO THE BLACK NIGHT."

moorland. I heard him chuckle, as my uncle roared his indignation after us.

## II.

WE rode on and on through the darkness. At first my excitement was so great as to render thought impossible; moreover, the riding was of the roughest, and I had all I could do to keep my seat. But gradually, as I began to grow more accustomed to my situation, I was overtaken with a most dreadful misgiving. The rider had hitherto seemed like enough to Dick, for I had known he would do his best to change his voice; and as for his foolish robbery, it was just of a piece with his natural love of mischief. But now I began to feel certain that some impostor had taken his part; that I had eloped with another man—and him a common highwayman. Imagine my distress! I could conceive of no method of extricating myself from the position; a sense of blank helplessness came over me, and I could do no



would take his sage advice. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "then my good fortune is but another theft to my account? I do not understand. You were to have married your lover to-morrow, and yet you entreat a stranger, and a highwayman at that, to carry you off! This is the maddest of adventures."

"Sir!" I said, "my uncle stands to me in the place of father and mother."

The highwayman chuckled. "Poor child!" he said, and softly stroked my hand, which, it seems, he had been holding for some minutes. "Poor child!"

"He would have me marry one whom I do not love, and I began to fear that presently he would overcome me, and compel——"

"The old hunks!" cried the highwayman. "You shall marry whom you choose. Nay, I withdraw my foolish wisdom; come with me, and before the night is here again you shall be Mistress Arthur. Believe me," he added, with a pretty conceit—"believe me, there are many who will envy you."

"But, sir," I interrupted, "you forget what I have told you. Of late I have been closely guarded, for my uncle had discovered that I have given my love to a yeoman of the place. To-night there was a ball at the house of Madam Trelawney (a great lady, whose son was destined by my uncle and by her to be my husband), and it was arranged that he should stop the coach on our return, and carry me away with him."

The highwayman laughed loudly. "And that is why you did not faint or scream?" he said. "I fell in love with you because of that, and that is why I was so flattered at your suggestion of an elopement. But—what will the real lover do? Will he stop the coach a second time, and find the bird flown? I warrant he will play the part execrably. I should hardly be surprised to hear he had let himself be captured."

I could not endure his jesting. "Sir," I said, "I am in your hands, and it is small wonder you find my plight only laughable. I have made myself a show for all the country to laugh at. Never a pedlar but will be selling ballads in a se'nnight about this that I have done to-night. Yet I could believe you kinder than most. I entreat that you will help me."

He was sober in a moment. "Upon my soul!" he said, "the case is one to puzzle a very Solomon. I would do much to help you, but I am not altogether free to do so as I would. To be frank, my life hangs upon my

escaping out of these regions with all the celerity I can command. And my life . . . But listen!"

He broke off, and, kneeling, placed his ear to the ground. Then he arose, with a curious, excited laugh. "The adventure grows in interest," he said. "Here comes the honest yeoman, and in hot haste."

I listened eagerly, and heard far off the sound of a horse galloping furiously along the rough track, which was then the only road across the great moorland. I saw a sudden movement on the part of my companion, and perceived that he was fingering his pistols as he stood silent in the darkness.

"Not that!" I cried, entreatingly.

"There will be need of an explanation of some kind," he said; "perhaps you will undertake it. I confess I have not a sufficient gift of words, and I am a little inclined to doubt whether your sweetheart will be in the mood for verbal explanations. Doubtless, as a gentleman of the road, he will ride armed."

The sound of hoofs grew nearer. He was silent now, and listened most attentively to the approaching sound. Presently the rider was quite near.

"Dick!" I called. "Dick! all's well, and I am in the company of a friend of yours and mine."

A moment later he was upon us, and sure enough he held a pistol in his hand. He jumped from his horse in an instant and caught me to him; but it was the highwayman who spoke first.

"Sir," he said, "I see by the pistol you carry that you take a very proper view of the situation. And yet I believe that everything may be explained. If you will consult the lady——"

"Dick," I said, "this gentleman is a friend. He took me with him, very much against his will, because I asked that he would take me; and I did that because I thought that he was you. You know our plan. He is——"

I paused. The highwayman laughed. "I follow, day by day, the trade which it pleased you to adopt for a single night. I anticipated you by a few minutes. We are both of us tall men, and the lady took the difference of voice and manner for a clever disguise. I was engaged about my ordinary business when she appeared to suggest that I should elope with her. I will confess my good luck amazed me at first, but I was quick to embrace it; nor did I discover how far astray



"A MOMENT LATER HE WAS UPON US."

my conceit had led me until the very moment of your approach. We were endeavouring to devise a method of restoring the lady to her friends when you appeared to solve our difficulty."

"You forget," said Dick, doggedly—"you forget the little matter of the money and jewels you have stolen."

The highwayman started. "'Convey,' the wise call it," he replied, with some tartness. "But the only course is, that I should surrender everything to you; and then it should be clear to you that I am no less than a messenger of Providence to you and the lady—a god from the machine."

Dick was silent, his arm about my waist, his figure held ready for action.

"The good uncle has been robbed of goods and niece," went on the highwayman, easily. "You come upon him in his distress, hear the tale, and straightway go in pursuit of the thief—the good uncle called me 'thief'—and compel him to disgorge. In truth, the least he can do is to give you the lady in

return for his goods. For, though perhaps you do not guess it, you have shown some bravery to-night."

The thing was beautifully clear. "Indeed," I cried, "he shall do no less. Dick, we will go back; and I promise you shall marry me when you will, and with his consent. Do you not see it?"

"He ought to do so," said Dick, grudgingly. "I suppose we must thank you, sir."

"Oh!" said the highwayman, lightly, "there is no need of thanks. Here are the jewels and the purse. But, first"—he opened the purse and extracted some scraps of paper—"I promised to liberate certain poor debtors, and that promise I must keep."

He tore the papers into fragments, and leapt upon his horse.

"Farewell!" he cried, and vanished into the night. Nor did I hear of him again until he was hanged, two years afterwards, for a robbery of the most daring.

At least there was one who wept at the news of his death—and she a happy wife.



## The Line of Robert Burns.

By J. MONRO.



FOITERING one day in the Burns Monument on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, and gazing with a proud and loving interest on the faded tress of the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," the Bible of "Highland Mary," the manuscript songs, and other relics of the poet who is dearest to the hearts of all true Scotsmen, I chanced to hear that his great-grandson, bearing his name, was now living in obscurity at the village of Blackhall, a few miles distant. The news was a surprise to me, for, like most admirers of Burns, I was under the impression that he had no male descendants alive, at least in Scotland, and I took an early opportunity of verifying the report.

Blackhall lies "within a mile o' sweet Edinboro' town" on the Queensferry Road, over which the "Hawes Fly" of other days whirled the immortal "Anti-quary" to the Hawes Inn, where "David Balfour" was kidnapped in the story of Mr. Stevenson. It is mainly a double row of stone houses, with the shops of small dealers, built along the turnpike. Here, at the head of a blind alley on the north side of the street—a secluded corner to which few of the many travellers on

the road ever cast a glance—I found a grey-stone cottage behind a gateway, bearing the legend: "City of Edinburgh Gunpowder Magazine." It was the residence of Mr. Burns, the man I had come to see.

The bell was answered by Mrs. Burns, who informed me that her husband was just getting up. "Ye ken he's not very strong," said she, with a kindly Scots accent, that sounded home-like to my ears. Promising to call back in half an hour, I passed the time in strolling towards the richly-wooded hill of Corstorphine, and meditating on the inscrutable turns of life which had brought a descendant of the national poet of Scot-

land to keep a gunpowder magazine, and me to visit him that day.

On returning to the house, Mrs. Burns showed me into a bright and comfortable kitchen-parlour, where I found the invalid resting on a stuffed settee betwixt the bow window and the fire, where a black kitten was basking on the hearth. I was greatly struck with his appearance as he rose to welcome me. A man about fifty years of age, or little more, he was still handsome, although his black beard had been touched with grey and his fine features wasted by sickness.

The Tennysonian cast of his head was noble, not to say kingly, and might have become a bard of the Ancient Druids. The pensive melancholy of his hazel eyes, deep sunken and dark under his bushy brows; the waxen pallor of his skin, and the masses of his sable hair streaked with grey, recalled the descriptions of Burns during his last illness, and I felt that something of the adverse destiny which had made the poet an exciseman had clung to his descendant.

He told me that he was indeed the great-grandson of Robert Burns in the male line, and I could well believe it. The fact, however, was known

to but a few admirers of his great-grandfather, amongst them Mr. Bruce Wallace, formerly American Consul at Edinburgh, and Mr. J. D. Ross, author of "Burnsiana," who had been out to see him. Hitherto he had kept it a secret, because he was afraid his privacy might be disturbed by visitors, and probably not one of the hundreds of tourists who passed through Blackhall day after day in the summer season, on their way to and from the Forth Bridge, was aware of his existence.

Portraits of his ancestors hung over the mantelpiece, flanked by an illustrated calendar and the Christmas picture of a London



ROBERT BURNS.  
From a Painting by Nasmyth.

journal, a Little Red Riding Hood in a snow sled with a bunch of hollies. A view of the Kilmarnock Monument to the poet, and bronzed statuettes of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, standing on the mantelshelf between two American clocks, completed the little gallery.

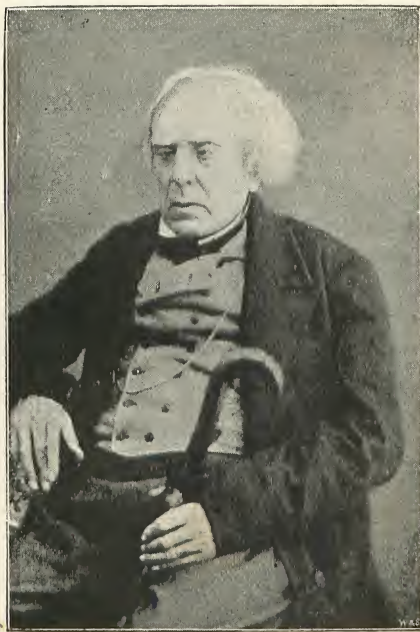
The founder of the family, Robert Burns I., was represented by Cooke's engraving of the Nasmyth portrait, which is considered the best likeness. A photograph of Robert Burns II., his eldest son, by Jean Armour, shows a marked resemblance to him if we allow for difference in age. Burns had great hopes of this boy, and shortly before he died spoke to Mrs. Riddell, of Glenriddell, with seeming pride and satisfaction of his growing genius and the approbation of his teachers. As a matter of fact, Burns was a good father to his children, and gave them the best schooling that his small means would permit. At his death sufficient money was raised to support Mrs. Burns and enable her to continue their education. Robert was then about ten years old, having been born on September 3rd, 1786. On leaving the Dumfries Grammar School, he spent two sessions at Edinburgh Academy, and one at Glasgow University. Appointed to a clerkship in the Stamp Office, London, he married Anne Sherwood, at the age of twenty-two, and retired in 1833 on a modest pension of £120 or £150 a year. Returning to Dumfries, he dwelt there until his death, on May 14th, 1857, and was buried in the Burns mausoleum beside his wife, whom he survived about twenty-two years.

Probably his career did not fulfil the anticipations of his father, whose weakness in matters of finance and lack of self-control he seems to have inherited, if we can trust the statement of Dr. Rogers; but he was a useful citizen, and his education was not entirely thrown away, for he added to his income by giving private lessons in classics and mathematics both in London and Dumfries.

His brothers, with a less expensive educa-

tion, did better in the world. William Nicol Burns, on leaving the Dumfries Grammar School, sailed as a midshipman to India, and entering the Madras Infantry of "John Company," attained to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Retiring in 1843, he lived at Cheltenham until his death in 1872, and was buried in the family mausoleum.

His younger brother, James Glencairn Burns, named after his father's noble friend the Earl of Glencairn, was a scholar of Christ's Hospital, London, as well as the Dumfries Grammar School, and joined the Bengal Native Infantry. He also officiated as a judge and collector at Cahar, and ultimately attained to the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1839 he retired, and lived in London till 1843, then took up house with his brother at Cheltenham. He died in 1865, and was also buried in the mausoleum at Dumfries. Both brothers enjoyed considerable pensions, £1,000 or £1,100 a year. Both were married, but only Colonel James left children behind him, namely, two daughters by his first and second wives. Colonel William, like his brother Robert, resembled the poet a good deal, and he alone seems to have written verses, some of which have been read in manuscript by Mr. Burns, of Blackhall. Apparently the sons of the poet



ROBERT BURNS II.

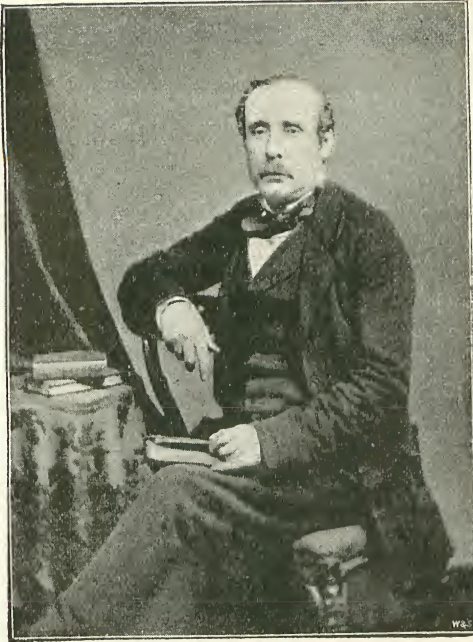
walked after the eloquent advice tendered them by Wordsworth:—

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;  
Be independent, generous, brave;  
Your father such example gave,  
And such revere;  
But be admonished by his grave,  
And think and fear.

Robert Burns III., the eldest son of Robert Burns II., married Mary Campbell, and taught a private school in Dumfries for over thirty years, until the new School Board obliged him to give it up, and died in 1879 in that town.

His eldest son, Robert Burns IV., the last of the dynasty, and my host at Blackhall, was born in Dumfries, and educated in his father's





ROBERT BURNS III.

school. He enlisted in the Household Brigade of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and was quartered with his regiment in London for seven years, in Dublin for thirteen months, at Shorncliffe and elsewhere. Three times he volunteered for active service, but without success. On quitting the army he fell back on "labouring work," as the Scotch say, and eventually obtained the keepership of the City of Edinburgh Gunpowder Magazine at Blackhall. For the last thirteen years he has lived there, serving out the gunpowder required by the Edinburgh merchants and the miners in the neighbouring quarry of Craigleith. It is a post of some responsibility, and if the duties are light, they require strict care and attention. A free house, a bit of garden, and £45 a year are not to be despised; and if he had enjoyed a small pension from the army, he might have been very comfortable. As it is, 17s. 3½d. per week may enable him and Mrs. Burns to exist, but is certainly not enough to save money upon, or indulge in any luxury and recreation.

He and his good wife, Jane Palmer, the daughter of a farmer of Mouswald, near Dumfries, make the best of their circumstances, and probably the enlightened and worthy magistrates of Edinburgh will allow him to retain his post as long as he lives. Since he cannot "lay by" anything, however, it is a serious outlook for Mrs. Burns, should

she survive him, unless the magistrates can see their way to continue her in the appointment.

Another member of the family whose portrait Mr. Burns showed me is "Aunt Jane" of Dumfries, or Jean Armour Burns, with her daughter, Jane Armour Burns Brown, who, as will be seen from our illustration, is remarkably like the poet as he appears in David Allan's water-colour of "The Cottars' Saturday Night," recently given in the *Magazine of Art*. In the refined face of Mr. Burns himself we may also discern traits of his great-grandfather, especially the full and open brow, the serious and thoughtful eyes, and the swarthy complexion; but his high and aquiline nose is rather a feature of his great-grand-uncle, Gilbert Burns. He has never written any poetry, and neither his father nor his mother were literary, but he is a warm admirer of his gifted ancestor. One of his favourite poems is the "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn."

"I like yon last lines best," said he to me, reading them aloud to refresh his memory:—

The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;  
The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour hath been;  
The mother may forget the child  
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;  
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And a' that thou hast done for me!

"Man—that's a grand verse!" he exclaimed, with a sympathetic thrill in his



AUNT JANE AND HER DAUGHTER.

deep, musical voice. "That's a very good one, too, the 'Epistle to Davie,'" he went on:—

The winds frae aff Benlomond blaw,  
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw.

Lines that have gone to the hearts of Scotsmen with a magical power in every clime under the sun, and called up visions of their home and kindred in the sad, sweet days "of auld lang syne."

I found Mr. and Mrs. Burns so kind and hospitable, and their conversation so interesting, that I was fain to linger in their company. When I came away, Mr. Burns, accompanied by his old brown retriever, took me into the grounds of the magazine, beside the house, and showed me the "Maiden Craig," a deserted quarry-hole, now filled with stagnant water and surrounded by a waste of grass overgrown with bushes. When the poet was in the springtide of his glory, and the lion of Edinburgh, that uncanny pit was in full blast, and the mansions in which he figured as an honoured guest were built of its stone.

To-day, it is affording an asylum to the last of his name. A quiet retreat, pleasant enough in summer when the grass is green and the birds are singing in the trees, but mournful and dreary in winter, when the dark pool is swollen with the rains, and

Fearfu' sighs the boortree  
bank.

On the way back Mr. Burns had to stop twice and bend over his staff from sheer weakness. "My head just goes round and round like that," said he, describing a whirl in the air with his hand—a frail, thin hand, as I could feel, too well, in bidding him good-bye.

He suffers from chronic rheumatism, and, perhaps, his outlook and isolation prey upon a delicate nature. When once the spirits are low, it is not so easy to raise them again. A change of air and scene, if only for a day now and then, would, I am sure, work wonders in him, but he

is tied to his post through illness and want of means. "Had Burns been ennobled," thought I, on the road to Edinburgh, "how different might have been this man's lot!" And yet, what nobleman has done so much for Scotland as the beloved bard who has moulded the spirit of her sons? The Scotch have been blamed for making their poet a gauger and leaving him to struggle on fifty pounds a year; but since his death they have amply redeemed their fault, if it were a fault. Provision was made even for his illegitimate children. The cottage in which he was born has been preserved to the nation. A number of splendid monuments have been erected to his memory. Innumerable books and celebrations in all parts of the world attest his growing fame.

A lively interest is taken in everything that concerns him, and persons in whom his blood still flows are marked like the descendants of the Prophet. When the little daughter of Colonel James Glencairn Burns was buried at sea on the way home from India, the officers and men of the ship were drawn up on the deck in mourning array, and while the coffin was lowered into the deep, every eye was moist, and some of the sailors, natives of Scotland, wept outright. The tomb of

"Highland Mary" at Greenock is a place of pilgrimage, and steps are now being taken to raise a stone over the grave of Chloris, the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," which was recently discovered under a drooping birch in the old burying-ground at Newington.

Could the Poet himself re-visit "Edina's Darling Seat" he would be received with honours and acclamation little short of idolatry. Doubtless the affection and enthusiasm of his countrymen would melt his heart, and yet amidst all their homage and admiration I fancy he would turn an anxious eye on that forsaken quarry at Blackhall, and say to them: "Guid freends, canna we bring some hope and gladness there?"



ROBERT BURNS IV. (STILL LIVING).





# A TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

BY DENZIL  
VANE

in the pleasant valley. My portmanteau had gone on by post—the carry-all, omniscient post of foreign parts. At Bormio I would rest me for three whole days; good dinners would I eat and sparkling Asti would I drink; and I would make merry with any pleasant folk chance might throw in my way. And so the pains and penalties of

the poor pedestrian would be forgotten, or remembered only as a foil to the comforts of the present.

I hurriedly pulled myself up at this stage of my reflections, for anticipation had made me forget for a brief moment what was then my condition. The relentless rain had worked its way to my skin; only my feet were dry, thanks to the waterproof boots and stout leggings I wore. I was as yet within some miles of my goal when I overtook two pedestrians whose case was much worse than my own, for these two belated wanderers were women, and the poor creatures' skirts were wet and draggled, and clung miserably about their limbs. Both were slender and young, and the heavy rain beat heavily on their heads and shoulders. Bedraggled though they were, I saw at a glance they were ladies, and a few words uttered by one told me that they were country-women of my own. My interest and sympathy were at once enlisted.

"Another hour, Betty, at most, and we can knock off. What a tramp we've had, and how it can rain in this wonderful country!"

The girl who spoke (she could only have been in her early twenties) had a fair, ruddy



**L**HAD been trudging for twelve hours through the streaming rain, which had penetrated even the thick tweed suit I wore. It had rained steadily for twenty-four hours, and, judging from the thick, colourless sky, and the white cloud-wreaths that hung about the lower slopes of the mountains, there seemed every probability that a spell of bad weather had set in.

Driven as with a goad by the utter discomfort of the dirty inn I had left behind me in the morning, I pressed on in the rain-lashed gloaming towards the old Roman watering-place on the southern side of the Stelvio Pass, Bad Bormio: there, I knew, the joys of good food, clean linen, and luxurious bath waited for me. Of course I ought not to have cast one thought on these comforts of civilization, for the Stelvio Pass is one of the grandest in Europe, and it had been my privilege to behold the great Madatsch glacier and the cloud-veiled head of the Ortler Spitz, as I stood at the top of the pass and looked over the glories of the Tyrolean Alps.

But I was very wet, very tired, very hungry; and I longed for my Capua down

complexion, her cheeks looked like roses that had had a thorough drenching, and a great lump of light brown hair, which showed beneath her soaked grey felt hat, was heavy with diamond drops of water. Both girls wore neat ulsters, but the rain had evidently soaked them through, and they clung tightly to the slim outlines of their forms.

I glanced quickly at the girl addressed as "Betty." She was wet, but even prettier than her companion. The steady tramp of my steps probably caused Betty some alarm, for she looked nervously over her shoulder. It was then that I saw what a very pretty girl she was, despite her somewhat dishevelled state.

On the impulse of the moment I raised my hat and muttered some sort of salutation.

"Oh, you're English!"

The accent of pleasure was unmistakable, and gratifying.

The exclamation came from Betty, whose dark eyes were turned full on me. Evidently the result of the inspection was favourable, for Betty smiled, and showed a row of gleaming little teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the rich red of the lips that enframed them. The young lady's complexion was slightly browned by exposure to the sun; but the lashing of the rain had brought a flush of pink to the smooth cheek, whose perfect contour was apparent as she turned towards me.

"Yes, I am English," I said, in a comfortable, elder-brotherly tone, calculated to win the confidence of these two independent damsels-errant; "and I am on my way to Bad Bormio."

"So are we; and we are so horribly wet, and the road seems as if it would never end."

"It is a long tramp from Trafoi," I remarked.

"Oh, we only came from Franzenhöhe this morning; we had some lunch at Santa Maria, and we hope to reach Bormio by dinner-time,"

said the other girl, whose name I afterwards knew to be Kate; "for, to tell you the truth, we are both awfully hungry."

"What hotel are you bound for?" I inquired.

"The Nuovi Bagni."

"Ah, I am going there too. Will you allow me to walk with you and to carry that bag?" I added, pointing to a fair-sized rucksack strapped to the supple back of Miss Betty.

After a little demur the rucksack was unstrapped and attached to the haversack I carried. I saw with satisfaction that the slender figure, relieved of its burden, drew itself more erect and moved forward with greater ease.

The two girls, tramping unprotected along that lonely road which winds down from the summit of the pass to Italy, seemed quite free from any fear of danger. The discomfort of rain-soaked clothing, boots heavy with mud, and the fatigue consequent on the long tramp, seemed to be the only cause of complaint they had.



"THE RÜCK-SACK WAS UNSTRAPPED."



"You see, when one is on a walking tour one can't stop for weather," remarked Betty, with a comprehensive glance round at the mist-shrouded mountains, the rain-lashed rocks showing their rich brown in vivid contrast to the grey sky and patches of vivid green moss; "one must take the good and the bad just as they come, like the rough and the smooth places on the road. My friend and I are good walkers, and we enjoy a tramp like this, in spite of the weather."

I had got the idea that the girls were sisters, although they were quite unlike in personal appearance. Bit by bit I got to know more about my damsels-errant. They had walked most of the way from Innsbrück, through the Brenner Pass, to Bötzen; there they had taken the train to Meran, and from thence had pursued their tramp, stopping several days on the road at Spöndelak, Trafoi, and Franzenhöhe.

"We shall stay at Bormio a few days and rest, and then we shall meet our bags again. You can't think how glad we are to see those bags: we quite love the very straps and buckles. Do you know Bormio at all?"

I avowed my ignorance.

"Nor do we. There was an American lady we met at Innsbrück who recommended the Nuovi Bagni to us. I think she thought us quite mad, but she was extremely kind.

"Kitty," she added, suddenly addressing her companion, "do look down there at that leaping water: that must be the Adda."

"Oh! our first Italian river, Betty! How jolly!" cried the enthusiastic Kate, her grey eyes beaming out from under her dripping hat-brim.

Then she looked down the valley and tried, I think, to realize that this rain-beaten scene really was Italy.

"Cheer up, Kitty; it will be fine to-

morrow, and won't we revel in the sunshine when it comes!"

It was Betty who spoke. The manner of the girls towards each other amused me: they seemed to take the rôle of guide and consoler in turns, just as, I have no doubt, they had taken it in turns to carry the rucksack which I had now in my care.

Independent though they were, the girls seemed glad of my companionship, especially when we passed through one of the dark, cavernous galleries roofed with stones, built



"THAT MUST BE THE ADDA."

to protect the road from avalanches. They chatted in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, and the sound of the fresh young voices and the sight of the two pretty faces did much to redeem the dreariness of the long, monotonous road.

The next morning was a sumptuous one. As I looked from my window my eyes were greeted by a sky of startling blueness; the sun shone on the delicate green of the moss-like acacia trees sparkling with moisture; there were roses and oleanders in the garden, and snow on the distant tops of the mountains. The contrast was piquant. I was soon dressed and out of doors. The hotel garden, with its mountain-ash trees

laden with masses of berries, was fragrant after the heavy rain. But I soon wearied of it and strolled down into the smiling valley below the dilapidated village perched on the bank of the Adda. Here the tumble-down houses were pitted with bullet marks, the mementos of the old hereditary struggle with Austria. I stood on the bridge which spanned the foaming stream, swollen with yesterday's rain, and watched the water eddying over its rough and rocky bed. As I leant against the parapet I caught the sound of a woman's voice trilling out the refrain of an Italian volkslied.

The lark-like joyousness of the song seemed in harmony with the glorious morning. In a dreamy mood I listened. The singing voice floated nearer. I caught sight of a white straw sailor-hat and a pink cotton blouse.

Italian peasant girls do not attire themselves thus. I am a trifle short-sighted, but, in a very few moments, I was aware that the early-rising songstress was Miss Kate Morison. A glance at the hotel register had informed me of the names of my fellow-pedestrians.

She looked very pretty and fresh; the mass of light brown hair was twisted up neatly at the back of her head. Clearly the luggage of the two girls had turned up, for there were no signs of travel-stain about the trim blue serge skirt and the crisply starched pink blouse.

I wished her good-morning, and inquired for her absent friend.

"Oh, Betty is all right, thanks, only rather sleepy. I thought it a pity to waste one single hour of this heavenly morning, and I wanted to make a little sketch from the bridge."

"An artist as well as a singer?" I inquired, smiling.

"Oh, you heard me chirruping, I suppose. One must sing when one feels so utterly happy. Isn't the air exhilarating? But I must make my sketch. I can sit on the parapet—so—and get just the view I want."

She perched herself upon the stone ledge, and made an impromptu easel of her knee.

The sun shone on the big knot of curly brown hair and made the golden threads in it shine gloriously. The white sailor-hat tilted over the forehead made a shade for the darkly-fringed grey eyes and delicate brows.

I admired Miss Kate immensely, yet I caught myself regretting that Miss Betty was not such an early riser as her friend.

Nevertheless, I seated myself on the opposite parapet, and surveyed the pretty artist with very real satisfaction. There was a freshness and spontaneity about her that was very fascinating. She talked about the grand scenery of the Stelvio; she narrated with great glee some of the adventures of their trip—how, at Trafoi, provisions ran short because a band of German students had descended on the peaceful village like a flight of locusts, leaving a temporary famine behind them; how they had excited the suspicion of the authorities of the fortress above Gomagoi, because she had made a little sketch of the Suldenenthal, and so on. Her busy pencil did its work with great



"SHE PERCHED HERSELF UPON THE STONE LEDGE."



rapidity, and, when I asked permission to look at the sketch, I was really surprised at the masterliness of her touch, and her knowledge of perspective.

"I am an artist in a humble way—an artist in black and white. I do work for newspapers," she said, naively, in answer to my praise.

"And your friend. Is she equally clever?" I inquired, with interest.

"She is a great deal cleverer. We were students together, and her work always surpassed mine, only——" She stopped, and I knew she had checked herself lest she should tell me more about her friend than that more reserved young lady would approve.

She closed her sketch-book, and we walked back together to the hotel. In the garden we met Miss Betty. She, too, looked dainty and fresh after her night's rest. The same source of information that had made me acquainted with Miss Kitty's name had told me hers—Blount.

At breakfast I happened to mention her by name, and I fancied a look of surprise crossed her face at the glibness with which I uttered it. But her manner showed no displeasure, and I was encouraged to offer my escort for an expedition to the town of Bormio. The quaint, old-world place, with its rough pavements and narrow streets, so Italian in its aspect, with the yellow-washed houses and curious loggias; and musty, silent church, delighted Miss Kitty, and gave much occupation to her pencil. But Miss Blount, whose artistic superiority her friend had proclaimed, did not make any sketches, although no doubt she stored up impressions for future use.

I could not disguise from myself that this rather reserved young lady had awakened a really strong interest in my mind. The fascination of her beauty charmed me; but her whole personality attracted me yet more powerfully. There was a mysterious winningness in her voice, a grace in her movements, a magnetism in the glance of her full hazel eyes, that haunted me during her absence, and set all my nerves thrilling whenever she spoke to or even looked at me. That night I dreamt of her, and woke uttering her name.

I was angry with myself at the absurdity of the situation. To be in love with a girl whose face I had seen for the first time only thirty-six hours before! To be caught in the net of passion like any raw boy of twenty, to know that the suddenness of the calamity

that had befallen me was in itself almost grotesque.

I was no romantic stripling: I was a sober man of thirty, a plodding student of the law, too poor to marry, and vowed to celibacy and dull routine for a good ten years to come. But under all the ridicule I heaped upon myself was a secret rapture and proud exultation. I was in love—in love; I had tasted the honey, and sniffed at the roses of life. The sweet air of Italy made the blood run riotously in my veins; the rich colour and the sense of strong life that was in the atmosphere intensified my capacity for emotion, and so lulled to sleep that power of self-control and cool reasoning on which I prided myself.

Nothing but a violent wrench would have enabled me to leave Bormio. I lingered on, hugging my chains; and the two girls, for what reason I know not, lingered too.

The place had a curious charm: it had the strength and grandeur of the mountains and the glory and glamour of the south. A week passed, during which the two girls and I were almost always together. Their utter unconventionality surprised me, but it delighted me too. Their plans were not fixed, but something had been said once or twice about extending their walking tour to the Engadine, by way of the Bernina Pass. I had just made up my mind that where they went I would go, for the thought of Betty tramping unprotected and exposed to the chance of insult filled me with dismay. Already I assumed to myself the man's right of protection.

The two girls listened respectfully, almost obediently, to my advice, and made no objection whatever when I declared that I too intended to visit the Engadine, and would go when they went.

In my own mind I had fully planned how my romance was to end. I would marry Betty; we should be poor, but I knew her tastes were simple, and I would work trebly hard and win success for myself, and wealth for her, before we were five years older. Of such visions is love guilty!

As the girls were resolute to keep to their plan of walking from Bormio to Pontresina, we set out in true Bohemian fashion, like respectable gipsies. The roads were good, the weather perfect, and we tramped joyously to Bolladore and Tirano, staying a day here and a day there, just as the fancy took us. It was at Tirano that the climax of my brief madness came and the *dénouement* of this adventure befell.

We were housed in the Hôtel San Michele,

one of the quaintest hostelrys surely wherein a man might take his ease. For the building had formerly sheltered a peaceful sisterhood. The bedrooms were vaulted, the floors were of stone, and all the doors opened on to a broad, cloister-like gallery. At the end of this winding gallery was an immense loggia, which looked on the Piazza and the Cathedral—a pilgrimage church—whither on great festivals the faithful were gathered together from all the surrounding villages.

The girls were enraptured by the quaint blending of monasticism and the modern Italian love of semi-Pagan decoration, for the loggia was roughly frescoed with landscapes, framed in vines bearing heavy purple clusters of grapes. A rough wooden table and benches were placed in the loggia, and it was there we elected to dine, although the conventional refectory was close at hand to serve as dining-room. The sun was setting as we lingered over our plenteous dessert. We had been three days at Madonna di Tirano, and the fascination of the place was still upon us.

Perhaps it was the sobering influence of the grey old building, or the conventual air of the place, or the asceticism which breathed from those cell-like bedrooms; but certainly on that third evening of our sojourn there the girls' manner had changed. Betty's beautiful face was sad and clouded, and Kitty's gaiety had vanished. After dinner she pleaded a headache, and went to her room, and Betty looked troubled as she left us, but did not offer to follow. I suggested a stroll in the convent garden, from whence came the click of the bowls, for that old-world game was always in full swing after the day's work was over—the garden being large, served as an open-air club to the townspeople. Betty agreed, and we were soon in the cool, high-walled pleasance—a quiet spot, where all we heard of the players was the click of the ball, and the distant sound of laughter and talk.

The sun had set, and a cool breeze was whispering among the broad leaves of the fig-trees; in the grass the drone of the grasshopper made a sleepy murmur. Betty was curiously silent, a trifle embarrassed in manner, and somehow this unwonted shyness and taciturnity gave me confidence in myself. I talked to her about many things, as if I were entitled to her sympathy, told her of my struggles, of my ambitions, of my hopes—talked as a man rarely talks, save to the woman he loves and hopes to win for his wife. Somehow or other—made bold, I

think, by a tender softening of her face when I spoke about the hardness of the struggle for fame when the struggle is made single-handed—I blurted out my secret. I loved her, and life would be a desert without her love.

Then in the grey twilight I saw a white, astonished face and two large, frightened eyes look at me almost in horror.

"Mr. Aslehurst!" she panted, "you are surely mad. It is not I you love—it is——" she stopped and bit her lips.

Good heavens!—it was the old complication. I read her unspoken thought in a flash. She believed it was Kitty I loved, that it was for Kitty's sake that I had dangled at their heels all this time.

I was about to protest that it was she—Betty, and she only that I loved, when she resumed, in a calm, self-possessed tone:—

"You must forget that you have ever spoken so to me, Mr. Aslehurst; that you have ever thought of me—in that way—for I am married already—my husband is coming to join us at Pontresina."

I stared at her incredulously for a moment.

"But, Miss Blount——?"

"I was Miss Blount once. I am Mrs. Field now—perhaps you know my husband, he is a barrister too; he could not get away sooner because he had some important case to work up," she went on, rapidly. "It is all Kitty Morison's fault—this—this dreadful mistake. Kitty was my greatest chum before I married last year; she was very angry with me for marrying, and she persuaded me, just for the sake of old times, when we used to come abroad together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio; and when you called me Miss Blount, Kitty was delighted, and insisted on keeping up the joke."

"That was a little rough on me," I said, in a crestfallen way. The comical side of the situation was apparent to me, and for the moment I forgot the pangs of despised love.

"We did not mean any harm," she murmured, humbly. "We used to have such splendid times together when we toured about, Kitty and I. When I heard you call me Miss Blount, I almost forgot that I had a husband in London."

"Poor Field! He would not be flattered."

"You know my husband?"

"Slightly. We meet pretty often in hall," I answered, drily.

"Oh, Mr. Aslehurst, what must you think



of me? But I do love Edward, and I—I shall be so happy to see him at Pontresina. We are a model couple, and ever so contented. I—I thought that you admired Kitty Morison, she is such a dear, good girl;

name I have called her always in my thoughts—Betty had allowed the freak to be indulged, and I was a broken-hearted man—for fully thirty-six hours.

But I could not in mere civility leave the



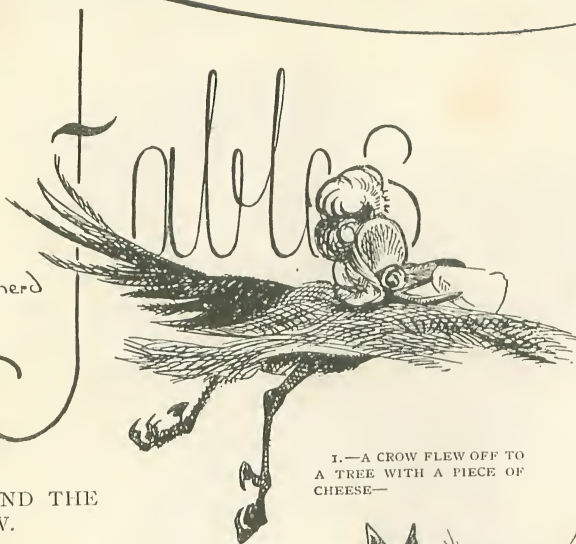
"I THOUGHT THAT YOU ADMIRE KITTY MORISON."

she has always been very independent and high-spirited—always said that she would never marry—but——." Again she stopped, and I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful face the gist of a little romance that had, no doubt, been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the rain-swept pass of Stelvio.

Alas, how easily things go wrong! I had fallen in love with the wife instead of with the maid, thanks to Miss Kitty Morison's little freak. Betty—I must call her by the

two forlorn women to trudge together to Pontresina, especially now that I knew one of them was the wife of a brother barrister. By the time we reached our Alpine Mecca we were the best of friends again. Field turned up a day or two later, and I stayed on, for we all found four a pleasanter number than three in our mountain expeditions—and really, Kitty Morison—she has another name now—was and is a very pretty girl, and she is certainly much less independent than when I first made her acquaintance.

Illustrated  
by  
J.A. Shepherd

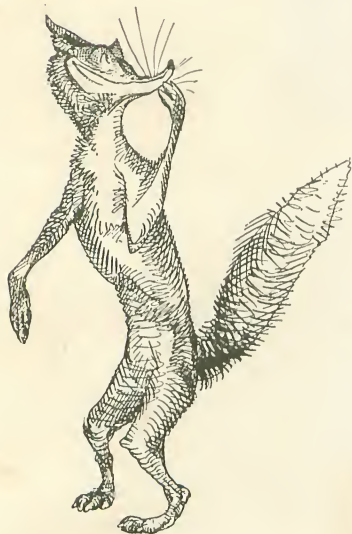


1.—A CROW FLEW OFF TO  
A TREE WITH A PIECE OF  
CHEESE—



# Fables

THE FOX AND THE CROW.



2.—WHICH A FOX OBSERVING—

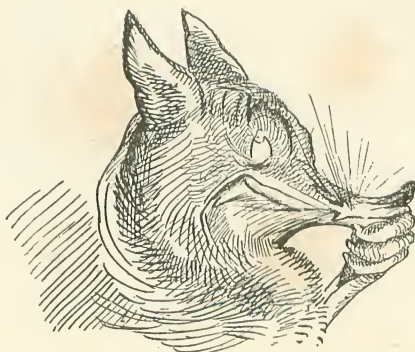


3.—HE CAME AND SAT UNDER-  
NEATH—



SWAIN SC.

4.—AND BEGAN TO COMPLIMENT  
HER.

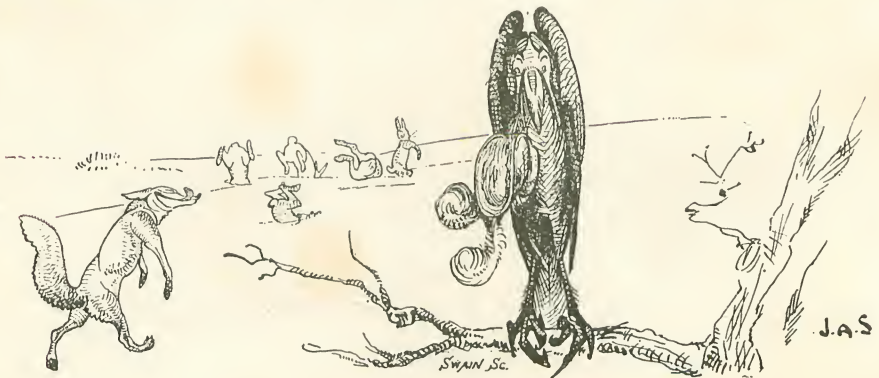


5.—“I WONDER,” HE SAID, “WHETHER YOUR VOICE  
IS EQUAL TO YOUR BEAUTY?”



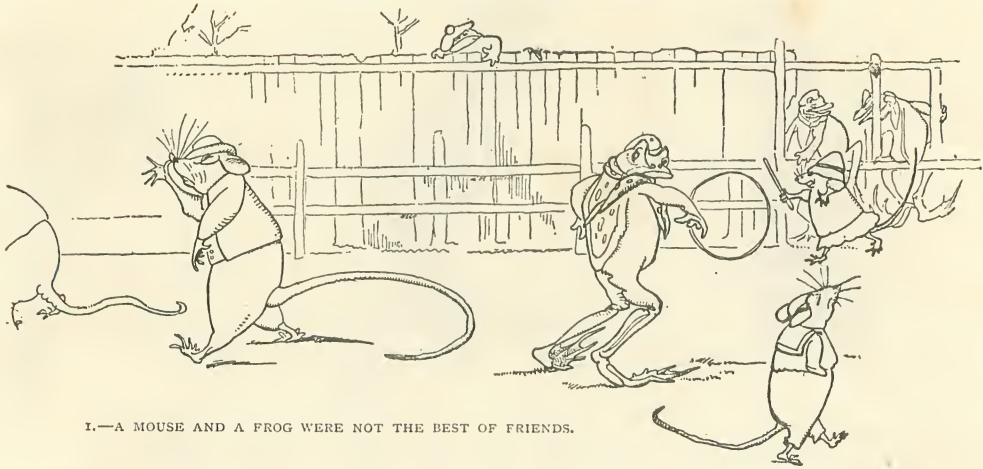


6.—THE CROW, GREATLY FLATTERED, OPENED HER BEAK TO SING, WHEN THE CHEESE FELL OUT OF IT—



7.—AND THE SLY FOX WENT OFF LAUGHING, WITH HIS BOOTY.

## THE MOUSE AND THE FROG.



1.—A MOUSE AND A FROG WERE NOT THE BEST OF FRIENDS.



2.—ONE DAY THEY HAD A DREADFUL QUARREL—



3.—WHICH COULD ONLY BE DECIDED BY A FIGHT.





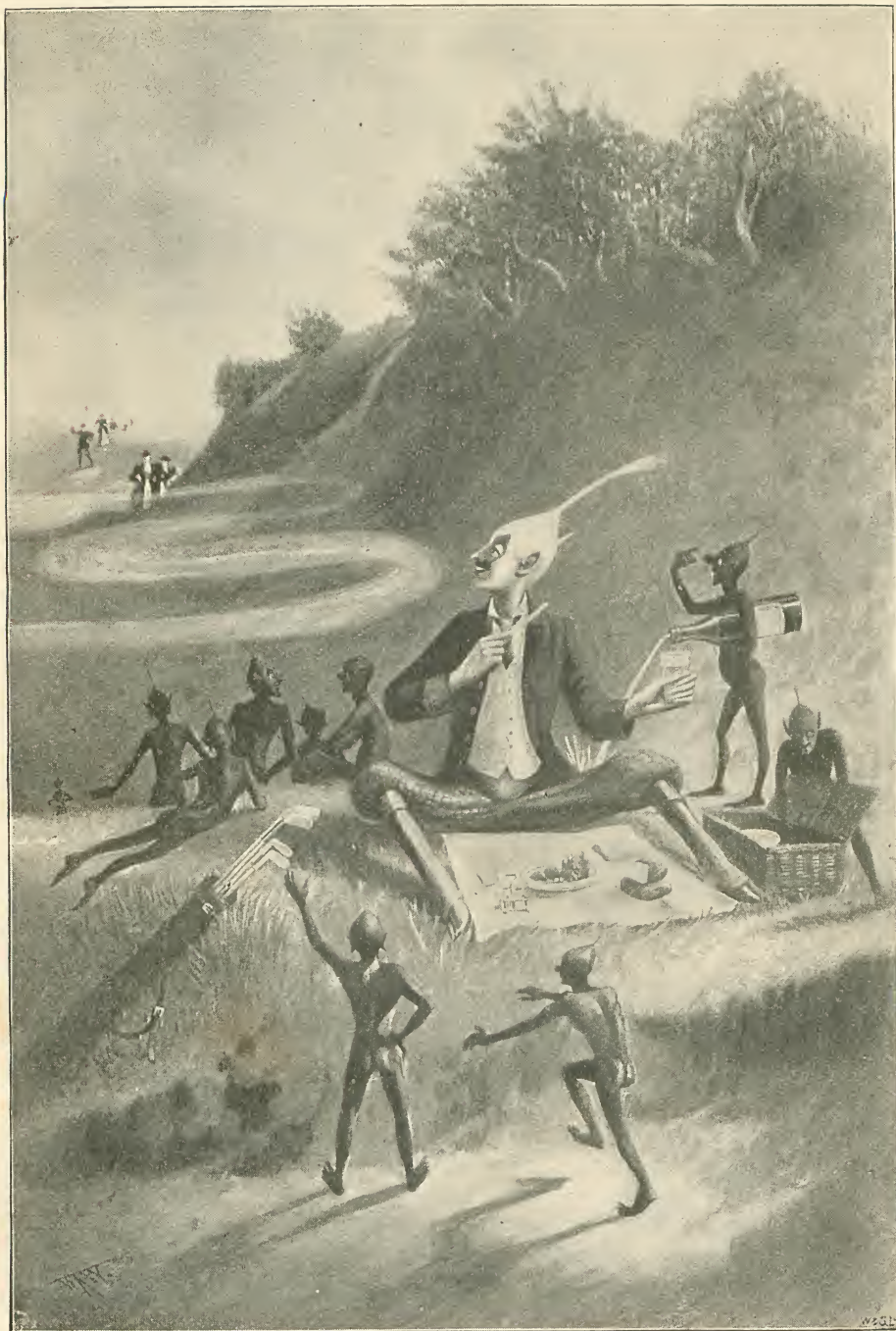
4.—BUT JUST WHEN THE CONTEST WAS AT ITS HEIGHT—



5.—A KITE CAME BY—

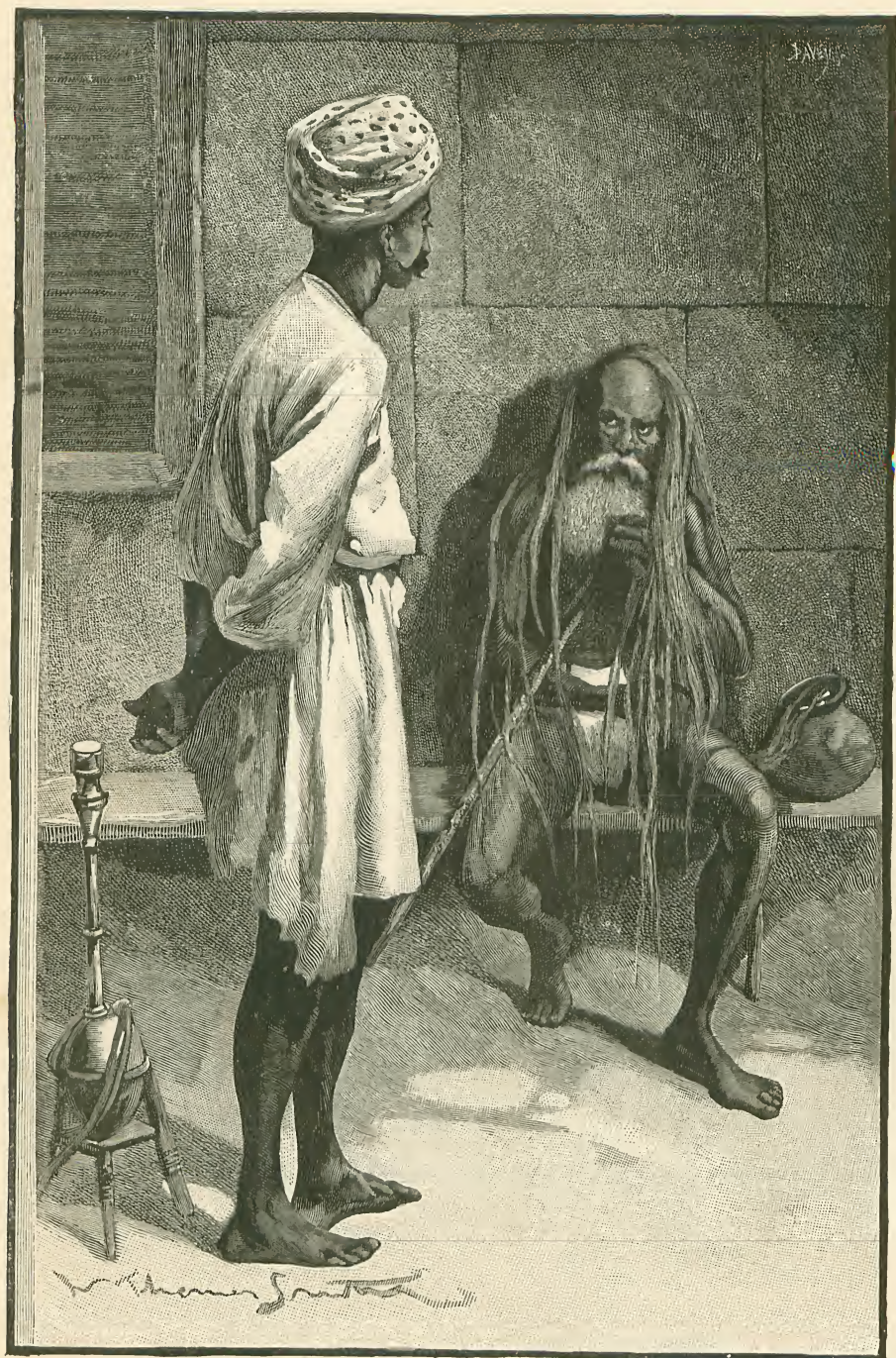


6.—AND CARRIED OFF BOTH THE CHAMPIONS.



BOGEY AT LUNCH.





"THE ASTROLOGER."

(See page 244.)



## The Treasure of the Ram-Bagh.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.



THE struggle was over; the last spark of rebellion crushed out, and the ancient city of Delhi, the glory of the Mogul race, was again in the hands of the English. What a time it had been, that summer of '57! Never was warfare waged with such bitter fierceness as between the *Feringhees* and the revolted *Poorbeahs*. On the one side was desperation, and on the other fanaticism: the atmosphere of the Punjab was dark with powder-smoke, and it seemed to us in those sultry regions as though even Nature herself paused and stood aside, so to speak, to watch the terrific combat between the Black and the White. But now it was all over; the last cannon had boomed forth its stern voice of terrible reprisal, scattering from its mouth the limbs of some murderous sepoy; the feverish rapacity of the looter had been appeased, and the British soldier, worn out, footsore, harassed to a mere shadow, and reduced to rags, sat down to rest and to thank God for a victory, however hard earned, that still left his glorious flag waving over the minarets of the great Oriental capitals.

I had been an officer in one of the native infantry regiments, quartered in the cantonments of Mooltan, a regiment bearing a glorious record for deeds of valour performed in earlier wars. But the spirit of disaffection was only too strongly manifest in the ranks at the beginning of the Mutiny; and one morning on parade, in the presence of a battalion of Europeans and a battery of artillery, ready with lighted portfires to sweep the barrack square with a hailstorm of grape, the commanding officer ordered the sepoys to "pile arms," and, almost before the men realized it, they were rendered powerless by having their weapons taken from them. Yet I will vow that none in all that regiment felt the disgrace of this disarming more than their own officers; and it is an open secret that in the cart which collected the muskets to carry them to the magazine were found the swords and belts of several captains and lieutenants. But when a week later the sepoys suddenly uprose *en masse*, broke out of their lines, forced the bells of arms, shot down the quarter-guard, and hurried away towards Delhi, we were all obliged to admit that the General's measure had been only too wise a one.

The war over, my former regiment no longer existing, and having realized quite a modest little fortune as my share of the fruits of the great Delhi prize auctions, in which were sold all the plundered wealth of the Mogul palace, I determined to give up the service and return to England. I therefore sold my commission, but the season of the rains approaching, I resolved to remain in Delhi till they should be over. My *syce*, or native servant, who had faithfully served me throughout the campaign, I retained to act as a valet. His name was Meer Alee, and he was a splendid example of the hill tribemen, standing about 6ft. 3in., with large, flashing eyes, a high, aquiline nose, and a heavy, curling moustache. Withal, he was as intelligent as he was handsome.

I was seated one day in the veranda of my bungalow, puffing at a "Trichy," and thoughtfully surveying a slowly-healing sabre cut upon my left wrist dealt me by a strapping *sowar*, when Meer Alee entered the room, and, pausing in the doorway, made me a profound salaam.

"Well," said I; "what is it?"

"May I speak with the Sahib?"

"Say on."

He stepped close to my chair, and extending a small object, said, "Will the Sahib look at this?" I took the thing in my hand. It was a little image of dusky yellow metal, and very heavy. I recognised it as a statue of Gautama, the incarnation of Buddha, and from its weight at once perceived that it was made of gold.

"Where did you get this, Meer Alee?" I asked.

"Is it of any value, Sahib?"

"I cannot tell you what it may be worth, but it is undoubtedly pure gold."

He rolled up his fine eyes till nothing but the whites of them gleamed forth between the dusky lids. Then he said, "I found it in the Ram-Bagh."

These two words, literally translated, mean sacred garden. The Ram-Bagh which my servant spoke of was a little, wild tract of land surrounding a ruined mosque not far distant from the outside of the city walls. It was a place where no living creature ever went, save maybe some wretched fakir seeking shelter in the crumbling temple. Doubtless the long grass harboured many snakes, and no man in his senses would purposely



venture into what was pretty sure to prove a hotbed of deadly reptiles.

"What were you doing in the Ram-Bagh?" I asked.

"I will tell the Sahib everything," answered the *syce*, squatting in Eastern fashion at my feet, with the little image in his lap. "Three days ago came hither an astrologer, begging for alms. The wise man makes friends with these people, so I brought him in and gave him of food and drink, together with a few *pice*. Then said he unto me, '*Bhai-bund*, you are the first who this day has given me charity. May Silva bless your caste. For I am grown old and poor, and people no longer have faith in my reading of the planets, and, whereas I cannot live much longer, I will tell thee a secret in return for thy goodness which is written in no book, and known only to Him that can divine the unseen.' Well, Sahib, I listened with attention, for these astrologers often speak words that are worth hearing. 'Know ye the Ram-Bagh?' said he to me. 'Despise not what I tell you, but take a spade, and dig deep, and you shall find there treasure untold. For I am grown old, and it is no use to me.' So when he was departed I thought upon what he had said, and knowing that he could read secrets which it is given but to very few to know, I resolved to follow his words. So I went forth into the Ram-Bagh with a spade, and dug down into the earth, but discovered nothing. I was not disheartened by my failure, and on the following day tried again, still without success. Said I, 'Perhaps I have not yet gone deep enough.' So this morning I once more went into the Ram-Bagh, and dug again in the same place, and found this," said he, holding up the little golden image.

"Meer Alee," said I, "why have you told me of this thing? You might have kept it to yourself, and have grown rich."

"How," answered the faithful fellow, "should I hide it from the Sahib whose salt I eat? No, no. Even as the astrologer gave the secret unto me, because he was grown old and did not want longer to keep it, so do I now give it to you."

"Will you leave this with me?" I asked, taking the image from him.

"It is yours," answered he.

"No. At least, if I keep it, I will pay you for it. Although I have little doubt of its being gold, still, to make quite sure, I will take an early opportunity to have it tested. Meanwhile, not a word on the matter to anybody, Meer Alee. Your astrologer has given

you a secret that should make us both rich men, but we must keep it to ourselves."

"Trust me, Sahib," said he, rising and salaaming; and then, with the gliding stealth of an Oriental, he left the room.

I lay back in my chair, reflecting deeply upon the surprising story my *syce* had just told me. Perhaps the one feature in the whole business which astonished me most was the amazing sense of fidelity the trusty fellow had displayed in coming straight to me with news of his discovery, when he might so easily have kept it to himself. That beneath the wild, overgrown surface of the Ram-Bagh should lie buried treasure, I considered in the highest degree probable.

It is well known to most people acquainted with India that the soil in the neighbourhood of the great cities teems with hidden valuables. Down to within quite recent times, when a native acquired wealth, instead of putting his money into a bank or investing it, he dug a hole in the earth and secreted it. Seeing that this system has been carried on from the very earliest ages of the ancient empire, it must be readily apparent that large tracts of ground are cemeteries of untold riches. Delhi in particular, that glittering city of gorgeous domes and white spires, for generations the seat of the Mogul dynasty, has traditions of buried treasure beyond all computation. The Ram-Bagh stood among the ruins of Ferozabad, the ancient city of Delhi, and was just the spot to prove a vast earthy coffer. The land was all Crown property, but the Commissioner or Government Agent chanced to be a personal friend of mine, and I had small doubt of being able to obtain permission to dig for treasure by applying to him.

I went that same afternoon to a well-known money-changer and goldsmith in the Chandree Chouk, and, placing the image in his hands, requested him to test it. He took it, stroked it over, weighed it, and said, "No need to test it. The thing is pure gold."

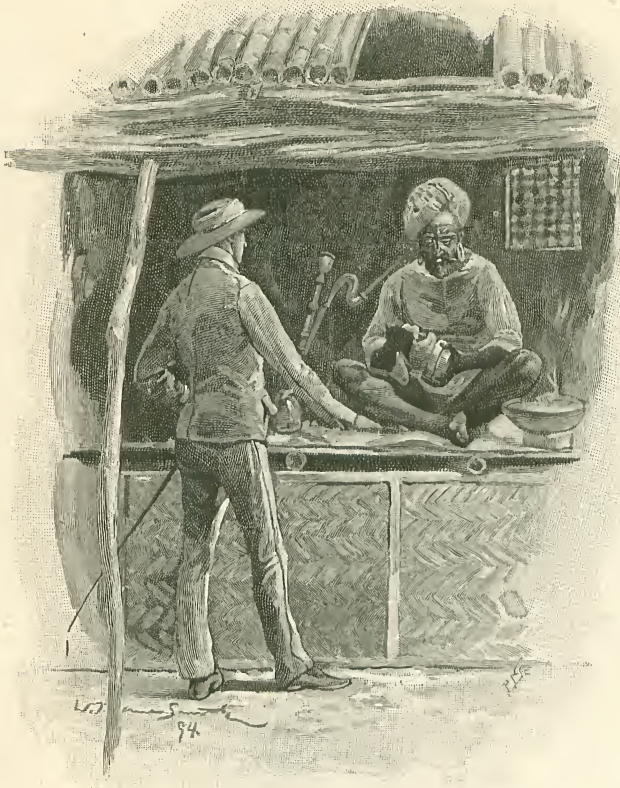
"You are positive of that?" said I.

"I will give you thirty rupees an ounce for it, if you please."

This was convincing enough. I told him that I did not wish to part with the little statue, but merely wanted to satisfy myself as to its true value. He repeated, "Well, the thing is pure gold," and I left his bazaar. I went next to see my friend the Commissioner, and found him seated in his office sucking iced brandy-pawnee through a straw.

"Ha!" cried he, on catching sight of me.





"THE THING IS PURE GOLD."

How are you, old fellow? Come in and sit down."

"I have come to ask a favour," said I, dropping into an inviting canvas chair, which at once folded up under me and landed me on the floor.

"To ask a favour, eh?" he exclaimed, laughing at my mishap. "Most of my friends visit me for that purpose. I begin rather to suspect that my apparent popularity in the station is due to my capacity of obliging. Well, when you have extricated yourself from that chair, perhaps you will tell me what I can do for you."

"Oh, it is a very simple affair," said I, getting upon my feet again. "I merely want your permission to go digging"—he stared at me—"on the Ram-Bagh," I added.

"What the deuce can you want to go digging in that weedy, snake-haunted place for?" said he, screwing a gold-rimmed glass into his eye, to view me more attentively. "Going to seek for treasure, eh?"

"Why," I answered, a little taken aback, and wondering whether, after all, the astrolo-

ger's secret might not be known to him, "to tell you the truth, you have exactly hit it."

He burst into a laugh.

"I wouldn't give you the value of a paper dollar for all you're likely to find."

I drew a deep breath of relief.

"Will you consent to my making the experiment?" said I.

"My dear fellow, dig over the whole place, if you like. You will be doing a great service by clearing it of weeds. Take care a cobra doesn't abruptly terminate your little venture, that's all. But what has put the notion of seeking for treasure in the Ram-Bagh into your head?"

"Well," I answered, feigning reluctance to admit a little superstitious weakness, "an astrologer called at my bungalow a few days ago begging for alms, and out of gratitude for the charity bestowed upon him, he said that if I should dig in the Ram-Bagh, Heaven would reward my goodness."

"And you are credulous enough to believe him! Well, I confess I am astonished that a man who has lived in India as long as you have should listen to the words of the first native impostor that chances to stop at your door. Don't you know these *budmash* astrologers are the greatest set of rogues? My advice to you would be not to waste your time and money in digging up that forsaken spot. But if you wish to try, why, then, by all means go ahead, and good luck attend you."

"I think," said I, "although there is great truth in what you have said, that with your good leave I will make the attempt. Treasure-hunting is at least as good an occupation as sucking brandy-pawnee through a straw, and far less injurious to the liver." His eyes twinkled. I continued: "It will be a matter of no very great cost to set a few coolies to work to clear away the land. At all events, I have your consent?"

"Oh, certainly," he answered. "Dig up the whole of Ferozabad, if you please."

"Suppose," said I—"just for the sake of



argument, you know—that I *do* find anything, shall I be allowed to keep it?"

"My poor, deluded friend," he cried, laughing, "you *won't* find anything. If your astrologer knew of the existence of treasure in the Ram-Bagh, do you think he would have let you into the secret? But if you do happen to discover an old coin or two, or a bit of antique pottery, why, don't tell anybody about it."

"One thing more to crown the obligations I am under to you," said I. "Lest I should be interfered with during my explorations, will you give me a written permit to dig up the Ram-Bagh?"

He took a sheet of officially headed paper, scrawled a few lines upon it to the effect that I was at liberty to seek for treasure upon the spot named, and handed it to me. I thanked him, and quitted his office, quite sensible that I had sunk in his opinion as a weak-minded man whose head was to be turned by any native mendicant that should tell him a tale of buried gold. But, then, my worthy friend did not know of the little image that was in the brown-paper parcel which I held in my hand while I talked to him.

My first act on returning to my bungalow was to summon my *syce*, and go with him to take a view of the Ram-Bagh. The spot lay about ten minutes' walk outside the walls of the city in the direction of the Ajmere Gate, and about a quarter of a mile to the right of the ruins of Ferozabad. It was out of the way of any of the great roads leading into Delhi, and was probably never visited except, as I have said, by some miserable *fakir* or *goojur* seeking refuge in the dilapidated mosque that stood in the centre of the grounds. The place was altogether somewhere about three acres in extent, and inclosed by a crumbling wall.

The dreariness and desolation of the spot were unspeakable. There was nothing in the hum and life of the great city near at hand to neutralize the profound sense of loneliness that came to one on entering the wild and overgrown sacred garden. Bald-headed vultures wrangled in

harsh screams for scraps of carrion among the long grass, and clouds of flies, humming as they rose like locusts, hovered over the body of a dead jackal or the corpse of a famished dog. My servant told me that here, so tradition said, was to be seen the unearthly shape of the ghoulish sporting in the moonbeams, though, for his own part, he had little doubt that the apparition which had presented itself to affrighted native eyes, in the form of some strange goblin, was nothing more than a wretched *pariah* looking for a place to lay his head.

We climbed over the wall, treading most gingerly for fear of snakes, and Meer Alec led me to the spot where he had unearthed the little image. It was in a corner of the garden, where the undergrowth was less thick than in most places. He had only dug a hole of about 4ft. deep, and about a yard in diameter; I saw exactly where he had found the little statue, for the impression of its grotesque form lay plain in the clayish soil. Having taken a brief survey of the *bagh*, I returned with my *syce*, deliberating plans for beginning operations next day. When we arrived at my bungalow, I said to Meer Alec:—



"MEER ALEC LED ME TO THE SPOT."



"Now, listen to what I am going to say to you. First of all, I have had your image tested, and it is of pure gold. Here it is. Next, I went to the Commissioner and obtained from him a written permission to dig in the Ram-Bagh for treasure. His advice to me was to keep all I found and say nothing about it; therefore, we shall know how to act in this respect. Now, Meer Alee, as you have behaved so handsomely towards me, I wish to treat you equally well. Therefore, I make you this proposal: We will go into partnership over the undertaking; I will find all the money requisite to hire labour to clear away the wild growth of the place and dig up the ground, and we will share equally of the profits of whatever we may find. Do you consent to this?"

"Sure, the Sahib is much too generous," replied he.

"You think it a fair proposal, then?"

"Worthy of one of the just and righteous *Feringhees*, our lords and masters," he answered, with Hindu humility, which was not without a twang of hypocrisy about it. But I saw that he was really very well satisfied, so I continued:—

"It must be our business to keep as quiet as we possibly can over the matter. Once we let it get wind that we are seeking for treasure, people will come flocking about us, and it may end in the Government laying claim to whatever we discover, since the land is Crown property. We must have coolies to clear away the long grass before we can do anything. Where are we to get, say, half-a-dozen good, trusty fellows who may be relied upon to keep their own counsel?"

"If the Sahib will leave it to me, I will undertake by to-morrow to find six such men, who will eat of my *chupattees*, and swear to secrecy."

"Good! Tell them they shall be liberally rewarded for their services. Ten rupees a day each shall they have, and as much curry and *bang* as they can eat and drink."

Meer Alee salaamed and withdrew. I was perfectly satisfied to leave the matter of employing labourers in his hands, for he was a native himself and would consequently have a good knowledge of the native character, and furthermore his interests were as much concerned as my own; therefore, he would act with extreme caution. Had it not been for the discovery of the golden image, I should have been by no means so willing to give credence to the astrologer's story. Yet I considered it quite possible, too, that there might be current a

tradition of buried treasure in the Ram-Bagh of Delhi. Among the Indian races history is perpetuated very much as it was in Homeric days: by word of mouth. Legends are handed down from generation to generation, and although in the course of ages the versions may become twisted out of all recognition of their original events, still they are based upon the truth. Not that I mean to say the mere circumstance of a strolling beggar calling at the door of my bungalow for alms, and bidding me dig in a certain spot, where I should find reward for my charity, would suffice to persuade me into entering upon the quest. But the discovery by Meer Alee put the matter beyond all dispute. It *might* happen that, almost by a miracle, he had chanced upon the only object of value concealed beneath the surface of the Ram-Bagh. But, at all events, the bringing to light of the little image of Gautama was a matter which, coming on top of the astrologer's story, might determine the most sceptical man upon making a search in the ancient sacred garden.

My *syce* came to me after dinner that evening, and asked permission to go out into the *Subzee Mundee* for an hour or two. I guessed his motive, and readily gave my consent. He carried a small paper package in his hand; I asked him what he had there, and he answered "*Chupattees*." Now, a *chupattee* is nothing more or less than a little cake, made of unleavened flour and water, and constitutes the chief article of the Hindu's food. When a native requires any particular service from his brethren, according to an immemorial custom he takes a *chupattee*, and, breaking it into pieces, distributes the fragments amongst those whom he considers likely to answer his purpose. The men who accept the morsels are pledged to keep faith with him throughout any undertaking they may enter upon; and be it said that no form of oath could be more binding in its moral effect upon the native mind than the receiving of the *chupattee*. Consequently, when Meer Alee showed me his little supply of these unsavoury cakes, I perfectly well gathered his intentions, and granted him unconditional leave of absence.

I did not see him again until the morning. He brought me my shaving water as usual, and, on my inquiring how he had fared during the previous night, he replied:—

"I have got six men, Sahib. You may trust them to serve you faithfully and to keep your secret. They will all be in the Ram-Bagh at ten o'clock this morning with spades, ready to begin work."



"Capital!" I cried. "Meer Alee, you are a first-class fellow!" He acknowledged the compliment by an abject obeisance. "You understand these coolies better than I do," I continued, "therefore, you had better act as overseer."

Directly after breakfast I set out for the Ram-Bagh, clad in a suit of kharkee and knee-boots, a useful working costume in a hot climate. The season of the rains was just over, and the heat, even at noon, was never intolerable, although it was unwise to expose oneself to the sun. Meer Alee, whose fine eyes flashed with excitement, had gone on ahead of me, carrying such implements for cutting away the tangled weeds as my little garden-house yielded. When I arrived, I found him stripped of everything save a cloth round his loins and a turban on his head, digging away as though for dear life: the hour was only a trifle past nine o'clock, and the coolies had not yet come. I would have made short work of the thick growth by burning it down had I not known that the smoke would attract a crowd to the spot, which was the very thing I did not desire.



"DIGGING AWAY AS THOUGH FOR DEAR LIFE."

However, in due course the half-dozen natives my servant had hired arrived. They were stout, likely-looking fellows, and came well armed with shovels and pickaxes. I spoke to them in Hindustanee, briefly telling them that our purpose was to seek for a treasure which was reported to be hidden under the ground on which they stood. We then set to work in real earnest, and by the hour of noon, when I called a halt to rest, the coolies had cleared away a broad space of land extending the whole width of the *bagh*. The number of snakes, chiefly cobras, which lay hidden in the tall grass was incredible, and on several occasions one or another of the men had a narrow escape of being bitten by the disturbed reptiles.

The shape of the Ram-Bagh was nearly square, and my idea was to start by digging a trench about 4ft. deep close up against the wall whence we began cutting down the growth, and work our way from this, turning up the soil till we had covered the whole length of the garden. I reckoned that an average depth of 4ft. would be sufficiently far to penetrate, since, being a little bit of a geologist, I perceived that the deposit of soil had been very slow on this spot. Whilst we were resting, a *burkandaz*, or armed policeman, stepped into the inclosure and demanded to know what we were doing. I told him I had an order from the Commissioner at Delhi to clear the tangle weed of the place, upon which he saluted and went away again.

Meer Alee, who was himself the most enthusiastic among the workers, turned the coolies to afresh after a short interval, and they laboured on with but little pause until sundown, by which time the Ram-Bagh looked as probably it had not looked for centuries past: a clear, level space, with the mass of sun-browned stuff which had converted it into a miniature jungle piled in a huge stack in one corner. All was now in readiness to begin digging, and I am free to confess it was with no small degree of anticipation that, on the following morning, I set the natives to work upon the trench I have already spoken of.

The soil was of a loose, sandy character upon the surface and easily turned, though at a little depth it became stiff and clay-like. The coolies toiled on for several hours with-



out lighting upon anything more than some fragments of broken pottery; then we came to our first find. This was neither money nor jewellery, but an *elephant*. The animal lay upon its side about a yard below the surface, pressed as flat as a board, and in a wonderfully good state of preservation. Its hide was almost white, and I thought it quite possible that the animal had been one of the scarce sacred species, interred in the Ram-Bagh on its death. How long it had lain buried one could never come to know, yet from various things afterwards found at the same depth, I guessed it was at least a thousand years old.

Our next discovery, made some yards away from the spot where we had come upon the elephant, was of a more welcome character. It consisted of a long-necked, brown earthenware vase, of the size of a large melon. The neck of it was filled up with clay, but on handling it the weight of the thing gave us to know that it was full of some heavy substance. I took a pickaxe from one of the natives, and by a cautiously directed blow shattered the vase: the riven fragments flew asunder, and out fell a mass of gold coins. Meer Alee gave a shrill cry of delight. I picked up one of the pieces, about the size and thickness of an English florin. I could decipher the date 1400 upon it, but the inscription was in some Oriental language unknown to me. I afterwards discovered that the coins were of the period of the bloodthirsty Tamerlane, who in 1399 took the city of Ferozabad, and put 100,000 people to the sword. There were 210 pieces in all, and their value was exactly £400 English currency.

This was indeed a good beginning, and we went to work afresh with renewed vigour. I felt persuaded that somewhere within the walls of the Ram-Bagh there was a great treasure buried, compared with which the trifling discovery we had just made would be as a lac of rupees to a Nizam's revenue.

Collecting the gold coins into my handkerchief, and securely binding them up, I bade Meer Alee carry them to my bungalow, and deposit them in a place of safety. He must have fled with the swiftness of the wind itself, for he was back again in ten minutes. The coolies worked as only a willing Hindu can work, and the earth flew in showers before the flashing blades of their shovels. But during the rest of the morning we discovered nothing more, save a large jadestone statue of some ancient native god, which was so damaged that I left it.

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A thought came into my head whilst the little gang were taking their midday rest, and eating their *mealies* under the shadow of the *bagh* wall. I strolled towards the ruins of the temple, and entered. The place was, indeed, in a most terribly dilapidated condition. The roof was gone, and the crumbling walls stood gaunt, full of distorted archways and gaping chasms. Yet all the fallen stones had been at some time or other removed, probably for building purposes, and the floor of the place presented a clear surface, thickly carpeted with a sandy dust. I brushed aside a little space of this with my foot, and saw that the floor of the temple consisted of large stone flags. Wishing to get a clearer view of this pavement, and not desiring to disturb the natives at their dinner, I fetched a broom which I had observed one of the coolies deposit in a corner of the inclosure, and with my own hands, despite the suffocating clouds that arose, I laid bare a large square patch. The flags were laid not close together, but at intervals of about a couple of inches apart, the interstices between being filled up flush with dust.

In sweeping aside the rubbish, I had taken notice of a long, rusty iron spike, like a ten-penny nail. I now went and sought this, picked it up, and stooping down, ran it along the chinks betwixt the flagging of the floor. Out spurted a quantity of dirt, scattering itself right and left, and—could I believe my eyes?—amongst the grains of dust there rolled forth a number of pearls! I remained idly looking at the little sparkling white gems whilst one might have counted a hundred; too much staggered to realize the sudden amazing revelation of a hidden treasure, which, for all I could tell, was perhaps to be computed in millions. Then I fell upon my knees, and collected all the pearls I could see; about twenty I think there were. None of them were very large or of great value; but there could be no shadow of doubt that they were genuine gems, and if the floor of the temple was going to disgorge jewels in this fashion, there might be many magnificent prizes amongst them.

I put the pearls I had gathered up carefully in my coat pocket, stepped back again into the *bagh*, and beckoned to Meer Alee. He approached me, and I turned aside in a half-careless way, as though I were going to speak to him on some matter of no great moment, so that the other natives should not observe us.

"I have good news to tell you," said I,



subduing my voice, though excitement was now working deep in me; "I have discovered where the real treasure of the Ram-Bagh lies."

He stared at me in his mild way, and said, "Yes, Sahib?"

"It is beneath the floor of yonder temple," I exclaimed. "Look what I have just found among the flag-stones there," and drawing forth the handful of pearls, I exposed them to his view.

His eyes sparkled, and he said, "By the faith of my fathers, but the astrologer spoke true words!"

"We will abandon digging in the grounds for the present," said I, "and set the coolies to work to raise the stones of the temple pavement. I got the pearls merely by scraping between the chinks of the flags with a rusty nail. Who can tell what may be concealed beneath?"

On this he bustled away, and I heard him exhorting the Hindu labourers to work with a will, making an offer of increased reward. The coolies moved in a body towards the temple, and began lustily clearing away the dust from the floor, which rose in dense clouds into the air. An hour sufficed them to lay bare the flag-stones within the ruined walls. Stooping to inspect them more narrowly, I now perceived that they were formed of the finest porcelain. I determined to start excavating from one corner of the place, working my way diagonally across the whole width of it. We found that the tiles, which were about 2ft. square, needed little effort to raise them: if they had ever been cemented the stuff had crumbled away long ago. Under the first dozen or so of these which the natives lifted the yellow soil lay as flat as the top of a table. I carefully worked about among the dust on the surface with my fingers, but found nothing in the way of precious stones. When as many of the tiles had been removed as laid bare a space about the area of a good-sized room, I told the natives to begin to dig. Almost the very first

blow of the shovels into the yielding ground gave back a sharp metallic chink. I heard it and sprang to the spot, crying to the fellows to be careful lest the blades of their spades should injure the object they had lighted upon. They began gingerly scraping away the soil, and presently uncovered what proved to be a most beautiful model of a pagoda, in pure gold, and, as I afterwards found, of Chinese workmanship. One corner of this lovely toy had been chipped away by the workman's shovel, otherwise it was completely intact. The size of it was about 18in. square at the base, and it weighed nearly 10lb.

I fear that I should weary you, besides spinning out my yarn beyond all admissible limits, if I were to recount step by step the story of our excavation of the floor of that ruined temple in the Ram-Bagh. We were three days in lifting all the tiles, and searching the soil underneath. We found a great number of stone coffins, containing the bodies of Hindu men whose rank had entitled them to burial in the *musjid*—all



"THEY UNCOVERED A MOST BEAUTIFUL MODEL OF A PAGODA."



in a wonderful state of preservation, although they crumbled away into powder shortly after being exposed to the air. In every case these coffins contained money and jewels, the former of these showing by their dates that they covered a period extending from the reign of the atrocious Jenghiz Khan, in the thirteenth century, down to the days of Aurung-Zeb in the middle of the seventeenth century. From some forty-seven tombs thus opened we got in all gold pieces to the value of £9,000 sterling, and jewels to nearly treble that value.

But this was not all. With my own hands I collected from among the dust which lined the interstices of the tiles as many pearls as would have filled to the brim a pint measure. They were all pearls: not a gem of any other description was among them, and roughly I estimated the worth of them at about £1,200. Many remarkable curiosities of treasure did we unearth, for the most part in a perfect state of preservation. One object in particular, which I thought the most exquisite piece of workmanship I had ever set eyes upon, was dug out by my *syce*. It consisted of a flower-pot of virgin gold, delicately wrought in filigree, containing a plant about 18 in. high. The stem of this plant was of silver: the wide-spreading leaves of gold, densely studded with emeralds, causing the whole to stream with brilliant green fires. The marvellous skill of the Oriental goldsmith was never better illustrated than in this incomparable work of art. Another wonderfully beautiful toy was found by one of the coolies. This was a birdcage of golden wires, containing the representation of some gorgeously plumed bird in precious stones. The body was of rubies, streaked with turquoises; the pinions were diamonds, and the eyes were two tiny moonstones.

Of gold and silver pieces of money we found such a surprising quantity in various spots beneath the floor of the temple, and particularly in the coffins I have already mentioned, that we literally grew weary of collecting the coins. I caused a number of bags to be made, in each of which I placed as many of the pieces as it was convenient to carry at one load, dispatching them to my bungalow by Meer Alee, and by the time we had concluded our search in the Ram-Bagh, I had *twenty-three of these bags* in my private room. The greater bulk of this treasure was gold coins of various dates during the Mogul dynasty.

We likewise discovered fourteen little images of gold, all more or less like the one

Meer Alee had first shown me; a quantity of daggers and small swords of various curious patterns, with hilts incrusting in precious stones; several splendid caskets full of articles of jewellery; large breast shields of pure gold, bearing emblematic devices; a superb spray of diamonds which had probably formed the plume of a great Rajah's turban; some jadestone carvings, chiefly of native gods, and a quantity of broken fragments of gold. As we finished our search in one part of the ruined building, so I obliged the workmen to shovel back the soil into its place, and lay the tiles afresh, in order that should we be suddenly interrupted during our operations, the intruder, whoever he might be, should not be able to perceive what we were at. But in all the while we were exploring the grounds and temple of the Ram-Bagh not a soul came near the place, saving the *burkandaz* of whom I have already spoken. One evening, whilst we were still working in the garden, my friend the Commissioner drove over after dinner to visit me at my bungalow.

He presently said, "Have you got any treasure yet from that dirty old spot?"

I answered, "Yes, we have found several curious things. I will show you some of them." And then I produced one of the little golden images and about a dozen coins. I set these upon the table before him. Then said he:—

"There may be more of these sort of things."

"No doubt there are," I answered.

"I think, on reflection," said he, stroking his moustache, "that I may perhaps have exceeded the power vested in me by giving you permission to search for treasure and to keep all you found in the Ram-Bagh. As Crown Agent, you will easily understand that it is a point of honour with me to look after Crown property."

"My excellent sir," I exclaimed, "you have but to express your wish, and I will discontinue digging at once. I am not avaricious, and the few trifles I have already unearthed will satisfy me, seeing that I have your permission to keep them. You must admit that I deserve some share of the treasure for being the first to reveal its existence. So let what I have already got constitute that share, and meanwhile do me the pleasure to accept that quaint little image and those coins in token that the words of a Hindu astrologer are not always to be disregarded."

He stared at me steadily and said:—

"Have you really had a great find?"



"What makes you suspect it?"

"Your liberality, for one thing."

"Now, see here," I exclaimed, "I will tell you what I have done. You gave me permission to search the Ram-Bagh for treasure and to keep what I found. On the strength of this I set to work, hired labour, and had the pestilential old place cleared out. That in itself was a distinct service. Next, I have only explored about one-third of the garden, and the temple in the centre of it. The rest of the grounds are all ready for digging up, but they have not been touched. None knows of this secret saving you and me, my *syce*, and the coolies I employed. Now, I will not turn another sod myself, for I am quite satisfied with what I have already got. The place simply teems with buried treasure. The six natives who have been working for me are thoroughly trusty fellows, and have eaten of my faithful servant's *chupattees*, consequently *their* lips are sealed. They will go to work at sunrise to-morrow morning, as usual, but I shall not be there. Meer Alee will attend, and tell them they may now dig for another master. Do you understand me?"

He sprang towards me and grasped my hand. "You have given me a fortune," cried he.

"And the Government?" said I, drily.

"Is always pleased to have waste lands cleared and rendered fit for cultivation," he answered, with a slow smile.

"I never knew before that you were a humorist," said I.

He left my house that evening in wonderfully good spirits, and a month later, to the astonishment of everybody, he gave up his high Civil Service appointment for no apparent reason, and quitted India to return to England.

To conclude this narrative of treasure-finding: I told Meer Alee what I had done, in promising to desist from digging any further, and explained that my motive had been to conciliate the Commissioner, lest an avaricious policy on our part should lead

to a demand from the Government to give up what we had already got. He looked a little discontented at first, but speedily admitted that I had done wisely. "And, after all, Sahib," said he, with his bland smile, "we have got enough."

Then came the question of turning the treasure into sterling currency. This, in India, is never a matter of very great difficulty. I contrived to get something resembling a fair price for my valuable property from the haggling Brahmins. When all was sold, and I came to calculate the amount yielded, I found that Meer Alee and myself had very nearly five lacs of rupees to divide; which at the then exchange value came to near upon £45,000 in English money.

The last time I saw Meer Alee was in London. The handsome fellow was parading Pall Mall in the costume of a West-end dandy, and a fine, commanding figure he looked for all the incongruity of his garb. He spied me, and came bounding across the road. I shook him warmly by the hand and inquired what he was doing in England. He told me that, feeling a curiosity to view the country of the *Feringhees*, he had come to London about six years ago along with a young Parsee student, who had taught him English during the voyage. He liked London so well that he continued to prolong his visit, "until," said he, with his old, mild smile:—

"I don't suppose I shall ever return now."

I gazed at his frock-coat, and his curly-briamned Bond Street hat, his umbrella, gloves, and elegant boots, and could scarcely realize that this remarkably well-dressed Hindu was indeed the same *syce* who had so faithfully served me through the Mutiny. I saw by his face that he read my thoughts, and said, "What a wonderful transformation, Meer Alee."

"Yes," he answered; "all due to the Ram-Bagh. But, excuse me, my name is now Hopkins."

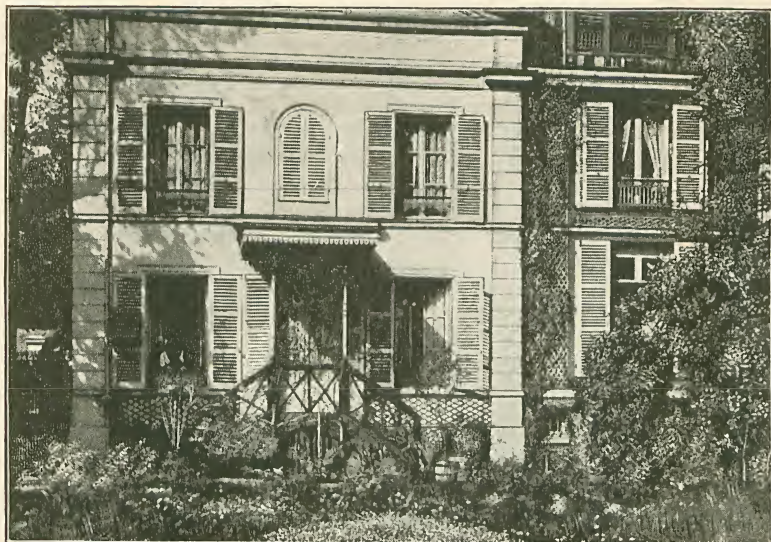


MEER ALEE IN PALL MALL.

## Monsieur Got.

THE FATHER OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

BY THE BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.



From a Photo. by]

M. GOT'S HOUSE.

[Denque & Co., Paris.



HE last night of January, 1895, witnessed the final appearance of the eminent actor, M. Got, who, since the 1st of November, had been performing the round of characters created by him during his half-century of service in the House of Molière. In 1842, M. Got obtained the second prize for comedy at the Paris Conservatoire, and in 1843 the first prize was his award. Then he entered the Comédie Française, and made his *début* as a domestic. His success was assured, and at that time even, his advancement would have been rapid had he not been obliged to serve as a soldier. After a short time spent in Algeria, he decided that he had more talent for the theatre than for the army.

"Yes," said the colonel, "you are right. Return to the theatre. Here you could not have risen very high, but on the stage you will never be anything."

This was not very encouraging, but Got had confidence in himself, and at an early period in his career created several rôles, among the most important of which was that of *Giboyer* in Emile Augier's "Fils de Giboyer."

Since then, Got's principal characters have been Jonquière's *Jean de Thomery*; the rabbi of "L'Ami Fritz"; *Maitre Pierre*, of "La Farce de Maitre Pathelin"; *Brissot*, of "Denise"; the grandfather, in "Flibustier";

and the priest, in "Il ne faut jurer de rien." But never was the great actor more applauded than in October last, when he created the part of *Bibus*, in Jean Richepin's "Vers la Joie." Bibus is the shepherd, doctor, philosopher of the piece, and here Got had an opportunity of declaiming the finest verses. He made us forget the actor and think only of real life. Got is the first member of the Comédie Française who has attained his fiftieth anniversary. Molé, Préville, Guérin, and La Thorillière all counted many years of service, but did not approach the half-century. On July 17th, 1894, the actors, actresses, machinists, and *employés* of the Comédie Française, in all eighty persons, celebrated, by a family breakfast at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, the fiftieth anniversary of M. Got's connection with the House of Molière. At the close of the *déjeuner*, M. Jules Claretie, the manager, made a brilliant speech. Mounet-Sully's remarks related to the wonderful career of the oldest *sociétaire*; Le Bargy, a favourite pupil of Got, read a touching essay; and Coquelin Cadet brought the "admiration of the absent."

The real dramatic career of Got dates from his performance of the priest in Alfred de Musset's "Il ne faut jurer de rien." Théophile Gautier wrote in 1848: "Got has made of this personage a living and animated silhouette, full of curious faults, and without caricature." When Got reached the zenith of his talent and reputation, he did not





From a Photo. by M. GOT IN 1876. (Nadar, Paris.

disdain to resume the characters in which he had made his early success. He has never been vain of his talent, but always proud of his art. A desire for effect has never lessened his good sense, and he has always been known as a "reasonable artist."

Indeed, the finish, the perfection of his art is not due to inspiration, but to premeditation. Got presents a curious and rare phenomenon—the union of profound logic and great imagination. But this imagination is only allowed play at intervals. It never dominates truth, the solid foundation of studies, pursued by every conscientious artist.

M. Got is professor at the Conservatoire, and on Mondays and Thursdays, the days on which he gives lessons, he rises at eight. At nine he mounts a Passy-Louvre omnibus, for he lives at a little suburb of Paris called Bonlainvilliers. Every omnibus conductor knows Got, for he never takes a cab: even after a performance at the theatre, when the applause has been most enthusiastic, he hastens to change his dress, so that he may not miss the last omnibus. Some of the actor's friends call this "principle"; others say he is actuated only by motives of economy. In spite of his effort at early rising on the day of his lessons (for he usually sleeps very late in the morning), Got is always late at the Conservatoire. However, he remains

there longer, in order to compensate his pupils for the time lost. His costume never varies: in winter, a loose redingote of broadcloth, and in summer a sack-coat of the same material. The hat is always silk, with broad, straight brim, pressed down to his nose. When he reaches the Conservatoire, he is respectfully saluted by his pupils; but he merely nods and waits impatiently until his assistant has called over the names. When the assistant has retired, Got says: "Well, my children, whose turn is it now?" Little by little, the actor becomes animated and witty, never hesitating to express his opinion, even when it is most unflattering to his pupils. Sometimes the actor goes to the theatre to advise young artists, sometimes to assist in mounting plays; and his opinion of manager, author, play, and artists is very frank—perhaps too frank for those criticised.

Got once told me that the former *administrateur*, Perrin, understood the Comédie Française, and knew how to manage actors and authors. "Jules Claretie is very amiable, but weak; he does not rule, but is ruled. I am fond of Mounet-Sully as a friend; but, as a comrade on the stage, he is too self-sufficient and too easily ruffled. Coquelin



M. GOT IN HIS GARDEN.—PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by Benque & Co., Paris.





From a Photo. by]

M. GOT AS MR. POIRIER IN "LE GENDRE DE MR. POIRIER."

[Benque &amp; Co., Paris.

*ainé* should never have been taken back : the treasury has suffered thereby."

Got is not a talker, and never gossips with the actors and actresses. He is very conscientious ; he has a right to a certain number of seats at the theatre, but he never gives them to his friends, because that would lessen the receipts.

His dressing-room is very simply furnished : there is not a picture, not a drawing in it, but everywhere one sees swords. There are two tiny rugs, one for each foot, and a table with all the materials for "making up." When he is dressed, the actor leaves his room and strolls through the corridors, waiting until he is "called." He tells you that he is always frightened before going on the stage—that his heart beats violently ; but, after the first word, his calmness returns. After a scene, sometimes he is gay, and makes witty speeches in the corridors. At other times, he is melancholy, sits down and speaks to no one. Got cares very little for luxury. His home is as simply furnished as his dressing-room at the theatre, and during all these years he has only possessed one work of art—his own portrait by Carpeaux. It was painted by candle-light, and the artist's thumb replaced a brush. Its strength made so great an impression, that Haquette created a portrait of Got by *throwing* the paint on the canvas. This portrait is remarkably powerful, but does not belong to the actor.

Got has a wonderful library, and when he has not to go to the theatre, he smokes a pipe, and reads or works in the garden. He looks like a priest, and this resemblance to an ecclesiastic nearly cost him his life during



M. GOT AS THE RABBI IN "L'AMI FRITZ."

From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.





M. GOT AS BRIAC IN "UNE JOURNÉE D'AGRIPPA."

the Commune. Then he lived in London as director of the company of the Comédie Française. He and his comrades tried to earn a little money by giving performances, as the theatre had not a penny in its treasury. One day, Got was obliged to return to Paris, and when he left London he said to his comrades:

"Announce that I play the day after to-morrow." Unfortunately, he fell into the hands of the Communists.

"Who are you, and where are you going?"

"I am Got, of the Comédie Française, and I am going to London."

"You are not Got: you are the vicar of Sainte-Marie-des-Batignolles."

"I have never been a priest: see, I have no tonsure!"

But the poor actor was carried to the Place du Trône, and placed with the other prisoners in an improvised prison. At the close of day, the Communists took him out of prison, and said: "As you are an actor, recite something for us. Go on. Recite some verses." When he had finished, they said: "Perhaps you are Got; in any case, you are free."

The fact was that the commander was an Italian, and Got, speaking that language, was able to explain the situation, and thus save his life. Got never attempts to learn his parts. He reads them over two or three times, and, while reading, tries to form an idea of the personage he is to represent. He reflects about people whom he knows, chooses a characteristic from this one, another from that, and so composes his part. For example, the priest he impersonates in "Il ne faut jurer de rien" was a replica of the priest in his regiment. Got studied carefully this country abbé—simple, ignorant of the world—and, as a result, Parisians were presented with a priest of irreproachable taste, and delightfully true to nature.

Got says: "In order to succeed as an actor one must work very hard, and be the favourite of chance. Whenever a young man comes to ask my advice, I say, 'My friend, if you can do something else, do it; but do not enter upon a theatrical life.' But the young man never pays any attention to this advice, and that is one reason why so many actors fail. I never, or rarely, make a mistake in my judgment. As soon as one of my pupils recites a phrase, I know what he can do. It is the same with plays. Often I listen to the reading of a play at the Comédie Française out of respect for the author; but from the first scene I know if he be a dramatist. Only once have I been mistaken about the success of a play.

"When Scribe read us his 'Contes de la Reine de Navarre,' I was shocked, for the play seemed absolutely absurd. Scribe was then the fashionable author, and as I was obliged to vote after the reading, I thought, 'Everybody will put in a black ball, and there must be one ball in favour of Scribe, if only to please him: a white ball would be too flattering, so I will put in a red one!' Judge of my stupefaction when I found that mine was the only red ball—all the others were white! That play was represented a hundred times; but, in spite of its success, I have never modified my opinion. I have always thought that more was due to the talent of Madeleine Brohan than to the play itself."



M. GOT AS ARNOLPHE IN "ECOLE DES FEMMES."

It is interesting to know that the artist who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the House of Molière once brought it into the law courts. In 1865, displeased at the regulations which imperilled the privileges and dignity of the association, and discouraged because his efforts to reform abuses were without avail, Got tendered his resignation. Its refusal was the cause of the lawsuit that resulted in Got remaining a *sociétaire*.

had been appropriated for the use of the Government, and great was the discontent of the students in the Latin Quarter. It was known that the Emperor and Empress would honour the theatre with their presence, and from pit to gallery the house was filled with students, who saluted Napoleon III. by singing "Luxembourg—Luxembourg," to the famous air of "Lampions"—a souvenir of 1848.

The courtiers were naturally irate, but the students bade adieu to the monarch with



From a Photo. by]

THE CAST OF "VERS LA JOIE" AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

[La Photographie Nouvelle, Paris

M. GOT, MMES. BARETTA AND PIERSON, MM. COQUELIN CADET, P. MOUSET, LE BARGY, LANGIER, AND ESQUIER.

Soon afterwards, Emile Augier wished Got to create a part in his new comedy, "Contagion," to be produced at the Odéon. Got's request to undertake the character was refused, but the Emperor ordered him to appear at the Odéon and create the part of *Lagarde* in the new play. "Contagion" caused great curiosity and much excitement, as it was rumoured that, in the character of *Baron d'Estrigant*, Augier had wished to depict the Duc de Morny. The play was represented just at the time when a portion of the Luxembourg Gardens

"Luxembourg—Luxembourg." The Imperial carriages were obliged to pass slowly through the Rue Corneille and the Rue de l'Odéon, while the police were unable to prevent a compact crowd from hissing and insulting the Emperor and Empress. Four years later came the end of the Empire, and hardly a voice was raised in its defence. Notwithstanding this disturbance, Emile Augier's comedy had a great success; but Got, eclipsed by Berton as the hero, returned to his old home, where he remained ever since.



## The Storm.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARMAND SILVESTRE.

### I.



I was at the little hamlet of Pilhoël, one of the wildest on the coast of Brittany, almost savage in its environment of blue rocks, the rugged crests of which were reddened by the setting sun, with the sea, rampant like a chained lion, or furious and hurling its sonorous waves to the very thresholds of the houses above; while, inland, the country was sheltered and smiling with flowers in all seasons, as in a greenhouse—a sunny zone, where camellias blossomed in the open air.

At that time Pilhoël was a corner unknown to tourists, and a few painters who went there to sketch took care not to lead thither the importune crowd of elegants and curious. Fifty houses at most, all inhabited by fishermen, stood under the shadow of the ruined church, the cracked bell of which frightened even the sea-gulls on the shore. During the working days of the week, none but women with children hanging to their skirts were to be seen moving about between the dwelling-places. All the men were away fishing.

On Sundays their long nets were spread along the weather-stained white of the house-walls, holding in their meshes silver spangles which glittered in the light; and there was a world of poor people, all resigned, pious, and knowing nothing of the unwholesome dream-

ings of city dwellers, but full of faith and courage.

There is in France—at least, on the borders of the sea—no village, however humble, which has not its pearl of beauty. It was no untruth so to call Jeanne, the prettiest girl in Pilhoël. The humblest garments—for she was one of the poorest girls in the hamlet—could not disguise her inherent grace and beauty. Her superbly-designed bare feet, her little hands, which hard toil had often wounded, were signs unconquerable of natural aristocracy. Good and modest above all the girls about her, she had, none the less, a love-secret in her heart.

She was sixteen, and he whom she loved was four years older: a handsome youth who, equally with herself, felt the flow of noble blood in his veins. Something of instinctive worth was betrayed in his least gestures, and a proud melancholy was strongly expressed in his face. He was skilful in his calling and bravest of the brave; with all that, a dreamer, taking little part in the Sunday sports on the square in front of the church, but oftener, at the hour when Jeanne was listening to the vespers and singing the verses, re-entering the holy building, and, at the foot of a pillar, contemplating her in the shadow scarcely penetrated by the yellow rays of the altar candles; or wandering away to the deserted sea-shore to think of her, the music of the waves seeming to bear away to



"WANDERING AWAY TO THE DESERTED SEA-SHORE."

far-off horizons the frail bark of his unspoken hopes.

What was it separated these two beings, so completely made to unite their laborious and resigned existence? Their common poverty. Both were orphans. Loëhic had earned his scanty living in service on the boats, and only, at last, had been able to buy one for himself, and such a boat!—the oldest and most sea-battered of the little fleet!

As to Jeanne, she had been reared by her old Aunt Mathurine, who had brought her up with infinite tenderness, but, at the same time, promising herself not to allow her niece to marry any but a man who would be in a position to assure her (Mathurine) a comfortable provision for her old age. For there is always a basis of selfishness in our devotion.

This man she had chosen without saying anything about it: it was Mathias, the pilot, who was looked up to by the whole fishing community of the little hamlet. A rough man, with his weather-beaten face and hands of bronze, yet hale and hearty in spite of his fifty years; who had often faced Death, from whom he had snatched his intended victims; and who had made enough fortune to insure his ease and allow him to retire from his perilous calling. He had known Jeanne in her infancy, had danced her on his knees, and had seen her grow with increasing and affectionate interest. And Mathurine, who had the natural sharpness of all peasants, had guessed that the old pilot was in love with this flower of grace, slowly expanding under his eyes.

But Mathias was no fool, and when he thought of his age he laughed at himself, and again became paternal with the young girl, who, innocent creature, had never even suspected the combat that was being waged in the old sailor's heart. With him she was always the same—simple, frank, and sometimes cruelly charming; admiring him, but in the way in which patriarchs are venerated.

All her tenderness was reserved for Loëhic, and, knowing that her aunt was opposed to her marriage with him, she had resolved to remain unwed rather than become the wife of any other man. She had sworn it to him one evening when they had met upon the shore in the soft moonlight, broken by the sea into a rain of gold; at one of those mysterious hours, sweet to lovers, when their hearts seem to open widest to solemn confidences, when their souls bathe deliciously in the same concert of abandonment and sincerity; he had even placed upon her

finger a ring in remembrance of her promise—a poor brass ring, but one which Monseigneur the bishop had blessed at the last confirmation.

"Before God I am your betrothed," she had said to him, all her soul vibrating in her voice, "and death alone can part my thoughts from yours!"

And both had melted into tears, the bitter drops of which ran down to their lips, mingling with the salt vapours rising from the waves and the tossing seaweeds of the shore. And from the shelter of a block of granite, in the *lande*, he had plucked a wild



"I AM YOUR BETROTHED."

flower and given it to her, and she had placed it between two leaves of her poor "Book of Hours," the face towards a picture of the Virgin bearing this epigraph: "*Ave maris stella*." And she turned her eyes towards a star, on the golden eyelashes of which a tear of pity seemed to tremble.

Both had moved away, overcome by this



idyll, but confident in each other, expecting nothing of men, but everything from some marvellous and heavenly intervention, which would not permit the future viewed by them with a like tenderness to be for ever destroyed, or that such a dream as theirs should be the eternal despair of their lives.

After that supreme interview, existence had, so to speak, returned to them. Loëhic every day, without rest or truce, risked his life in his miserable boat for trifling gains; and Jeanne repaired the nets of old or unmarried fishermen for a small piece of money, which Aunt Mathurine dropped into the throat of a nearly empty purse.

## II.

THERE was a *fête* that day at Pilhoël. The pilot, Mathias, had solemnly retired. He had said farewell to the fleet he had commanded, and his old companions, to do him honour, and in gratitude for the services he had rendered them, had organized a series of rejoicings.

As soon as it was daylight they went to his cottage, to play the drum and fire guns and pistols under his windows. Then the maidens brought him a large bouquet, which was presented by Jeanne; which made the old sailor's tanned face blush as red as a peony with pleasure. Then full cups of the best cider—which had been bottled months before in anticipation of the event—were drained, and the glory of the old pilot commemorated in song.

Loëhic had not been the least active in all these proceedings; for he felt towards Mathias a child-like admiration mixed with a confiding sympathy. Many times he had been on the point of confessing to him his tenderness for Jeanne and asking his advice—for how could he, for a moment, imagine that venerable Mathias had ever regarded her with other than fatherly feelings? At twenty, people think those who are fifty years of age veritable Methuselahs.

As was proper, this touching ceremony was not left without its comic side. This was secured to it by Aunt Mathurine, by the offering of a pair of slippers embroidered by herself—a garden in tapestry, with roses resembling cabbages and birds that might readily be mistaken for gnats: for Mathurine had, in her youth, been in service in one of the large towns, and had acquired genteel accomplishments. The old sailor, who had never in his life worn anything but sabots, felt an enormous temptation to burst into a roar of laughter.

"If it makes no difference to you, Mathurine," he said, "I'll wear 'em on my hands in winter-time, to play the dandy in at the High Mass."

And, by way of thanks, he clapped on the old girl's two cheeks a pair of such hearty kisses as, for a moment, made her teeth rattle in her head like castanets.

Everybody had that morning made holiday for this rejoicing, which was followed by a copious repast, and ended with a rigadoun, accompanied by Mathurine on the guitar—a superannuated instrument which had been given to her by one of her old employers, and which distilled under her meagre fingers some vinegary notes, falling drop by drop, as it were, into the tormented ear. But they had no refined notions as to music at Pilhoël, and so this performance of Aunt Mathurine, embroidered by the gruntings of a bagpipe, played by a lad whose execution had come to him naturally and wholly without study, seemed to all who heard it as charming as any music could be.

All this revelling had filled the morning down to one o'clock, and the time was then come for putting off to sea, to make up for the early lost hours of the day.

It was in the month of September, and the forenoon had been particularly bright. The sun had risen over the ocean in mist, which had speedily been consumed by its rays and had melted, like the last cloud of smoke at a conflagration, into the rosy light. The intense azure of the zenith paled down to the horizon, where the blue of the sea blended with that of the sky in a long kiss—the insensible line between reality and dream, between the region of stars and the region of tempests.

The mild air—too warm, perhaps, for the season—was scarcely tintured with salt, but laden with the life-giving perfumes, the nourishing breath of the immense living thing which breathes along the land and warms it with the beatings of its heart. On seeing the few tiny copper clouds which the dawn had rapidly driven before it, some of the weather-prophets had said that the day would not pass without a storm.

But this threat seemed to have withdrawn behind the glittering curtains of the firmament, and in the gaieties of Mathias's *fête* had passed from the minds of all. Joyously, therefore, the sails had been unbound from the masts, dressed with flags for the occasion, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, they were caught by a rude puff of wind and filled even before they were completely spread, while a violet-hued vapour rose above the horizon,

presently shaping itself into a long, slate-coloured blade, widening itself obliquely, and cutting the azure sky as with a shadowy knife.

"There'll be a tempest presently!" said Mathias. "Take care of yourselves, boys!"

"Ah! you have done well to quit the business, my good Mathias!" Aunt Mathurine murmured softly in his ear.

Jeanne looked sadly on while Loëhic adjusted, as well as he could, the rough and torn sail which, like a wounded wing, was to bear him out to sea. His soul was heavily oppressed by melancholy. When he had wished to dance with Jeanne, old Mathurine had made at him, through her diabolical spectacles, such a pair of eyes, that he had not dared to invite the young girl. At table, before that, they had been placed as far as possible apart from each other; so that what

So, when passing near him, while her aunt was offering a pinch of snuff to Mathias, Jeanne had said to him:—

"Don't go out to sea, my Loëhic, I beg of you!"

The only reply he had been able to make to her was:—

"Oh, let me go!—I wish to die."

### III.

A HEAVY gloom poisoned the departure after the gaiety of the morning, and many a furtive tear mingled with the farewells along the range of boats into which the men were climbing, to go in quest of the daily bread for which they daily prayed.

The prediction of Mathias had troubled the minds of the most courageous; the old pilot knew so well the ocean and its treasons!

But all had solid boats, and well fitted to withstand the onslaughts of the waves. Then, they were not going far out, but meant to content themselves with fishing within sight of the coast, ready for a prompt return, in case the winds and waves should prove too hostile. Loëhic alone, in his shattered boat, would run any real danger.

"Take my better boat, lad," said Mathias, with rough tenderness.

But, for the first time, the poor young fellow had noticed the old man's assiduities to Jeanne, and with what fond eyes he had gazed upon her, and he answered, shortly:—

"No, thank you; I don't want it."

And with a last look, charged with agony, cast upon his loved one, he threw himself into his leaky boat, and his tattered sail, filling with the rest, bore him away. The wind grew every moment stronger, and, one by one, the boats disappeared into the violet mist, their grey sails looking to the end like the wings of frightened gulls.

Mathias and Mathurine

had retired into the cottage of the latter, who had prevailed on him to partake of a last pitcher of cider; for she could think of no



"JEANNE LOOKED SADLY ON."

had been a pleasure to everybody else, had been for him nothing but a punishment.

Never had he felt so completely downcast.



better artifice for drawing to her house the only nephew she could hope to secure in this country, so far removed from the shores of Pactolus. Moreover, the moment appeared to her an excellent one for making a first trial. The old sailor had given up the sea; it was the very time for him to take to himself a wife. Jeanne was the prettiest girl in Pilhoël; Mathias was the richest fisherman there.

These two aristocracies were made for one another, evidently. The match-maker, therefore, set about diplomatizing, commencing the campaign by a significant enumeration of her niece's virtues: she augured well from the enthusiasm with which Mathias declared that she had still fallen short of the truth.

During this conversation, in which she was so much concerned, Jeanne had remained on the sea-shore, anxiously, and with moistened eyes, peering into the horizon overspread by a dark curtain which had, at length, veiled the whole sky. Suddenly this veil was torn by a flash of lightning, skimming the dense green surface of the sea afar off; followed by a scarcely perceptible rumble, after a long interval. The storm was yet distant.

But she already felt its commotions, and a chill fell on her heart. The light had faded out of the sky. Heavy drops of rain fell upon the sands, tinting them grey. A fresh zig-zag of fire rent the air, reflecting itself on the face of the deep water, and the voice of the thunder immediately followed.

Jeanne uttered a cry of agony.

"We had better go and see what it was, perhaps," said Mathias, emptying a last glass of cider to the health of Jeanne.

"Nonsense—stay where you are," said Mathurine, restraining him.

Like a flight of pigeons regaining the dovecote,

pressing closely one against the other, white, and rapidly increasing in size, the sails of the fishermen appeared, all low upon the water, all flying before and under the stress of the tempest. A third burst of thunder had brought all the women and children in terror to the beach.

In spite of Mathurine, Mathias had hurried down to the shore, his rough face expressing a strange anxiety. This one and that one uttered cries of relief and joy on receiving those belonging to them. The wind came in aid of the courage of the sailors; a powerful gust threw the whole fleet on to the shore in safety.

On all sides kisses, embracings, sobs of joy, hand-graspings of friends lost and restored. One sail alone was behind—a rag of canvas on a raft, for the gunwale of the boat had all been torn away by the waves; and



"A RAG OF CANVAS ON A RAFT."

against it the figure of a young man struggling to keep it standing against the fury of the wind. Jeanne recognised in him Loëhic, and, with blanched features and clenched hands, felt as if Death had laid his hands upon her.

"He is lost!" was the cry of all.

"There is only one man who can save him!" cried a fisherman.

"Mathias, alone, could make head against such a sea!" cried another.

Mathias had already stripped off his waistcoat and thrown it on the ground. He was going to launch his own boat.

"Unhappy man—I forbid you!" screamed Mathurine, clinging to the pilot's shirt-sleeve.

Mathias looked at Jeanne.

There are moments, solemn, mysterious, when language becomes useless, when souls understand each other in silence, when hearts open themselves, dumb, but readable as wide-spread books. The young girl went to the pilot and said to him, in a voice so low that none but he could hear her:—

"Save him, and I will be your wife."

For that look—that one look—had, in an instant, revealed to her the pilot's passion.

With a vigorous movement, Mathias threw off Mathurine—so vigorous, indeed, that her clutch carried away with it a shred of the shirt-sleeve on which it had been fastened—and sprang into his boat, already moving out through the surf. A turn of the helm—a white furrow in the sea—then a cry of agony and admiration!

The storm raged more furiously than ever. The old pilot's boat had reached Loëhic's shattered vessel in the midst of a cloud of spray, which, at moments, hid both from view. The mingled forms of two men stood out against the grey tumultuous background—Mathias holding Loëhic, insensible, in his stalwart arms. The double shadow stoops—the shadow of a single man rises: Mathias has laid in the bottom of his own boat the body of the man he has saved. Another turn of the helm, and in a few seconds the rescuer lands the still insensible form of Loëhic on the beach.

A ringing outburst of hurrahs!—the horny hand of the old pilot passed from lip to lip; his name murmured by all mouths in benediction. The women on their knees put up thanks to the Virgin also.

Jeanne, pale, motionless as death; Mathias turns upon her a look appealing for thanks. A pained smile passes to the young girl's lips, and Mathurine makes everybody laugh by breathlessly bringing to the pilot a glass of

hot sugared wine, which, in spite of all the old girl's protestations, he insists on forcing between the lips of Loëhic, who has not yet returned to consciousness.

#### IV.

At the end of six weeks, Loëhic, saved and sheltered by Mathias, has slowly recovered the reason of which, for awhile, he had been bereft by excess of emotion. After many days of delirium, during which his life had been in suspense, consciousness had returned to his mind, but on his heart had fallen the shadow of an incurable sadness.

Mathurine had only permitted Jeanne to come and see him once; and Mathias—strange as it seemed—had not sought to break through that cruel decree, but appeared to be completely in agreement on the subject. The reason was that, in his sick dreams, poor Loëhic had so often repeated the name of Jeanne, and with such despairing tenderness in the tones of his voice, that the old pilot feared he had discovered that love existed between them. Jeanne, whom he saw every day at her aunt's, appeared, however, firmly resolved to keep her promise. She had allowed her hand to be officially asked of Mathurine, and, without making the least objection, proceeded with the preparation of her trousseau.

The young girl listened to the pilot's projects of happiness without responding, but with a vague smile upon her lips which he might take for contentment.

One day she was kneeling in prayer as he entered, and, in rising, let a faded flower fall from the "Book of Hours." Mathias stooped for the purpose of picking it up and returning it to her; but, before he could reach it, she had snatched it up and jealously hidden it in her bosom.

The eagerness of her action attracted the old sailor's attention.

"Who gave you that flower?" he asked, uneasily, without knowing why.

"Loëhic gave it to me."

And, as a look of anguish passed into the pilot's eyes, she added:—

"God does not forbid remembrance."

Mathias did not insist, but a terrible doubt had entered his heart. An hour later, on taking his place by the bed of Loëhic, now convalescent, he said to the young man:—

"How would you answer me, Loëhic, if I, who have saved your life, were to ask something of you in return?"

"I should answer you: 'Mathias, my life is yours; dispose of it as you please.'"



After an interval of painful silence, and with a faltering voice, the pilot continued:—

"It is not much I have to ask of you, lad; give me only the worthless brass ring you always wear on your finger."

Loëhic started in his bed and became very pale.

"That? Never!" he cried, an angry light flashing from his eyes.

"It was Jeanne, then, who gave it to you?" replied Mathias, his voice choking with pain.

"Why do you ask me, since you know?" rejoined Loëhic, closing his eyes and overcome by this sudden trial of emotion.

The pilot rose, his eyes full of tears. He kissed the forehead of the young man, who had fallen suddenly into a kind of sleep. He listened, and assured himself that he was really sleeping.

"Forgive me!" he murmured.

Then, in a corner of the room, before a crucifix, he knelt and besought God to give him courage. Calmed, a look of admirable resignation on his brow, he put on his heavy woollen cap and returned to the house of Mathurine, whom he found working with feverish ardour at the white bridal dress.

"Well—will the trousseau be ready soon?" he cried, in a voice which he rendered almost rough from trying too much to make it gay.

"You have become very pressing all of a sudden, Master Mathias," replied Aunt Mathurine. "For when do you want it?"

Very simply, this time, in the admirable tone of sacrifice, the pilot answered, looking at Jeanne:—

"For when Loëhic is well again."



"HE KNELT BEFORE A CRUCIFIX."

# From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THERE was a report current COURT DRESS. at the beginning of the present

Parliament that the Speaker, commiserating the lot of members who for various reasons were not disposed to endow themselves with Court dress, proposed to give a series of supplementary feasts at which ordinary dinner dress would serve. The rumour may be dismissed without a moment's consideration. The Speaker is not likely, voluntarily, to divest himself of one of the conditions which temper his official hospitality. It suffices to be bound to invite in turn 670 gentlemen to dinner, without going out of the way to remove a possible obstacle to the invitation being universally accepted. Accordingly, this Session, as from time immemorial, members dining with the Speaker have been required to don Court dress and carry a sword by their side, when it is not between somebody else's legs.

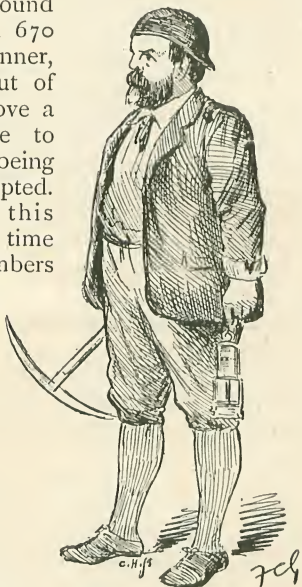
So inexorable is this law, that last Session it operated to the extent of banishing the seconder of the Address from the Speaker's table. It is the invariable custom that the mover and seconder of the Address shall be invited to the dinner to Her Majesty's Ministers with which the Speaker hospitably opens the Session. Last year Mr. Fenwick, whose honourable boast it is that he commenced his career as a working collier, seconded the Address. He undertook the duty only upon condition that he should not be called upon to array himself in military, naval, or Court dress, as is the quaint custom of the occasion. The point was yielded as far as his appearance in the House of Commons was concerned. But the Speaker, tied and bound by immemorial custom, did not see his way to vary the usages of the Ministerial dinner.

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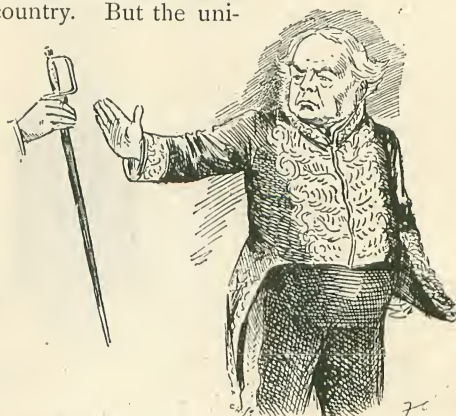
Accordingly, whilst the mover of the Address, arrayed in the martial costume of a major in the Militia, dined with the nobility and gentry at Speaker's Court, the seconder, clad in sober black, humbly ate his chop at home.

From their earliest departure on the war-path the Irish members have made a point of standing aloof from the Speaker's dinner parties. There is, indeed, a story of the late Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar having been encountered on the top of a Clapham 'bus with velvet coat on his back, ruffles at his wrist, black stockings coyly hiding his shapely legs, silver buckles on his shoes, and sword in dainty scabbard hanging within easy reach of his right hand. Questioned as to the occasion for this disguise, he airily replied: "I've been dining with Mr. Speaker." This is, however, only one of the many myths that linger round the memory of honest Joseph Gillis. As upon another apocryphal occasion it was announced that "the Tenth never dance," so it remains true to this day that the Irish members never dine—at least, not with the Speaker.

Shortly after Mr. Bright, in 1868, joined the Ministry as President of the Board of Trade, the clothes difficulty presented itself. His Quaker conscience revolted against the necessity of assuming the semi-warlike costume which forms the full dress of Her Majesty's Ministers. To prance around in scarlet coat, with gold lace down his trousers and a plumed cocked hat under his arm, was a sacrifice that seemed too much, even as a preliminary condition of being enabled to serve his country. But the uni-



MR. FENWICK (AS HE MIGHT HAVE APPEARED).



"HE DREW THE LINE AT THE SWORD."



form is imperatively necessary in connection with Court duties inseparable from Ministerial office. On visits to the Queen, attendance at the Prince of Wales's levées, and at the Ministerial dinners in Speaker's Court, the integrity of the British Constitution demands a certain strictly ordered uniform. After some protest, Mr. Bright gave in in the matters of coat and trousers, even of plumed hat. But he drew the line at the sword. Finally concession was made on this point, he alone of all Her Majesty's Ministers appearing on ceremonial occasions unembarrassed by a sword.

THE DIRE-  
NESS OF  
UNCER-  
TAINTY.

It is said that fewer new members have possessed themselves of Court dress in the present Parliament than in any of its predecessors of recent times. The reason for that lies on the surface. When the present Parliament began business, there were some authorities who confidently asserted that dissolution would fall upon it before it had enjoyed its first Easter holiday. When nothing happened at Easter, the date of the prophecy was shifted to the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill. When nothing happened then, other occasions, none remote, were with equal confidence named. Whether immediately, or by-and-by, Parliament could not last long, and what was to become of the new member, thrown upon the country with a brand-new suit of Court dress and no certainty of being returned at another election? The situation, it is said, appealed with peculiar force to Scottish members; only those with majorities so large as to justify expectation of opportunity of wearing out their Court dress in a subsequent Parliament adventuring on the expenditure.

One peculiar distinction between Lords and Commons is the greater jealousy with which the latter guard the sanctity of their Chamber. Both Houses have staffs of messengers, chiefly responsible as media of communication between members and the outer world. But whilst messengers in the Lords, charged with a letter, a card, or a Ministerial box, may approach the person addressed and achieve his errand, a messenger in the House of

Commons may not approach beyond the bar at one end, or proceed further than the steps of the Speaker's Chair at the other. The consequences are inconvenient and sometimes ludicrous. What happens is that the messenger, standing by the cross benches, hands to the nearest member the message or card with which he is charged, and it is slowly passed along the line till it reaches its destination; each member in turn thinking it is meant for him, occasionally an absent-minded statesman opening a letter not addressed to him. This is a matter in which the Lords are certainly more up to date, and the Commons might well take a leaf out of their ordinarily despised book.

LEGISLATION  
IN THE  
LORDS.

In another respect, that of advancing Bills by stages, the House of Lords could, as Sir John Astley used to say, give the Commons a stone and beat them. Towards the end of the Session, when, after sitting for months with nothing to do, the Lords find themselves overwhelmed with work, the rapidity with which legislation is accomplished is bewildering to the stranger in the gallery.

The Clerk, rising from his seat at the end of the table, recites the name of a Bill. The Lord Chancellor, wigged and gowned on the Woolsack, says in a breath: "The-question-is-that-this-Bill-be-read-a-second-time-those-that-are-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have it."

The Standing Orders having been suspended, as is usual at this time of the Session, the Lord Chancellor moves half a pace to the left of the Woolsack, and sits down. By what seems a simultaneous motion, Lord Morley, Chairman of Committees, taking

an equal pace in the same direction, slips into the chair at the head of the table. This means that the House is in Committee, the Lord Chancellor nowhere, the Chairman of Committees presiding. "Clause One," says Lord Morley, rising to his feet. "Question-is-that-this-clause-stand-part-of-the-Bill-those-that-are-of-that-opinion-say-content-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have-it-Clause-two-" and so on to the end of the Bill, with the same breathless formula and the same unhesitating con-



"LORD CHANCELLOR AND LORD  
CHAIRMAN."



clusion that "the contents have it." When the preamble is added to the Bill, the Chairman puts the question that the House do now resume. The hidden machinery underneath the floor works again. The Lord Chancellor, sliding half a pace to the right, is on the Woolsack, once more President. The Chairman of Committees, simultaneously moving in the same direction, is out of the Chair, and, for the nonce, is nobody. "The-question-is," says the Lord Chancellor, "that-this-Bill-be-now-read-a-third-time-those-that-are-of-that-opinion," etc. With two able-bodied, active men like Lord Herschell and Lord Morley in charge of the performance, a Bill can be run through the Lords in an incredibly short time.

In the Commons, the best possible in the circumstances is achieved, but the Lords have certain natural advantages that make them the Eclipse of this kind of racing. In the first place, the suspension of the Standing Orders, so that successive stages of a Bill may be taken right off, a matter of course in the Lords, is a serious business in the Commons. The objection of a single member would be effectual in stopping the onward course, and such objection is withheld only on the rarest occasions. Then there are physical conditions. The Speaker of the House of Commons, unlike the Lord Chancellor, is not seated on the level of the floor. He is raised on a pedestal, and when he leaves the Chair on the House going into Committee, must needs descend the steps and withdraw behind the Chair. However urgent the need of haste, it cannot be expected that the Speaker, in wig and gown, should skip down the steps like a young maiden going to the fair. If he did, he might come in contact with Mr. Mellor, stepping forward to occupy the Chair of Committees, which is close by the foot of the Speaker's Chair. In the Lords there is a wide space between the table and the Woolsack, which makes easy the simultaneous moving of Lord Chancellor and Chairman of Committees.

People who talk glibly of the immediate abolition of the House of Lords should think over these things.

It is curious to find so old a  
WRITTEN Parliamentary hand as Sir William  
SPEECHES. Harcourt going back to the use  
of manuscript when delivering  
his speeches. He has been in the House of  
Commons for a practically uninterrupted  
period exceeding a quarter of a century, and  
has taken a prominent part in current debates.  
Before he entered he had established a

lucrative practice at the Parliamentary Bar. In conversation he is one of the wittiest of men; in debate one of the quickest. Yet, in these latter days, he invariably prepares his speech verbatim in manuscript, and reads it from first page to last. He does it exceedingly well, his delivery lacking little in animation. But the wonder remains that he should do it at all. The practice is reasonable in delivering his financial statement as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Even Mr. Gladstone, on such occasions, condescended to pretty voluminous notes. But Sir William Harcourt extends the practice in various directions, any speech of more than average importance being read from manuscript.

This is doubtless due to sense of responsibility with his still new position as Leader of the House of Commons. The custom certainly dates from his assumption of that office. That it is not necessitated by failing aptitude was repeatedly shown in debate in Committee on his great Budget scheme. He was then constantly on guard, occasionally delivering as many as a score of speeches in a single sitting. There was then displayed no lack of well-ordered information or of apt phrases. On the contrary, these impromptu addresses were more immediately effective than the carefully prepared orations. It was the old Parliamentary gladiator at his best. To see him with written copy of his speech before him is like watching an accomplished swimmer going back to the use of corks.

Another Parliamentary debater  
LORD of the first rank who went back  
RANDOLPH to the use of manuscript was  
CHURCHILL. Lord Randolph Churchill. The  
last speech delivered by him in the House  
of Commons before his departure on  
his sadly interrupted journey round the  
world was written out verbatim, and read  
to the House. He always carefully pre-  
pared his speeches in his study, and in his  
palmiest days never rose in ordered debate  
without a sheaf of notes. But they were  
merely catch notes, from the line of which  
he was, upon interruption, ever ready to make  
brilliant divagation. With his later manner his  
speech suffered much in the delivery, Lord  
Randolph, with head bent over his manu-  
script, not being audible on the back benches.  
Mr. James Bryce, who sat attentive on  
the Treasury Bench immediately opposite,  
and heard every word of it, told me it was  
a remarkably cogent argument, admirably  
phrased and illumined by happy illustration,  
falling, in these respects, nothing short of  
Lord Randolph's earlier successes.



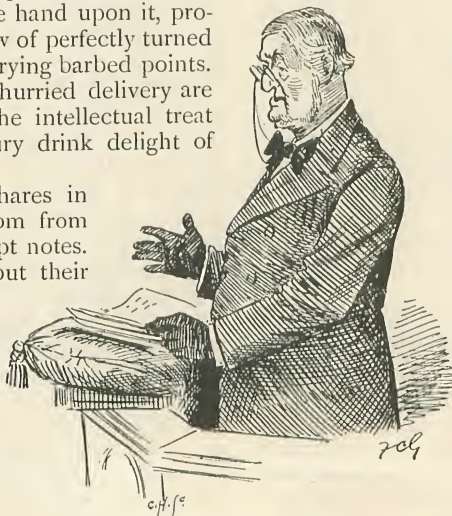


"UNCLE AND NEPHEW."

UNCLE  
AND  
NEPHEW.

Of all Parliamentary debaters of the day, whether in Lords or Commons, there is no man less dependent upon notes than is the Marquis of Salisbury. As in important debates in the present Parliament he usually speaks towards the close of a sitting, in anticipation of the Premier winding up a debate, he has no opportunity for preparation. Certainly there is no smell of the lamp about his discourses. He does not even, as others do, make a note of thoughts or of criticism that occurs to him whilst listening. When his turn comes he presents himself at the table and, leaning one hand upon it, proceeds with unfaltering flow of perfectly turned phrases, most of them carrying barbed points. A sonorous voice and unhurried delivery are details which complete the intellectual treat of hearing Lord Salisbury drink delight of battle with his peers.

Mr. Arthur Balfour shares in degree his uncle's freedom from the trammels of manuscript notes. He is not entirely without their assistance, but they are merest skeletons, and obviously do not confine the range of his speech. Such as they are, they are invariably written on his knee in the House of Commons. As far as may be observed by



"A LUGUBRIOUS MANNER."

an outsider, it is not his habit to prepare in his study his impromptus, or even the salient points of his argument. The most difficult task that can fall to the lot of a Leader on either side of the House of Commons is to make those set orations, whether over the tomb or the altar, for which necessity from time to time arises. Mr. Gladstone is, by common consent, the only man of the age who could rise to either occasion. Mr. Disraeli, when occupying in 1852 the position now filled by Sir William Harcourt, being



MR. BALFOUR'S "NOTES."

called upon to pronounce a eulogy on the Duke of Wellington, who had just answered to his name in the final roll-call, borrowed his best passage from a lament declaimed by M. Thiers over the tomb of Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr. This second-rate French Marshal, dead more than twenty years, was forgotten. But Thiers' flash of eloquence was remembered by others than Mr. Disraeli.

Mr. Chamberlain made the most memorable, if not the only, failure of his Parliamentary addresses when he joined in the funeral orations in the House of Commons on the death of Mr. Bright. Sir William Harcourt is prone on such occasions to assume a lugubrious manner that fatally depresses the spirits of his audience. The

last time Mr. Balfour, in his capacity as Leader of the Opposition, took part in such ceremonial proceedings was when the House of Commons passed a resolution of condolence with France upon the murder of President Carnot. Sir William Harcourt, who moved the resolution, read a funeral sermon from manuscript he took out of his breast coat pocket, whilst his voice rose and fell in melancholy cadence. Mr. Balfour, taking a sheet of notepaper from the table, wrote down the outline of what proved to be a short but almost perfect speech, taking as his text successive points in Sir William Harcourt's monody, and giving them fresh turns.

One result of the sub-division of HOPELESSLY parties in the House of Commons MIXED. following on the disruption in the Liberal ranks has an important effect upon the vitality of debate. Up to the year 1886 the House of Commons was broadly divided between two parties. There were, of course, the Home Rulers—the *tiers parti*, as Mr. O'Donnell called them, a suggestion that naturally led on to the nomenclature of the Fourth Party. But their position did not vary the rule. When they were on the war-path, there were still, at that time, only two parties in the House—the Irish members and the rest.

In such circumstances a member faced his opponents, the Irish members with the addition of having some of them also on their right flank. When spoken sentiments were approved, they were hailed with a hearty cheer running continuously along the benches on one side. Where they were objected to, the shouts of disapproval came all from the same quarter of the encampment. To-day, with the little party under Mr. Chamberlain's command wedged into the very centre of the Liberal forces, things have grown so hopelessly mixed, that the old significance of cheering and counter-cheering is lost. When a member hears Mr. Chamberlain, rising from the Liberal benches, lustily cheered by the Conservatives, and when later the thin black line on the third bench below the gangway on the Liberal side hail with cheers the appearance at the table of Mr. Balfour or Mr. Goschen, the old member, accustomed to other times and manners, "dunno where 'e are." The situation is further complicated by the Irish members sitting aligned with the English country gentlemen, cheering when they sit silent, and derisively howling when they cheer.

Another consequence of this uncanny state

of things is that the give-and-take of debate, which obtains in all well-ordered assemblies, has now become impossible in the House of Commons. It has ever been the custom of the Speaker to call alternately upon members composing the Ministerialists and the Opposition. Now there are the Liberal Unionists to be counted with, and if the topic be, as it sometimes is, an Irish question, there are the Leaders of the Nationalist Party and the Parnellites, who claim severally to be heard. The inevitable consequence is that at critical stages of set debates the House has a speech from a Minister, who is followed by Mr. Balfour, to whom succeeds Mr. Chamberlain. Or, *vice-versâ*, the two allies, separated only by the floor of the House, say the same thing over in different ways. Then, if Mr. Sexton or Mr. McCarthy speaks, Mr. John Redmond must needs deliver an address of equal length. The same thing happens on lower grades, the rank and file of factions of party getting bewilderingly intermingled.

In the House of Lords this lack IN THE of symmetry in the order of LORDS. debate is even more marked, and from the constitution of parties is inevitable. There really are not enough of Liberal peers to go round in one of the set debates to which the Lords occasionally treat themselves. As Lord Rosebery, in his famous speech at Bradford, complained, peers of Liberal persuasion are not more in number than 5 per cent. of the House of Lords. It naturally follows that the preponderance of debating force is on one side. To mention three names indicative of various hostile attitudes towards Liberalism, there are Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Duke of Argyll, who may, and sometimes do, follow each other in close succession. When Lord Rosebery, Lord Herschell, Lord Spencer, the Marquis of Ripon, and Lord Russell of Killowen have spoken, the forces of debate on the Liberal side begin to be exhausted; whilst in the Conservative camp there are many other peers beside the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Argyll who, having learned fencing in the Liberal school, are now ready to turn unbuttoned foils on what are left of their former comrades. Regarded as a debating assembly, this condition of affairs is a distinct disadvantage to the House of Lords, which, paradoxical as the statement may appear, would find its majority in a far more powerful position if it were numerically less strong.



HARRYING  
EX-  
MEMBERS.

Old members of the House of Commons withdrawn from Parliamentary life discover on revisiting the familiar scene how jealously guarded are the privileges of sitting members. The House of Commons, if no longer the best club in the world, is certainly the most exclusive. All its approaches are guarded with almost hectic jealousy. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an unauthorized stranger to enter even the lobby of the House. These are regulations which, though they may seem harsh in personal experience, are absolutely necessary for the conduct of business. Human interest in the House of Commons is so burning in its intensity, that if approach were easy the building would be swamped by the idly curious. As it is, strangers unprovided with orders of admission are kept at arms' length with as much severity as if they were infected with leprosy.

Ex-members find these restrictions particularly obnoxious. Looking in upon a place of which they were at one time privileged and perchance honoured occupants, they find their footsteps politely but firmly dogged by the perfection of police on duty at Westminster Palace. Ordinary strangers may not approach the House of Commons as far as the inner lobby without special permission. Ex-members may go so far but no farther, unless they are accompanied by a sitting member. They may not enter the corridor leading to the dining-room, library, or terrace, nor may they pass in or out by the once familiar staircase leading down to the cloak-room. As for finding a place in or under the strangers' galleries, they are on the footing of the obscurest stranger, and must obtain an order from the Speaker or the Serjeant-at-Arms. These restrictions are, perhaps, necessary. But they are none the less irksome to men who for years have had the run of the House.

The House of Lords makes a difference in this respect in the case of Privy Councillors. A right hon. gentleman of whatever distinction who has been a member of the House of Commons may not, after withdrawing from Parliamentary life, approach beyond the inner lobby of his old quarters. But he has always the right of entry to the House of Lords, and may take his place behind the rails skirting the Throne, shoulder to shoulder with such of Her Majesty's Ministers and members of the Opposition from the House of Commons as are also Privy Councillors.

The House of Commons is, probably, the best place in the world in which to make a joke, however poor. It is so profoundly bored with much talking that it clutches with feverish haste at anything that will permit it to laugh. An impassioned orator who concludes his speech by sitting on his hat is regarded as a benefactor of his species. Another, who with sweep of his right hand knocks over a glass of water, instantly become a popular personage. To this day tender memories linger round a genial Q.C., long severed from Parliamentary life, who once in the course of a single speech twice knocked off the same member's hat. Of all men in the House, the sufferer was Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, a circumstance that added greatly to the subtle enjoyment of the scene. It was in the Parliament of 1880, and the question of the hour related to Mr. Bradlaugh's status. "It is essential," said the hon. and learned gentleman, "that this question should be treated in a calm and judicial manner." Instinctively sweeping out his right hand, by way of illustrating the idea of breadth of view, the learned Q.C. smote the crown of the hat of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who sat on the Treasury Bench below him.

The future Secretary for War, at that time Financial Secretary, is a man of dauntless courage and imperturbable humour. To a senator sitting with arms folded, head bent down, and mind intent on following the argument of an esteemed friend behind, nothing is more disconcerting than to have his hat suddenly swept off his head. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was equal to the occasion. The House tittered with laughter.

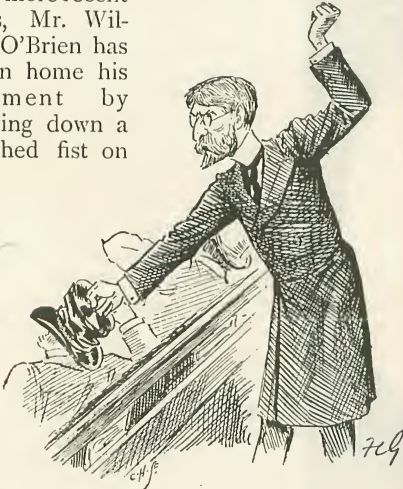


"EQUAL TO THE OCCASION."



He picked up his hat as if that were his ordinary way of having it taken off, replaced it on his head, and returned to the consideration of the points of the argument he had been considering. Ten minutes later, another wave of emotion overcoming the orator, the hat of the Financial Secretary to the War Office was once more trundling along the floor. Then, it is true, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman cautiously moved along the bench out of range of fire, whilst the House gave itself up to uncontrolled laughter.

In more recent times, Mr. William O'Brien has driven home his argument by bringing down a clenched fist on



"DRIVING HOME AN ARGUMENT."

the top of the hat of an hon. member sitting immediately below him. But the record in which the present Secretary of State for War passively assisted remains unbroken.

A less vigorous form of humour in which LAPSUS of the House delights LINGUÆ. is a slip of the tongue on the part of a member. The more matter-of-fact he be, the fuller is the enjoyment. Last Session Mr. Arthur Balfour fell upon a phrase, the possible double meaning of which delighted the House. In the course of debate on the affairs

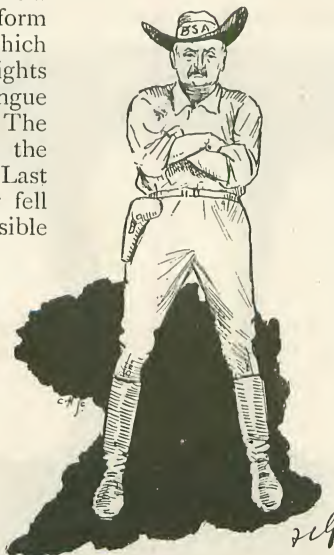
of Matabeleland, the Leader of the Opposition emphatically declared that what was needed for the welfare and prosperity of South Africa was "the extension of roads." As the name of Mr. Cecil Rhodes had been prominently mentioned throughout the debate, not without unfriendly hints that self-aggrandizement was the base of his policy, Mr. Balfour was interrupted by a burst of boisterous laughter, at which he affected innocent amazement, and repeated the phrase again and again, till the House permitted him to conclude the passage.

There was much controversy at the time as to whether he had perceived the *double entendre*, or whether in persisting in reiteration of his phrase he was unconscious of its possible application. Talking the matter over later on the same night, he told me that he recognised the slip as soon as the phrase had escaped his lips. But he was not going to give himself away by accepting the construction humorously put upon it. To those who were present and remember his appearance of genuine astonishment at the interruption, this will show that an old Parliamentary hand may still be young in years, and ingenious in manner.

Incomparably the best mixed saying of this kind ever uttered in the House of Commons dropped from the lips of Mr. Cobden. It was told me by one of the few members of the present House who heard the debates on the Commercial Treaty with France.

"Now I will give you an illustration of what I mean," said Mr. Cobden, reaching a certain point in his exposition. "My hon. friend who sits near me" (indicating Mr. Bright) "spins long yarns of poor quality."

Mr. Cobden got no further with the sentence, the remainder being lost amid inextinguishable laughter. Only Mr. Bright, then in the prime of his powers, a frequent and voluminous contributor to Parliamentary debate, did not see the joke.



"THE EXTENSION OF RHODES."



## Some Shapes of Heads.

By J. E. BARNARD.



HE study of the external form of the head has at various times admitted of much controversy and speculation. The "bumps"

or superficial prominences, so readily felt on carrying the hand over the head, afford phrenologists a large field for the imagination; and some scientific men have adopted a method of surface measurement for the purpose of studying racial peculiarities and descent.

During the past few years a large number of heads, amounting to several thousands, have been measured under my supervision. It has, therefore, occurred to me that a brief account of some of the more striking shapes might be of interest to the general reader.

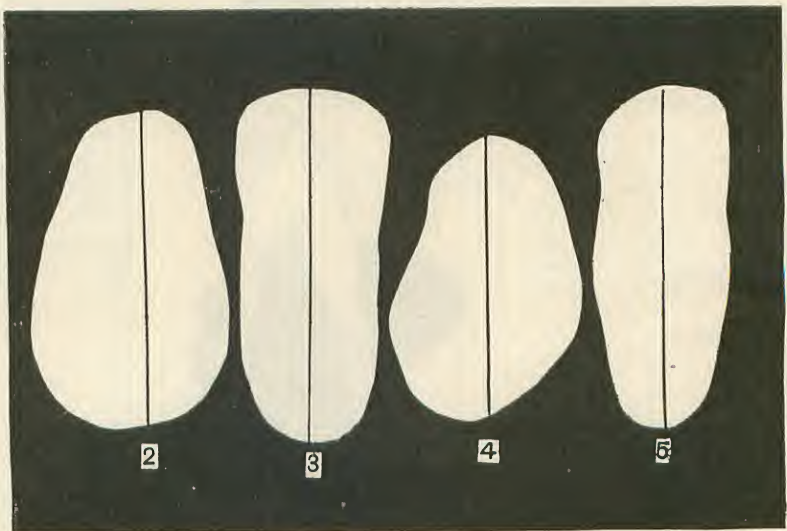
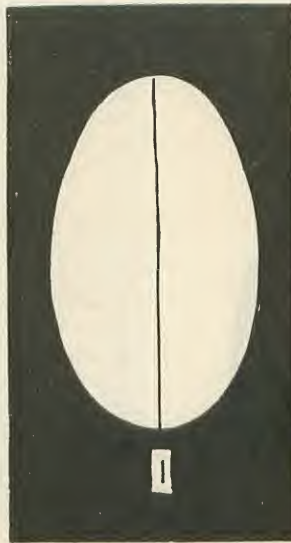
For this purpose a selection has been made, embodying those which are chiefly interesting for their irregularity and asymmetry of outline, or because they point out certain racial or individual features. The most casual observer cannot help being struck with the great variation in all directions of the examples here figured. There is often an almost total absence of symmetry, and the size varies within wide limits. A frequent observation of those to whom such shapes are shown is: "How like a foot!" and, indeed, the exclamation in many

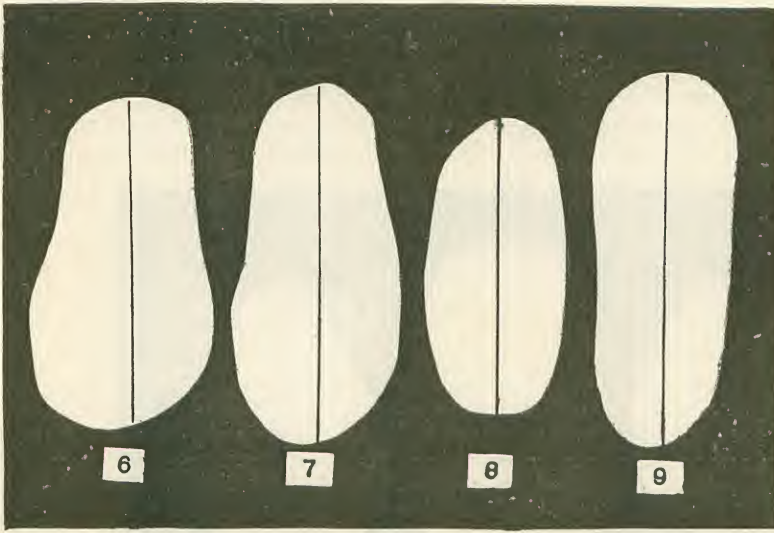
cases is fully justified. The size is in every case considerably reduced, the scale being approximately a reduction of 5 diameters.

The figures have been taken from men alone, the shape of the female head being difficult to gauge accurately owing to the arrangement of the hair.

That there are certain shapes of head peculiar to different peoples there is no question, and this is often so marked, that the shape may form a fairly reliable guide to the determination of a person's nationality, or, at any rate, that of his antecedents.

Taking, for instance, an ideal head, as Fig. 1, one notices that it is rather long. Its length should exceed its breadth by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. An English head, as Fig. 2, is generally slightly longer than this, broader at the back, and tapering rather towards the forehead. The English of to-day are somewhat mixed in their antecedents, and cannot therefore claim to have such a characteristic head as the Highlander or Irishman.



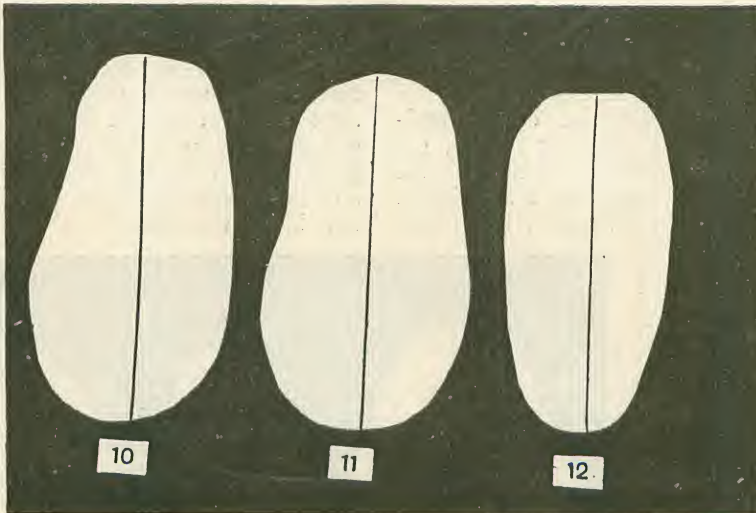


The Figs. 6, 7, 8, and 9 are all Scotch heads, and have not been selected because of any peculiarity, but are, in all cases, typical. It will be seen that they taper very much towards the front, narrowing at the temples, and very often becoming square and prominent at the forehead. A Highlander is, in fact, a "long-headed" man, not only

of Cornwall there is a slight trace of Spanish blood, which is possibly due to a few who escaped from the Spanish Armada settling there. At the Lizard, for instance, the name of Jose is common or even predominant. This is no doubt a corruption of the Spanish name José. In the case of Cornwall, however, the trade carried on for

chosen, one is that of a noted, and unquestionably highly intellectual, Irish Parliamentary leader, and the other is the head of a nonentity.

The Welsh and Cornish head differs considerably from either of the types so far noticed, as Figs. 19 and 20 show. It partakes more of the shape characteristic of the Frenchman or Spaniard. Doubtless, in the west



proverbially, but in reality. Figs. 3 and 5 are also long, but are abnormal specimens of English heads.

An Irishman, also, has a long head, as Figs. 10, 11, and 12 show, but it is not so narrow in comparison with the length as a Scotch head. It does not contract so much at the temples, and is squarer. Of the examples

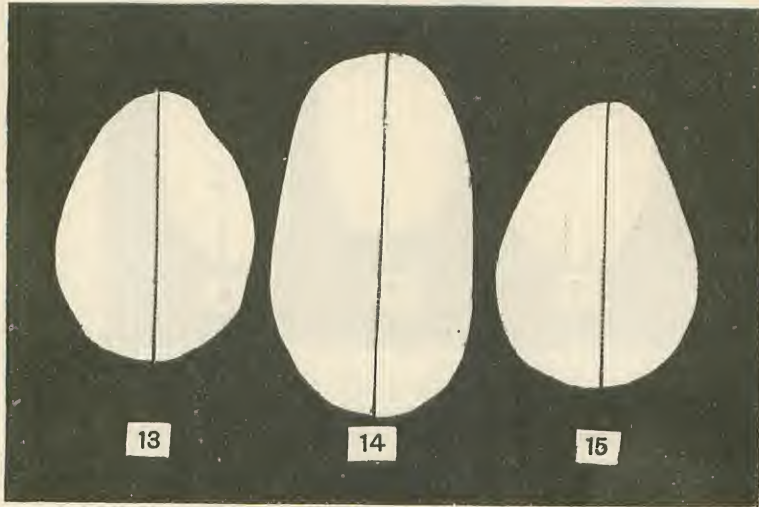
centuries, even before the time of Christ, with Brittany, Spain, and other countries, might account more satisfactorily for the apparent admixture of foreign blood. The relation of the shape of the head to nationality might broadly be associated with climate, for one finds that, the further south the examples are taken from, the



rounder do heads become, and a north country head is proportionately longer. This applies to other countries than our own.

Fig. 15 shows a Frenchman's head, which is much rounder than an Englishman's. Fig. 13, German, is rounder still, and broadens

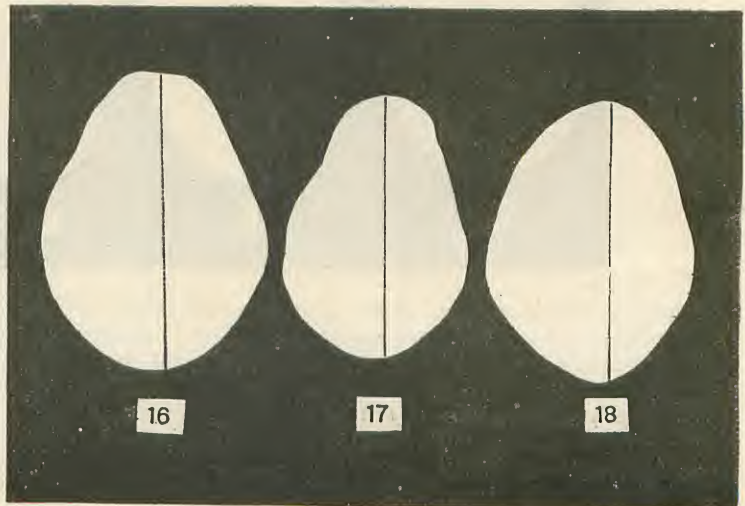
is that it is a result of the habitual use of the right hand. Recent investigations into the functions of the brain have shown that the several members of the body are what is known as "represented" on its surface. For example, the impulse to move the

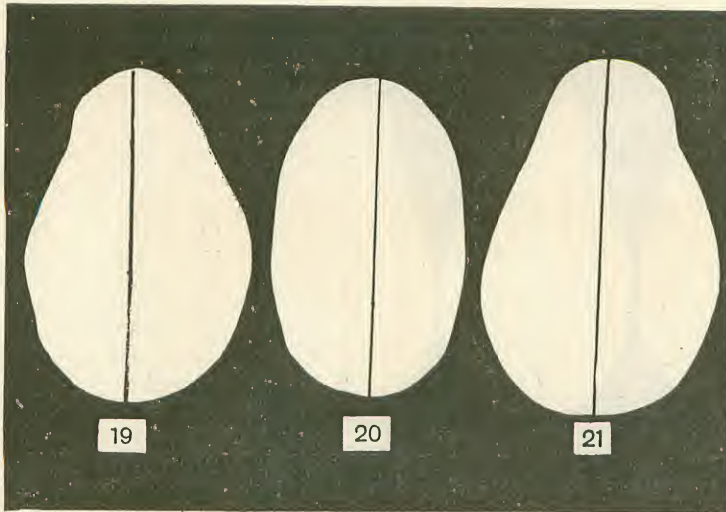


very much at the back, although Fig. 14 is a most unusual exception. Fig. 17 is Dutch, the peculiarity being a smaller head, but still much the type of the German. Fig. 16 is a Spanish and Fig. 18 is an Italian head. A negro's head is rounder still: in fact, almost bullet shape.

The illustrations are not only remarkable for their general shape or outline, but an even more extraordinary feature is the great want of symmetry before mentioned. The line dividing each shape is taken from the top of the nose to where the spinal column meets the head at the back, therefore dividing the head into two lateral parts. In Figs. 2, 4, 30, and 31 this inequality is so marked that it almost amounts to a deformity. Curiously enough, the larger portion is almost invariably on the left side, the cases where the opposite occurs being rare. Many theories have been advanced to account for this, but probably the most satisfactory one

right arm comes from a special part of the surface of the left side of the brain. In right-handed persons, the centres subserving the faculty of speech are located on the left side of the brain, while there is evidence to show that in left-handed persons these centres are more probably situated on the right side. It is not by any means improbable that as we have through countless generations been in the habit of using our right hand and arm, and leaving the left hand uneducated, it has at length



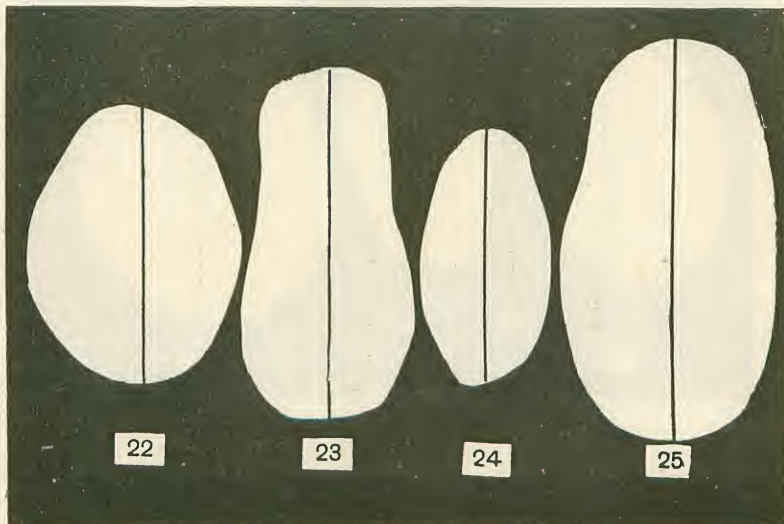


resulted in the brain on the left side becoming enlarged.

It might be suggested that, such being the case, a left-handed person should have an enlarged right side of the head, and in some instances this was found to be the case. Fig. 21, for instance, is a case in which the left hand was thoroughly developed, and performed all required of it in the same

existence they would in a few generations have an enlargement on the right side as characteristic as right-handed persons now have on the left side of the head. Such a marked inequality, as just described, might be made a subject of much theory; but as the object of this paper is chiefly to state facts, we do not propose entering into controversial matter.

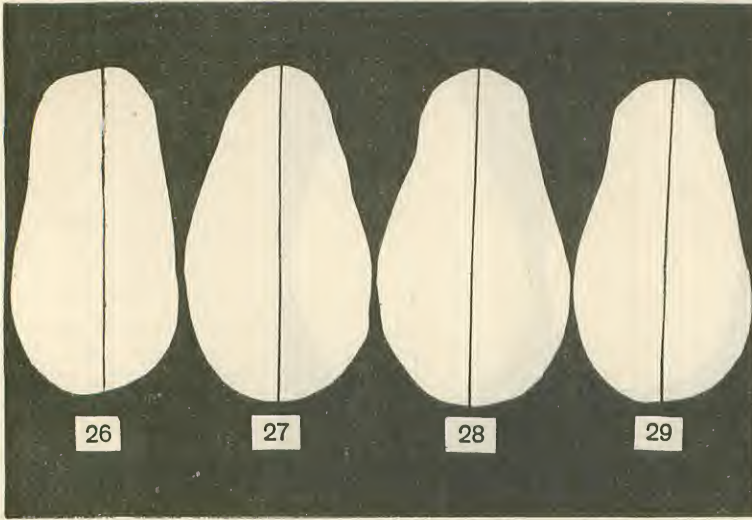
In the cases under our notice, it has most frequently happened that a person of more than average intelligence has a head above the average size. This is not by any means without exception, as, for instance, Fig. 24, which is the head of a well-known surgeon, and is one of the smallest we have noticed. On the other hand, the very large one, Fig. 32, is the head of an insane person; a not uncommon accompaniment of lunacy or idiotcy being an abnormally large head.



way as most right hands do. The result is seen in a marked development of the right side of the head. It might happen that the heads of left-handed persons would not invariably show this, but it is not improbable that if a race of left-handed people came into

It very often happens that a large-headed father has a small-headed son, the converse rarely occurring. In Figs. 22 and 25, the larger is the father's and the smaller the son's head, but this case presents a peculiarity in that the shapes are so entirely different. It generally



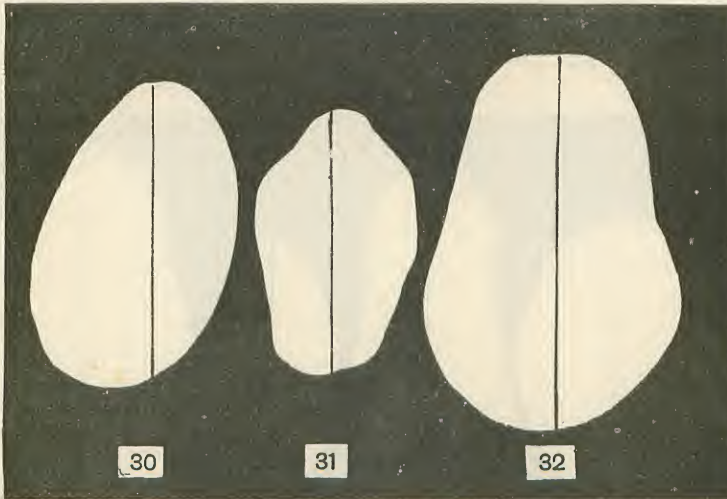


difference in age between the youngest and the eldest. Fig. 26 varies rather from the others, and the temperament of the owner of this head is different in many ways. Fig. 23, again, represents an abnormal head in a large family, all the rest of which are peculiarly normal.

The size of the head seems to bear little relation to the size of the body. A very big man often has a small head,

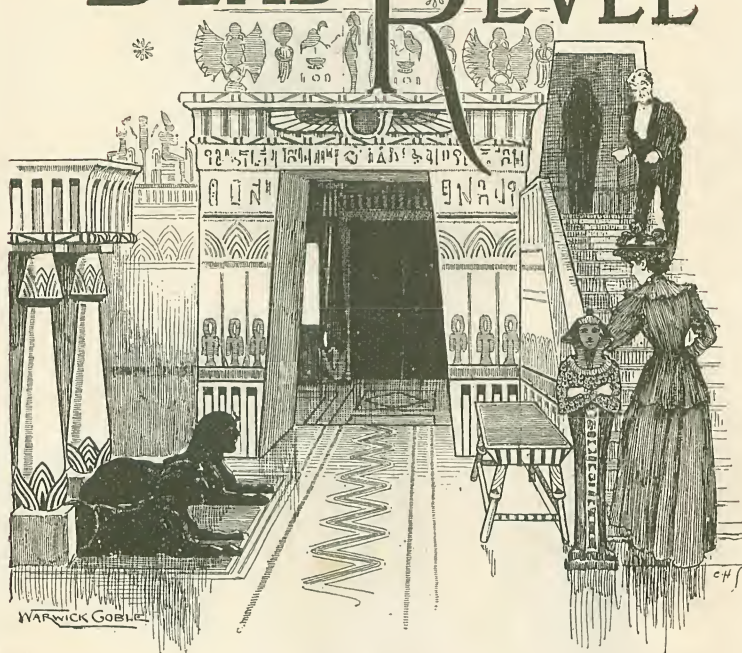
happens that even if the head is smaller, the shapes resemble each other, as, for instance, in Figs. 26, 27, 28, and 29, which are those of four brothers, the same general outline prevailing in each, although there is a wide

or, at any rate, one of average size; on the other hand, a small man may have a large head—in fact, we have been unable to trace any relationship between size of head and body.



NOTE.—The illustrations are so placed that the forehead is towards the top of the page.

# THE DEAD REVEL



THE STORY OF A GIRL'S ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND.

BY MRS. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

**I**MUST begin all over again the weary, heart-breaking search for work—the repeated failures, the weariness, the sickness of hope deferred—all this must be gone through again—again! And how many times more? No employment of mine seemed to last long: always a new struggle to obtain my daily bread lay darkening before me. Truly, an evil star had gleamed on the horizon on the night of my birth, for to my lot it had fallen to carry Adam's burden though I lay under the curse of Eve.

But misfortune must be faced, some work must be found. I must live, and my store of money in hand was dwindling in a terribly rapid manner; it was time to make a desperate effort for employment. But the month was unfavourable. At the beginning

of August work, at any rate in London, is scarce. Perhaps I might get an engagement as a holiday governess to little children, to tide over the time till people came back to town. I looked over the advertisements in the penny morning papers, but could find nothing which even promised well. One afternoon, however, I obtained the loan of the *Times*, and in it I found the following advertisement:—

**WANTED.**—Cultured lady (under 30 preferred) to take charge of valuable domestic pet during owner's absence in country. Caretaker left in house. Liberal honorarium. Apply to-day (Friday) to Mme. Lebrun, —.

And here followed the address of a house in one of the old-fashioned squares in the north of London. It was getting late in the day, but in spite of that I thought it would be worth while to make an effort to obtain the place. An omnibus landed me within about ten minutes'



walk of the square. As I passed through the streets the wind was blowing gustily, and from the square gardens a few slightly turned leaves fluttered to the ground. Autumn was beginning her harvest early. The houses in the square I was seeking were tall and thin, and over the doors and windows skeleton rams' heads and delicate mouldings of flowers told of the Adams decorations within. But the exterior of the house which I was seeking was at first sight plain—then I saw that the handles of the bells were of sphinxes' heads, and each knocker a bronze cat's head. At my ring the double door split in the middle, and an old man-servant asked me my business, and on hearing it admitted me without a moment's hesitation—admitted me apparently into the halls of Memphis, for the doorway leading into the inner hall had been converted into an archway, over which an unknown hieroglyphic inscription was painted.

A bronze sphinx stood sentinel on either side of the great chimney-piece, and the walls were covered with paintings such as are found in Egyptian tombs. As I followed my guide up the dark staircase, a dim, oblong form showed from the corner of the broad landing—a shape broad at the top and narrowing to the feet. *Memento mori.*

But all was changed when the wide door of the drawing-room was thrown open. Here was France. France of the beginning of the

century was seen in the deep crimson satin hangings; France of to-day in the small wood fire which smouldered on the hearth—for the evening was chill—in the varnished boards, and in the very places of the furniture. This I learnt afterwards. At the moment my attention was fixed and held by a figure standing in the middle of the room. The figure was

small, slight, and fragile, draped in long grey folds and crowned by a bushy mass of grey hair. Its arm was outstretched, and on the wrist sat perched an old, old parrot, almost featherless, with a look of superhuman cunning and malice in its eyes. This old bird and its older mistress were apparently holding an actual conversation. They seemed to understand each other perfectly. For a moment I stood transfixed, then the voice of the man-servant broke the spell:—

"A lady, madame, has called, in answer to your advertisement."

"Ah! I have already seen so

many," and the grey figure, speaking with a strong foreign accent, came floating quickly towards me; "but perhaps this time better luck. *Tiens*—but I think this is more hopeful. Eh, Gustave? Come, mademoiselle, and give yourself the trouble to be seated; you are, no doubt, fatigued." And with her left hand—her right was still occupied with the parrot—she led me to a comfortable chair by the fire.

"I called, madame," I began, when seated,



"THEY SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER."



"in answer to your advertisement which I saw in the *Times* this morning."

"Ah! *ma foi*, yes. That announcement—what trouble it has given me. You cannot figure to yourself the persons I have seen to-day who all declared themselves 'ladies of cultivation.' But for you, mademoiselle, it is a different thing. I could not leave you alone in this great house; you are too young, too pretty. It would—how shall I say it?—it would walk out of the conveniences."

"I implore you, madame, not to let considerations like these influence you. I am entirely dependent on my work, and there is so little work I can do," and as I thought of the cruel disappointments I had had in the last fortnight, my voice broke.

"Ah, *pauvre enfant*, we shall see. The case is this. My doctors tell me I must positively have a change of air. My parrot, Gustave, like other old people—for he is older still than I—cannot bear to be deranged in his habits: he is miserable if he quits this house. *Que faire?* Accustomed as he is to my society and conversation, I cannot leave him to servants: he would expire of dulness. So I thought if I could get some lady to see to him, to talk to him during my two months' absence——"

"Ah, madame," I interrupted, "if you would only try me, I would take such care of him."

"We shall see," again said Mme. Lebrun. "Gustave, *mon ami*, dost thou think thou couldst stay with mademoiselle? Dost thou like her?"

At this appeal Gustave with great solemnity fluttered to the floor, and, to my alarm, began solemnly hopping round me in ever-lessening circles. At last he stopped in front of me, and, looking straight up into my face, emitted a sound like drawing a cork and screamed out in a high, fast, monotonous shriek: "Pretty girl, pretty girl, don't cry, my dear; don't like being kissed? That's what pretty girls are made for. Ha! ha! ha!" and he exploded into a fit of cackling, gasping laughter.

But Mme. Lebrun was apparently quite satisfied, and then and there we settled our business arrangements, salary, which was indeed liberal, included. I was to take possession that day week. As I rose to go, Mme. Lebrun said:—

"Two last injunctions I must give you. You will not, will you, leave Gustave for more than two hours at a time? And you must not permit him to go into the cellars. Yes, thou old rascal, I speak of thy sins.

Into the cellars, by hook or by crook, thou lovest to go. And they are cold, and thou coughest when thou comest out. Mademoiselle, he is a curious bird. He belonged, as did this house, to M. Beckford."

"The great Beckford, the author of 'Vathek'?" I cried, much excited, thinking this explained the general curious aspect of the place.

"Ah, you have heard of him. Yes, to him. My mother rented the house from him. This is her portrait," and she pointed to a large portrait on the wall of an extremely pretty woman in Empire dress, with an expression, half arch, half wistful, in her dark eyes. "This room she furnished in her own taste—here probably you will like to sit—it is less *triste* than the other apartments."

I thanked her heartily, for, indeed, I had no notion of living in an Egyptian museum, and took my leave. A week after found me comfortably established in the house, in the care of the old man-servant and his wife, who I found was a super-excellent cook. Gustave stayed with me night and day. He was generally drowsy in the morning, but was painfully restless and wide-awake at night. He had a habit of waking me by making a sound as of a violent slap being given to a thigh tightly breeched in satin, after which he would cry: "Doose take it, did yer?"

But it was a pleasant time, filled with dreams of the curious people and things that the house had seen. It was not fated to last.

One day the man-servant asked me if he and his wife might go that evening to some family gathering and festivity to which they were bidden. Pleased to do a little kindness to people who were so attentive to me, I gladly consented. My usual dinner was converted into a tempting cold supper, which was spread ready for me. At six o'clock they left me. I was absorbed in a book, and hardly noticed what happened till the clock on the mantelpiece chimed seven. It was growing dusk. I was hungry, I would take my supper.

"Gustave," I called. No answer. No impatient flutter such as usually greeted a summons to eat, for Gustave took his meals with his family. I searched in vain for him. Then conviction flashed across me. He had run away into the cellars. There was nothing to be done but to go after him. I took a candle and a box of matches and started on my quest, down, down, through the hall, the kitchen, till I reached the great, vaulted cellars. I went through them, guided by the



sound of Gustave chattering and swearing excitedly.

At last, in the furthest vault of all, I found him. He was hopping excitedly round and round in a circle in the middle of the floor. With voice and hand I tried to soothe him, but he eluded me. At last I tried to catch him by force. Suddenly, as I sprang after him, I felt the paved floor beneath my feet tremble. The stone on which I stood was giving—turning. I sprang off it, un-

saw a flight of worn steps winding downwards, and from below sounded the hoarse laugh of Gustave.

I followed him; I allowed myself no pause, no moment of hesitation, but passed rapidly down the narrow winding stair. At last I reached the bottom. Before me was an archway, still hung with dusty, tattered fragments of what had once been heavy portières. Round the arch I could distinguish an inscription in high, blood-red letters. Slowly I deciphered it: "*Fait ce que voudras.*" I shuddered! Dim memories of Medenham Abbey surged in my mind, and of that unholy revel when the blasphemous revellers found suddenly that one had been added to their number, and yet no man could tell *which* was the uninvited guest.

I pushed on and stood at last in a vast, vaulted hall. By my dim light, I saw a great table, where lay musty remnants of a long dead orgie. Masks and tattered, mouldy dominoes were scattered about in wild profusion—chairs overset and pushed back. Apparently, a sudden interruption had broken up the feast.

Then a ghastly imitation of a human voice struck my ear. It was Gustave. He had perched on the arm of the great chair at the top of the table, and was screaming out with horrible articulateness an old-world drinking song:—

To kiss with the maid when the mistress is kind,  
Believe me, you always are loth, sir;  
But if the maid's fairest, the oath doesn't bind,  
Or—you may, if you like it, kiss both, sir.

This, then, was the meaning of his wish to constantly roam about the cellars. He had enjoyed many a revel in this horrible hall, and he could not believe that the good old time was dead for ever. But the spark of energy soon died in him, and he sat perched there stupidly, with his eyes glazed and dim. I looked round the hall, and found that there were other openings besides the one I had come through leading out of it; how was I to know my own? Suddenly the sound of footsteps and hoarse voices approaching struck my ears. Who was coming, and on what dark errand,

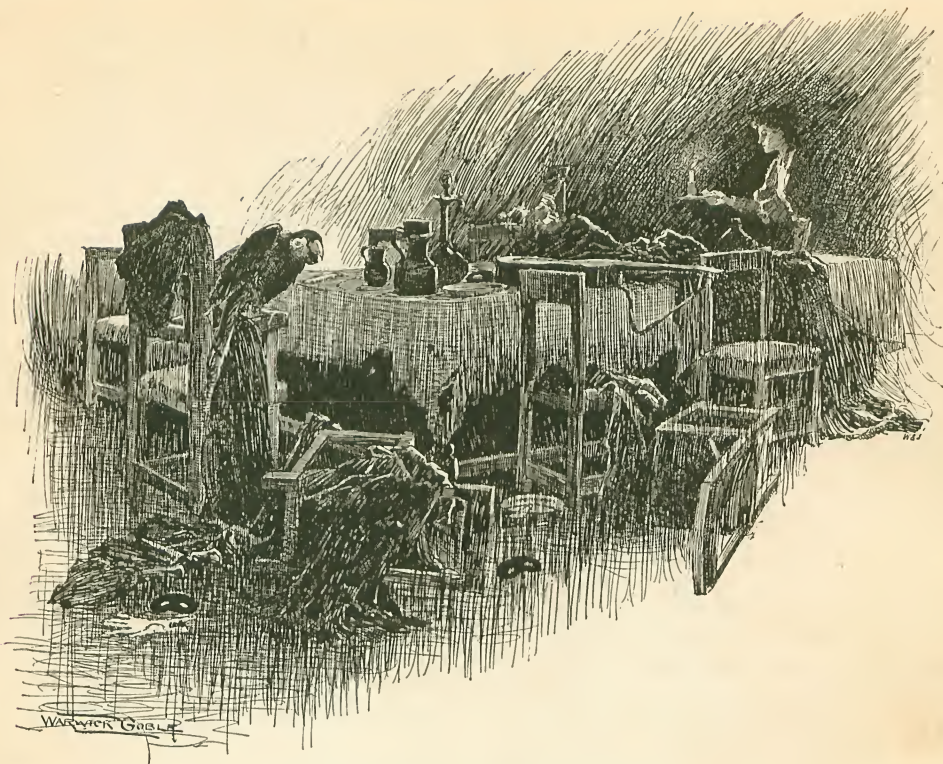


"I TRIED TO CATCH HIM."

consciously giving it a further impetus as I did so. It turned half round, leaving a black vault at my feet, up which an icy wind blew suddenly and extinguished my light. With trembling hands I tried to strike a match, hearing in the darkness a scream of triumph from Gustave; then he suddenly let fall a volley of strange oaths, and it struck me with dismay that his voice was sounding fainter.

At last I lighted my candle, and, shading the flame with my hand from the draught, I looked into the blackness at my feet. I





"MUSTY REMNANTS OF A LONG DEAD ORGIE."

to that dreadful place? Nearer and nearer came the sounds. I seized one of the mouldy dominoes which were scattered about, wrapped it round me, concealed Gustave in it under my arm, blew out my light, and crept beneath the great table just in time. The light of many burning torches filled the hall, and a rough voice cried:—

"Aye, here the place is, just as Cartwright thought. There's room enough for stuff here to blow up all London. The chief will be pleased at this."

And then to my horrified ears was revealed a plot, sheltered under the sacred names of Liberty and Freedom; a plot which showed the ingenuity of Satan himself, and a cruel callousness to the sufferings of millions which was superhuman. This plot, I am told, it were prudent not to reveal.

I lay still as death: one laugh from Gustave, one gasp for breath from myself, and I was doomed. Mercifully, at last the tension became too great and I fainted. When I came to myself all was dark and still again. I crept out from the table and struck a match. This roused Gustave, who apparently had been sleeping off his excitement, and unhesitatingly he fluttered to the ground and

hopped through the right archway. As we emerged from the cellar I found that it was daylight—the night had passed in that terrible place.

Exhausted as I was, I instantly went to Scotland Yard and told them what I had heard. They fortunately believed me and set inquiries on foot. England was saved from a disaster which would have brought her enemies flocking like vultures around her, and the world from a crime which would have stained the Book of Fate with a record black as death. Utterly exhausted, I went straight to bed when I reached home, and had food brought to me there.

As I am, alas, only too well used to adventures and misfortune, I quickly recovered my usual strength—but yet I woke next morning with a presentiment of misfortune, a foreboding of evil. Too well was this justified. The excitement of visiting his old haunts had proved too much for Gustave. The parrot was dead; my occupation was gone.

I telegraphed immediately to Mme. Lebrun, and received an answer that she



would return home that evening. She came, and great were her lamentations over her dead companion—for Gustave was nothing less to her.

That day the police searched the whole of the underground part of the square. It appeared that the existence of this place had long been rumoured in the thieves' quarter of London. The origin of it was, so far as can be discovered, as follows:—

Many years ago the now half deserted square was a fashionable centre in London, and a certain noble Earl, famed in history for his fearful deeds and his wild life, inhabited a great house which formed one side of it—now split into separate habitations, of which that of Mme. Lebrun formed one. Under the square, so said rumour, he excavated a great subterranean hall. Was it simply to outdo his neighbours in the recklessness of his expenditure, or for some darker reason? At this distance of time who shall say? Enough that the tradition of the place still lingered, and on his return from Italy, Beckford heard of it. It touched his whimsical imagination, and he bought the house subsequently rented by the mother of Mme. Lebrun (or Mlle., as she should rather have been called, for she had never married, but had merely taken brevet rank).

The other openings which I had dimly seen, and down which one of the Anarchist conspirators (as they were subsequently proved) had come, must have been constructed in Beckford's time, for it was found that the houses which they led to had all been inhabited by his friends. Down those steps what companies had flocked to what unimaginable revels! But the reason of the great fright which had broken up their last orgie, and why everything had been left in such a sudden hurry, had never been

discovered. Had the legend of Medenham been repeated?

The Anarchists had found the hall through one of their members telling, when they were looking for some safe place to store their explosives, that he remembered his father, who had been a mason, had told him that as a lad he had been employed in mending a flight of stone steps in No. — in the square, which steps led to a great subterranean hall. The house indicated was to let—they took it—and but for the wonderful chances of Gustave on that night escaping to the cellars, and of my accidentally treading on the secret spring of the turning stone, their fell designs would in time have been accomplished.

The whole occurrence was a terrible shock to poor Mme. Lebrun. She could not bear to leave the house in which her whole life had been passed, and yet she said she would never feel safe in it again, and no wonder. The police knowing of the hall, and keeping a watch on it, made some difference, but she could not rest until she had the flight of steps destroyed, the stone cemented down, and the door of the cellar which contained it bricked up. Then she said she felt a great "*soulagement*." To me she was most kind, for she felt that I had dared more than most girls would have done for the protection of her favourite.

But it had been too much for her, and she died a short time afterwards. Her heir, some distant cousin, a little, dried-up, black-avised Frenchman, made short work of the Egyptian antiquities. He carried off the pictures and the furniture, and in a little while a great board announced that for the first time for nearly a century No.—, ——— Square, was "To let." Who will take it next?

# Girls' Schools of To-day.

## I.—CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

By L. T. MEADE.



IN these days when the "Woman's Question" is discussed on all sides, and when even the most prejudiced of the opposite sex are forced to admit that women are their competitors in almost every walk of life, it is interesting to trace the fact to its primary source. In this last decade of the century, women are being thoroughly educated in the broadest and fullest sense of the term. Their brains are being developed, their bodies stimulated to grow to their full dimensions—in consequence, weakness, timidity, nerves, mental cowardice, are gradually, but surely, creeping into the background, and the girls of the present day are able to hold their own with their brothers.

School life is undoubtedly at the root of this vast improvement, and my intention in this paper is to say a few words with regard to school life as it now exists for girls.

All those who know anything of girls' education will feel that the primary place amongst English schools must be given to the far-famed ladies' college at Cheltenham. Here, from the child in her kindergarten to the girl who is undergoing her examination for her London degree, is to be found the most perfect training for spirit, mind, and body.

The name of the principal, Dorothea Beale, is widely known. I have had the privilege of visiting her at Cheltenham College for the purpose of writing this paper; but, much as she told me, and much as I saw of her work, it is difficult in so short a space to give any just estimate of her modes of operation and her wonderful personality.

It would be impossible to get any just idea of the life which now goes on at Cheltenham College without knowing a little of its past history and growth—its past struggle for existence seems to accentuate and strengthen the effect of its present remarkable success.

I should like to give the story of the college in Miss Beale's own graphic words, but as the limits of a magazine paper make this impossible, I can only allude to the leading and most interesting facts.

In beginning her account of the college, Miss Beale speaks of the great change which took place in the education of girls about the middle of the present century. Up to the year 1847 it was impossible, except in very rare cases, for a woman to take a high place in the intellectual world—her education generally was unsystematic, and had no thoroughness. True, there were such women as Mary Somerville, Harriet Martineau, and Caroline Cornwallis—there were also a few poets and novelists whom all the world justly holds in honour; but these were exceptional, and showed the strength of their characters when they broke through the barriers which fenced them off from the fields of intellect in which their brothers roamed at will. In those days, girls of the middle classes were usually taught at home by private governesses assisted by masters, or they were sent to small boarding schools. Most of their time was spent in learning by rote what the Schools Inquiry Commissioners call "Miserable Catechisms," "Lamentable

Catechisms," "the Noxious Brood of Catechisms." They worked from books which taught facts, such facts as the following: "State the number of houses burnt in the fire of London." No subject was taught scientifically, but merely as so much information. Mr. Fitch wrote: "I have seen girls learning by heart the terminology of the Linnæan system, to whom the very elements of the vegetable physiology were unknown—they learnt from a catechism the meaning of such words as divisibility, inertia; knowing nothing whatever of the physical facts, of which these words are the representatives."

Miss Beale says of



MISS BEALE, PRINCIPAL OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.  
From a Photo. by County of Gloucester Studio, Cheltenham.





From a]

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

[Photograph.

herself: "In 1848 I was a pupil in a school in Paris, which was kept by English ladies. We were taught to perform conjuring tricks with a globe, by which we obtained answers to problems without one principle being made intelligible. We were even compelled to learn from Lindley Murray lists of prepositions, that we might be saved the trouble of thinking what part of speech it was."

In her delightful paper, which can be read in full in the college magazine, Miss Beale graphically states how this condition of things passed away, how first one college and then another was opened to women, how Professor Maurice took up the cause of girls' education, and at last how Local Examinations of the University of Cambridge were opened to women—but as this paper refers primarily to Cheltenham College, I must go on at once to speak of it.

The college, which now occupies so high a position in the educational world, was first opened in 1854, in a house which was called Cambray House, and is now an overflow school. Miss Beale gives an amusing account of the opening day. One lady, who was present at the opening, writes: "I was at the opening of the ladies' college on the thirteenth of February, 1854. Nine o'clock was the time appointed for us to assemble. I remember I was standing in the large school-room and our names being called over. The eldest of us was eighteen, and the infants' department contained some very little mites. The subjects taught at present are very different from what we had; nevertheless, we worked hard, and the teaching was very thorough. Of course, there were clever girls,

and stupid girls, and idle girls; but the tone of the college was one of work."

Another writes: "The opening of the ladies' college is so very long ago, and I was only eleven. My chief recollection of the first day is that a good many pupils brought their dogs with them, and that there was a general scrimmage among these animals—eight of

them fighting in the cloak-room. Naturally, no dogs were admitted in the future."

The number of pupils when the college was first opened was eighty-eight, and by the end of the year there were one hundred and twenty. From several causes, however, a decline in the numbers soon set in, and when Miss Beale was appointed principal in 1858, affairs were in a very critical condition. The pupils had fallen to sixty-nine, and of these about fifteen had given notice to leave. In short, the next two years were ones of extreme difficulty, and Miss Beale says that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the hard struggle for existence which the college had to maintain, and of the minute economies they were called upon to practise. The principal says: "I was blamed for ordering prospectuses, at the cost of fifteen shillings, without leave from the secretary. Second-hand furniture was procured which would not have delighted people of æsthetic taste; curtains were dispensed with as far as possible, and it was questioned whether a carving knife was required for me in my furnished apartments. In short, society was opposed to the college.

"Cheltenham was a conservative place, and the very name 'college' frightened people. It was said 'Girls would be turned into boys if they attended the college.' The kind of education, too, was not approved; the curriculum was too advanced, though it would now be considered quite behind the age. It embraced only English studies, French, German, and a very little science; all was taught, it was true, in a somewhat thorough way. 'It is all very well,' said a mother, who withdrew her

daughter at the end of a quarter, 'for my daughter to read Shakespeare, but don't you think it is more important for her to be able to sit down at a piano and amuse her friends?'

"'I had my own opinion,' said Miss Beale, 'about the kind of amusement she would afford them.'"

Speaking of herself, she continues: "I had been for some years mathematical tutor at Queen's College, London, but I was advised that it would not do to introduce mathematics. Some objected to advanced arithmetic. 'My dear lady,' said a father, 'if my daughters were going to be bankers it would be very well to teach arithmetic as you do, but really there is no need.'"

"'No, I have not learnt fractions,' said a child, 'my governess told me they were not necessary for girls.'"

Miss Beale also speaks of the great difficulty of obtaining good teachers.

"Do you prepare your lessons?" she asked of a candidate for a vacant post.

"Oh, no"; was the answer, "I never profess to teach anything I do not understand."

One was sent to her with such excellent recommendations that she thought she had found a "black swan." She asked her to come down that she might judge for herself. This lady could teach literature, history, physiology, but Miss Beale, to her astonishment, discovered that she had literally read nothing but little text-books, and proposed to teach on the notes of the lessons she had had.

The college in those early days was not only poor, but on the verge of bankruptcy; this

want of money made itself felt in all sorts of ways. There was no library, and a grant of five pounds did not go very far. There was, besides, no lending library in the town; a few stationers lent out books, but the supply was meagre indeed. Miss Beale relates how she went into one of the two principal shops to see if she could get the "Idylls of the King," when the book came out. She was answered: "We never have had any poetical effusions in the library, and we don't think we shall begin now."

The time of trial, however, was not to be followed by defeat. The spirit of the brave principal was not to be daunted—the numbers in the school rose again to seventy-eight. Still the balance was on the wrong side of the ledger; but just then a gentleman in the town, a Mr. Brancker, was asked to be auditor. He drew up a financial scheme on altogether new lines: this was adopted, and from that hour the college entered on a new and prosperous career. This good man undertook all the duties of a secretary gratuitously. His clear judgment, his insight into character, his courage and frankness made him a most valuable adviser, and Miss Beale feels sure that had he not taken the helm at that time, the college would not have been safely steered through the rocks.

From that hour, however, prosperity attended all efforts, prejudices began to give way, and the number of pupils increased yearly.

In giving her brief history, Miss Beale considers that Cheltenham College has gone through three epochs. In the first, she includes the twenty years of its life in the

original college of Cambray. The second decade is occupied with the internal growth and consolidation of the new college. The third takes the period of external development from the foundation of the College Guild in 1883.

It was at Lady Day, 1873, that the principal and pupils took possession of the present lovely and extensive college.



From a]

STUDENTS' BEDROOM AT FAUCONBERG HOUSE, DIVIDED BY CURTAINS.

[Photograph.



Miss Beale speaks thus of the change :—

"I am sure that the change from the plain bare walls of Cambray to the beautiful and stately surroundings of our new college was not without its effect upon teacher and taught. Mr. Thring, of Uppingham, used to insist, by word and deed, that if we would have learning honoured, we should build it a fitting habitation. The greater dignity of our surroundings made us feel that our teaching must not be meagre and bare, but as perfect in its form, as attractive in its expression, as exact in its details as we were able to make it, and thus the material environment reacted upon the intellectual and spiritual: the same music is different in a concert-room and in a cathedral, where arches and vaulted roof respond to the pealing organ, and spirit answers to spirit in subtones and harmonics."

Large as the college was, however, when it was opened, it has been added to immensely from time to time until it has reached its present important dimensions, and there are, as it seems to an outsider, class-rooms of the most perfect kind, for every possible course of education which can be entered upon. The richness of the architecture of these noble rooms, the beauty of the painted windows, the intelligent and wide sympathy of the spirit which has governed and planned the whole can scarcely be described; the rooms must be seen, the kindly spirit must be felt, to make it possible to understand the vastness of the influence which has been at work.

The guild of the college was formed in the July of 1883, and thus began, as Miss Beale says, the period of external development. The guild is the means of uniting old and new members in a common interest, which does not cease with school life. It maintains a mission at Bethnal Green.

The badge is a daisy—that flower loved of poets. The open daisy is the emblem of the soul; closed, it is the pearl of flowers, the emblem of purity. "It is," writes Ruskin, "infinitely dear, as the bringer of light; ruby, white, and gold, the three colours of the day, with no hue of shade in it."

The objects of the guild are many, some articles of its creed being that it is a duty all through life to continue one's own education—that the worst thing one can do with any talent is to bury it.

Junior members are expected not only to follow a definite course of study, but also to undertake some domestic form of work. Miss Beale feels very strongly that the better trained a woman is mentally, the more

thoroughly she will attend to the minutæ of daily life, and that a knowledge of mathematics, so far from militating against home comforts, will, by the training it gives in system and effort, enable her all the better to keep the household machinery in order.

It was a bright day in the end of October when I paid my first visit to Cheltenham College. I found the principal standing on a raised platform at one end of the great hall. She received me in the heartiest and most genial manner, and told me at once she had made arrangements to give up her day to me. I can truly say that she kept her word. I arrived at the college at about half-past twelve, and from then until half-past five we went from class-room to class-room, from boarding-house to boarding-house, with only brief intervals for refreshment. While she took me round, Miss Beale explained her systems and methods of work in a clear, incisive style, peculiarly her own. There was no attempt at boasting, no trace of gratified vanity in the enormous success of the wonderful place which she has practically made. Her whole soul is in her work, but she is too great and also too simple of heart to be vain.

Viewed as a whole, the college has a colossal and almost bewildering effect upon a new-comer; but the boarding-houses, fifteen in number, strike one at once as pictures of simplicity and home comfort. Two of the houses are specially devoted to girls of limited means, where the fees are exceptionally low; but here, as in the others, there is the same delightful sympathetic housemistress, the beautifully arranged sitting-rooms, the cheerful dining-halls, and the bright, cosy bedrooms, either single, or curtained off into cubicles.

Of the many boarding-houses, St. Hilda's is probably the most perfect. It was built especially for the college, and is full of all modern beauty and contrivance. No girl is admitted to St. Hilda's under eighteen.

After going round the college and the other boarding-houses I arrived there in time for tea, and shall not soon forget the cosy effect of the charming little room into which I was ushered. Tea was ready, a fire was burning brightly, there was a sofa, some easy chairs, small tables, little bookcases, photographs, ornaments of all kinds.

"And where am I to sleep?" I asked of the girl-student who was with me.

"Why, here," was the reply: "this is your bedroom."

I looked around me in some bewilderment and momentary dismay. A charming sitting-



room was all very well, but I was tired and hot, and dirty. In a moment, however, the secret of the magical room was revealed to me. When a cover was slipped off the sofa a comfortable bed appeared. When a spring was touched in the bureau a shelf dropped suddenly down, and all necessary washing apparatus came into view. That bureau is such a clever construction that it deserves a word to itself. At one side are the washing arrangements, at the other a writing-desk and chest of drawers; on the top is a cabinet with glass doors, meant to contain either books or ornaments.

I had supper at St. Hilda's, made the acquaintance of Miss Lumby, the delightful principal of the house, and afterwards saw the girls dance in the beautiful drawing-room. They all dressed for the evening, and it would have been difficult to see brighter, more interesting, or happier faces.

Early next morning I returned to the college, where I was present at what is perhaps the most impressive sight in this beautiful house of learning, morning prayers. The great hall, more than 100ft. long, 30ft. wide, and 4 ft. high in the centre, with its deep gallery at the farther end, was completely filled with girls and teachers. The short service was all that was solemn, sweet, and invigorating. It was worth going to prayers to hear the singing alone. Afterwards the girls filed out, one by one, going immediately to their different class-rooms. Miss Beale took the second division in Scripture, and I had the privilege of listening to a most impressive and practical address. Afterwards she took me round the class-rooms again, and I saw teachers and pupils busily at work. There was no haste, no excitement, no undue pressure. All the work is done in the morning, the afternoons



From a

ST. HILDA'S.

[Photograph.]

being devoted to necessary preparation, and to games, walks, etc.

I have alluded already to the beautiful college buildings, but I must add a few words about the lovely stained-glass windows, which are very fine examples of the art, and are not easily forgotten by those who have seen them. The windows are given in commemoration of some special friends of the college, and the subjects are taken from the story of Britomart, in

Spenser's "Faëry Queen." Britomart gives the poet's ideal of a perfect woman. A short time ago the story of Britomart was dramatized and acted by the guild.

There are six hundred regular pupils, besides many occasional ones. Such is the completeness of the organization that each pupil is cared for as an individual, and no two girls have exactly the same time-table. There are about fifty regular teachers, besides many visiting lecturers and masters. The institution may be called an aggregate of schools. There are, in fact, seven Head Mistresses, or Heads of Departments, working with considerable independence under the Principal. There is the Vice-Principal, the Head Mistress of the second and third divisions; the Head of the London B. A. and B. Sc. class, of the Cambridge Higher and the Oxford A. A. local classes; lastly, the two Heads of the Education and Kindergarten departments. The Principal also gives a considerable share of the workings to the class-teachers, thus training up competent heads for all other schools, whilst these are able to avail themselves of her larger experience. She considers the right maxim for a ruler is: "If you want a thing done, don't do it yourself," and commends especially the old woman who set everything in motion to get the pig over the stile. As



nearly all the teachers are her own pupils and they understand one another thoroughly, the whole works most harmoniously.

The Musical Department is extremely efficient. There are thirty teachers, a special

Gymnastics are not neglected. These are taught by a Swede. There are twenty-six tennis grounds, and two fives, besides a playground of about twelve acres for games which require much space.



*From a Photo. by]*

PRAYERS IN THE GREAT HALL—CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

*[P. Parsons, Cheltenham.*

wing is devoted to it, and about fifteen hundred lessons are given weekly.

The science department is very complete, containing a central lecture-room, two chemical laboratories for practical work, a weighing-room, one for physics, two for biology, besides a museum 70ft. by 26ft.

There is a beautiful studio 60ft. by 30ft.

The fees for the ordinary course of education at Cheltenham College for pupils over fifteen are eight guineas a term; under fifteen, six guineas; under ten, four guineas.

The fees for residence at the boarding-houses vary from fifty to seventy guineas per annum.



*Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.*

THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM.

BORN 1851.



From a] AGE 2. [Miniature.

**M**URRAY EDWARD GORDON FINCH-HATTON, EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM, was educated at Eton and Balliol College,



From a Photo. by] AGE 23. [Alex. Bassano.

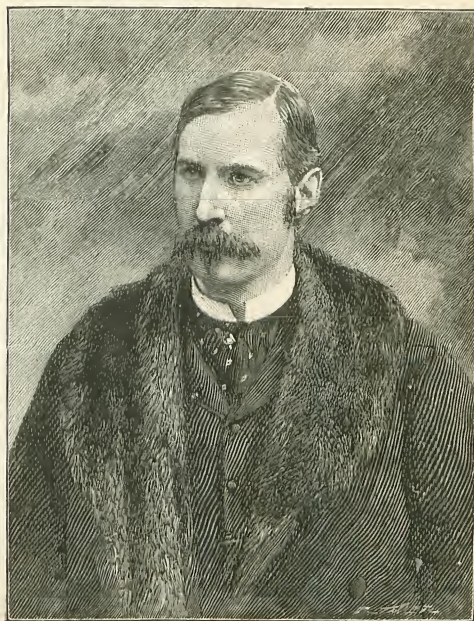
Lincolnshire, from 1885 to '87. His lordship's name is now prominently before the public in connection with the great interest taken by him in agricultural matters.



From a] AGE 12. [Photograph.

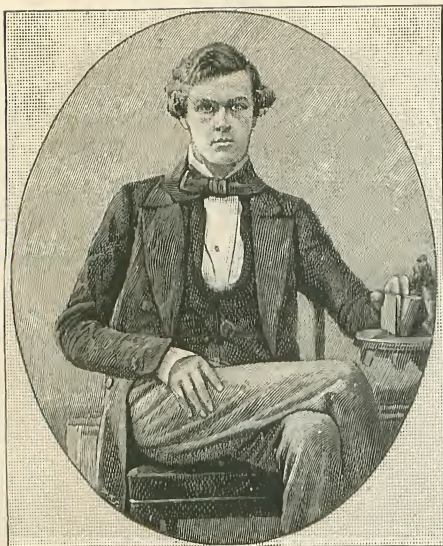
Oxford, and graduated M.A. in 1876; he sat as M.P. for Lincolnshire S. (C.) in 1884, and for Holland, or the Spalding Division of

Vol. ix.—38.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [J. Thomson.

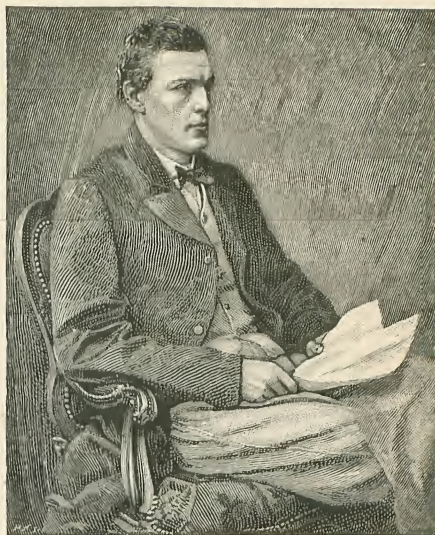




From a]

AGE 21.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

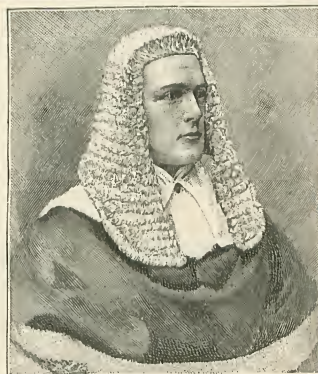
AGE 44.

[Robinson &amp; Cherrill.

## MR. BARON POLLOCK.

BORN 1823.

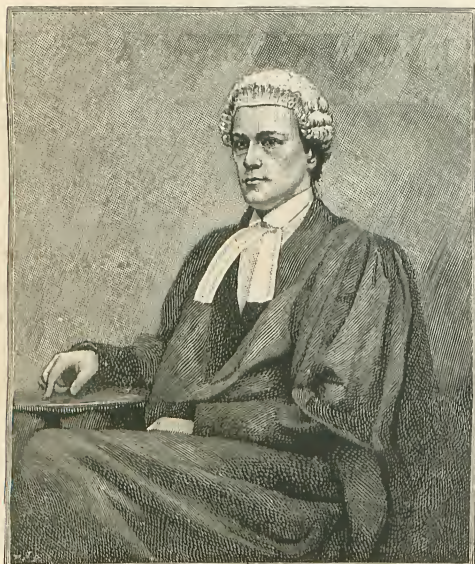
**T**HE HON. SIR CHARLES EDWARD BARON POLLOCK received his education at St. Paul's School. When his father was Attorney-General, in 1843-44, Mr. Pollock acted as his secretary, and later became a pupil of the late Mr. Justice Wills, and was called to the Bar in 1847, being made a Q.C. in 1866. He was appointed Baron of the Exchequer in 1873, and soon after received the honour of Knighthood.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 51.

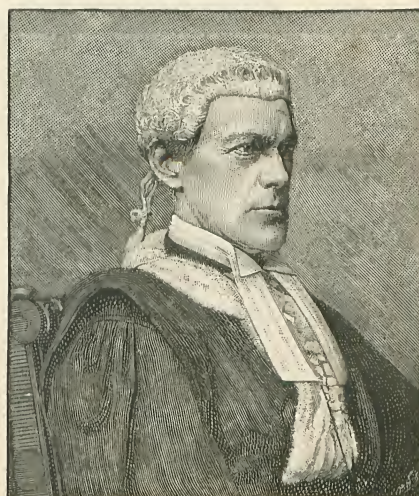
[John Watkins.



From a]

AGE 27.

[Daguerreotype.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[H. J. Whitlock.



AGE 1.  
From a Drawing.



AGE 4.  
From a Water-Colour Drawing.



From a] AGE 18. [Water-Colour Drawing.

# MRS. GLADSTONE.

**M**RS. CATHERINE GLADSTONE, eldest daughter of the late Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart., was married to Mr. William Ewart Gladstone in 1839. She is not merely known as the wife of the Grand Old Man of England, but she has also won no unimportant place in contemporary history by her large-hearted and systematic benevolence.



From a Painting by] AGE 45. [F. R. Saye.



AGE 52.  
From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by Mendelssohn.

During the cholera epidemics, Mrs. Gladstone devoted much of her time to the sick and convalescent, and has since founded the Convalescent Home at Woodford, Essex, with whose good work everyone is well acquainted.





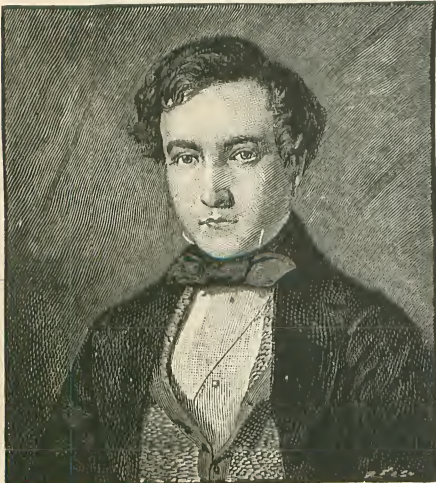
AGE 10.  
From a Silhouette.

SIR MYLES FENTON.  
BORN 1830.



NE of our ablest railway managers is Sir Myles Fenton, whose long experience of railway work fully entitles him to control the destinies of the South-Eastern Railway.

Sir Myles began his railway career as early as 1845, by joining the Kendal and Windermere Railway, since when he has varied his experience during his connection with various lines, such as the East Lancashire, the London



From a Painting by] AGE 22. [J. D. Watson.

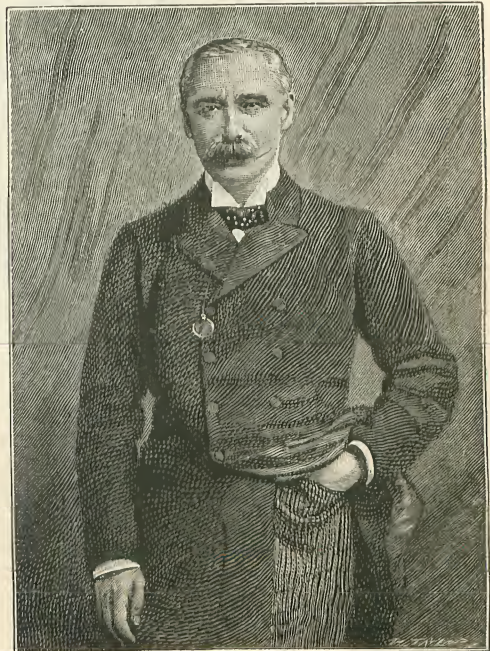
and South-Western, and also as General Manager of the Metropolitan Railway, a post filled by him for eighteen years with conspicuous success. In 1880, the important

position of General Manager of the South-Eastern Railway was offered to Sir Myles Fenton, who ever since has given unmistakable proofs of his being well qualified to



From a] AGE 53. [Photograph.

control "the most difficult railway to manage." Sir Myles is a Lieut.-Col. of the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, and was knighted in 1889.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.





From a Photo. by]

AGE 1. [Gordon & Co., Putney.



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [Gregory, Auckland.

# MR. T. SULLIVAN.

BORN 1868.



HE English championship of the sculling world was held, until

quite recently, by

Tom Sullivan. He first started sculling at 13 years of age, and in 1888 and 1889 he met M'Kay, the then amateur champion of New Zealand, whom he conquered. In 1891 he met and defeated George Bubeare upon the Nepean with ease, while on only two occasions since he joined the professional ranks has he suffered

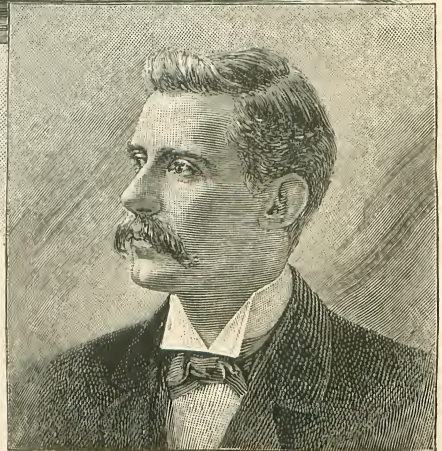


AGE 24.

From a Photo. by Smythe, Putney.

defeat, the first being at the hands of Stansbury, when he rowed for the championship of the world. It may be mentioned, however, that Sullivan holds the records for both the Parramatta and Nepean rivers, the only two recognised waterways of Australia. For the latter his time is 19min. 15sec. for the full championship course, and the former 18min. 41½sec. One of his greatest races was that against Bubeare on the Thames for the championship of England and the *Sportsman's* challenge cup, in which he won as he wished. On the 16th of last month, Sullivan was beaten by C. R. Harding, of Chelsea, in a match on the

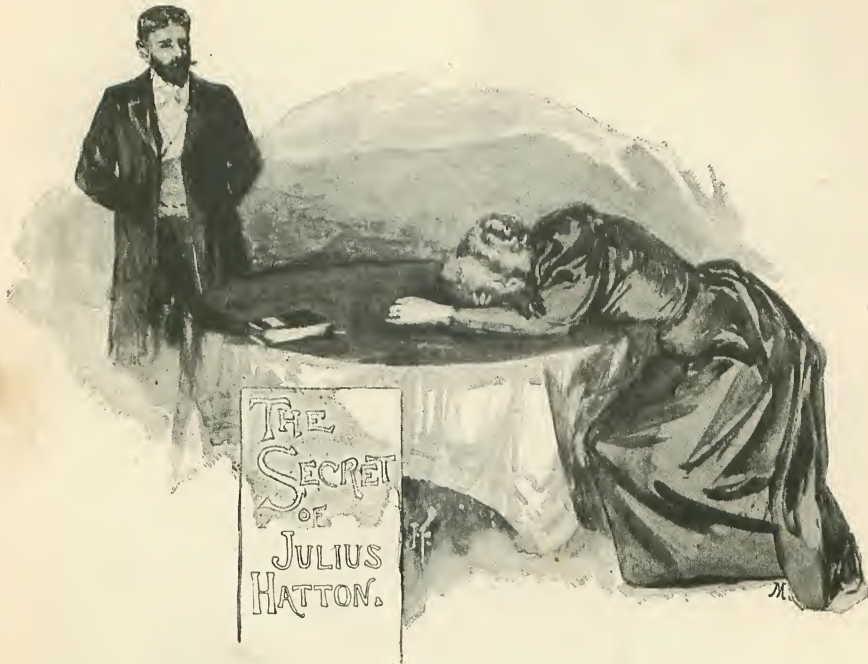
Tyne for £400 and the championship cup, but is reported to be so dissatisfied with the result that a second match is to take place shortly between the rivals.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Gordon & Co., Putney.





BY MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK (PLEYDELL NORTH).

**T**HEY came across one another at the — Hotel, Brighton. John Brownlow Winterden, in passing the door of No. —, had heard the sound of coughing within, varied occasionally by a moan of pain and disease; or by a voice, weak, monotonous, depressed. One day he asked the chambermaid the name and condition of the sufferer; the voice was plainly that of a man. He learned in reply that the occupant of the room was a Mr. Julius Hatton, that his present illness was the result of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and that his ultimate recovery was considered more than doubtful. He was under the care of a hospital nurse, sent by the doctor in attendance. No relations or friends had been to see him, and no inquiries had been made.

After John Winterden had gathered these particulars, he went out to the beach, and for an hour ploughed the shingle, watching with his bodily eyes a grey horizon, merged in the greens and browns of a turbid sea, but having

before his mental vision a far different scene. The whole thing had been recalled by the name "Julius Hatton"—although Julius Hatton had played no part in the affair when it had most concerned John Winterden.

The picture he saw was that of a long dining-room, warmly lit in the sombre afternoon by the blaze of a great coal fire; at the table sat a woman, her head bowed upon her arm, which, outstretched upon the crimson cloth, showed its round proportions through the tightly-fitting sleeve of black; the warm light caught and illumined the coils of yellow hair.

The figure was very plainly gowned, but upon one of the white fingers which lay so listlessly upon the crimson cloth a great diamond shone, and that, too, caught the fire gleam, and flashed in it. The diamond had been his, John Winterden's, gift.

Not far from the hand, lying as though pushed away, was a book, newly bound, newly labelled, from Mudie's.

"Oh, Jack—how could you—how could you?"

The words fell with the pained moan of a creature wounded to death, but resentless.

"Clothilde, I give you my word."

"Your word, when not another soul knows but yourself, when the very phrases that I used in my letters to you are repeated there!" She made a gesture towards the book. "Words as sacred as my love—sacred as death—and you have coined them into money, won notoriety out of them, and thought to shield yourself behind a false name. Oh! how could you, how could you?"

In the excitement of her speech she had raised her face; it was pale, moulded with a generous and yet delicate touch. It bore no signs of tears, but it was drawn and pitiful with a grief worse to see. It was the face of a woman of perhaps twenty-six years of age.

John Winterden stood silent beneath the reproach of the eyes that a week ago had held for him the secret of all joy. Everything that he could say had been said; he had only his word to offer. The head drooped again until the face was hidden. Then he spoke:—

"Clothilde, I swear I will find the man who wrote that book. The story is yours, the words are yours: I know them. They have been stolen from me; how, I cannot tell. I have never left your letters in any unlocked place. I have never spoken of the history you intrusted to my honour, much less sold it, as you hint, or made capital out of it for my own aggrandizement or profit."

Now, looking back, John Winterden knew that he had spoken coldly and with measured words. He, too, was smarting under the sense that she could so mistrust him, and the inexplicable nature of the thing.

He had waited, half hoping that she would again look up, perhaps with some light of faith and reassurance in her eyes, some word that might hold possible comfort for them both; but neither word nor look had been given, and he had left her, sorrowfully, but still with some indignation on his side. Afterwards he had written to her, saying that unless she summoned him to her presence he would not see her again until he could bring with him his justification. The summons had not come, and she had sent him back the diamond ring.

He had not known until then how deeply he had loved her, and the knowledge had lasted until now; indignation had died out long ago, in a deep pitifulness for all she must endure in the betrayal of the sorrow and suffering of the past; the exposure of the

thoughts, the love, the hopes, and the fears that had been meant for him alone.

And this would affect her the more, because she was by nature a very reticent woman, and her reticence had been increased by pain. There was no escape for her. The book—on account of its deadly realism, its unveiling of the true tortures of a true woman, of a soul that had been dragged down the path that should have led to destruction, and yet had escaped unscathed, and in its essence unsullied—became popular; and those who knew something of the bare outlines of her story associated her with the hideous revelation, and attributed to it the separation from her lover, which almost immediately followed its appearance.

That he had already been made the sole recipient of her confidence no one knew, and no one consequently thought of crediting him with the cruel exposure. It was generally held that this might be the work of some slighted or discarded lover, in whom she had unwisely confided. No effort at concealment had been made; the story had been told in the form of letters and a duplex diary; her share in it had been reproduced almost verbatim from actual documents in the hands of John Winterden; the answers, except for an occasional phrase, in which the latter recognised comments that he had made and written upon the margins of her letters, were imaginary and consequently less effective.

The hero was felt to be, in spite of the author's assertions to the contrary, a shallow and slight creation, unworthy of the woman's passionate confidence. A fundamental divergence from the truth lay, moreover, in the fact that the friendship of the lovers was placed during the husband's life-time, and their passion (minutely analyzed in the diary portions) supposed to have culminated in the death of the heroine. Whereas John Winterden had never met Clothilde d'Alton before her widowhood.

And now two years had passed, and the authorship of the book that had wrought so much misery still remained a mystery. To all inquiries the publishers merely replied that the writer desired to remain unknown: and Winterden had no case to justify persistence in unearthing him or her—he sometimes thought the work must be that of a woman. He could point to no time when the letters had been out of his own keeping; when he had travelled they had travelled with him, always safely secured; his possessions had never, to his knowledge, been abstracted or broken into. If he produced the letters to



prove that they had been copied verbatim, he would only fit and fix more firmly the insult and notoriety upon the head he loved. Indignation against her had died long ago; love and the thought of her innocent suffering had overpowered any memory of his own wrongs; even when, at the end of a year, he had heard of her engagement to Julius Hatton, resentment had found no place in his regret.

He had gone abroad then, and only returned within the last few weeks; he had

he might have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Winterden that afternoon, provided always the latter had not repented of his kind offer of the previous day."

John Winterden had not repented, and about four o'clock went to the sick man's room. A small, emaciated figure lay upon the bed; a figure with a boyish, sensitive face, a woman's mouth, and eyes which, the restlessness of fever having passed, remained large in humid greyness and seeming pitiful prayer for the life that was slipping away.



"A SMALL, EMACIATED FIGURE LAY UPON THE BED."

never heard either of the marriage or that the engagement was cancelled; only, how came it to pass that Julius Hatton lay alone and sick to death in an hotel? Where was she? Could it be the same man, or another of the name?

That evening John Winterden sent in his card, and offered his services if his presence could be of any assistance or comfort to the sick man. The reply was brought by the nurse; she said that her patient shrank from receiving the visits of a stranger in his present state, although sincerely thanking Mr. Winterden for his kindness.

There the matter seemed to be at an end; not without, on John Winterden's part, a keen sense of disappointment. The following morning, however, he was surprised to receive a note, written, he judged, by the nurse, but dictated by the sick man. It said that "Mr. Hatton, feeling slightly better, hoped

The strong man whose physique had resisted the shocks of fate and fortune felt strangely moved; he sat down by the other's side, and the nurse, thankful for a respite from her cares, slipped away for an hour's rest and a quiet cup of afternoon tea.

That visit was the commencement of a curious friendship between these two most dissimilar men. Julius Hatton had reached a stage where life might flicker out and die at any moment, while yet the faint vitality craved interest and amusement; and these, in his present dearth of close ties, it seemed to fall naturally to the lot of the stronger man to supply.

The name of Clothilde d'Alton was never mentioned, and seeing the weak, boyish nature of this Julius, the idea that he could be identical with the man upon whom her second choice had fallen died from John Winterden's mind.

Hatton, however, had two strong personal claims : a great natural sweetness of disposition which underlay the irritability of disease clothing his deficiencies with that undefinable attraction that creates love in stronger minds ; while through a certain slight morally defective or oblique organization flashed now and again the light of a clear and far-seeing perception, which blinded John Winterden's honest practical limitations and deductions, and proclaimed the weaker soul a genius and a poet half-born.

Autumn deepened into winter, and still Julius Hatton lingered. No friends came to see him, he received few letters, and no inquiries were made, so far as Winterden could discover. Once he asked, Was there anyone whom the sick man would wish summoned or communicated with? Hatton replied, whimsically, that, barring a brother in India, his only remaining relation was an elderly aunt, from whose attentions he preferred to be exempt. He was plainly not a rich man, though he showed no immediate want of funds.

Under the genial influence, the slight excitement of John Winterden's society, he so far rallied as to be able on bright days to leave his room and take a turn upon the Parade, leaning upon his friend's arm ; but as October days shortened into the bleaker outlook of November, he again failed rapidly.

John Winterden, watching him, knew that no care could prolong his life through the winter, and suffered so much in the thought, that he was angry with himself for having risked the possibility of this new pain.

At last, in December the time came to be numbered by hours ; Hatton was plainly dying of heart disease and consumption, engendered by pneumonia.

Winterden had been out for his lonely afternoon walk, and returning met the doctor upon the stairs of the hotel.

"I have just left Mr. Hatton," he said. "It is right you should know : another forty-eight hours, perhaps ; I cannot give him longer. The vital principle, always slight, is almost exhausted ; there was no stamina to resist disease."

It was then dark ; John Winterden went for a few moments to his own room, then straight to that of his friend. Hatton lay upon the bed, the mere semblance of a man ; wasted, thin, and small ; only the grey eyes, shadowed by dark brows and lashes, looked larger, blacker for the change. The nurse was sitting by the fire ; she rose and went out of the room, as she often did when

Winterden entered. John took his usual place beside the bed.

"Winterden, I want you to do something for me ; to-night, when we are alone."

"Anything that I can."

"This is not difficult. You see that black leather case, there, on the chest of drawers? It contains letters, papers. I want you to burn them, to let me see them burnt."

A faint flush had risen to the thin face ; the voice held an eagerness hitherto absent from vibrations which had been languid, pettish, affectionate, or even inspired, but never expressive of desire ; the one great desire, the desire of life, had lain in the eyes, where now also had crept the fear of death.

"Be quite at rest ; I will do as you wish. I will sit with you through the night : it is my turn."

The night came ; the night of a vigil which John Winterden was not likely to forget. The nurse had made up the fire, placed medicines and nourishment within reach, and retired to rest until five in the morning, at which hour Winterden was to be relieved. For a time Julius Hatton seemed inclined to sleep, but about midnight he roused and called to his companion. Winterden went at once to his side.

"You will do it—what you promised—now?" said Hatton, eagerly. "The keys are in the right-hand drawer."

A few minutes more and Winterden had laid the open case upon the bed, and the thin white fingers pointed out a packet of letters and a flat manuscript book.

"There," he said ; "let me see them burnt before my eyes."

Winterden closed and replaced the case, then went over to the fire with the letters and the book in his hand. He threw the former at once upon the embers ; and the red light flamed up and lit the face of the man whose life-story was perishing with them.

The book seemed too thick to consume at once, and Winterden tore out some of the pages, that he might destroy it by degrees. The flame from the burning letters fell upon the papers he held, illuminating them for a moment with a most vivid brightness ; and a name, a sentence, flashed itself across his eyes and struck into his brain with the force of an electric shock.

Without an instant's hesitation he crumpled the papers in his hand and tore others from the book ; these, after a rapid glance, he threw upon the flames in place of those he held. In a few minutes the grate was strewn with ashes, the flame had finally died down,



and the man upon the bed breathed a sigh of relief.

Winterden quietly crossed the room and gave him his usual sleeping draught, to-night purposely postponed.

"Now," said Hatton, gratefully, "I think I can sleep," and turned upon his side.

few necessities for the one night he was to spend at the hotel. Intending to cross by the night boat, he did not reclaim his possessions until the evening of the following day, when they were safely delivered up in accordance with the ticket which he held; but he now remembered that he had been asked



"LET ME SEE THEM BURN'T BEFORE MY EYES."

There was silence in the room. Winterden had raked out the ashes and replenished the fire; he drew the night-lamp nearer, and waited until the regular breathing of his patient told that the draught had taken effect. Then he cautiously drew from his pocket the crumpled sheets and smoothed them out upon the table before him. The name and the sentence that he had seen assured him that he had a right to their perusal, yet he glanced up guiltily at the sleeping form with a sense that he was robbing a helpless and a dying man, and betraying a sacred trust.

The extracts from the diary which he had preserved were dated nearly three years before, and recorded a transaction which, in its singular simplicity and audacious fraud, filled him with amaze and just indignation, but also with some pity, and recalled an incident, so slight that it had hitherto almost escaped his memory, but which, as it now transpired, had held the germ of the disaster of his life.

The incident was as follows:—

Passing through town about three years ago on his way to Paris, he had left in the cloak-room of the Victoria Station all his luggage excepting the Gladstone, which held the

to state which of two portmanteaus, almost exactly similar in make and size, belonged to him. He had been able to identify his own by a stain upon the leather—the result of an accident; no hint at previous difficulty had been given; he was late for the train and too hurried to ask questions, had in fact never given the matter a second thought; his possessions were there, and secure; and they were at once given to the porter to be wheeled to the luggage van.

The first entry in the diary which proved of interest was headed George Street, W., 26th October, 18—, the same day as that on which he had deposited his luggage.

"4 p.m. I have arrived in Babylon, and secured a room—a roof over my head so long as funds last. God knows what is before me. Johnson and Grasse write suggesting that in place of 'Progress' I should provide them with a realistic romance, *not* immoral. There seems to be a mania for analyzing temptation.

"How am I to write of that of which I

know comparatively nothing? I am twenty-two, and have not yet experienced a grand passion! What an anomaly. At the same time, I am likely to starve and seek to assuage bodily hunger by taking a clerkship at £60 per annum, provided always that I can get it: and then I should starve—body *and* soul—starve for freedom and fresh air. What was the story of the man who committed a murder that he might be realistic over the murderer's remorse? Must I—bah!--I must go out, tramp the streets—there's tragedy there if I could fathom it—and back to the station.

"8 p.m. A curious coincidence, almost I might say a special Providence—or a favour from the Evil One—which? At any rate, a temptation, a horrible temptation.

"I went to the station to take out the portmanteau which holds the greater part of my worldly belongings, and which I had left in the cloak-room while I tramped in search of a shelter, a cab not being allowable under the circumstances. I got it here for a shilling; mine in shape, size, general appearance and number of ticket; also, more strange, the lock yielded to my key. Within, a suit of dress clothes, not mine, and a packet of papers.

"My first feeling was one of annoyance at discomfort for the night, the possible loss of my own belongings, or the trouble of returning at once, tired out as I was, to the station to rectify the mistake. Then the papers fascinated me, my curiosity was roused; they were bulky, and written apparently in a woman's hand.

"At last I touched them, moved with my finger the corner of an envelope which lay at the top; the address on the under side. On a folded sheet beneath I read these words: 'I have told you the history of my life, laid bare before you the story of my soul as it is known to none other save God, and therein you will read the truth so far as words can tell it, for it is in the heart, not in incident, that the depth of tragedy lies.'

"After that I took the packet into my hands. The envelope was addressed to 'J. Brownlow, Esq.,' the letter was signed, 'Clothilde.' Beneath the letter were many folded sheets, closely written. It took me more than an hour to read them through; having commenced, I found it impossible to stop. They contained the revelation of a noble woman's soul, in the throes of ignoble bondage, struggling through misery, degradation, and shame, yet clinging to some self-revealed standard of purity and truth; striving to shake off the contamination of

foulness, but at times dragged down, hopeless, despairing.

"She had borne, first, the actuality and, afterwards, its memory in silence, until she met the man to whom, because she loved him, she revealed the secret of her life. She judged him large-hearted, magnanimous, pitiful—and from a few notes written in pencil on the margin of the papers, I fancied that her confidence was not misplaced. I also gathered that, although never condemnatory, he was not afraid to rectify the errors of her less disciplined nature.

"The husband's picture was drawn with a touch here and there, highly suggestive. The smooth face, the finely-cut lips that could smile so sweetly, and yet were sensually cruel; the loss of all sense of honour, covered by an air of benignity—the outline was not difficult to fill.

"The whole story presented itself with the clearness of a revelation, which it was—for revelation is truth; and this was truth.

"Then came my temptation. I knew that in the discovery lay my worldly salvation; and I had not sought it: it had come to me by what is called pure accident. Who would know, who would be the worse for my availing myself of opportunity?

"The facts must be in some way disguised. I gather from the MS. that the husband is dead: I would make him still alive; and with the impossibility of redemption apart from dishonour, I would make *her* die like a broken flower upon the rock of passion, shamed by her surroundings, but nervously shrinking from the only other possibility of escape.

"The man, as I see him, is painfully strong and upright; the woman inherently pure and cruelly sensitive.

"It will be interesting to imagine these two natures coming into contact under the influences of present danger and denied happiness, rather than under the comparative calm of retrospect. To-night I can take down the greater part of the papers in shorthand; to-morrow morning, early, I will return the portmanteau to the cloak-room; provided that I do not encounter the owner, my position is safe! If this be dishonour—it is fate, not I, that is responsible, and the morbid craving of the age."

Winterden read this analysis of himself and her with growing anger and contempt for the trickster who had wronged them both; but also with the consciousness of great possible joy. His time had come; the means of his reinstatement lay within his



hand. The identity of names between the man who had violated the sanctity of her life, and the man who had afterwards taken the place which he himself had once held in her regard, was not the least strange part of the affair.

It seemed almost impossible to credit this poor weakling, whose faintly drawn breaths broke the night stillness, with the double part, yet no other solution of the mystery presented itself. If the assumption were true, Clothilde d'Alton was at all events doubly free.

The fact that no idea should have occurred to Hatton of associating him, John Winterden, with the J. Brownlow of the letters, was accounted for by the fact that he had rarely made use of his original patronymic since his adoption of that of his mother with the falling in of a small estate some eighteen months before.

"Winterden—John——"

Hatton was awake and calling to him. He went over to the bed, and the grey eyes, wide open, now and restless, watched his coming.

"You have burnt the papers—all?"

Winterden hesitated; how was he to lie to a dying man, and yet, still more, how tell him the truth? He stood silent.

"Because," said the other, restlessly, "I have been dreaming—dreaming of—a woman I wronged. I dreamed that she came—here—and stood where you are standing, and that her anger and contempt went with me through death, and there was no pardon in her eyes. But—I—loved her—I grew to love her first through—through some letters of hers that I read—and—published. It is a secret, but I must tell you before I die. You will not betray me?"

The papers were in the breast-pocket of John Winterden's coat; they might have been live coals.

The sick man luckily waited for no answer.

"I know that I can trust you," he went on, with the weak, halting rapidity of tongue that belongs to numbered hours. "I have proved you—I—I met her afterwards, sought her out. I heard that the published letters had wrought trouble. I thought I might atone—but—I—I was always a coward, and I grew to love her so dearly. I wanted her for myself, and the other man was gone—what was the use?—and for a little while she listened to me, talked with me, told me how she had suffered; then we quarrelled—I was jealous—I began to see that through it all she loved that other man. Jack—Jack—it was always Jack." He spoke the last sentence pettishly, turning his head away like a spoilt child, remembering unmerited wrong.

The heart that beat beneath the letters throbbed tumultuously. For a moment Hatton lay still, exhausted; then the grey eyes opened again and travelled back to the grave face that awaited their message.

"Give me something—I am tired."

Winterden held the usual cordial to his lips, raising the frail body gently, as though the spirit within had done him no wrong.

"Well—we quarrelled—and parted—went our different

ways. Then I got ill. Money had come; although I dared not publish as the author of 'Tried in the Furnace'; still my work sold, but it was too late. I have never seen her—again—but now I want her to come before I die—I know where she is."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Write for me, just a line, will you? Say Julius Hatton is dying—say I shall live to see her if she comes at once. Only, if she had that look in her eyes—if she knew and



"YOU WILL NOT BETRAY ME?"

condemned—I could not bear it; promise that you will not betray me. Let me die quietly, looking in her face—seeing her smile—assured that she will never know.”

“Never!” said Winterden. He thought his passion must have betrayed itself even in the single word.

“Oh, perhaps hereafter, if there be one. That is beyond you and me—but can’t you understand that I desire she should think well of me as long as possible?—remember only that I loved her. Death atones for so much.”

“Yes.”

“You will write at once? You will find

and a miniature, a delicately-tinted photograph in a frame of carved ivory.

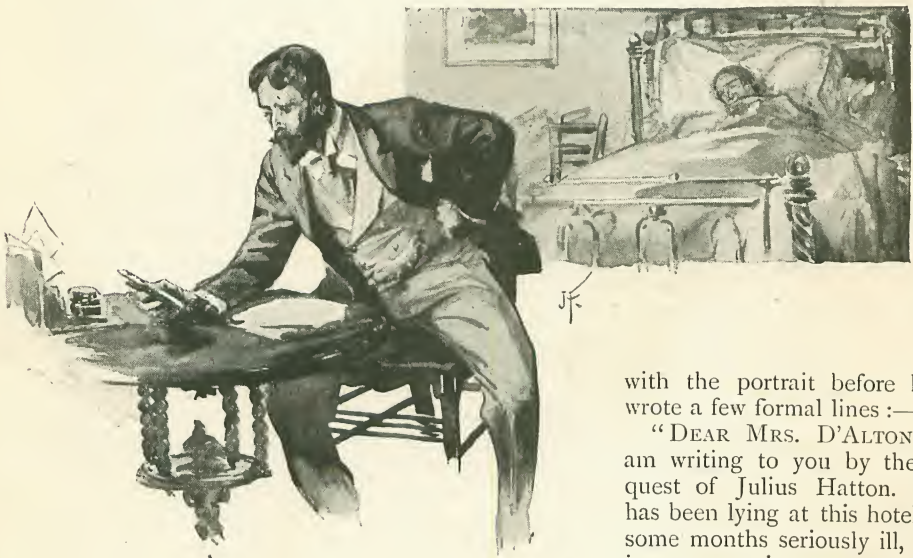
He had kept nothing; not a line of her writing, nothing to remind him of that which he had lost. He looked so long and so intently at the well-known face that Hatton grew restless.

“You are going to write?” he said.

“Yes, I am going to write.”

The other gave a sigh of relief. “She will surely come,” he muttered. He was exhausted with the excitement of memory, the effort of speech, and now lay perfectly still.

Winterden went over to the table, and,



“HE LOOKED LONG AND INTENTLY AT THE WELL-KNOWN FACE.”

the address there in my pocket-book, with the portrait—I did not give that back.”

“Yes, I will write.”

“And my secret, you will keep my secret?”

“What have I to do with your secret? It is no affair of mine.”

The dim eyes stared at him uneasily:—

“You strong, conscientious people can be very hard—perhaps you have never been tempted; but still, give me the pocket-book.”

Winterden complied. He did not say how well he knew the address of Clothilde d’Alton.

Presently he held in his hands a short note, a mere formal invitation to dinner, addressed from the house in Cadogan Square,

with the portrait before him, wrote a few formal lines:—

“DEAR MRS. D’ALTON,—I am writing to you by the request of Julius Hatton. He has been lying at this hotel for some months seriously ill, and is most anxious to see you. To make you more inclined to grant his request, perhaps, I

should tell you that I believe it to be that of a dying man. If you decide to come, come at once.

“Yours very sincerely,

“J. BROWNLOW WINTERDEN.”

He folded, inclosed, and addressed the letter, and then sat for awhile staring into the fire.

When his vigil was at an end, and the nurse came to relieve him at the turn of the night, the papers which contained his justification were still in his possession. He had given no definite promise to Julius Hatton, and he could not assure himself that he had no right to this means of tardy vindication which had fallen into his hands.

If it were his own welfare alone that was concerned, perhaps honour would have counselled further endurance; but Hatton had



assured him that the love of Clothilde still belonged to John Brownlow. Was she, too, to be sacrificed? Let the issues of this crisis be worked out; for the present, he would retain the proofs of his position.

His letter to Clothilde was sent by the first post, and after the hour at which he calculated it would be delivered in town, he watched in anxious expectation for a telegram. None came; the afternoon wore into evening; the sick man grew restless and feverish, asking constantly for news.

Winterden could not keep away from the room; he felt drawn by a sort of fascination to the presence of the man who had wronged him, and who, to satisfy the cravings of his self-love, was ready to die with a lie upon his soul. Such a nature was to him a curious study, and in its presence he felt he could better estimate his own possible lines of action. Could he pierce the soul of this poor weakling in the hour of parting, or should he let him play out his pitiful part to the end, and unfold the truth to Clothilde across a dead body?

Either alternative was sufficiently painful. How would she regard an explanation vouched for by a confession stolen from the dead? Although he had long ceased to blame her, he could not help realizing now what infinite pain might have been spared by a more perfect trust.

As a third and last course, was he to allow things to drift, keep silence, and bear the odium of another man's wrong-doing, and her condemnation, until the end?

He looked out the trains, and saw that it was possible she might arrive about nine o'clock; the letter might not have reached her immediately. Then he busied himself in making preparations for her comfort. He could not think, provided she was in town, that she would risk the delay of a night. Hatton had changed rapidly during the last twenty-four hours; it was doubtful whether the morning would find him conscious.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he was told that Mrs. D'Alton had arrived, and would like to see him. He found her, already divested of her bonnet and travelling cloak, awaiting him in the room he had engaged for her. She was standing near the fire, a tall, straight figure, clad simply in a dark gown. Any awkwardness that he might have feared, or any hopes he had entertained from the meeting, were at once set aside as she came forward a few paces to greet him. She was perfectly self-possessed, and had entirely taken the position into her own hands.

"I have to thank you, Mr. Winterden, for sending for me, and for making the necessary arrangements for my comfort. I left town immediately I received your letter. I am not too late?"

"No; Mr. Hatton is still conscious, but you must be prepared; he has sunk very rapidly during the day."

"Shall I go to him at once?"

"If you wish it, but ought you not to rest, to take some refreshment?"

"I feel neither tired nor hungry. I should like to see him as soon as possible."

"If you will allow me, I will take you to his room."

He had a strong wish that they three should meet face to face; to see if any idea, any consciousness of the truth would force itself upon either of the two others concerned.

She hesitated—

"I am giving you a great deal of trouble. Is there no one else?"

"Only the nurse. If you will allow me, it is no trouble. I am constantly with him: I left him, in fact, to come to you."

She signed her assent, and he led the way with a somewhat elaborate exaggeration of the cold politeness of her manner. The irony of the situation supplied him with a cynicism which no suffering had hitherto been able to evoke. He saw her stand beside the dying bed of Julius Hatton, and take the wasted hand in hers, while a smile of boyish gladness stole over the sick man's face.

"You have come—thank you—and not, as I dreamed, in anger. Now I shall carry the memory of your sweetness through death."

She sat down beside him, and, his hand still in hers, he seemed to sleep. Winterden stole out of the room. When he returned an hour later she was still there; Hatton had hardly moved.

"It is time you went to rest," he said, with some authority. "Can you withdraw your hand without disturbing him?"

"Thank you, I will remain. He is sleeping so quietly."

"He might drift away in that sleep," he whispered.

"Then I shall be with him to the last. You do not understand. I feel I have wronged him. It is not much to make this small atonement."

"You—wronged *him*!"

"Yes, I was glad of his sympathy; his half boyish enthusiasm comforted me. Then he

gave me his love, and I, having nothing to offer in return, threw it aside."

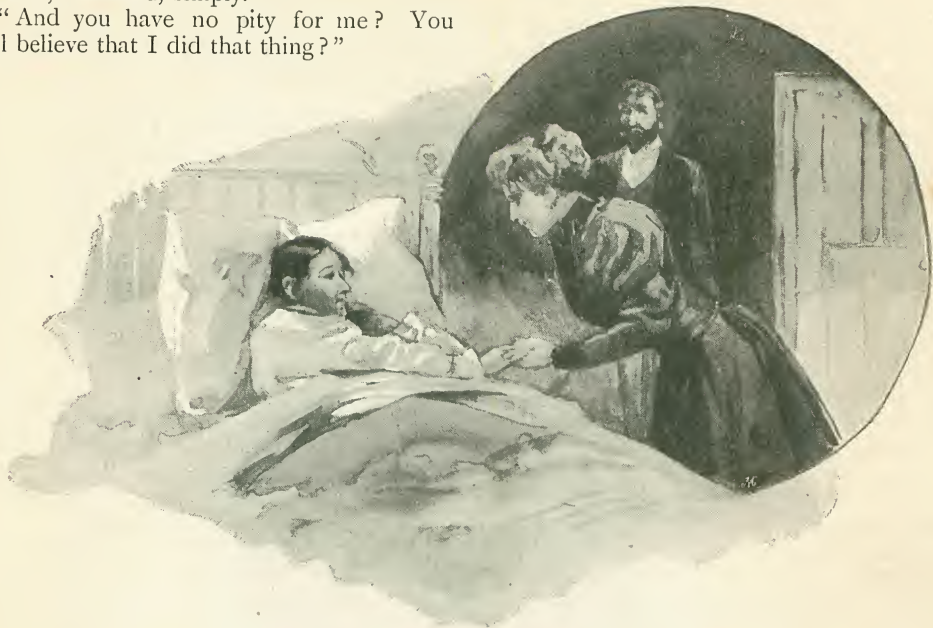
"And now?"

"And now—I love him—I am so sorry for him," she said, simply.

"And you have no pity for me? You still believe that I did that thing?"

"—you look worn out," she said, with a sudden access of womanly pity.

Hatton was watching them; he made a sign for Winterden to approach.



"HE SAW HER STAND BESIDE THE DYING BED OF JULIUS HATTON."

"You have never shown me that you did not," she said, uneasily. "I told Julius the whole story. He agreed with me that the facts seemed beyond doubt. But he saw, or fancied that he saw, that I had not forgotten you, and so, through you, I have lost him also. You have robbed me of everything."

Hatton moved, and opened wide the grey eyes in which vision seemed already growing dim. They travelled restlessly from one to the other of the two faces at his side, and he appeared anxious to speak. Clothilde leaned down towards him, but at that moment the doctor entered to pay a final visit, and the words were left unsaid.

"He may last till the morning," was the verdict given to Winterden in the corridor a quarter of an hour later. "He is conscious now, but if there are any further requests or wishes to be attended to——"

Winterden went back to the room and whispered this report to Mrs. D'Alton. The tears rose to her eyes.

"How thankful I am that I did not delay—at least, now, I can remain with him to the end." Then she caught sight of Winterden's face. It looked almost more drawn and haggard than that upon the bed. "But you

"Good-night, John."

Winterden hesitated a moment; then laid his hand upon the feeble one that was carrying his life in its grasp. The eyes of the two men met, in quick revelation, almost mutual prayer—and Winterden gathered that Hatton knew him and still trusted to his forbearance. So he read that last look.

He turned away in silence and went to his own room. There he put the leaves of the diary upon the fire, and pressed them down among the embers, till nothing of the paper remained but a few black ashes; then he lay down upon his bed; and, after a time, fell asleep, for he was physically, as well as mentally, wearied.

About six o'clock the nurse came to his door with a message. Hatton was dead: he had passed away in sleep quite tranquilly.

A few hours later, Winterden sent a note to Clothilde to inquire if he could be of any further service. The answer was that she intended returning to town by the twelve o'clock train, but would he speak with her first? He went at once. She met him, he thought, with a little more kindness; and this he attributed to the presence of death.



Her face showed signs of tears. They spoke quietly about the needful arrangements, and she expressed a wish to put a small stone cross upon the grave. Winterden promised to give the order.

"When you return to town, will you come and see me and tell me about it?" she said.

"I am thinking of going abroad again, but I will write."

"As you will; but I wish to say that I regret having spoken so harshly last night. The irrevocableness of death makes one feel that one should be more gentle in one's judgments. Could we not be friends?"

"That is impossible. You require proofs, and I have none to give. Doubt is incompatible with friendship."

"Yet promise me that you will not leave England without communicating with me."

"I will attend to your wishes about the grave, and write to you."

Clothilde turned away.

All these months she had been learning that doubt, if incompatible with friendship, is not always incompatible with love. An hour later she had left for town; but Winterden remained to see that the last rites were decently rendered to Julius Hatton, and to arrange for the carrying-out of Clothilde's wish with regard to his grave. He told himself that he did this merely because he would have been ashamed of the heartlessness and cruelty implied by a different course.

He found that there was money in hand sufficient for the needful expenses; the balance, a very small sum, went, together

with the personal effects of the dead man, to his heir-at-law, the brother in India of whom he had spoken as his sole near relation.

So soon as he was free, John Winterden started for Algiers; he spent nearly fifteen months in wandering, but the spring of the second year after Hatton's death found him again in London.

The question of the memorial cross once settled, there had been no further intercourse between himself and Clothilde d'Alton; but he heard of her occasionally, knew that she was still unmarried, and longed intensely to see her again. Still, he told himself that unless her heart prompted his full and unquestioned acquittal, they must meet as comparative strangers.

He had been in town about a fortnight, when he was startled to see in the papers the announcement of a new work by the author of "Tried in the Furnace." To whom could this posthumous production of Julius Hatton's writings be due? Possibly he had left MSS. in the hands of his publishers at the time of his death, which were only now given to the

world. In that case, unless the embargo of secrecy were removed, this stirring of the memory of a half-forgotten scandal was hardly likely to benefit his, John Winterden's, position.

He bought a copy of the book, and found it inferior in matter and style; it struck him as juvenile work resuscitated, and likely rather to damage the memory of the author than otherwise. The reviews were not yet out.



"HE PUT THE LEAVES OF THE DIARY UPON THE FIRE."

Within the week he met Mrs. D'Alton at dinner, their first encounter since his return. He scarcely saw her, however, until they were seated at the table. The party was a large one, and he arrived rather late. Then, however, he found that she occupied the place almost opposite his own, and that she had been assigned to the care of a man whose face seemed strangely familiar, although he could not at the moment recall the place or manner of their meeting. The stranger had the look of a soldier, recently returned from foreign service. Mrs. D'Alton seemed deeply interested in his conversation, and scarcely aware of Winterden's presence, who covertly watching the pair became gradually conscious that the haunting familiarity of the man's face was due to a certain likeness of feature and expression to Julius Hatton, oddly disguised by a long moustache.

During the second course one of those inexplicable pauses occurred which leave to one unfortunate speaker the attention of the whole table.

" . . . . . by the author of 'Tried in the Furnace': who can it be?"

These were the words that fell upon the silence. Evidently the matter under discussion had been the authorship of Julius Hatton's last book. One or two persons at the table knew the subject to be an awkward one in the presence of Mrs. D'Alton, and would have rushed in to cover the mishap, but her neighbour leaned forward and spoke clearly.

"Don't you know?" he said. "Why, my brother, Julius Hatton, wrote that book; it's hard he shouldn't have some of the fame now he's dead, poor fellow. He was too modest, I suppose, in his life."

People at the other end of the table tried to talk hurriedly, the hostess turned to her neighbour with a remark upon a new play, but in the immediate group round the speaker there was still silence.

"I was in India, you know," went on Colonel Hatton, turning innocently to Mrs. D'Alton; "in fact, I should not have returned now but for being invalided, and I only discovered the poor lad's secret by some shorthand notes, verbatim of the most telling parts of the book, which I found in an old box of MSS. Then I had an interview with the publishers, who confirmed my suspicions. There is no doubt, but I wonder he did not tell *you*," he added, in a lower tone.

The buzz of general conversation had recommenced before the sentence was concluded. Winterden could scarcely catch the

last words, but Clothilde's face had grown white as the damask upon which her eyes were fixed as though she would never again dare to raise them. Fearful of adding to her embarrassment, he hardly dared again to glance in her direction during dinner, and when, later, he entered the drawing-room, she was on the point of leaving. She held out her hand to him as she passed:—

"Will you come to see me to-morrow? I shall be at home till luncheon." Her eyes were almost imploring.

"Most certainly I will."

The hours that intervened before he could carry out his promise dragged slowly for John Winterden; being spent chiefly in utterly futile speculation.

How would Clothilde receive him—what was her object in asking him to come? Would she hold him finally acquitted without further explanation, or did she want merely to question him? Surely, she could hardly suspect him of deeper complicity in this miserable affair.

He arrived at the house in Cadogan Square about noon, and on being announced found her standing near the middle of the room, evidently expectant. He guessed that she had been pacing the length of it, as was her habit when excited or restless; her impetuosity was not yet cured.

It was not, however, until they were both seated that she found words for the question uppermost in her mind.

"You heard what Colonel Hatton said last night?"

"I did."

"Was it news to you?"

"No. I had been aware of it for some time."

"Since when? Do you mind telling me?"

"Since the night on which I wrote for you to come to Brighton."

"Well, I have something to tell you. Julius Hatton asked me, that last night, if you, John Winterden, were the Jack Brownlow I used to speak of. He overheard us talking."

"Yes, and what then?"

"He became terribly agitated, evidently he had no idea of your identity. Later on, he seemed anxious to tell me something, but he could not make me understand. It was such a little while before the end. I think now that he wanted to repair the wrong he had done you, for I gather that you and he had never met, never had any intercourse, until you met at Brighton."

"Never. I had never heard of Julius



Hatton until I heard of him as engaged to you."

"How, then"—their eyes met—"how, then, did he read my letters?" she said, below her breath.

"Are you sure that he did read them?"

"Would you have me believe that the whole thing was a coincidence?"

"I cannot say what I would have you believe, except that I had nothing to do with it."

"But you know the truth?"

He shifted his position uneasily.

"You have known it ever since that night?"

Still he did not answer.

She looked at him for a moment, steadily, wonderingly; then she crossed the room and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Jack!"

He looked up at her.

"Of what use is it?" he said; "he is dead."

"How can I ever forgive myself?"

"Don't try, dear; let us forget all about it. Will you have your ring back? I have brought it in the hope——"

She let him take in his the hand that had rested upon his arm.



## How Explosives are Made.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



N writing to a Government Department for assistance in literary matters, there is a delightful uncertainty. You may be refused—let down gently, it is true—but still refused. The refusal, on the other hand, may be chilling, or even severely aggressive. If the reply is none of these, it surely contains official assent—formal, gracious, comprehensive. Such was the letter sent by Dr. W. Anderson, Her Majesty's Director-General of Ordnance Factories, in answer to our application for official permission to visit the famous Royal Gunpowder Factory, whose main gate is almost under the shadow of the ugly Norman tower of Waltham Abbey.

Here, indeed, is the most extraordinary factory in the world. Factory is quite a misnomer applied to this lovely and picturesque domain. The establishment consists of about four hundred acres of wooded land, intersected by four miles of crystal streams, which would fill the angler's heart with delight.

As a matter of fact, the place was bought by the Government, in 1787, from John Walton, a direct descendant of the immortal Izaak; and the name of the former may yet be seen inscribed on a sundial in the quadrangle near the office of the superintendent, Colonel Ormsby. This sundial, by the way, is robbed of much of its quaint and picturesque nature by eight big shells, which are symmetrically arranged about the base, and which, we need hardly say, are not described in any work on conchology.

It goes without saying that Waltham has its stirring and exciting moments. Quite apart from the fact that the vast powder factory is, to put it mildly, a continual menace to the local public peace, there are a surprising number of streams about the place, which overflow in winter, and occasionally compel the inhabitants to go a-punting down High Bridge Street.

Nevertheless, Waltham is a pretty town; and, as one turns off from the main street into the lane leading to the principal entrance of the factory, one cannot help admiring the pastoral scenes of woodland and meadow, which render it difficult to believe that the

most dangerous industry in the world is carried on within a few hundred yards. Passing in at the gate we beheld an avenue of stately poplars, at the end of which the Union Jack floated proudly from a flag-staff. This gave rise to a train of thought from which we were rudely aroused by a sharp challenge from the inspector of police. We were then requested to enter the police quarters, where we were plied with questions as to our business, and whether we possessed any matches, pipes, or steel implements. Then we turned out our pockets, just as Lord Sandhurst had to do when he



NO. 1.—"ANY MATCHES?"

visited the factory for the purpose of opening the hospital. In fact, all comers, from the Prince of Wales down to the humblest factory lad, are interrogated by the police at the gate with a strict regard for duty that reminded us of certain anecdotes in our school-books. Our illustration (No. 1) shows one of the sergeants of police searching the men at the main gate.



The gallant colonel assured us that the way was long, and therefore it would be better for us to set off on our personally conducted tour at once. He was right. The buildings seemed to be scattered far and wide, as though it were the primary intention of the authorities to occupy every available square foot of land. We walked miles; we plunged into thickets, crossed innumerable streams, and occasionally glided from one building to another in a swift electric launch, the panting of whose screw scared the birds and rabbits that abound in this extraordinary place.

But we must commence *ab initio*. The first place we visited—and we were calm and appreciative then, not knowing the extent of the appalling task that lay before us—was the saltpetre refinery shown in No. 2. To the right in the photograph is Mr. Knowler, the “father of the factory,” as he is called from the fact of his forty-three years’ service. The saltpetre comes from Scinde in bags of 100 lb., and in this state it contains about 5 per cent. of impurities. It is dissolved in large quantities in water heated to 230 degrees, and, after careful skimming, the solution is pumped into the coolers shown in No. 2. The saltpetre crystallizes in these coolers, and is then raked from the bottom in the form of wet snow, which is piled up, and subsequently undergoes a wash-

ing process by means of a continuous stream of water. There are four refining coppers and seven evaporating pots in the refining-room. The saltpetre is ultimately sent to the mixing-house in barrels, with a certificate showing that it contains between 3 and 6 per cent. of water. The saltpetre refuse is bought by farmers for from 8s. to 12s. per ton. We next called at the sulphur refinery (Illus. No. 3), but found it almost impossible to breathe within its evil-smelling precincts.



NO. 2.—THE SULPHUR REFINERY.

As regards the worthy man we found there, he was as unconcerned as though he were inhaling the ozone on Brighton Pier; more, he proceeded to give us, out of the fulness of his twenty-six years’ experience, a few details concerning his own department in quite a graphic manner. Six hundredweight and a half of Sicilian sulphur is shot into the retort, seen to the right in the picture, and after it has remained there about three hours it passes in vapour from the retort, through cold-water jacketed pipes, into the receiving-pot, where it arrives in a treacly mass. Our friend is seen ladling this viscous matter into the casting tubs, in which it is left for about eighteen hours. Next morn-



NO. 2.—THE SALTPETRE REFINERY.



ing these tubs are emptied, and out of each comes two hundredweight of purified sulphur, which resembles a monstrous custard. This also goes to the mixing-room, after having been ground in the sulphur mill.

There remains one other constituent of powder to be investigated — namely, charcoal. Why, we asked, are there such extensive groves and forests of willow, dogwood, and alder within the boundaries of this strangest of factories? Onereason is that the wood is converted into charcoal; and another, that a dense growth of trees serves to locate the effects of a possible explosion.

No. 4 is a view of the wood stacks, many of which are from three to ten years old.

Now let us see what these workmen are going to do with the seasoned branches they are loading on to the trolley.

No. 5 is a view of the charcoal-room. The wood is placed in the cylindrical

drums, and the latter are then run into furnaces shaped to receive them, by means of travelling cranes. After from three to eight hours of very great heat, during which time the very gases from the burning wood



NO. 4.—THE WOOD STACKS.

are utilized as fuel in the furnace below, the drums are withdrawn and their contents shot into air-tight iron vessels to cool for four hours. The charcoal is subsequently removed to smaller coolers, where it remains another twelve hours, after which it is taken by boat to the store. Here it remains for a day or

two before being picked over by hand, in order to see that there are no nails or pieces of iron in it. The responsibility of this last-mentioned work may be judged when we state that, if the smallest particle of gritty matter of any sort is inadvertently passed over, it infallible means an awful explosion and certain loss of life.

The sulphur is ground so as to pass through a sieve having 36



NO. 5.—MAKING CHARCOAL.



openings to the square inch; the charcoal is passed through a mesh 32 to the inch. Now we are ready for the mixing-room. Of this strange place it was impossible to obtain a photograph, owing to the darkness that prevailed. Grimy men flitted through an almost tangible gloom; and in one corner an expert was weighing up the saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal in parts of

which revolve two enormous wheels, each weighing four tons.

Into this bed is shot the contents of the half-charge sack brought from the mixing-house. A wooden "plough" is then fixed from the centre, so as to keep the powder continually under the rollers, and then all is ready for starting the machinery. Even in this stage the mixture is highly inflammable, and therein lies the *raison d'être* of the "flash-board," which is seen over the bed. In the event of an explosion, either through the wheels meeting with gritty particles in the mixture, or from other causes, this board would be violently thrown upwards on hinges, and in its descent backwards would automatically overturn tanks of water, not merely on to its own bed, but also on the beds of its working neighbours, who might otherwise be tempted to join in the riot.

Indeed, the risk is so great, that in order to



NO. 6.—INCORPORATING MILLS: EXTERIOR VIEW.

75, 10, and 15 respectively. For powder for big guns, however, the proportions are 79, 3, and 18. These constituents were shot into a revolving drum fitted with blades inside. The mixture is afterwards packed in half-charge sacks of 60lb. and sent to the incorporating mill—the first of the "danger buildings."

In No. 6 is shown a set of incorporating mills, which are built in groups of six, and are worked by independent machinery. Except for the division walls, these mills are constructed of the flimsiest material possible, the roof being of wood, and the fronts of canvas, buttoned on to a slight iron framework; this is in order that no resistance may be offered to a possible explosion. It will be noticed that the arms of the danger signals are raised, in order to show that the mills are working; when these signals are up, no barrow or truck-load of powder, in any stage whatsoever, is allowed to pass by the mills. Yet the interior of any one of the incorporating mills is not calculated to strike awe or terror into the heart of the visitor. As will be seen from No. 7, there is nothing in the place but a big, circular iron bed, round



NO. 7.—INCORPORATING MILL: INTERIOR.



start the incorporating mill, the operator prudently draws down the flaps of his cloth helmet, puts on his gauntlets, and retires outside, as is shown in No. 8. The man is



NO. 8.—STARTING THE INCORPORATING MILL.

clothed in a suit of “lasting”—that curious leathery material affected by the London apprentices in the days of Queen Elizabeth. There are no pockets in this suit, and the buttons are of bone; no powder adheres to this material. The men are even forbidden to cultivate long beards, lest perhaps these hirsute appendages should contain particles of grit, harmless enough in themselves, but more deadly than cholera bacilli when introduced into a powder mill.

After being three and a half hours beneath the incorporating rollers, the mixture becomes “mill-cake,” and is removed in covered trucks to the breaking-down house. This building, in common with most of the other danger buildings, is lighted at night by electric lamps, immersed in water, and placed outside the windows. In the breaking-

down house the mill-cake is placed in a hopper, drawn up on an endless band, and crushed into meal powder by two pairs of gun-metal rollers. Only twelve charges of 120lb. each are allowed in this house at one time.

The next department is the press-house, an exterior view of which is shown in No. 9. The machine-house is on the left, and the men’s retiring-room on the right. Between these two buildings is placed the “traverse,” a mighty mass of masonry, concrete, and earth, which is intended to protect the workmen; these latter are compelled to remain in the lobbies while the machinery is in motion. In the press-house one of the most dangerous operations takes place. Copper plates are fixed in a rack in a huge iron box, and about 750lb. of meal powder is strewn between them. A hydraulic ram of from 63 to 500 tons pressure is then brought to bear upon the plates for half an hour, during which time the men are congregated in the shoe-room on the other side of the traverse. It is no exaggeration to say that there is an awful uncertainty about this operation.

A bell rings when the pressure gauge reaches a certain point, and the men then return to the machine-room and remove the “press-cake,” as it is now called, from the plates. The regulations caution the men against “undue haste” in removing the cake, and the authorities have thoughtfully provided



NO. 9.—THE PRESS-HOUSE, SHOWING “TRAVERSE.”

deep wells outside each danger building, into which men who have been badly burnt may plunge. No more than 900lb. of powder may be kept in the press-house at one



time. No. 9 also shows a covered powder boat on the left. There are thirty-six of these boats altogether, and no one is allowed to go over a bridge while one of them is passing beneath, lest any dirt or grit should fall upon the immaculate deck.

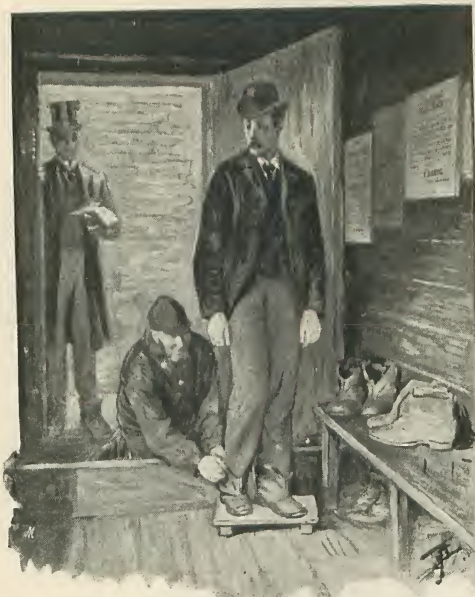
The press-house is the parting of the ways, so to speak, of the various kinds of powder, which are made from press-cake treated in different ways. For pebble powder the press-cake—which, by the way, resembles thick black slate—is cut into strips, and these strips are further cut into “ $\frac{5}{8}$  cubes.” The rest of the cake is reduced to coarse powder by three pairs of graduated rollers.

All sorts of fear-some notices and cautions abound in the retiring-room of the press-house, which is depicted in No. 10. A rigorous line of demarcation is formed by an upright board, before passing which every visitor, from the Government inspector downwards, is compelled to put on a pair of enormous boots over his own. In No. 10 the chief foreman is seen undergoing this operation. This precaution is taken in order that no gritty particles may be introduced on to the soft leather floor of the danger buildings. Having put on these boots, you shuffle shamefacedly round the traverse to the machine-room. We say shamefacedly advisedly, for we defy any man to walk a dozen yards in these safety-boots and yet maintain a semblance of dignity.

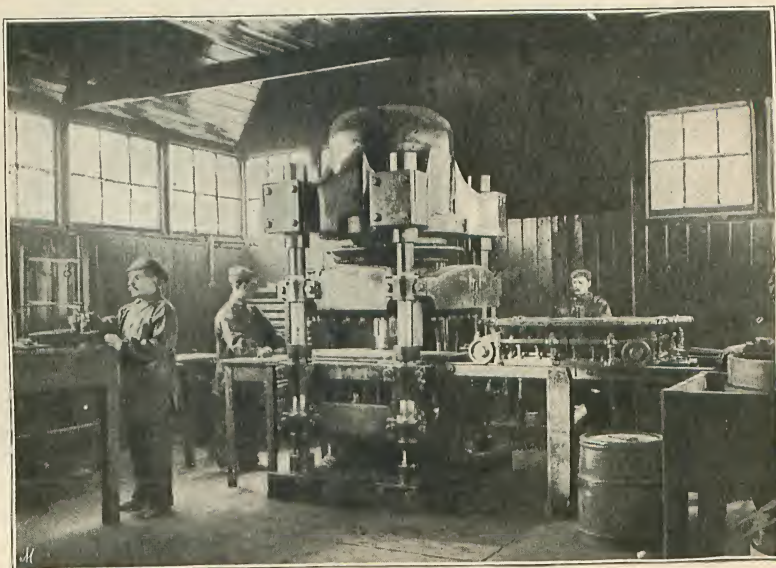
The glazed and granulated powder (the dust from which has been removed by another process and sent back to the incorporating mills) is now ready for moulding into prisms for the built-up charges used in

big guns. The interior of the moulding-room is shown in No. 11. Coarse-grained powder is fed into the compartments of the wheeled tray to the right, and it is then pushed under the hydraulic press, which has corresponding plungers. The hexagonal prisms emerge in batches of sixty-four, or 13,000 per day. To the left in our photograph (No. 11) a skilled workman is seen weighing a specimen from each batch in air and mercury. And “if the scale do turn (literally) but in the estimation of a hair,” the whole batch is rejected.

In the drying-rooms, ordinary grain powder is left for from one to three hours; pebble powder, however, takes from twenty-four to forty hours to dry, and S.B.C. (“slow burning cocoa”), for 110-ton guns, about sixty hours.



NO. 10.—ENTERING A DANGER BUILDING.



NO. 11.—THE MOULDING-ROOM.





NO. 12.—A POWDER BARGE.

The last-mentioned powder is proved in rin. guns with a charge of 360lb., and gives a muzzle velocity of from 2,010ft. to 2,050ft. per second. Finished powder of all

of each kind are blended so as to give uniformity, and the powder is then conveyed to Purfleet and Woolwich in special barges, which fly a red flag and can be sunk in five minutes. One of these craft, together with a typical view of the Waltham Abbey establishment, is shown in No. 12.

Altogether there are about 900 men employed in the factory, and the annual wages bill comes nigh unto £70,000. One thousand four hundred tons of saltpetre are stocked; 100 tons of sulphur; and enough wood to make 40,000 barrels of powder. The annual consumption of coal ranges from 8,000 to 10,000 tons. Very significant is the photograph we reproduce (No. 13). It shows the interior of the little hospital opened by Lord Sandhurst quite recently. The hospital stands close to one of the myriad streams that intersect the vast grounds of the factory, and is intended solely for the benefit of injured workmen. By the way, it seems strange that, in spite of innumerable precautions and all that science can do, frightful explosions should take place—explosions as disastrous as they are inexplicable. Truly, these grave, quiet men, who are turning out by day and by night material for the defence of our country, “know not the day nor the hour.”

Let us now turn to the manufacture of cordite, that new and terrible explosive which eminent experts tell us will increase a hundredfold the carnage on the battle-field of



NO. 13.—INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

sorts is sent to the splendidly-fitted laboratory to undergo various tests; it is then proved in the guns at the butts attached to the establishment. Finally, large quantities

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the next European war in which we are engaged. The following facts attest the tremendous power of this explosive: The charge of ordinary black powder for the



service rifle is 70 grains, and this gives a muzzle velocity of 1,850ft. per second. A cordite charge of 30 grains gives a velocity of 2,000ft. Again, the powder charge for the 12-pounder gun is 4lb., while the cordite charge for the same weapon is  $15\frac{3}{4}$ oz.; and the latter gives far better results.

As cordite is primarily founded on gun-cotton, we first visited the picking-room, under the courteous guidance of Captain Nathan, the cordite superintendent. In No. 14 the girls are seen picking over the cotton waste, which comes from the Manchester spinning mills in hundredweight bales, and costs about £30 per ton. It will be seen that the connection between peaceful trade and this formidable explosive is as close as it is curious. The stuff is picked carefully, in order that fragments of wood, rope, wire, and rag may be removed. The cotton waste is then thrown on to a powerful teasing machine, which rends and tears its fibre; after this



NO. 14.—PICKING COTTON FOR CORDITE.

it is cut up by another machine, and then it passes on an endless band into a drying-room heated to 180 degrees. The cotton is then weighed up into lots of  $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and each lot is placed in a tin cooling box; these operations are shown in No. 15. After twenty-four hours, the lots, or charges, are ready for dipping. Each dipping pan contains 220lb. of mixed acid—three parts of sulphuric and one of nitric acid. The operator simply throws the dry cotton into the acid and leaves it there for about

five minutes, during which time each charge of  $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. will have absorbed  $13\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of acid.

The workman now takes his implements from the cold water in which they are kept immersed, for fear that repeated contact with the acid should corrode them, and he proceeds to remove the saturated cotton from the bath or pan. As will be seen from No. 16, he has an



NO. 15.—THE WEIGHING AND DRYING ROOM.





NO. 16.—THE DIPPING TANKS.

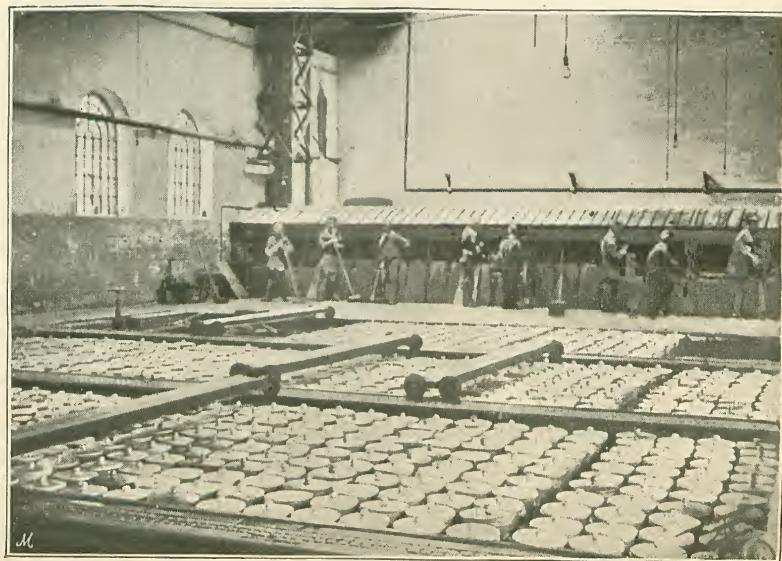
earthenware pot ready to receive the charge. The earthenware vessels containing the charges are then allowed to stand in shallow water for some little time. No. 17 is a general view of the cooling tanks, with the dipping baths in the background.

From the earthenware vessels the cotton is shot into a centrifugal machine, whirling round

at a speed of 1,200 revolutions a minute. In a very short time the cotton is comparatively dry; and the waste acid removed by the machine is allowed for by a contractor. The next operation is the washing of the cotton in a wooden tank full of water, which is agitated by a revolving bladed wheel. When the foreman thinks this washing has gone on long enough, he *tastes* the cotton, and if no flavour of acid remains, it is taken out by a man who wades in in big boots. The water is wrung out and the cotton is then removed to the vat-house, where it is boiled in monstrous vats for four or five days. Each vat holds about 18cwt. of cotton; and the interior of this department is shown in No. 18.

From the vats the long-suffering cotton comes out like wet oatmeal; then comes more churning and washing, until at length the moulding process is reached, and the cotton is pressed into big cubes of  $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. These cubes are veritable gun-cotton, and when pressed flat and furnished with a dry cylinder and a fulminate of mercury detonator, they are quite ready for torpedo work. The gun-cotton press-house, depicted in No. 19, is furnished with what is called a protective rope mantelet, or wall of rope, such as is used in fortifications.

To make cordite, the dry gun-cotton is taken to the nitro-glycerine house, a wholly extraordinary building, literally buried under a mound or hill, and approached by a burrow-like, brick-lined passage in the earth. The two most dangerous nitro-glycerine houses are



NO. 17.—THE COOLING TANKS.





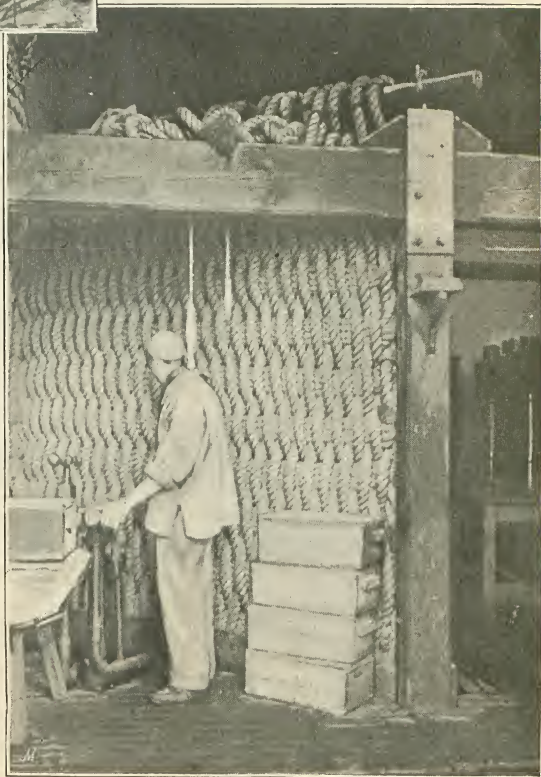
NO. 18.—THE BOILING VATS.

shown in No. 20. Beneath the mound on the left is the washing-house; the other building to the right is the nitrating-house. The dry gun-cotton, as we have said, is taken to the nitro-glycerine house in boxes, and it is there saturated with nitro-glycerine, an almost colourless liquid. Should a single drop of this fall on the leaden floor, it is instantly wiped up with a damp cloth.

The saturated gun-cotton is now called "cordite dough," and it is taken direct to the kneading-house, which is shown in No. 21. The men, as may be seen from the photograph, wear curious respirators as they bend over the sticky mass, which gives forth nauseous and deadly fumes. When thoroughly kneaded, the dough is sent to the incorporating-house and placed in drums, which have slow revolving screw blades; this mixing process goes on for seven hours. The component parts of cordite, by the way, are as follows: nitro-glycerine 57 parts, gun-cotton 38 parts, and five parts of mineral jelly, this latter being added three and a half hours after the

dough or paste has been in the incorporating machine. Acetone is also added in quantities of 15lb. 10oz. to every charge of 75lb. One of the final operations takes place in the moulding-house. There  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of cordite paste is pressed and moulded; the mould and its contents are then placed in another machine, and, to the amazement of the onlooker, out comes 2,000ft. of what looks like brown twine, with a diameter of  $\cdot 0375$  in. This is finished cordite, and it is wound upon a reel. For 6in. quick-firers, cordite with a diameter of  $\cdot 3$  in. is turned out, and as it emerges from the machine it is cut into 14in. lengths.

No. 22 shows the interesting operation of "ten-stranding." Ten reels of cordite, just as they come from the machine, are fixed in a rack (the lad in our illustration is about to fix the tenth reel) and are wound simultaneously on to a single reel, the object being to secure uniformity of explosiveness. Furthermore, six "ten-stranded" reels are afterwards wound



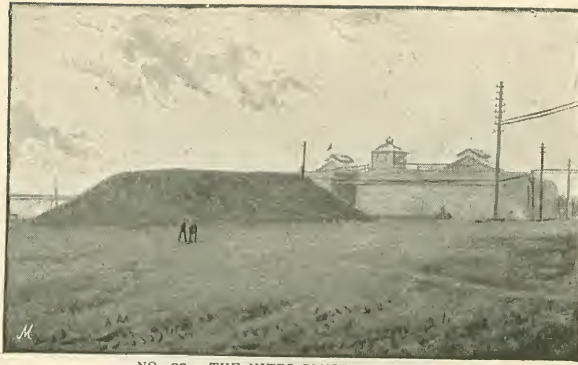
NO. 19.—THE CORDITE PRESS-HOUSE.



upon one, and the "sixty-stranded" reel is then ready to be sent away. Minute details as to whose hands it has passed through accompany each reel; and the end of the thread is secured with a band of webbing. Ultimately, the cordite is cut into

little bits and made into bundles for the cartridge cases, but this work is not done at Waltham.

A pool adjoining the cordite works is



NO. 20.—THE NITRO-GLYCERINE WORKS.

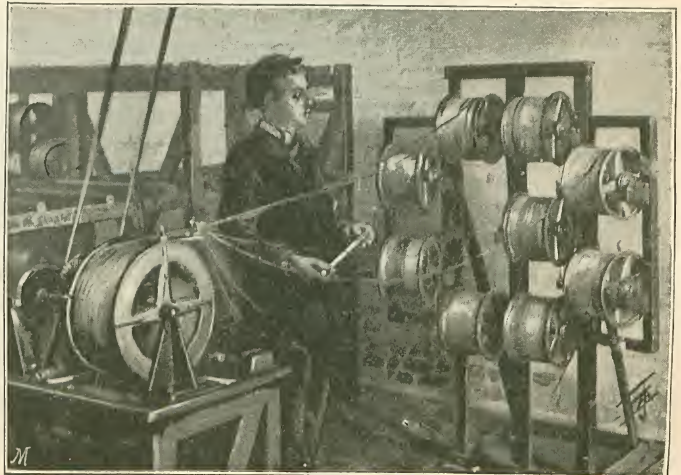
particular blowing-up. A glance will reveal the tremendous force of the explosion, which blew holes 20ft. deep around the pond.

The testing armoury and proof range are at Quinton Hill, but are within the boundaries of the factory. It is most interesting to behold the array of field artillery and naval quick-firers, all clean and bright and with a business-like appearance. On the occasion of our visit, a 6in. quick-firing gun was mounted in a sort of cave formed of earth and masonry so as to minimize danger in case of the weapon bursting. Remember, the powder is being tested, and no one knows what may happen. When the gun is ready to be fired, every person leaves the vicinity;



NO. 21.—MIXING CORDITE DOUGH.

shown in No. 23. Into this pool all water from the various nitro-glycerine houses is most carefully drained, since such water contains a certain quantity of nitro-glycerine. Every Saturday this extraordinary pond is blown up by means of a dynamite cartridge, in order to get rid of the explosive matter it contains. After the terrible explosion in the nitro-glycerine house, on the 7th of May, 1894, when four men were blown to pieces, such a large quantity of nitro-glycerine



NO. 22.—"TEN-STRANDING."





NO. 23.—THE SETTLING POND.

lutely safe to handle ; indeed, you might hold a piece of it to a lighted match without causing any excitement : it would simply burn.

When we had concluded our tour of inspection, twilight was falling upon the woods and streams of this strange place. Night-watchmen, armed with wonderful little electric hand lamps, flitted mysteriously here and there, and the electric lights immersed in water outside the windows of the danger buildings began to glow softly. We passed the explosive pond with a shudder of nervous ap-

prehension, and left behind, as speedily as possible, the buried nitrating-house, wherein scarlet-clad men were manipulating the terrible liquid. The tremendous energy that lay dormant in every building oppressed us, even though that energy slept behind massive traverses and walls 10ft. thick ; so we came away.

the electric switch is moved in the instrument-room some distance away, and with a terrific roar, accentuated by the confined space, the gun hurls its projectile 17ft. into the sand of the distant butt. A blank cartridge, by the way, is first fired so as to warm the gun. Standing here, listening to the roar of the Waltham quick-firers, which is answered by the sharp, crackling fusillade from the Maxims at the Enfield Small Arms Factory close by, it is not difficult to imagine that a modern battle is in progress.

The Royal Gunpowder Factory turns out about 500 tons of cordite and 5,000,000 lb. of black powder every year, though the output varies according to orders received. For our own part, we would far sooner work in the cordite factory than in the powder mills, for once the dough is mixed, cordite is abso-



NO. 24.—THE POND AFTER AN EXPLOSION.



# Journeys of the Judges.

BY "KASOMO."



CIRCUITING is popularly supposed to be akin to junketing; but, as a matter of fact, it is often a very serious and sober business — especially for the prisoners. There is, however, much in circuit life that is curious and of interest, especially to those to whom custom

of York, and our own Prince of Wales figure on the walls in all the bravery of royal red and gold-leaf.

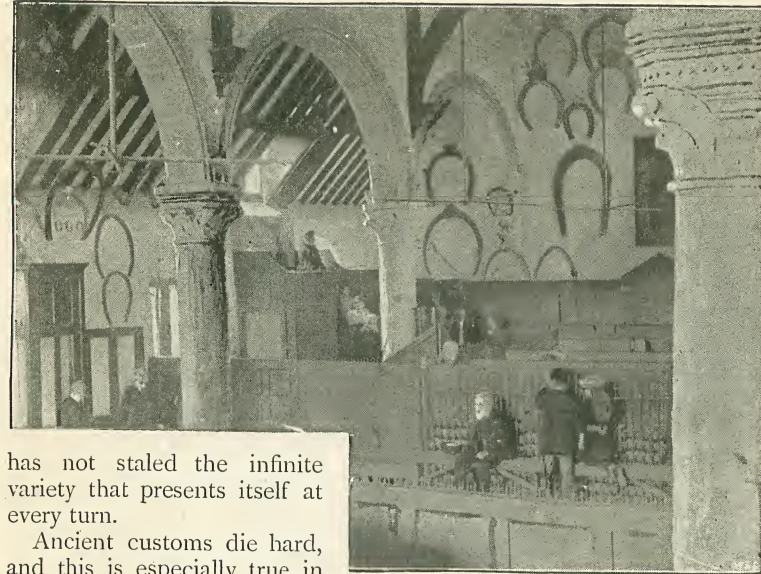
I do not propose to weary my readers with a learned disquisition on the origin and progress of circuits. Suffice it to say, and to say it briefly, that the circuit system, as we now know it, is much the same as that which

obtained with our ancestors from almost time immemorial; and this in spite of constant attempts at reform by the bolder spirits who would rule matters judicial. Let it be whispered that the reforms have for the most part proved abortive; and that in all probability we shall revert to the wisdom of our fathers, and to the old order of things.

Let us start with one of Her Majesty's judges on circuit.

Needless to say, we shall travel *en*

*prince*, for the railway companies are solicitous for the comfort of his lordship and the members of his staff, and provide reserved compartments, with a separate luggage "cupboard,"



OAKHAM ASSIZE COURT.

has not staled the infinite variety that presents itself at every turn.

Ancient customs die hard, and this is especially true in the remoter corners of the kingdom. At Oakham, for instance, the lord of the manor still exercises the right to demand from every peer passing through the town the near fore-shoe of his nag; a demand that is usually liquidated by a money payment to provide for a counterfeit presentment on a large scale of the coveted shoe, which is in due course nailed on the wall of the old Shire Hall, a structure that dates back to the time of the Conquest. Even Royalty is not exempt from the toll, and the "horse-shoes" of George IV., his brother, the Duke



OAKHAM—JUDGE'S LODGINGS.



practically a necessity on account of the enormous quantity of baggage and impedimenta required for the five or six weeks' tour.

Arrived at the first town on the circuit, the judicial campaign really begins. The judge is met at the railway station by the high sheriff of the county, who usually looks very uncomfortable and self-conscious in the *quasi*-military uniform which is insisted upon for the occasion; the sheriff's chaplain, also in like plight in the stiffest of Geneva gowns, usually the gift of the sheriff; the under-sheriff, in any costume that his fancy may lightly turn to, ranging from a Court suit down to the most unconventional of morning dress; and a *posse comitatus*, in the shape of a dozen or so of stalwart county

policemen, whose faces and uniforms are mostly a harmony of red and blue. The judge introduces his marshal (an able-bodied youth from one of the Universities, or maybe a budding Templar) to the high sheriff, who bows graciously, tries not to fall over his sword, and leads the way to the State carriage, accompanied by the chaplain and under-sheriff, and escorted by the good men in blue. At one or two assize towns there is an escort of "javelin

men," armed with halberds raked up from the county museum probably, and attired in a hybrid livery, half "beef-eater" and half footman; but, generally speaking, the county police constitute the escort, with occasional relief in the form of a troop of Yeomanry, if the high sheriff happens to hold Her Majesty's commission of arms in addition to one of the peace.

As soon as the little procession emerges from the railway station, a couple of trumpeters, who have taken up a commanding position in the yard for the due display of their gorgeous liveries, set up an ear-torturing performance, supposed to be in imitation of an ancient fanfare. To this "rough music" the judge takes his seat in

the State carriage, and the whole party set off at a snail's pace for the judge's lodgings, the trumpeters fanfaring with a vigour and persistence that must have inspired the bandmen of "General" Booth's lads in red. On the occasion of the trial of an election petition at a cathedral city, the mayor met the judges in a coach drawn by a couple of black horses that usually figured at funerals, and the secret of their vocation had somehow leaked out. As they were crawling along in the accustomed style, Mr. Justice Hawkins, who was one of the judges, said, with the quiet, incisive humour that has ever distinguished him: "Mr. Mayor, does not this very much remind you of following the dear departed?" *Curtain.*



LEICESTER CASTLE—OPENING THE ASSIZE.

The judge's lodgings are usually a fine old house set apart for the purpose, with occasional intervening visitations from Militia officers during the training of their merry men, and everything therein is of the stately order; though the furnishing and general fitment would probably vex the soul of a Maple or a Shoolbred. Bare walls glower on the judge, fresh from his own ornate house in Mayfair, Kensington, or Richmond; but there is an air of solid comfort about these old places, more particularly in the dining-room, where massive silver and table equipage of great antiquity make a brave show.

Arrived at his temporary home, the judge of assize forthwith arrays himself in the splendid robes of his high office, and





HERTFORD—JUDGE'S LODGINGS.

proceeds to the cathedral or parish church, as the case may be, to attend the customary assize service. This is an institution honoured by time, but usually dishonoured by the townspeople ; for there are seldom more than two or three gathered together to hear the words of wisdom and counsel that fall from the lips of the sheriff's chaplain, who has probably spent anxious weeks in the preparation of his sermon. Preachers vary as ordinary mortals vary, and so do assize sermons. Sometimes they are brilliant, forceful, and in every way worthy of a better fate than to be forgotten by the handful of people, great and small, to whom they are addressed.

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The next morning the business of the assize begins in real earnest, and the grand jury, consisting usually of magistrates of experience, are summoned from all parts of the county to consider the bills of indictment that are sent up to them by the Crown. Twenty-three is the regulation number of grand jurors for an assize, and to the credit of the squirearchy be it recorded that it seldom happens that fewer than the twenty-three put in an appearance. The roll having been called, the grand jury are sworn by the judge's marshal ; the foreman, usually a county magnate of the first rank, being sworn first. The prescribed oath is impressive, and I give it for the benefit of my lay readers :—

“ My Lord [or Sir],—

“ You as foreman of this grand inquest for our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and the body of this County of Westcumberland, shall diligently inquire and true pre-



NORWICH—JUDGE'S DINING-ROOM.





BIRMINGHAM ASSIZE COURT—BARON POLLOCK ON THE BENCH.

sentment make of all such matters, offences, and things as shall be brought to your notice touching this present service. The Queen's counsel, your fellows and your own, you shall observe and keep secret. You shall present no person out of envy, hatred, or malice ; neither shall you leave any one unpresented through fear, favour, gain, reward, or the hope or promise thereof. But you shall present all things indifferently as they shall come to your knowledge, according to the best of your skill and understanding.—So help you God."

The rest of the grand jury are then sworn shortly in batches.

Now commences the charge by the judge, who touches upon the salient points of the more important or complicated cases in the calendar, for the guidance of the grand jury when they come to consider whether or not a *prima-facie* case is made out against a prisoner.

Before a man can be tried for any offence, his case is first of all investigated before a Bench of magistrates, who in their discretion can commit a prisoner for trial before a judge and jury. The witnesses are bound over to appear at the sessions or assizes, and in due course give their evidence on oath before the grand jury, who bring their considerable experience to bear in determining whether

the case should go for trial or not. If they think it should, they indorse the indictment : "A true bill," and the parchment is handed down to the Court. The prisoner is then placed in the dock, and the indictment having been read over to him more or less intelligibly by the clerk of assize, he is called upon to plead "guilty" or "not guilty," as he may elect. If the latter, the petit jury, consisting of twelve good men and true, are then sworn, and the trial proceeds. This threefold inquiry is a great safeguard to the liberty of the subject, and as a matter of fact, a miscarriage of justice seldom takes place. The "great unpaid" are perhaps the best-abused class in this country, but they do their duty as between the Crown and their fellow-subjects, and do it well, Mr. Labouchere's weekly pillory in *Truth* to the contrary notwithstanding.

If a prisoner has a good defence to the charge made against him, assuredly it will be carefully supported at the trial, Her Majesty's judges holding fast to the old maxim of our law that "every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty," and if the case against him is not proved up to the hilt, the man will go free : all this in marked contrast to the system obtaining on the Continent, where the unhappy wretch is examined and cross-examined by State





LINCOLN—WAITING FOR THE JUDGE.

officials with the express object of securing a conviction.

Englishmen have reason to be proud of their judges for their absolute integrity and impartiality, to say nothing of their ability and learning, which probably speak for themselves.

The comfort of a judge on circuit much depends on the stuff of which his staff are made. First comes his personal officer, the marshal afore-mentioned, whose duty it is to swear in the grand jury, and to attend the judge wherever he goes, sharing his meals with him in public or private, and generally making himself agreeable and useful; for the most part a pleasant office enough, but it is one that at times requires considerable tact and knowledge of the world in order to keep the path judicial from becoming too thorny.

The knight-errant, otherwise Her Majesty's judge of assize, has furthermore the constant

presence of a faithful esquire in the shape of his clerk, who, unlike the marshal, is permanently in the judge's service, both in London and on circuit. The duties of this officer are multifarious, and range from the most delicate diplomacy down to keeping the circuit accounts. Divers are the duties, and diverse are the men, probably more so than any other body in the pay of the Crown. Formerly, some few of them rose to eminence, the late Lord Justice Lush being a brilliant example; but the Inns of Court have of late years, for



MONMOUTH—JUDGE'S DRAWING-ROOM.





A KITCHEN COLLOQUY—THE CIRCUIT BUTLER.

some reason not difficult to discover, prohibited any person holding an appointment as clerk to a judge, or in the central office of the Supreme Court, from becoming a barrister-student. A hard case, probably, and one showing, moreover, that petty jealousy is not unknown even in high places.

Next in importance, if not in usefulness, comes the circuit butler, who robes and valets the judge, controls the household, and when "on the road" acts as baggage-master.

The marshal's man follows in order, and does duty as a sort of footman.

Last, but certainly not least, comes the cook. Formerly only

possessed of considerable forethought, and all-round ability as a caterer. The food supplies of many of the assize towns are often very primitive, but woe betide the unlucky *chef* if he sends up an insufficient or an unsatisfactory meal. Some of these Knights of the Black Cap rise to affluence in their profession, occasionally securing snug berths as cooks to the Inns of Court, be-

men-cooks were engaged by the judges for circuit, as the life was hard and the work arduous; but since the introduction of the single-judge system, that has excited so much opposition from profession and public alike, many of the judges have employed women-cooks, the work being in these days much lighter and the travelling arrangements more comfortable. A good circuit cook must be

sides carrying on businesses more or less lucrative, as confectioners and restaurateurs. One, in addition to all this, has become a member of the London County Council, and in course of time may represent the people in a larger sense, and help to make the laws for the judges to administer.



LINCOLN—JUDGE'S BEDROOM.

NOTE.—My photographic readers may be interested to know that most of the illustrations to this article were taken with a "Samuels" hand camera, many of the instantaneous pictures and interior views being obtained on Messrs. Elliott and Son's "Rocket" and "Barnet" plates.

# Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

## III.—THE SILENT TONGUE.



It was a day in late October when I found myself in a train which was to convey me from Waterloo to Salisbury. I was on my way to pay a week's visit to my old friend and patient, General Romney. After retiring from active service he had bought a place in Wiltshire, and had repeatedly begged of me to come to see him there.

My multifarious duties, however, had hitherto made it impossible for me to visit High Court; but the present occasion was of such special moment that I determined to make a great effort to gratify my old friend, and do myself a pleasure at the same time.

I was to arrive at High Court on Thursday afternoon, and on the following Tuesday, Iris Romney, the General's beautiful and only daughter, was to be married to a young man of the name of Vane, a captain in the —th Lancers. I had known Iris from her childhood, and was prepared to congratulate her now on a most suitable match. From the letters which I had received from General Romney, Captain Vane was all that was desirable: an upright, good, honourable fellow. His position in society was well assured, and he had ample means.

"It is not only that Vane is all that her mother and I could desire," continued the General, in his last letter to me, "but there is another reason which makes this marriage a relief to our minds. Our poor Iris, whose beauty, as you know, is much above the average, has been persecuted for many months past by the unwelcome and, I may almost add, the

unscrupulous attentions of our next-door neighbour, the squire of this place, an ungentlemanly boor of the name of Ransome. The fellow won't take 'No' for an answer, and things have come to such a pass that Iris is quite afraid to go out alone, as Ransome is sure to waylay her, and renew his unwelcome protestations and demands. Indeed, were it not for this happy marriage, we should have been obliged, for our child's sake, to leave High Court."

I paid little heed to this part of my friend's letter when reading it, but it was destined to be brought very vividly before my mind later on.



"AN UNGENTLEMANLY BOOR OF THE NAME OF RANSOME."

I arrived at High Court about three o'clock in the afternoon, and found Iris standing in the square entrance-hall. She was surrounded by dogs, and was pulling on a pair of gauntlet gloves; she wore a hat, and was, evidently, in the act of going out. On hearing my steps, she turned quickly and came eagerly to meet me.

"Here you are," she exclaimed, holding out both her hands. "How nice! how delightful! Am I much altered, Dr. Halifax—would you recognise me?"

"Yes, I should recognise you," I answered, looking with admiration at the lovely girl. "You have changed, of course. How tall you are! You were only a child when I saw you last."

"I was fifteen," answered Iris; "the most troublesome monkey in

existence. Now I am eighteen—quite grown up. Well, it is a real pleasure to see you again. Let me take you to father: he has been talking of nothing but your arrival all day."

I accompanied Miss Romney to her



father's study. To her surprise it was empty.

"Where can father be?" she exclaimed. "He knew you would arrive about now. Perhaps he has gone to lie down—he has not been quite well. We won't disturb him, unless you particularly wish it, Dr. Halifax?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Mother is out—she had to go to Salisbury on business. May I have the pleasure of your society all to myself for a little? I am just going out to meet Captain Vane—will you come with me? I should much like to introduce him to you."

"And I should like to know him," I replied. "Let us come for a walk, by all means—there is nothing I should enjoy more."

We went out together. Miss Romney's step was full of the light spring of youth. She entertained me with many animated remarks, and took me to several points of interest in the beautiful grounds. From a place called "The Mound" we could see the long, evening shadows falling across Salisbury Plain; turning to our right we got a peep, in the dim distance, of the far-famed Cathedral.

"Yes, yes, it is all lovely," she cried, "and I am in the mood to enjoy it to-day—I am very happy. I do not mind telling you how happy I am, for you are such an old friend."

"You may be sure I rejoice to hear of your happiness," I replied. I looked at her as I spoke. She was standing at a little distance from me, very upright. The dogs had followed us, and a great mastiff stood near her. She rested her white hand on his head. Some rays from the evening sun sparkled in her hair, which was very bright in hue, and looked now like burnished gold. Her eyes, full of happiness, looked frankly into mine. They were lovely eyes, with a tender, womanly expression in them. I thought what a happy fellow Vane would be.

As we were standing together the silence was suddenly broken by the sharp report of a gun.

"Who can possibly be shooting in our grounds?" exclaimed Miss Romney.

"The report came from that copse," I answered her—"down there to our left. Perhaps Captain Vane is amusing himself having a shot or two."

"He did not take his gun with him," she answered; "I saw it in the hall as we passed through just now. No, I am afraid I guess who did fire the shot"; she paused suddenly, and a hot flush of annoyance swept over her

face. It passed almost as quickly as it came.

"There is David," she said, in a glad voice. "Do you see him? He is just coming up that path through the trees. Let us go to meet him."

We soon reached the bottom of the mound, and Captain Vane came quickly up to us. He was a tall, well-made man, of about twenty-eight years of age. His face was moulded in strong lines. He was somewhat dark in complexion, and had resolute eyes.

"David, this is our old friend, Doctor Halifax," said Miss Romney.

"I am glad to meet you," said Vane to me. He made one or two further remarks of an indifferent character.

We turned presently to go back to the house. We had only gone about half the distance when Iris uttered a horrified exclamation.

"What is that on your handkerchief?" she cried to her lover.

He had pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket. He looked at it when she spoke, started, and turned pale.

"I must apologize to you both," he exclaimed. "How stupid of me; I forgot all about it."

"Your handkerchief is all over blood. Have you hurt yourself?" asked Iris.

"No, not a bit of it!" He thrust the handkerchief out of sight. "The fact is simply this. That brute of a Ransome has been shooting round the premises this morning, and, like the cur he is, has only half done his work. This handkerchief is stained because I have been putting a pheasant out of his misery. It was a horrid sight. Don't let us talk about it any more."

"I had a premonition that Mr. Ransome was somewhere near," said Iris. "The mere thought of that man affects me disagreeably."

She shivered as she spoke. Vane looked at her, but did not reply. Their eyes met—he gave her a quick smile, but I could not help noticing that he looked pale and worried.

We reached the house, where Mrs. Romney came out to meet us. She gave me a hearty welcome, and asked me to go with her at once to her husband.

"The General is lying down in his study, Dr. Halifax, or he would come to you," she explained. "The fact is, he has not been well for some days, and just now I found him trembling violently, and scarcely able to stand. Oh, I do not think there is much the matter—he will be all right by-and-by, and



nothing will do him more good than a quiet chat with you."

I followed Mrs. Romney to the study. The General was lying on a sofa, but when we approached, he rose quickly, and came to meet us. He was a tall, largely-made man, somewhat full in habit, and with a fresh-coloured face. That face now was flushed, and his eyes looked suspiciously bright.

"Welcome," he exclaimed, holding out both his hands to me. "Here I am, and nothing whatever the matter with me. I had an attack of giddiness, but it has passed off. Has my wife been making out that I am an invalid, eh? Well, I never felt better in my life. It would be a shabby trick to play on you, Halifax, to bring you down here, and then give you doctoring work to do."

"I am always prepared for doctoring work," I answered, "but I am delighted to see you so fit, General."

"You can leave us now, Mary," said the General, turning to his wife, and giving her an affectionate glance. "The giddiness has quite passed, my love, and a chat with Halifax will do me more good than anything else."

Mrs. Romney went immediately away. The moment she did so, the General sank into an arm-chair, and covered his eyes with one of his hands. I noticed that his big hand shook.

"The fact is," he said, in an altered tone, "I am *not* quite the thing. I did not want the wife to know, nor Iris, bless her. You are aware, or perhaps you are not, that there is to be a dance here to-night, Halifax—it would never do for an old chap like me to spoil sport. You have just come in the nick of time. Give me something to steady my nerves."

I prescribed a simple dose, the ingredients for which were fortunately close at hand. I mixed it, and General Romney took the glass from my hand and quickly drained off the contents.

"It takes a good bit out of a man to part with his only child," he said. "I consider myself, however, the luckiest father in existence. There never was a better fellow than Vane. You have seen him. What do you make of him, eh?"

"I have scarcely spoken two dozen words to Captain Vane," I said.



"I MIXED IT."

"What does that signify? You are a keen observer of character. What do you make of the lad?"

"I like what I have seen of him," I replied.

"I am delighted to hear you say that," exclaimed the General. "When I tell you that I consider Vane worthy of Iris, you will understand that I cannot give him higher praise. They are devoted to one another, and as happy as children. We shall have a gay time until the wedding is over. To-night



there is to be a dance ; to-morrow we go to the Sinclairs', for a farewell dinner ; the next day—but I need not recount all our gaieties to you, Halifax. Your dose has done me good—I feel as well as ever I did in my life at the present moment."

The General certainly looked more like himself. The violent colour on his face had subsided ; his eyes were still too excited, though, to please me, and I purposely led the conversation to every-day subjects.

There was a large dinner party at High Court that evening. This was to be followed by a dance, to which a number of guests had been invited.

Iris sat near me at dinner—she wore white, which suited her well. Her face was so vivacious, her hair so bright, the sparkle in her flashing eyes gave so much light and movement to her expression, that no vivid colour was needed to set off her remarkable beauty. Vane sat opposite to the bride-elect, and I found myself looking at him several times during dinner with much interest. He was on the whole the most silent of the party, and I guessed him to be a man of few words, but I felt certain by the thoughtful gleam in his eyes and the firm cut of his lips that he was one to be relied on and rested upon in the battle of life.

Immediately after dinner, the ladies went upstairs to rearrange their dresses for the coming ball, and General Romney motioned me up to his end of the table. He resumed the conversation we had had before dinner, and assured me several times in a low voice that the medicine I had given him had completely removed the nervous attack from which he had been suffering when I first saw him.

"Not that I have been at all the thing for some time," he added ; "but we'll talk of my ailments when the ball is over. Nothing must interfere with Iris's bridal ball, bless her."

We did not stay long over wine, and I presently found myself standing in the great central hall. A footman came up to place some fresh logs on the glowing fire. As he did so he glanced at me once or twice in a queer, nervous sort of manner. Suddenly he looked behind him, found that we were alone, and said, in a hurried, eager voice :—

"You are the doctor from London, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, in some surprise.

"Might I speak to you for a moment, sir? I have something to say—something that must be told. Might I see you by yourself, doctor—I won't keep you a minute?"

"Certainly," I replied ; "say what you have got to say at once."

The man's manner alarmed me, he was shaking all over.

"On this night, of all nights," he said. "Twill upset the General, for certain. Oh, sir, what is to be done?"

"If you will tell me what the news is, I can, perhaps, answer your question," I replied. "Now, pull yourself together, man, and tell me what is the matter."

The man stood up.

"It's a tragedy," he began, "and has happened, so to speak, at our gates. It's this :



"MIGHT I SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?"



Squire Ransome was found dead in the copse at the back of the house, not an hour ago. He was lying on his face and hands with his skull smashed in, and his gun lying by his side. They have took him home, and they say there's to be a warrant took out immediately for the arrest of the murderer. Who could have done it? I wouldn't have the General know this for £500."

Some people came into the hall; I turned quickly to the man.

"Hush," I said, in a peremptory voice; "keep your information to yourself for the present. If this thing is kept from the family until after the ball, so much the better. You were right to tell me, and we must trust that nothing will be known here until to-morrow."

The man nodded and walked away. Vane approached me at that moment, and taking my arm led me to the ball-room.

"The band has just struck up," he said. "Iris and I are going to open the ball, as a matter of course, but no doubt she will want you to be her partner in one or two dances later on."

"I hope she will," I replied.

"There she is; let us go to her," said Vane.

We walked up a long and splendidly decorated ball-room. Iris was standing beside her father and mother, near the principal entrance. They were busily engaged receiving guest after guest, who arrived continuously. In a few moments the great room was full of animated couples whirling round to the music of a splendid string band, which had been brought from London for the occasion. Vane and Iris opened the dance together. All eyes followed the graceful pair as they flew round in the giddy mazes of the waltz. Iris's face looked so animated, and there was such a flashing brilliancy about her eyes, that I began to compare her to her quaint name, and to think that she had some of the many lights of the rainbow, in its shifting, changing colours, about her.

One dance was quickly followed by another. General Romney and his wife still stood near the entrance. I noticed to my dismay that the deep, crimson flush which had somewhat alarmed me in the General's appearance before dinner had again returned. He was a man of full habit, and I did not like the glittering light in his eyes. I sincerely hoped, for every reason, that the terrible tragedy which had taken place in the copse before dinner would not reach his ears until the evening's amusement was over.

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For a time I stood rather apart from the gay and brilliant throng. Iris had promised to give me one or two dances, but our turn had not come yet.

As I stood and waited, I recalled the sound I had heard when I stood with Miss Romney on the mound. "At that moment, in all probability, the murder was being committed," I said to myself. "But, no, that could not have been the case, for the unfortunate Squire was found with his skull broken in; he could not have come by his death from a gunshot wound."

At that moment Miss Romney made her way to my side.

"Ours is the next dance," she said, looking into my face, "but——" she hesitated.

"What is it?" I asked, smiling at her.

"I am tired, I do not want to dance," she said. "Shall we sit this waltz out? Will you come with me to the conservatory, it is so hot here?"

"With pleasure," I replied.

She put her slim hand on my arm, and we left the ball-room. We had to cross the great hall to reach a large conservatory at the further end.

"I am anxious to have a talk with you," said the young girl, almost in a whisper, as we pushed our way through the throngs of guests. "I have known you since I was a child, and I am anxious——"

We had almost reached the conservatory now, but before we entered, Iris Romney turned and faced me.

"Dr. Halifax," she said, "is my father well?"

I was about to answer her, when a commotion behind caused us both to turn our heads. A man who was neither a guest nor a servant had pushed his way into the hall. He was a dark man, plainly dressed. Two of the powdered footmen had come up and were speaking to him. They seemed to be expostulating with him, and he appeared to be resisting them. One of the servants put his hand on the man's arm; he pushed him impatiently aside, and came farther into the hall.

The guests were everywhere—in the hall, on the stairs, trooping in and out of the ball-room. They all stood still now, as if moved by a common impulse. Every eye was fixed on the stranger. I suddenly felt that the moment had come for me to interfere. I cannot say what premonition seized me, but I knew beyond the possibility of doubt that that strange, queer-looking man had pushed his way into this festive scene on some terrible errand.



"Pardon me," I said to Iris, "I will just go and speak to that fellow, and be back with you in a minute."

"What can the man want?" exclaimed Iris.

"I will tell you in a moment," I said; "pray stay where you are."

To my annoyance, I found that she was following me.

The servant, Henry by name, who had given me the news of Ransome's death, came eagerly up when he saw me approaching.

"I am glad you are here, Dr. Halifax," he said. "Perhaps you can get Constable Morris to go away. I keep on telling him that he can come back later on."

The footman spoke in a hoarse whisper; agitation had paled his face; he clutched hold of my coat in a sort of nervous frenzy.

"Keep quiet," I said to him, sharply—then I turned to the policeman: "If you have any business here, you had better come into this room," I said.

The room in question was a small smoking-room, the door of which happened to stand open.

"Yes, sir, it would be best," said the man, in a perfectly civil tone. He stepped across the hall immediately—I followed him—Miss Romney did the same.

"Had you not better go away?" I said to her.

"No," she answered, "I prefer to stay and hear the matter out. Why, this is Constable Morris—I know him perfectly well. What do you want here to-night, Morris? You see we are all busy; if you have anything important to say, we can see you at any hour you like to arrange in the morning."

"I must do my work to-night, miss," he answered. "I'd rather cut off my right hand than give you pain, miss," he continued—"but, there, business is business. A constable's life ain't none too pleasant at times—no, that it ain't."

Here he drew himself up and, taking a red pocket-handkerchief out of

his pocket, wiped the moisture from his brow. His eyes travelled quickly from Iris, in her white dress, to me and then back again to Iris.

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "can't you get Miss Romney to leave the room?"

"I'm afraid I can't," I replied.

"Well, I suppose I must go on with the whole black business afore the young lady. If the thing is done quickly, there's no call for anyone to know, except the family. I beg a thousand pardons for coming into the hall as I've done, but I could not get a servant to hear me in the back premises. My colleague is outside with the trap, and we can take the young gent away as quiet as possible, and no one need know. Lor'! it's sure to turn out a big mistake, but duty is duty."

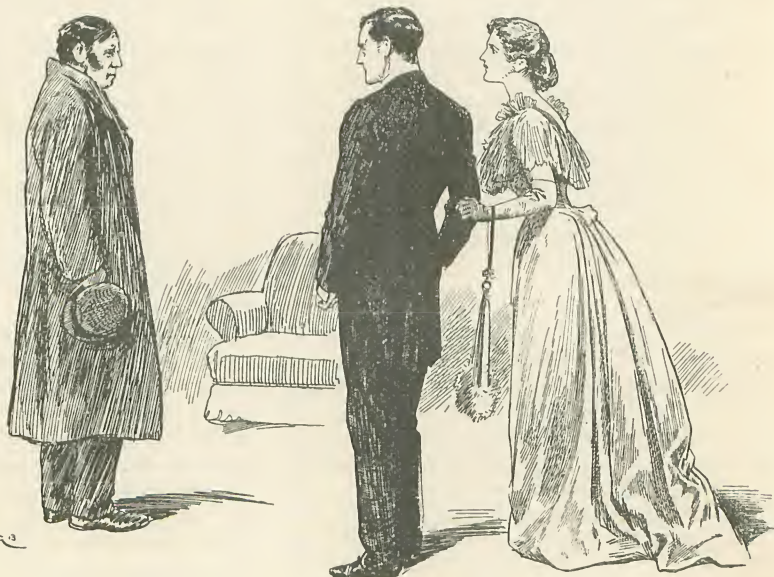
"What gentleman do you want to take away?" asked Iris, going up and standing opposite to the man. "Is it one of our guests?—which?"

"God Almighty knows, miss, that I don't want to trouble you."

"Speak out, man," I said. "Tell us your business, good or bad, immediately. Can't you see that this suspense is very bad for Miss Romney?"

The man glanced at Iris, but immediately looked down again.

"Well, sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "it's an ugly job, but here is the long and short of it. There has been a murder committed in these grounds. Squire Ransome, of Ransome Heights, was found



"SPEAK OUT, MAN," I SAID.

dead in the copse not three hundred yards from the house. The gamekeeper here and a labourer from the village found him and gave the alarm. He was took home, and I hold a warrant now for the arrest of Captain David Vane on a charge of having murdered him."

"On a charge of what?" said Iris. She had been very pale—as white as death, until the man had finally delivered himself of his cruel errand—then a great wave of brilliant colour flooded her face, and restored the dancing light to her eyes.

"This is such utter folly, that I am not even afraid about it," she said. "Oblige me, Dr. Halifax, by remaining with this man for a few minutes while I go to fetch David. It needs but a word or two to clear him of this monstrous charge."

She drew herself up to her full stately height, and left the room with the air of a queen.

Morris looked after her with a red face and troubled eyes.

"Ef you'll believe me, sir," he said, "I'd rayther than five hundred pounds that I was out of this job—it's a bad business altogether"—here he shook his head ominously.

The constable had scarcely said the words before Iris returned, accompanied by Vane.

"What is all this about?" said Vane. He looked full at the man, then at me.

Iris must have prepared him. He came into the room holding her hand. As he stood and faced the police-constable, he still kept it in a tight grip.

"Is it true," he said, "that I am charged with murder; and that you have a warrant to arrest me?"

"Are you Captain Vane, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then that is what I've got to do, I am sorry to say, sir. I've a trap outside, and my colleague is there, and the best thing we can do is to go off quietly at once. If you'll give me your word as you'll not try to escape, Captain Vane, I won't use the handcuffs. It's only to look at you, sir, to know that you're a gent of your word."

"Had you not better leave us, Iris?" said Vane, looking down for the first time at the girl's white face.

"No, I'll see it out to the end," she answered. "But can't you say something, David? Can't you clear yourself? Can't you put this dreadful thing straight?"

"I can and will, dearest," he replied, in a low tone; "but I'm afraid I must go with this man to-night."

"There's no help for it, sir. The warrant must be carried out. The inquest is to be held at the poor gentleman's own place to-morrow, and, as sure as sure, you'll be cleared; but now it's my duty to take you with me, Captain Vane."

"Cheer up, Iris," said Vane. "It is sure to be all right." He gave her a smile with his eyes. It was a queer, strong sort of smile, and it never reached his lips.

For the first time poor Iris broke down—she gave a low, heart-broken sob, and covered her face with her trembling hands.

"Take care of her," said Vane to me. "Keep it up if you can until the dance is over, and, above all things, try to conceal this horrid business from General Romney until after the guests have gone."

Here he turned to the policeman.

"I am ready to accompany you," he said.

"Will you allow me to fetch my overcoat?"

"I'm afraid, sir, it's my duty not to let you out of my sight—perhaps the other gentleman would bring the coat."

"No, I'll fetch it," said Iris, recovering herself like a flash. "Yes, I wish to fetch it—I know where it is."

She ran out of the room, but had scarcely done so when the door was suddenly flung open and General Romney, holding one hand to his head and stretching the other out before him as though he were groping blindly in the dark, tottered into our midst.

"What in the name of Heaven is all this about?" he exclaimed. "Vane, what are you doing here? Is not that man Constable Morris? Morris, what is your business in my house at this hour?"

Iris had now returned with the coat. She gave it to Vane, who began to put it on, and then went up to her father.

"Come away, father, do," she said.

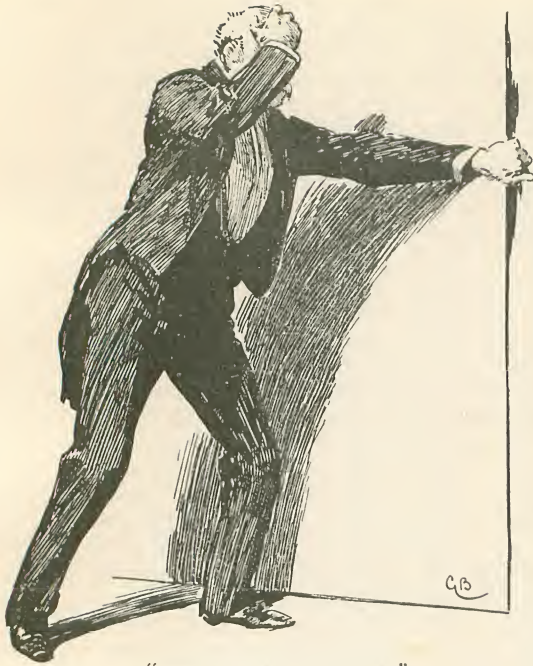
"Folly, Iris," he replied; "keep your hand off me. I am not a baby to be coerced in this style. Ah, Halifax, so you are here, too! Now, what's the mischief? Vane, can't you speak? Are you all struck dumb?"

"It's a bad business, sir," said the policeman. "I've a warrant here to arrest this young gentleman, Captain David Vane, on a charge of murder."

"A charge of *murder*?" shouted the General.

"Yes, sir. Squire Ransome has been found in the copse close to this house with his skull knocked in, and there's circumstantial evidence of a grave nature which points to Captain Vane as his murderer. It is my business to arrest him, and——"





"GENERAL ROMNEY TOTTERED."

"And I will come with you," said Vane. He turned to the General as he spoke. "I beg of you, General," he said, "to take Iris away from here. This matter is very horrible, but it can have only one termination. I am innocent, and my innocence can be easily proved. In all probability I shall be back here to-morrow, none the worse for this experience. Think of Iris, General, and for Heaven's sake take her out of this."

Iris tried again to lay her hand on her father's arm.

He shook her off as if she had struck him. His red face was no longer red—it was purple. The veins stood out in great knots on his neck and temples.

"You are charged with murder?" he said, turning to his future son-in-law. "And you have come here to arrest him," he continued, facing about and staring at the policeman—"then let me—" he broke off abruptly. A groan came from his lips, he stretched out both hands wildly as though to clutch at something.

"My God, I am blind and deaf!" he panted. "There is a roaring of water in my ears, I—" He stumbled forward, and fell in an unconscious heap on the floor.

The confusion which followed can scarcely be described. It was my duty to attend to General Romney. I knelt by him, raised his

head, loosened his collar and necktie, and desired someone to fetch Mrs. Romney. Figures kept passing to and fro. I knelt on by the side of the unconscious man. Presently Mrs. Romney came hurrying in. Two or three footmen also appeared. We raised General Romney with great care, and carried him through the hall full of guests, up the broad staircase, and into his own spacious bedroom on the first floor. There he was undressed and laid in his bed. There was no doubt with regard to the nature of his illness. General Romney had been smitten down with a severe attack of paralysis. I asked Mrs. Romney to send for the family physician, Dr. Haynes. He arrived on the scene in an incredibly short space of time. We had a hurried consultation over the case. Dr. Haynes arranged to sit up for the night with the unconscious man, and then for the first time I had a moment to think of others. What had become of Vane? Where was Iris?

Absorbed in anxiety about them, I ran hastily downstairs. The lights were still burning all over the house, but every guest had vanished: the place wore a neglected aspect. Some flowers were scattered about on the marble floor of the great hall. The fire on the hearth was reduced to ashes. All the doors leading into the hall stood open.

A girl in a white dress stood motionless by the empty hearth. Two or three dogs crouched at her feet. On hearing my steps she raised her head with a start. Her face, which had been dull and almost vacant in expression, lit up into full light. She sprang to meet me and stretched out her hands.

"I'm so glad you have come," she exclaimed. "How is father?"

"I am sorry to say he is very ill," I replied. "He is suffering from a severe stroke of paralysis."

Iris put her hand to her forehead.

"Is he in danger, Dr. Halifax?" she asked.

"I would rather not give any opinion about him to-night," I replied.

"I ought to be with him," she said. "I will go to him in a moment—after—after I have spoken to you."

"You cannot possibly do him any good by going to him now," I replied. "He is quite unconscious, and would not know you. He knows no one. Your mother is with him, and also Dr. Haynes. He wants for nothing at the present moment—nothing, I mean, that man can do. His life is in Higher Hands.

All we have to do is patiently to await results. Now, do you know that it is past two o'clock? You ought to be in bed."

Iris shuddered.

"I could not sleep if I went," she said. "Dr. Halifax, I want to tell you something."

"What is that?" I asked.

She looked full up at me—her eyes were bright again.

"Do you know why I fetched David's overcoat?" she said.

"I cannot say—you probably knew where it was to be found."

"I did—but I had another reason. I wanted to take the handkerchief away."

"What handkerchief?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"Have you such a short memory?" she asked, looking at me with a puzzled expression. "Don't you remember the handkerchief which David pulled out of his pocket this afternoon as we were coming up the avenue? It was blood-stained. Don't you recall the circumstances?"

"Yes," I replied, gravely, "I do—I had forgotten it when you first spoke of a handkerchief."

"Well, I remembered it," she replied; "it flashed suddenly across my memory when David asked for his coat. I knew that the handkerchief would be found there, and that they would use the blood-stains against him. That was why I was in such a hurry to fetch it. I removed the handkerchief and——"

"Yes," I said, when she paused, "and what did you do with it?"

"I burnt it—here, on this hearth. *That* horrible witness is, at least, reduced to ashes. Why, what is the matter, Dr. Halifax? How grave you look."

I felt grave. I knew that Iris had done wrong in burning the handkerchief. It might have been an important witness in *favour* of the accused. There was no use, however, in adding to her misery now.

"I wish you would go to bed," I said. "You are looking very ill."

She did not reply at once; she kept staring at me—her quick intuition read disapproval on my face.

"Have I done wrong?" she exclaimed, in a voice of terror.

"I sincerely hope not," I answered, as soothingly as I could speak. "Perhaps nothing will be said about the handkerchief."

"But why are you so grave? Are you not glad that it is gone?"

I gave her a quick glance—she was the sort of girl who could bear the truth.

"You acted with natural, but mistaken, impulse," I said. "It would have been possible to prove that the stains on the handkerchief were caused by pheasant's blood, which differs in essential particulars from man's—but doubtless," I continued, raising my voice to a cheerful key, "the monstrous charge against Captain Vane will be shattered without the least difficulty at the examination before the magistrate to-morrow morning."

"David is the noblest fellow in the world," said Iris, with shining eyes. "But," she added, suddenly, and as if the words were wrung from her, "he *did* hate Mr. Ransome, and he had good cause."

The next day Vane was brought before a magistrate at Salisbury. General Romney was lying in a prostrate condition, and Haynes decided to remain with him until the nurse from London arrived. I was, therefore, free to accompany Mrs. Romney and Iris to the police-court at Salisbury. I have no space here to go into full particulars of the examination. The case against Vane was as follows:—

His dislike to Ransome was well known. On the day of the murder Vane had gone out early—during the time of his absence Ransome undoubtedly met his death. This fact alone could not have incriminated the young man, but, unfortunately, he had been seen by two labourers, returning from their work, having high words with Ransome. Ransome was seated on the gate in the fence which divided General Romney's grounds from those of Ransome Heights. When the labourers passed, Ransome was using excited words, and Vane was replying to them with a degree of heat and intemperance quite foreign to his usual character. The men lingered near as long as they decently could, but seeing that Ransome noticed them they slunk off. They had reached the road and were walking rapidly towards their homes, when they heard a shot fired. They remarked on the circumstance to each other, and wondered, as they expressed it, "if the young gents were up to mischief." That evening, on repairing to the village tap-room, the first news that reached them was that of the murder of Squire Ransome. On their evidence a warrant was taken out for the arrest of Vane.

The magistrate listened gravely to all that was said, and then stated that there was no course open to him but to remand Captain Vane until the result of the coroner's inquest was known.

As Mrs. Romney, poor Iris, and I were



leaving the police-court, the lawyer who was employed in Vane's defence, one of the leading men in his profession at Salisbury, came up and asked to speak to me alone. I conducted the ladies to their carriage, and then went into a small room with him.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"This is a grave business," he replied. "Of course, I hope to get my client off, but I must own that circumstantial evidence points strongly against him. His own story is as follows: He frankly admits that he quarrelled with Ransome yesterday. He was walking across a field in General Romney's grounds when he came across a wounded pheasant lying on the path. He took his handkerchief out and strangled the bird. While doing so he heard a loud, mocking laugh, and looking up he saw Ransome astride of the gate in the fence. Vane called out to him with, as he acknowledged, considerable temper in his tones. His words were as follows:—

"'I should think, if you are cad enough to shoot another man's game, you would at least have the decency to kill it, and not leave it maimed.'

"He says that he finished this speech by flinging the pheasant at Ransome's feet.

"The Squire got into a towering passion, and broke immediately into a volley of oaths. Vane says that Ransome took good care to drag in Miss Romney's name in the most offensive manner.

"He acknowledged that he had some difficulty in keeping himself in control, and presently thought the most prudent course was to turn on his heel and walk away. He had only gone a little distance when he heard the report of a gun. He says he thought nothing of the circumstance beyond concluding that Ransome was continuing his sport. This is his tale," concluded the lawyer, "and a very lame one it will appear if there is no testimony to support it. Vane speaks of having stained his handkerchief with the pheasant's blood. He says he left it in his overcoat. Now, I cannot find it there. Would it be possible, Dr. Halifax, for you to get it for me?"

"I am afraid not," I replied, gravely.

I then told Mr. Selwyn of poor Iris's rash act of the previous night.

The lawyer looked very grave.

"What mad creatures women are," he said, after a pause. "The mere fact of the handkerchief being destroyed will incriminate the unfortunate young man."

We spoke together for a little longer, and then I was obliged to leave Selwyn to accompany Mrs. Romney and Iris to High Court.

I made a strong effort for their sakes to overcome the gloomy forebodings which seized me, and resolved that Iris should hear nothing more of her own rash act, unless circumstances made it impossible to keep it from her.

In the course of the afternoon, a



"HE SAW RANSOME ASTRIDE OF THE GATE IN THE FENCE."

messenger from Ransome Heights brought me a brief note to say that the coroner had returned a verdict of wilful murder against Captain David Vane. I can scarcely explain the emotion which overcame me when I read this brief note. I crushed it in my hand, pushed it into my pocket, and went out for a long walk.

That evening I was sitting alone in General Romney's study, when my thoughts were interrupted by a message from Mrs. Romney desiring my presence in the sick room.

I went upstairs at once. The General was lying on his back, breathing stertorously; the flush on his face was not so marked as it had been when first the seizure had taken him; his lips were slightly open, and occasionally he moved his eyelids very faintly.

"He has looked at me once or twice," said Mrs. Romney, who was standing by the bedside; "and," she added, "his eyes have had a question in them."

"He doubtless has much he wants to tell you," I said, in a soothing voice. "This is a good sign of his returning intelligence."

"But I fear you do not think well of him, Dr. Halifax."

"The case is a very grave one," I replied.

Mrs. Romney was silent for a moment—then she laid her hand on my arm and drew me to a distant part of the room.

"Do you think," she said, looking full up at me as she spoke—"do you think that my husband knows anything of the murder?"

Her words startled me.

"How could he?" I answered. "General Romney has not been out for some days—"

"That is true," she replied, "he has not been well—not quite himself. Still, what does the strange, anguished look in his eyes mean? Oh, I know he wants to tell me something very badly. See, doctor, his eyes are open now. Come to him: he would beckon us if he could."

I approached the bed where the stricken man lay. He gazed at me fixedly—his eyes were bloodshot and dull; nevertheless, beneath the dulness, beneath the ebbing powers of life, I thought I caught a glimpse of a tortured soul. The look in the General's eyes startled me. I laid my hand gently over them to close them.

"Do not think—sleep," I said to him.

Perhaps he did not understand me—perhaps he did.

Soon afterwards I left the room. I returned once more to the study. My mind was now filled by a very anxious thought. Suppose Mrs. Romney was right? Suppose

the dying man did know some fact which might clear David Vane? The feeling that this might possibly be so, and the knowledge also that the dull brain would in all probability never have the power of expressing its thoughts again—that the man who was so soon to leave the world would most likely carry his secret in darkness and silence to his long home—gave me a feeling of intense pain. I felt absolutely powerless to do anything in the matter, and in order to while away the wretched moments, I looked around me to see if I could find something to read.

The General was not a reading man, and, with the exception of a few sporting journals, there were no books to be found in his study. I was about to leave the room to seek for some literature further a-field, when a cabinet of old-fashioned make, which occupied a niche in one corner, attracted my attention. The cabinet was of oak, old, and beautifully carved; it had doors which could be shut or opened by the turning of brass handles. It was possible that I might find something to read in this cabinet. I went to it and opened the doors. I saw at a glance that it did not contain what I had come to seek. Some guns, one or two rusty pistols, a few old files and bottles, were scattered about on the different shelves; but what particularly attracted my attention was a battered-looking hat, which seemed from the way it had been pushed in on the top of bottles and various other débris, to have found a hasty hiding-place in the cabinet. I took it into my hands and looked at it—at first without any special interest. Then the faint smell of singeing attracted my attention. I held the hat between me and the light, and noticed that it had been considerably injured. On close examination I saw that it had been shot through. There were holes apparent in the crown; one round hole about the size of a shilling, and three or four smaller ones. These holes must have been caused by a charge of shot. For what possible reason had anyone made a shooting target of the old hat?

I put it back again in its place, shut the cabinet doors, and returned to my place by the fireside. I felt excited, and no longer cared to divert my thoughts by reading. Why was the hat in the cabinet, and why had it been riddled with shot?

"Suppose," I said to myself, "General Romney really knows all about this affair—and suppose Vane is hanged for it."

I began to think hard. I had scarcely



time, however, to arrange my thoughts before the study door was opened, and Iris came in. There were red rims round her eyes as if she had been crying—otherwise she was quite calm. I looked at her attentively, and it occurred to me that she might help me to throw light on the mystery which was now occupying all my thoughts.

"Sit down," I said to her; "I want to talk to you about your father."  
"How is he?" she asked.

"Very ill indeed," I replied.

Her face grew a shade paler.

"Is he dying?" she asked of me.

"I have grave fears for him," I answered; "but you know the old saying, that 'while there is life there is hope.' It is important that I should know the symptoms which preceded this sudden attack, and it has occurred to me that you can possibly help me. What did your father do, for instance, yesterday?"

Iris's brow contracted with a certain impatience.

"My father has not been well for some days," she said.

"He spent yesterday as he has spent most days lately, in his study."

"He did not go out, then?"

"Go out!—no, he has not been out for a fortnight."

"Are you certain on that point?" I asked.

"Yes—what do you mean? Even if he did go out, it does not greatly matter, does it? But I know that he did not."

"In the state he was in," I said, "exercise would have been extremely injurious to him, and if he took it, it might have hastened the attack."

"He was not out, Dr. Halifax," said Iris, "and," she continued, eagerly, "it so happens that I can prove it. Father would never stir

a yard without a certain old hat which he had a fancy for. That hat has been hanging in the hall for the last fortnight. I will fetch it for you."

"Do," I said; "I am sorry to trouble you, but it is important that I should know if the attack was in any way caused by unwonted exercise."



"THERE WERE HOLES APPARENT IN THE CROWN."

Iris quickly left the room; she came back in a moment with empty hands.

"The hat is not there," she exclaimed. "It was on the stand yesterday morning. I saw it; perhaps one of the servants has removed it."

"Is this it?" I asked, going suddenly to the cabinet, flinging it open, and producing the hat. I held it high, for I did not wish Iris to notice the holes made by the shot.

She came eagerly to my side.

"That is certainly the hat," she replied. "I wonder why father hid it in the cabinet?"

"Finding the hat here points to the conclusion that he went out yesterday," I said. "He perhaps put it in this cabinet to avoid the

trouble of returning it to its place in the hall."

"Perhaps so," replied Iris. "And you think he injured himself by going out?"

"He certainly did," I said, in a grave voice.

I did not add any more. My suspicions were confirmed.

"You are looking tired," I said to Iris. "You had better go to bed. Rest assured that I mean to take this matter up, but you mustn't question me. If I fail, I fail, but I may succeed. Go to bed and sleep. Rest in the knowledge that I will do my best."

Iris suddenly seized my hand.

"You are good, you comfort me," she said; "you strengthen me."

She ran out of the room.

I sat down again by the fire. I was now concentrating my thoughts on one object, and one only. Having clearly made up my mind that General Romney possessed a secret, it was my mission to restore to him the power of divuiging it. How could I do that?

The General was suffering from embolism—there was little doubt, also, that there was progressive paralysis of the brain. The case was a bad one, and under ordinary circumstances the doomed man would go down into his grave in unbroken silence. In this case the silence must be broken. How?

Suddenly, an idea came to me—the shadow of a hope possessed me. Thin and poor as this hope was, I determined to act upon it. I went up to General Romney's bedroom. Haynes was there, seated by the bedside; a trained nurse, who had arrived from town, was also present, and Mrs. Romney was lying on a sofa in a distant part of the room. The General lay as motionless as of old. I went over and sat by the bedside—the pallor was deepening over the sick man's face, the shadow of death was on it; his eyes, however, were wide open: they looked at me now, full of speech, but of speech which I had no power to interpret. I took his hand in mine, and felt his pulse, it was weak and fluttering; I bent down and listened to his breathing, then I asked Haynes to come into the next room for a moment.

"What do you think of the case?" I said to him.

"Quite hopeless," he answered. "I do not think our patient will be alive in the morning."

"He is certainly very ill," I replied. "His respiratory centres are affected, out of proportion to the severity of the attack of paralysis; in short, even if the hemorrhage on the brain does not proceed, he is likely to die of asphyxia."

"I have noticed the affection of the lungs," said Haynes. "Can nothing be done to relieve the breathing?"

"I am inclined to try the inhalation of oxygen gas," I answered. "I propose that we send immediately to Salisbury for some bags of the gas, and give it to the patient to inhale."

Haynes looked at me in doubtful surprise. "Where so much is wrong," he said, "what is the use of trying what may only prolong life to cause further suffering? The patient is almost unconscious."

"He is not unconscious," I replied. "He knows us. Have you not noticed the expression in his eyes?"

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"I have," said Haynes. "To tell the truth, I do not like their look. They give me a sense of being haunted."

"The inhalation of the gas can do no harm," I said, almost cheerfully. "I am quite aware that it is not usually tried in such cases, but I have a special reason for wishing not to leave a stone unturned to give the General a chance of even partial revivment. Now, can we get a messenger to go to Salisbury at once?"

Haynes looked dubious and disturbed.

"I will go, if anybody must," he answered; "but in addition to not feeling sanguine as to the success of your remedy, I am quite certain that we cannot get the oxygen gas in Salisbury."

"We'll make it, then," I replied. "Such a trivial obstacle must not baffle us at a crucial moment like the present. Will you go for me immediately to Salisbury, Haynes, and get two nitrous oxide bags from any dentist you happen to know? Then get from the chemist a retort and a spirit-lamp, some chlorate of potash, some peroxide of manganese, some caustic potash, some rubber tubing, and two big glass jars. Bring these back with you as fast as ever you can. I believe in the remedy, but there is not a moment to lose in preparing the oxygen gas."

Haynes left me, and I returned to the sick room. I shall not soon forget those weary hours of watching. I knew that with all possible speed Haynes would not be back with the necessary materials for preparing the gas under a couple of hours. Meanwhile, the patient's strength was ebbing fast. Any moment that fluttering pulse might cease. I administered restoratives at intervals, and held the limp hand in mine. Shortly before Haynes returned, Mrs. Romney stirred on her sofa, rose, and motioned to me to follow her into the next room. When I did so, she spoke, eagerly.

"How is my husband?" she asked.

I looked at her.

"You must know the truth," I said. "You are brave—you will bear up—General Romney is dying—nothing can be done to save his life, but I have sent to Salisbury for a special remedy which will, in all probability, relieve the breathing, and it is quite possible give him the opportunity of communicating to us that thought which haunts his dying bed."

"Yes, yes, he wants to tell us something," said Mrs. Romney. She turned white, and trembled so excessively that I made her sit down on the nearest chair.





"THE PATIENT'S STRENGTH WAS EBBING FAST."

At this moment I heard steps on the stairs, and Haynes arrived with all the necessary materials for making the gas.

There was not a moment to waste. I got the apparatus quickly into order, mixed the chemicals, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the bag slowly fill with pure oxygen gas. Haynes and I then hurried into the sick room. I directed the nurse to place a lamp in such a position that the light should fall on the patient. My object now was to revive him—in short, to untie, if possible, that silent tongue. Mrs. Romney followed me into the room. The gas was quickly applied, and the effect of even the first few whiffs was marvellous. The death-like pallor on the sick man's face left it. The returning colour first stole into the tips of the ears, then to the lips, then the eyes grew bright. The General heaved a deep sigh, as though an awful weight had been lifted from him. I removed the rubber tubing which I had introduced into one of his nostrils, and noticed the quick, strong respirations which now proceeded from the relieved lungs. This relief did not last long; but when I administered the gas again, the effect was in every way satisfactory. At the third application General Romney sat up in bed. His mouth twitched, he tried to speak, but no intelligent words would come to him. He was now, however, fully conscious, and I knew that the moment had arrived for me to speak to him.

"I want to tell you something, General," I said. "Captain David Vane——"

"Oh, don't, I beg of you," interrupted Mrs. Romney.

I pushed her aside.

"Do not interrupt me," I said; "look at his face."

That face was, indeed, eloquent with suppressed speech. The General moved his arms impatiently. I turned to him and began to speak again in a low, distinct voice.

"Captain David Vane," I said, "has been arrested for the murder of Mr. Ransome, of Ransome Heights. It is very probable that a verdict of wilful murder may be returned against him, unless you, General Romney, you who are a dying man, can throw light on the mystery."

His face worked; a hopeless jumble of unintelligible sounds proceeded from his lips.

I held the gas again to his nostrils and he revived. Making an effort, he suddenly threw out his right arm and hand and pointed with one finger to some writing materials which lay on a table not far distant. I went to the table, secured blotting-pad and paper and a sharply pointed pencil. I brought them back with me, placed the pencil in the dying hand, and supported the old man in such a way that he was able to write without much difficulty.

"Quick," I whispered to him, "a life depends on what you want to say."

His fingers immediately began to move across the paper. I looked over his shoulders as he wrote.

These were the words which I read:—

"David Vane is innocent. I am the person who killed Thomas Ransome. This is how the deed was done. On the day you arrived I went out, contrary to my doctor's advice, for a short walk. I went into the copse. I saw Ransome sitting on the fence which divides his property from ours. He was in the act of aiming at a pheasant in my copse when I saw him. I called to him in a loud voice to abstain. I called him what he was—a scoundrel. He raised his eyes—



looked at me and burst out laughing. I saw that he was the worse for drink. I came close up to him.

"It isn't pheasants alone I have come to knock down," he said, with a jeer. "I'm looking for bigger game."

"The next instant I heard a noise and felt some heat. The fellow had presented his gun at me at near quarters. I closed with him, and we had a terrible tussle. I seized the gun, and gave him one blow on the head—only one. I thought I had stunned him—he rolled into the ditch and lay quiet. I came back to the house and saw that the full charge of the gun had entered my hat. I regarded my life as a miracle, and put the hat away—not to alarm my family. I felt ill and shaken—I had been unwell for some time. I had no idea that I had killed Ransome. You came in and gave me a restorative, and I felt better. I was in the ball-room receiving my visitors when someone rushed up and told me that Ransome was dead, and that a police-officer had arrived for the purpose of arresting Vane. I ran, as if the Evil One were behind me, to find Vane, and tell the truth. Before I could do so, I was stricken down."

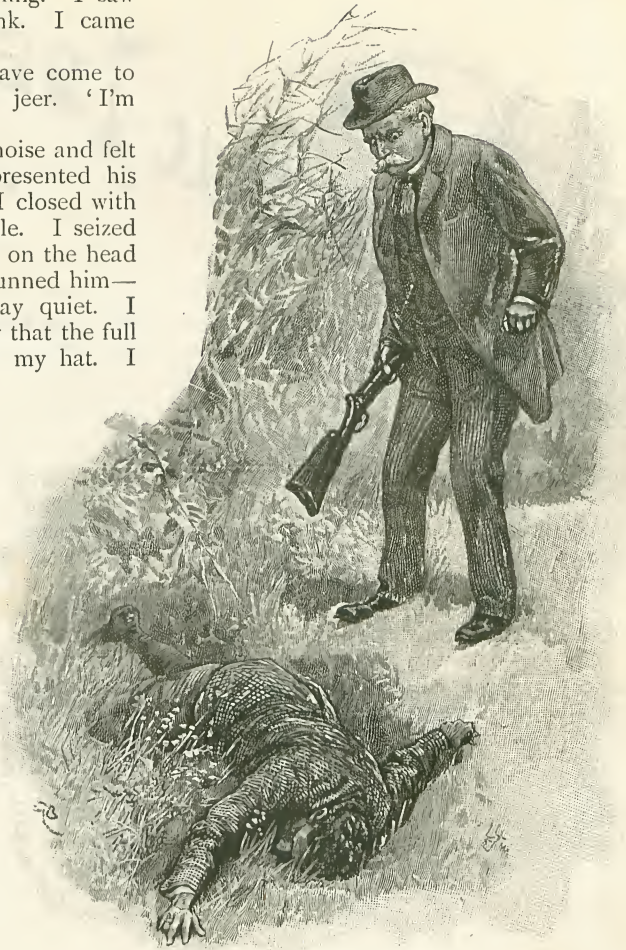
Having written so far, the General paused. The pencil fluttered out of his feeble fingers. I applied the gas once again—his respiration grew easier, but I saw that the last flicker of strength was leaving him, and that soon even the revivifying gas would fail in its effects.

"For God's sake, rouse yourself, General," I cried to him. "Sign the statement you have just made. Sign it quickly."

Haynes, Mrs. Romney, and the nurse were all standing round—the General took the pencil in his hand.

"Sign, sign," I said.

I held him up, and he managed with the last flicker of strength to put his name in full at the bottom of the paper. I handed the paper to Mrs. Romney, with an expressive look. She took it and laid it on the table. I put General Romney once more back on his pillows.



"I THOUGHT I HAD STUNNED HIM."

"You have done bravely," I said to him. "This paper will completely clear Vane. Your girl will be happy yet—you may die in peace."

He looked up at me, and I saw that the question and the agony had left his dying eyes for ever. Iris was hurriedly sent for, but before she arrived the old man was unconscious. She sat by his side, and took his hand in hers. As she sat so, I read over to her the words which her father had just put on paper. She burst into tears, and fell forward on his breast.

Perhaps he knew she was there, for the eyelids seemed to flutter, but gradually and surely the laboured breath quieted down, and before the morning dawned General Romney died.



# ECCENTRIC IDEAS

BY  
James Scott.



ANY people labour under the false impression that an *idea* is an *invention*, and with assurance in this connection submit ideas to editors, and other great men, seeking information regarding the remuneration they may expect from the said great men in the event of the latter piloting their ideas through perfection, and the Patent Office. Every practical inventor knows that *ideas* are common to nearly everybody who will exercise their minds a little; and that an inventive man has suggested mentally scores of ideas, of which he perceives the impracticability, and which he discards at once. Some apparently impossible suggestions *are* realized, by men such as Edison. But there are many ideas which even the wizard Edison could not lick into proper shape—ideas that I have culled from the many sources open to all—ideas of cranks and addle-pated men who have imaginative minds, but are quite devoid of practical sense. I have illustrated them in order the better to convey their absurdity.

Take the ridiculous notion for preventing collisions on the railway (Fig. 1). It is

able than the second. The first is based on the supposition that less resistance would thereupon be offered to the wind than is now manifested; and that, therefore, the train would proceed at an easier and quicker pace, with a less expenditure of energy. Here I am of the same opinion as the inventor; but when it is asserted that if the front edges of these engines were slightly curved outwards, the effect of a collision would be the pushing off the line of one train by the stronger of the two, I am inclined to believe that the remedy would prove as disastrous as, if not more destructive than, the evil it aimed to avoid. As soon as one engine was pushed off the line, its opposing companion would crash through the carriages which were being dragged off the metals. All inventions need to be tested before final pronouncement of their value can be candidly given; but in such a case as that now before us, the difficulty of forming a pronouncement is formidably obstructed by the danger attending actual experiment. If the inventor's claims are sincerely believed in by him, he should have every inducement to test the matter, and should feel convinced that a purposely-

contrived collision would not produce dire results. But, notwithstanding his assertions, I imagine that he would feel qualms of conscience were a test about to be applied to the peculiar engines.

Still keeping our attention attached to locomotives, I will acquaint the reader with a more sensible, albeit impracticable, suggestion for minimizing the risk accruing from another form of collision. In this case, the object in view is to provide against the danger incident

upon the meeting of one train with the back of a forerunner. It is intended that all locomotives should have the last van shaped in a sloping manner, so that a

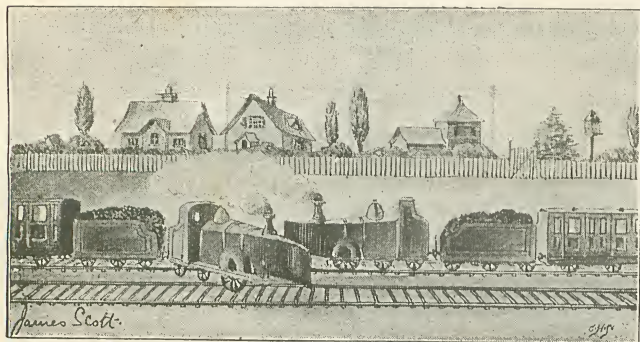


FIG. 1.

suggested that the fronts of the engines shall be wedge-shaped, somewhat after the manner of a ship, the first of the claims for such a contrivance being more feasible and credit-



train following too closely behind it would be enabled to run up the slanting surface, and eventually mount to the top of it (Fig. 2). Lines are to be laid along the

After all, it would appear that the safest plan to adopt in these matters is to *prevent* the collisions.

Are we getting lazy, or are our business demands so urgent that great haste in our personal locomotion is absolutely necessary? I am prompted to ask this question because one enthusiast has suggested the peculiar sloping roadways illustrated in Fig. 3. The idea is that by constructing the roads in this rather tantalizing manner, pedestrians could, when they desired, leave the pavement, and after having applied roller-skates to their feet, just stand erect at the top of the slope, and allow themselves to travel down without further effort—

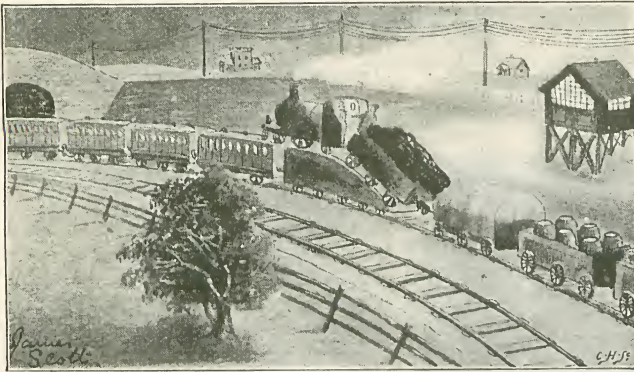


FIG. 2.

slopes and the tops of the carriages, and it is supposed that the driver of the topmost train would have sufficient time allowed him thereby to shut off steam and bring his locomotive to a standstill. I am wondering how the upper one would fare in the event of the meeting happening near a tunnel, as I have depicted in my illustration; supposing that the under one had not been crushed to pieces by the weight and commotion above it.

Practical inventors will at once detect many obvious and almost insurmountable points calculated to deprive this invention of a claim to meritorious qualification. In the first place, unless the sloping portion of the train dragged along directly in contact with the ground, and the rails upon it were tapered to a nicety at the bottom, the back engine would not act as desired, for the alternate course would entail the use of wheels, whereupon the extreme end edge of the train would be raised to an elevation of several inches above the ground, and would form a kind of step up which the following train could not spring. The second futile point is that, even supposing that the front locomotive *did* slope accurately, and permit surmounting, the great gaps between the carriages which would *necessarily* exist would form gulfs into which the wheels of the upper train would slip, and cause dreadful destruction.

unless it be to maintain their equilibrium or to avoid violent contact with fellow-skaters. Arrived at the bottom of a slope, steps would have to be climbed—a difficult matter, by the way, whilst one's feet are encased in skates—before other slopes could be reached. Certainly, if a very long street were so formed, speed would be assured. But how about vehicles? Where would *they* be accom-



FIG. 3.

modated? I suppose that they would take to the pavements, crossing from one to another by means of the square levels at the street ends. As a pastime, perhaps, this means of progress might be amusing; but it is too ludicrous to commend itself as a serious invention, calculated to be popular



in our busy centres of commerce, or, for the matter of that, anywhere within our realms.

Burglars ! What sneaking, cunning, clever rogues burglars are, for the most part ! They defy householders who adopt various suggestions that apparently offer effective opposition to their enterprising tactics. Locks and bars, bells and dogs, shutters and steel-plates—all are sooner or later rendered preg-



FIG. 4.

nable by the undoubted, yet unadmired, skill of the genuine professional burglar. Whether he would approve or disapprove of the practical application of the scheme depicted in Fig. 4 is a matter likely to arouse dispute. He might not consider it very formidable : he might even regard it with a friendly eye, and ask for its extensive adoption. This is the idea : The pavement in front of each shop and warehouse should be so constructed as to be capable of being lifted bodily like a trap-door, and secured by mechanical means to the house-front, at night. Beneath the wide pavements would be a very deep trench, either permanently filled with water, or so arranged that sufficient water would enter it every evening at a particular hour. The object of this device is to form a barrier which, it is supposed, would baffle the burglar. He could not step across the ditch on to any convenient ledge ; nor could he stand in the water, as its depth would prevent recourse to such a tactic. But, if he did manage to stand by some artful means in the water, his consequent damp condition would assuredly attract the notice of stray policemen, whose inquiry and activity might result disastrously to the busy B. Gentlemen with planks to be used as bridges at midnight would also draw 'cute attention towards their movements.

The invention seems feasible and useful ; but it is surrounded with disadvantages. Highway robberies would undoubtedly increase largely, owing to the convenient means ready at hand wherewith to dispose of the unfortunate victims' lives. The constant presence of the water would be responsible for the appearance of diseases, and would tend to destroy the foundations of the houses.

And in addition to all this, we have the unfortunate fact that to the very class of buildings that mostly need protection, viz., uninhabited warehouses, the idea would not be applicable, for the very substantial reason that if it were impossible for a burglar to open the door when the trap-pavement was elevated, it would be an equally impossible job for the last man leaving a City house to raise the pavement and secure it. And, of course, if fitted outside houses in which dwelt inmates, its value and efficiency would be diminished by the fact of their presence. How quickly the utility of bold and huge ideas is destroyed !

Many readers may have heard of crawling books—to wit : live snakes with records and sayings tattooed on their skins ; but I daresay few have heard of the suggested travelling roadway. Think of it ! A cart to



FIG. 5.

carry its own road with it ! The illustration (Fig. 5) explains to the ordinary eye as much as is requisite to understand it. Five narrow troughs are to be hinged together and placed outside each cart-wheel, in such a way as to be incapable of accidental release. As the cart proceeded, first one then another trough would gradually lie along the thoroughfare and afford a footing for the wheel.

The idea is that, by this means, a level path would be available for travelling over sandy, muddy, stony, or slippery ground. Of course the result in practice would be exactly the same as if the wheel itself had been made in the shape of the five-sided frame to start with, instead of round.

In the highly entertaining article on the "Evolution of the Cycle," appearing in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for July, 1892, many eccentric ideas were manifested ; but few are more curious than the suggested foot-cycle portrayed in Fig. 6. The belief of its inventor is that many would adopt its use because thereby it would be

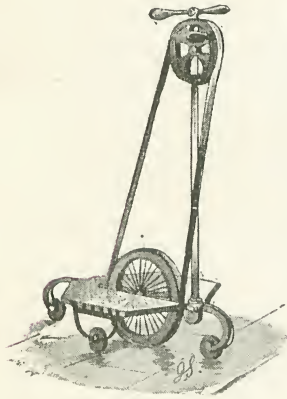


FIG. 6.

possible to travel on the pavement, and be free from the dangers to which cyclists are now exposed in the roadway. Moreover, the machine would be portable when not in actual use, but in this direction I cannot enlighten my readers. It is advised that two wheels should be connected to a belt, and that motion should be gained by turning a handle. It would have steering apparatus, but could only travel over comparatively smooth pavements or roads.

I have heard sailors declare that they would much prefer to be at sea during stormy or windy weather than be wandering through the streets of a town. They say, truthfully, that no dislodged chimney-pots or bricks can surprise and injure them by falling on their tender heads. In their innocent way, they forget the existence of equally severe dangers beneath their feet. I daresay, however, that even if they could be persuaded to don the wonderful tall hat depicted in the adjoining illustration (Fig. 7), sufficient faith in its efficiency would not be forthcoming to induce



FIG. 7.

them to wander about so dressed, and they would still hanker for the ocean. Moreover, the spectacle of a sailor with a tall hat would provoke so much mirth on the part of land-lubbers generally, as to make Jack feel too uncomfortable for his own happiness.

Gentlemen are *not* advised to wear this hat, although it is supposed that immediately a brick or other obtrusive article fell upon it, a spring would be thereby released, and cause an interior cylinder to pop up and eject the objectionable material. I will not ask any questions concerning the details of this contrivance, although I feel annoyed that certain mysterious points are still unfathomable.

How many ladies will be fascinated with the fan-umbrella hat shown in Fig. 8 ? I shall

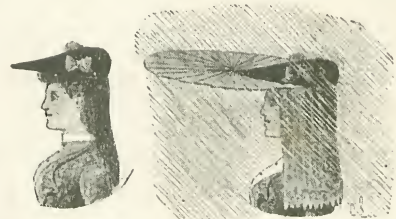


FIG. 8.

keep a sharp eye on the tender sex when I am out-doors during the wet weather, although I must confess that I anticipate but little prospect of encountering any of them parading with this contrivance above their devoted heads. Perhaps the inventor thought that as the only purposes for which a fan at present serves is either to cool a heated cheek or hide a blush, it ought in justice to itself to be known that it can be made to act as a serviceable umbrella. The closed fan is to occupy a position within the hat, when not required for the queer use referred to ; and be capable of being opened entirely in



the form of a circle as shown, and have the additional attraction of an accompanying curtain to shield the back hair. How the surplus rain, which would assuredly accumulate thereon, is to be disposed of I know not, so pray do not press me for further particulars. Ladies will perhaps be satisfied by uttering: "Fancy that! See that fan?" and pass on to the gentleman's umbrella-hat, which, however, is hardly so charming an appendage as its companion.

This particular covering (Fig. 9) assumes the shape of the ordinary college cap when in its closed condition, but may be opened as shown during times of elemental disturbance. It is to be unfolded and folded in a similar way possible with ungummed envelopes. By what manner of means it is to sustain its four unfolded corners, no man (even the inventor himself) knoweth. What a delightfully picturesque pair a lady and gentleman carrying these last forms of headgear would

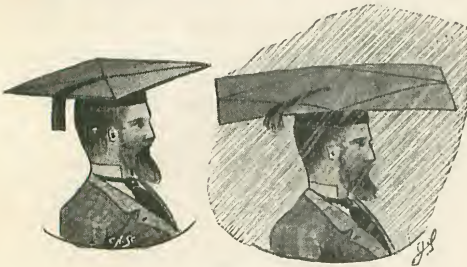


FIG. 9.

present! It must be acknowledged, though, that the position of the caps is too elevated to be of effective utility, and it would be desirable, therefore—in the interests of utility, if not of the individuals—to compress the heads of the wearers to such an extent that the combination umbrellas would be better adapted for sheltering the shoulders.

Fig. 10 represents a more formidable notion, and one of quite another category. It has been suggested that to the ordinary wheels of tram-cars should be attached cog-wheels of a larger diameter; and that these cog-wheels should engage with notched rails situated beneath the ordinary tram-lines. The under-sides of the notched rails are to communicate with a shallow tunnel, and to them may be suspended parcels and boxes, bags and sacks, and any other class of article the carriage of which people are in the habit of

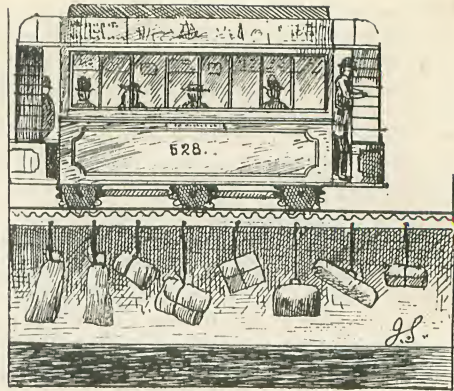


FIG. 10.

deputing to carmen and railway trucks. It is supposed—and the idea is a charmingly deceptive one—that the cog-wheels of a travelling tram would by such means propel the notched rails (in an opposite direction to that followed by the tram), which in turn would convey the goods. Such a proceeding *might* ensue, were the tram-wheels fixtures in the proper sense of the word—*i.e.*, deprived of a forward motion, and only permitted to revolve; but as affairs are proposed, there would happen but one thing—the goods would not move. The cog-wheels would only fit in and out of the notches in the rails beneath them, and fail to act as anticipated, for the simple reason that in travelling forward they could exert no leverage, and, consequently, create no motion.

The gentleman who is comfortably dreaming beneath a huge trumpet (Fig. 11) would undoubtedly regret having followed an eccentric inventor's suggestion, in the event of a mishap taking place with the suspending rope. The idea is that by adopting this form



FIG. 11.

of contrivance (which is to communicate with the outer air) an abundance of refreshing, stimulating air could be secured during sleep, without providing facilities for burglarious entrance into the chamber, as is now provided when the window is left open for the admission of the atmosphere. Properly speaking, this slumberer's window should be well shuttered; but as he would then be in total darkness, I cannot see how I could have portrayed him and his precious air-trumpet.

I can safely predict that, in the event of anyone addicted to snoring foolishly availing himself of the practical application of this idea, such strenuous complaints by the neighbours would be made relative to the magnified sounds audible, as to render the availer's life unbearable. How the poor man is to make his bed, or enter it after it has been made, whilst so formidable a preventive remains in evidence, are a couple of minor questions that should not, perhaps, have been mooted.

I have purposely left until last the most sensible of the curious proposed schemes collected by me. Yet

it, too, has its many impossibilities, or, at least, colossal disadvantages. The project concerns the lighting of our towns and cities, and the inventor claims that, by stationing men on platforms above the reflectors, and by furnishing telegraphic communication between all captive balloons and ground stations, people in the street would be so conspicuously under observation that any suspicious persons could be tracked completely through the maze of thoroughfares. If my fear that, in the course of time, the balloons would carry to the heavens the houses to which they are secured by ropes is unfounded, there still remains the difficulty of relieving the watchers daily, weekly, or monthly, unless the matter be overcome by the costly method of lowering and raising the balloons on every occasion. However, there's the idea. Use it if you can (Fig. 12).

Having now explained as fully as is desirable a *few* of the eccentric ideas of man, I will sum up by stating that eccentric ideas are like mushrooms — all top and no bottom; and — like soda-water bottles — cannot stand.

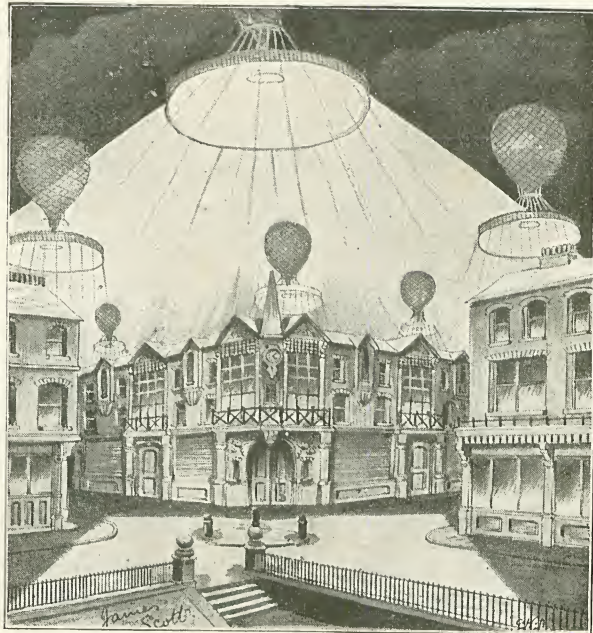


FIG. 12.





## A STORY FOR CHILDREN

By E. P. LARKEN.



FRTZ, Franz, and Hans were charcoal-burners. They lived with their mother in the depths of a forest, where they very seldom saw the face of another human being. Hans, the youngest, did not remember ever having lived anywhere else, but Fritz and Franz could just call to mind sunny meadows, in which they played as little children, plucking the flowers and chasing the butterflies. Indeed, Fritz was able to compare the present state of miserable poverty in which they lived with the ease and comfort they enjoyed in years gone by.

Once upon a time they were well off. They had enough to eat every day, they lived in a comfortable house, surrounded by a nice garden, and with plenty of kind neighbours round them. Then came a change. Their father lost his money, and was forced to leave this pleasant home, and to earn bread for his family by becoming a charcoal-burner. Everything now became different. Their house was a poor hut, composed of a few logs of wood knocked roughly together. Dry black bread with, occasionally, a few potatoes and lentils, and now and then, as a great treat, a little porridge, formed their food. And to secure even this they had to work hard from morning till night at their grimy trade. But their father was brave and patient, and, while he was alive,

the wolf was kept some distance from the door. Besides, he could always put some heart into the boys, when they began to flag, by a joke or a pleasant story. But he had died a year ago, owing to an accident he met with while chopping wood for the furnace, and since his death matters had been going from bad to worse with the family.

Fritz and Franz were, unfortunately, selfish, ill-conditioned lads, who made the worst instead of the best of their troubles, and who even grudged their mother and brother their share of the food. Hans, on the other hand, was a capital fellow. He always had a cheerful smile or word, and did all in his power to help his mother to keep in good spirits. One day at dinner time they were startled by a knock at the door. A knock at the door does not sound to us, perhaps, to be a very startling thing, but they, as I said, so seldom saw a strange face near their home that this knock at the door quite took away their breath. When it came, Fritz and Franz were sitting over the fire munching their last piece of black bread, and grumbling to one another as was their custom, while Hans, seated on the bed beside his mother, was telling her about what he saw and what he fancied when he was in the forest. Fritz was the first to recover himself, and he growled out, in his usual surly tone, "Come in." The door opened, and a gentleman entered. From his green dress, the gun that he carried in his

hand, and the game-bag slung by his side, they saw that he was a huntsman who had been amusing himself with shooting the game with which the forest abounded.

"Good morning, good friends," he said, in a cheerful tone. "Could you provide me with a cup of water and a mouthful of something to eat? I have forgotten to bring anything with me, and am ravenously hungry and far from home."

Fritz and Franz first threw a scowling glance from under their eyebrows at the stranger, by way of reply, gave a grunt, and continued munching at their hunks of bread. Hans, however, was more polite. The only seats in the hut were occupied by Fritz and Franz, and, as they showed no disposition to move, Hans dragged a log of wood from a corner and placed it before the visitor and invited him to sit down. Then he produced a cup, scrupulously clean, indeed, but sadly cracked and chipped, and, running outside, he filled it from a spring of delicious cool water, which rose near the hut. As he had been busy talking to his mother, he had had no time to eat his share of the black bread, and so he handed his coarse crust to the stranger, saying he was sorry that there was nothing better to offer him.

"Thank you," said the stranger, courteously. "Hunger is the best sauce. There is no lunch I like so well as this." And he set to work with such a good will that, in a very short time, poor Hans' crust had vanished, and there was nothing left before the stranger but a few crumbs of bread on the table, and a few drops of water in the cup. These he kneaded carelessly together into a little pellet, about the size of a pea, while Hans told him, in answer to his questions, all about their lonely life in the forest, and the hardships which they had to endure.

When the stranger rose to go he said, "Well, I thank you heartily for your hospitality—now I will give you a word of advice. One of you lads should go and seek the sparkling golden water which turns everything it touches into gold."

Fritz and Franz pricked up their ears at this, and, both at once, demanded where this sparkling golden water was to be found. The stranger turned towards them courteously, although these were the first words they had spoken since his entrance, and replied:—

"The sparkling golden water is to be found in the forest of dead trees, on the further side of those blue mountains which you may see on any clear day in the far

distance. It is a three weeks' journey on foot from here."

Then, bowing to his hosts, he stepped towards the door. Hans, however, was there first, and opened it for him. Obeying a sign from the stranger, Hans followed him a little way from the hut. Then the stranger, taking from his pocket the little black bread pellet, said, "I know, because you gave me your dinner, that you will have to go hungry. I have no money to offer you, but here is something that will be of far greater value to you than money. Keep this pellet carefully, and when you seek this sparkling golden water, as I know you will, don't forget to bring it with you. Now go back: you must follow me no further." So saying, the stranger waved his hand to Hans, and, plunging into the thicket, disappeared. Hans slipped the pellet into his pocket and re-entered the hut, where he found his brothers in loud dispute about the sparkling golden water. They were much too interested in the matter to pay any attention to Hans or to ask him, as he was afraid they would, whether the stranger had given him any money before he left. As he came in he heard Fritz saying, in a loud voice:—

"I'm the eldest, and I will go first to get the sparkling golden water. When I've got it I will buy all the land hereabouts and become Count. I will hunt every day, and have lots of good wine, and sometimes, if I'm passing near here, I'll just look in to see how you all are, and to show you my fine clothes, and horses, and dogs, and servants." Fritz was, for him, almost gracious at the bright prospect before him.

"I don't care whether you're the eldest or not," growled Franz, stubbornly, "I shall go, too, to find the sparkling golden water. When I've found it I will buy the Burgomaster's office, and live in his house in the town yonder, and wear his fur robes and gold chain, and, best of all, walk at the head of all the grand processions. None of your wild hunting for me—give me ease and comfort."

At last it was decided, after a great deal of squabbling, that Fritz as the eldest should go first in search of the sparkling golden water, and accordingly next day he set out. Hans ventured to hint that the first thing to be done with this sparkling golden water when it was found should be to provide a comfortable home for their mother, but Fritz's only answer to this was a blow, and an angry order to Hans to mind his own business.

We cannot follow Fritz all the way on his



journey. As he had no money, he was forced to beg at the doors of the cottages and farm-houses which he passed, for food and shelter for the night. Now, this proved to be rather hard work, because nobody very much liked his looks or his manner, and people only gave him spare scraps now and then in order to get him to go away as soon as possible. However, he found himself, at last, approaching the forest of dead trees. He knew that it was the forest, although there was nobody there to tell him so. He had not, in fact, seen any human being for the last three days. But he felt that he could not be mistaken. A vast forest of enormous trees lifted leafless, sapless branches to the sky, which every breath of wind rattled together like the bones of a skeleton. When he was about twenty yards from the forest a terrible sound came from it. It was as though a thousand horses were neighing and screaming all at once. Fritz's heart stood still. He wanted to run away, but his legs refused to move. As he stood there, shaking and quaking, there rushed out of the forest a huge unicorn with a spiral golden horn on his forehead.

"What seek you here?" asked the unicorn, in a voice of thunder. Fritz stammered out that he sought the sparkling golden water.

"What want you with the sparkling golden water, which is in my charge?" thundered the unicorn.

Fritz was almost too frightened to speak. He fell on his knees, put up his hands, and cried: "Oh, good Mr. Unicorn, oh, kind Mr. Unicorn, pray don't hurt me."

The unicorn stamped furiously on the ground with his right fore-foot. "Say this instant," he cried, "what it is that you want with the sparkling golden water!"

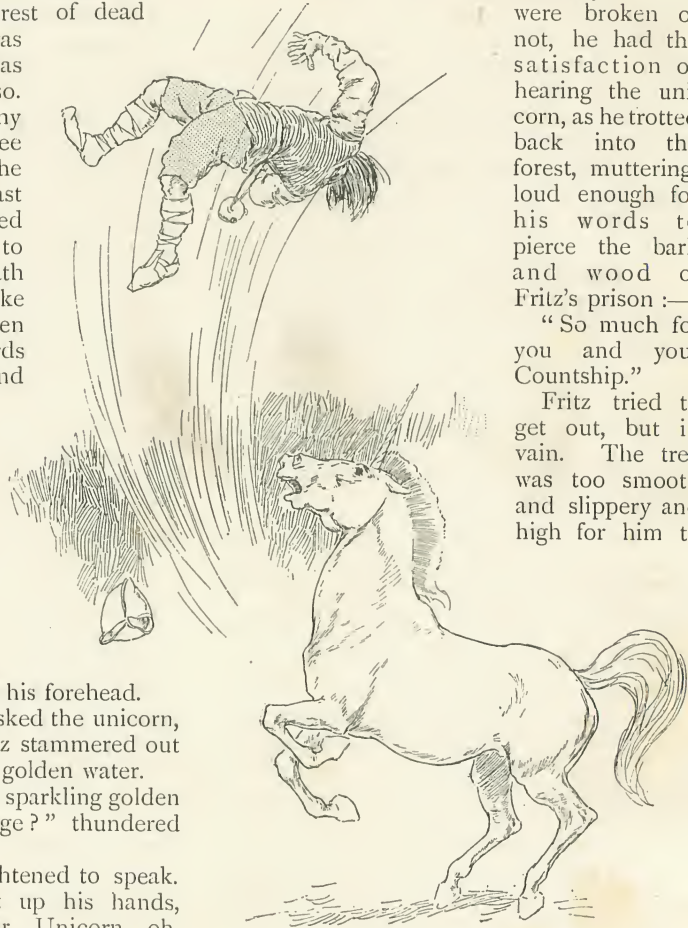
"I want to get money to buy land and become a Count," Fritz was just able to gasp out. The unicorn said nothing: he simply lowered his head, and with his golden horn tossed Fritz three hundred and forty-five feet in the air. Up went Fritz like a sky-rocket, and down he came like its stick, turning somersaults all the way. Fortunately for him, his fall was broken by the branches of one

of the dead trees. If it had not been for this he would probably have been seriously hurt. Through these branches he crashed until he reached the point where they joined the trunk. The tree was hollow here, and Fritz tumbled down to the bottom of the trunk and found himself a prisoner. While he was feeling his arms and legs to find out

if any bones were broken or not, he had the satisfaction of hearing the unicorn, as he trotted back into the forest, muttering, loud enough for his words to pierce the bark and wood of Fritz's prison:—

"So much for you and your Countship."

Fritz tried to get out, but in vain. The tree was too smooth and slippery and high for him to



"UP WENT FRITZ."

be able to clamber up, and he only hurt himself every time he attempted to escape. There was nothing for it, then, but for him to lie down and howl. He had to satisfy his hunger, as best he might, by eating the stray worms and woodlice and fungi, which he found creeping, crawling, and growing round about the roots of the tree. We will leave him there for the present and return to the others.

Franz, Hans, and their mother waited and waited for Fritz to come back. Hans and

his mother could not believe it possible that, when he had secured the sparkling golden water, he would leave them in their poverty. Franz, on the other hand, judging Fritz by himself, thought that nothing was more likely. And Franz was most probably right. Six weeks was the shortest time in which Fritz could be home again. "Unless," said Hans, "he buys a horse and rides back, as he will be very well able to do when he has got the sparkling golden water." But six weeks passed, and two months, and three months, and no Fritz, either on horseback or afoot. Then Franz's patience came to an end. He must needs go, too.

"I won't wait here starving any longer," said he; "Fritz has forgotten all about us. I'll get the sparkling golden water and become Burgomaster." So off he set, following the same road as Fritz, and meeting with much the same difficulties. They were, however, rather greater in his case than in his brother's. Folk remembered the ill-conditioned Fritz only too well, and Franz was so like him in looks and manner, that they shut the door in his face the moment he appeared, and ran upstairs and called out from the top windows of their houses, "Go away. There's nothing for you here. The big dog's loose in the yard. Go away, charcoal-burner."

However, by dint of perseverance, in which to say the truth he was not lacking, Franz, very hungry and sulky, reached the verge of the forest of dead trees. Out came the unicorn and asked his business. On Franz replying that he wanted the sparkling golden water in order to buy the house and post of Burgomaster, the unicorn tossed him into the air, and he tumbled into the same tree as Fritz. Then the unicorn trotted back into the forest muttering, for Franz's benefit: "So much for you and your Burgomastership."

When Fritz and Franz found themselves thus closely confined in the same prison, they, instead of making the best of one another's company, as sensible brothers would have done, fell to quarrelling and fighting, until at last neither would speak to the other, and that state of sulky silence they maintained all the time of their captivity.

The months passed by, but no news came to Hans and his mother of Fritz and Franz. Meanwhile Hans found that it became daily more difficult for him to earn enough money to support two people. Moreover, he saw that his mother was growing weaker, and he feared that she would die unless she had proper food and nourishment. At last he said:—

"Mother, if there was only someone to

take care of you, I would go in search of Fritz and Franz. You may be sure that they have got the sparkling golden water by this time. They would never refuse me a few guildens if I were to ask them and tell them how ill you are."

But Hans' mother did not at all like the idea of his leaving her, and she begged and prayed him not to go. He felt obliged, therefore, to submit, and stayed on for a little longer, until at last even his mother saw that they must either starve or do as Hans suggested. Most fortunately at this time there dropped in to see them another charcoal-burner, whom Hans used to call "Uncle Stoltz," although he was no uncle at all, but only a good-natured neighbour and an old friend of Hans' father. Uncle Stoltz strongly urged the mother to let her boy go in search of his brothers, adding, although he was nearly as poor as they were themselves:—

"You come and live with me and my wife. While we have a crust to divide you sha'n't want."

So Hans' mother gave a reluctant consent, and went to live with Uncle Stoltz, while Hans went out in search of his brothers. By making inquiries he easily found the road which they had taken, but nobody ever thought of shutting the door in his face. On the contrary, his polite manners and cheerful looks made him a welcome guest at every cottage and farmstead at which he stopped. At last he, too, found himself on the verge of the forest of dead trees and face to face with the golden-horned unicorn. But Hans was not to be frightened as his brothers had been by the terrible voice and awe-striking appearance of the guardian of the fountain. In reply to the usual question—given in the usual tone of thunder: "What seek you here?"—Hans replied, coolly, "I seek my brothers, Fritz and Franz."

"They are where you will never find them," said the unicorn, "so go home again."

"If I cannot find my brothers," said Hans, firmly, "I will not go home without the sparkling golden water."

"What want you with the sparkling golden water, which is in my charge?" asked the unicorn, in his terrible voice.

"I want to buy food and wine and comforts for my mother, who is very ill," answered Hans, undaunted. But his eyes filled with tears as he thought of his mother.

The unicorn spoke more gently.

"Have you," he asked, "the crystal ball? Because without it I cannot allow you to pass to the sparkling golden water."



"The crystal ball!" echoed Hans. "I never heard of such a thing."

"That's a pity," said the unicorn, gravely; "I'm afraid you will have to go home without the water; but, stay, feel in your pockets. You may have had the ball, and put it somewhere, and have forgotten all about it."

Hans smiled at the idea of the crystal ball lying, unknown to him, in his pockets, but he followed the suggestion of the unicorn, and found, as he knew he should find, nothing at all, except, indeed, the pellet of black bread which the stranger-huntsman had given him, and which he had not thought of from that day to this. "No," he said to the unicorn, "I have nothing in my pocket, except this pellet," and he was about to throw it away when the unicorn called out to him to stop.

"Let me see it," he said. "Why," he went on, "this *is* the crystal ball—look!"

Hans did look, and sure enough he found in his hand a tiny globe of crystal. He examined it with amazement. "Well," he said, "all I know is that a second ago it was a black bread pellet."

"That may be," said the unicorn, carelessly; "anyhow, it is a crystal ball now, and the possession of it makes me your servant. It is my duty to carry you to the fountain of sparkling golden water, if you wish to go. Have you brought a flask with you?"

"No," said Hans. "Fritz took the only flask we had, and Franz an old bottle."

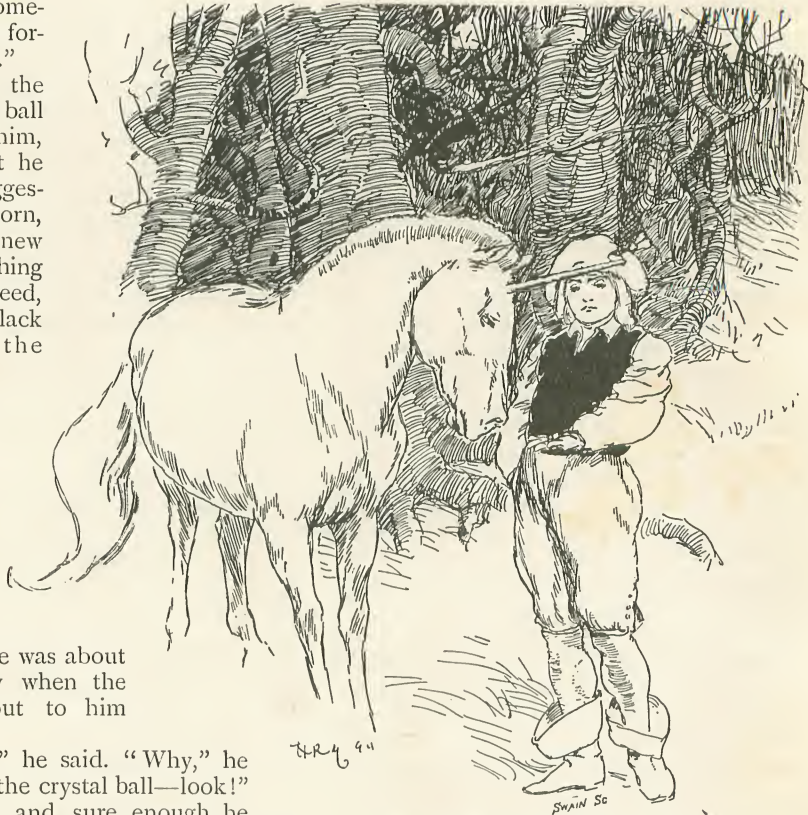
"Fritz, eh? Well, follow me a little way." So saying, the unicorn led Hans to the tree in which his brothers were imprisoned and, motioning him to be silent, cried out:—

"Ho! Master Count, throw out the flask you have with you, if you please: it is wanted."

"Sha'n't," growled Fritz's voice in reply, "unless you promise to let me out."

"Oh, you won't, won't you?" said the unicorn; "well, we'll see."

With that he drew back a few steps, and then, running forwards, thrust his sharp horn into the side of the hollow trunk from which



"THIS IS THE CRYSTAL BALL!"

Fritz's voice had issued. A loud yell came from the spot, showing that the horn had run into some tender part of Fritz's body, and at the same instant, the flask appeared flying out of the hole of the tree by which Fritz and Franz had entered.

"That's right," said the unicorn, "now we shall do comfortably. Get on my back, grasp my mane tightly, hold your breath, and shut your eyes."

"If you please," said Hans, "will you set Fritz and Franz free first?"

The unicorn looked annoyed. "They are doing very well there," he said; "why should you disturb them? But you're my master, and I must do as you please. Only take my word you'll be sorry for this afterwards."

With that he went to the tree and, with

one or two powerful blows with his horn, made a hole large enough for the unhappy prisoners to creep out. Two more sheepish, miserable wretches than those half-starved brothers of his, Hans had never seen. They fell at his feet and thanked him again and again for delivering them. They promised never to do anything unkind or selfish again, and each assured Hans that he had always liked him far more than he had liked the other brother.

Their protestations of affection rather disgusted Hans, only, as he was a good-hearted boy himself, he could not help being moved by them. He then told his brothers in what state he had left his mother, and how he was to be taken by the unicorn to get the sparkling golden water.

"Oh!" cried the brothers, "can't you take us, too?"

The unicorn thought it time to interfere. "No one can be taken there, but the owner of the crystal ball," he said. "Come, master, it is time for you to mount."

Hans clambered nimbly into his seat on the unicorn's back. "Wait for me here," he called out to his brothers. "I shall not be long." Then Hans shut his eyes, held his breath, and grasped the unicorn tightly by the mane. It was as well that he did so, for the unicorn gave a bound that carried him over the tops of the highest trees, and would certainly have thrown him off unless he had been very firmly seated. Three such bounds did he take, and then he paused and said to Hans, "Now you may open your eyes." Hans found himself in a desolate, rocky valley, without a trace of vegetation—unless the forest of dead trees, which clothed the valley on every side, might be taken as vegetation. In the midst of the valley there sprang up a fountain of water, which sparkled with such intense brilliancy that Hans was unable at first to look upon it.

"There, master," said the unicorn, turning his head, "this is the fountain of sparkling golden water. Dismount and fill your flask. But take care that you do not allow your hand to touch the water. If it does, it will be turned into gold and will never become flesh and blood again."

Hans slipped from his seat and, flask in hand, approached the fountain. The ground on which he walked was sand, but as he drew nearer the fountain, he noticed that the sand kept growing brighter until he felt that he was walking upon what he guessed rightly to be veritable gold dust. Hans thrust a handful of this dust into his pocket, and also one or two moderate-sized stones that

he found, which, like the sand, had been changed, by the spray coming from the fountain, into pure gold. He tried to be as careful as possible in filling the flask; but, notwithstanding all his care, the top joint of

his little finger touched the water, and in an instant became gold. However, he had his flask full of sparkling golden water, the flask itself now of course golden, and he felt that

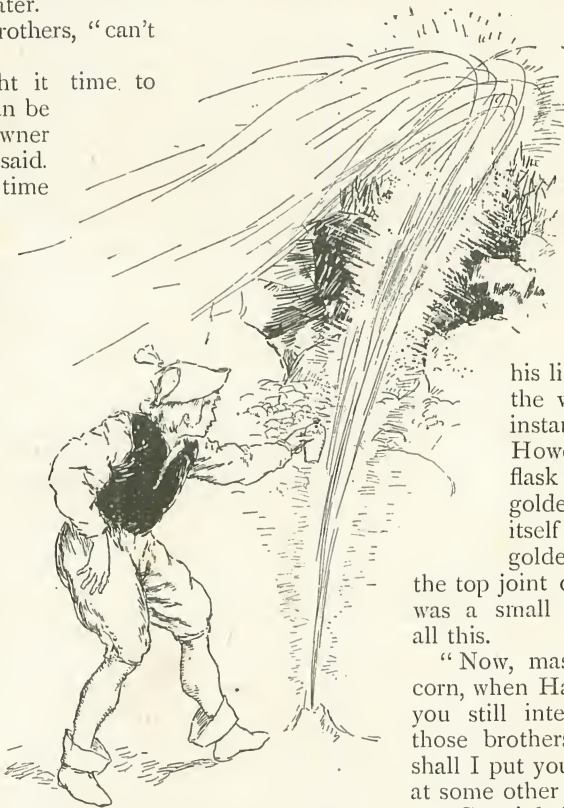
the top joint of his little finger was a small price to pay for all this.

"Now, master," said the unicorn, when Hans got back, "do you still intend to return to those brothers of yours? Or shall I put you out of the forest at some other point?"

"Certainly," replied Hans; "I intend to return to them."

You heard them say how sorry they were for all the unkindness they had shown to my mother and me. I know they mean to do better for the future. Besides, I promised them to come back."

The unicorn said nothing but grunted, in an unencouraging manner, and motioned to Hans to get on his back. When he was seated the unicorn said:—



"HE TRIED TO BE AS CAREFUL AS POSSIBLE."



"Since this is your wish, you must have it. I have, however, three pieces of advice to give you: On your way home your brothers will offer to carry the flask—do not let them do so; also, do not let them get behind you for a moment; and, thirdly, guard the crystal ball with the utmost care. I can't go with you beyond the verge of the forest of dead trees. One visit, and only one, is permitted to the fountain. You therefore can never come here again. But if ever you need me sorely, crush the crystal ball, and I will be with you. Now shut your eyes, we must be off."

Three bounds brought them to the side of Fritz and Franz, and Hans having thanked the unicorn warmly for his kindness, the three brothers began to retrace their steps homewards. Now, during Hans' absence at the fountain, Fritz and Franz had been devising how they might rob him of the flask of sparkling golden water.

"It is disgusting," they said to one another, "that this wretched little Hans should beat us both. He will only waste the water in buying things for his mother, while it would make us Count and Burgomaster."

As soon, therefore, as they were out of sight of the unicorn, Fritz and Franz begged and prayed Hans to allow one of them to carry the flask.

"You've had all the trouble of getting the water," they said, "we ought at least to be allowed the honour of helping you to carry it. Besides, are we not your servants now that you are so rich? It is not suitable for you to do all the work." But Hans remembered the unicorn's words, and held firmly to his flask.

"No," he said, "thank you; but I'll carry it myself." Then Fritz and Franz pretended to get sulky and tried to drop behind, but Hans would not allow this either. The consequence was, that the three made very slow progress homeward. Towards the evening they came to a deep stream, which they had to recross. It was only fordable at one point, as they all knew, because they had, of course, already crossed it before. Hans stood aside to allow Fritz and Franz to go on first, but each of them went in a little way, and ran back, saying that they were afraid of being drowned.

"What nonsense," said Hans, who was getting a little impatient at the delay. "It's quite shallow," and, forgetting the unicorn's warning, he entered the stream first. Fritz and Franz did not miss the opportunity. Each took a large stone and struck Hans violently on the head. Then as he fell back senseless into the water, Fritz snatched the

flask from off his belt to which it was attached, and Franz thrust with his foot Hans' body further into the river, so that the current should carry it away, and, laughing at their own cleverness, the two proceeded to cross the ford. Now, naturally enough, people like Fritz and Franz do not care to trust one another very far.

As soon, therefore, as they reached the other side of the stream, Franz produced his bottle, and demanded of Fritz his share of the sparkling golden water. Fritz, who intended to keep it all himself, proposed that they should put off sharing it till later. Franz would not hear of this. He knew, only too well, what Fritz was up to. This led to a wrangle, which ended in a fight between the two, in which the sparkling golden water was spilled, partly over Fritz's right hand, and the remainder over Franz's left foot. The brothers first realized what had happened to them by Fritz finding that he could not close his fist to strike, and Franz finding that he could not raise his foot to kick. The discovery sobered them in an instant. There they stood, one with a hand and the other with a foot of solid gold, and the golden flask with them; but the water, the precious sparkling golden water, lost for ever. Fritz was the first to recover himself.

"Well," he said, "thank goodness I have a couple of feet left me. I shall be off, I can't wait for you. You must hobble on as best you can, or stay here and starve," and he was on the point of leaving Franz to his fate, when the latter caught him by the collar.

"If I've only one foot I have two hands," cried he, "and I don't intend to let you leave me behind. No, no, we must go together or not at all."

Fritz was obliged to submit, as it was a case of two hands against one, and he and Franz, arm in arm, as though they were the most affectionate brothers, made their way slowly to the nearest town. There they had to submit to have hand and foot cut off. The operation hurt them very much indeed, but they sold the gold for a good sum of money to the goldsmith. With that, and with what they got for the flask, Fritz was able to buy his Countship, although he could never hunt owing to the loss of his right hand, and Franz was able to buy his Burgomastership, although the loss of his foot prevented his walking properly in processions. Neither of them gave a thought to their mother.

Now we must return to poor Hans, whom

we left floating down the stream—senseless, and to all appearance dead. He was not dead, however, although the blows which his brothers had inflicted were very severe ones. He was only stunned, and fortunately he did not float far enough to be drowned. His body came into a back eddy of the stream and drifted gently on to a shelving bank of white sand. The cold water soon had the effect of bringing him to his senses so far as to enable him to crawl on to the land. It was, however, some hours before he was able to recall these past events. When he remembered them he gave way to despair. All the pains he had taken to win the sparkling golden water were thrown away. He might not return to get more—the unicorn had told him that. His mother would be as badly off as ever. Above all, he had the bitter disappointment of feeling that his brothers had deceived him. Then he bethought him of the crystal ball. Taking it from his pocket, he placed it on a large stone, and taking another stone struck it with all his force. A report like that of a cannon followed, and at the same instant the unicorn stood before him.

"I warned you of what would happen," he said to Hans. "You would have done much better if you had left your brothers in the tree. Now let me see what can be done for you. First of all, rub that dockleaf, which is touching your right hand, on the wound in your head." Hans did as he was told, and his head became as sound as ever. "Now," said the unicorn, "you must go straight home to your mother and bring her to the city of White Towers, and stay there till you hear from me again."

"But," said Hans, with tears in his eyes, "how can I do this? My mother is much too ill to move, and I have lost the sparkling golden water which was to have made her well and strong."

"Did not I see you," asked the unicorn, "put some sand and stones of pure gold into your pocket as you went to the fountain? There will be more than enough to meet all your expenses. Do as I tell you," and the unicorn, saying this, disappeared.

Hans, greatly cheered, set off once more and finished his journey home without any further adventures. The gold that he had with him not only enabled him to provide the comforts and necessities which his mother required, but he was also able to reward Uncle Stoltz for his kindness. When his mother was strong enough to travel, Hans hired a waggon, and they set off by easy

stages for the city of White Towers, there to await further news from the unicorn.

Now, the city of White Towers was at that time attracting from far and wide everyone who wanted to make his fortune. The Princess of the city was the loveliest Princess in the world, and the richest and the most powerful. She had given out that she would marry anyone, whoever it might be, king or



"THE CITY OF WHITE TOWERS."

beggar, who would tell her truly in the morning the dreams that she had dreamed in the night. But whoever should compete and fail was to forfeit all his fortune, be whipped through the streets and out of the city gate, and banished from the town on pain of death. If, however, he had no fortune to forfeit, he was to be whipped back again and sold into slavery. The terms were hard, but many tried and failed, and many more, undeterred by this punishment which they constantly saw being inflicted on the others, were waiting their turn to compete. Among these latter were Count Fritz and Burgomaster



Franz. These two met very often in the streets of the city, but they could never forget their quarrel over the sparkling golden water, and when they met they always looked in opposite directions. Now, Fritz and Franz had made themselves hated by all with whom they had to deal: Fritz by his tyranny over the poor in the district in which his property lay, and Franz by his injustice as Burgomaster. The former used to grind down his people so as to extract the last penny from them. The latter used to make his judgments depend on the amount of bribe he received from the suitors. Everybody, therefore, hoped that both Fritz and Franz would fail to tell the Princess her dreams, and would have to pay the penalty.

Hans and his mother arrived at the city of White Towers on the evening before the day on which Fritz was to try his fortune. They heard on all sides that the "one-armed Count," as he was called, so generally detested, was to be the next competitor, but, of course, they had no idea that this "one-armed Count" was Fritz. The consequence was that when they found themselves next day in the great square, where the whole population of the city assembled to see the trial, they were amazed beyond measure to see Fritz marching jauntily along, quite confident of success, dressed in his very smartest clothes, to the platform on which the Princess and her ladies and her courtiers were assembled. Fritz felt sure that he would win for this reason: There was an old woman living in a cottage near his castle, who was said to be a witch. Fritz had ordered her to be seized and put to the most cruel tortures, in order to force her to say what the Princess was going to dream on the night before the day fixed for his trial. This was very silly of him, as the old woman might be a witch ten times over, and yet not be able to tell him that. But cruel, wicked people often are silly. This poor old woman screamed out some nonsense in her agony, which Fritz took to be the answer he required. He smiled, therefore, in a self-confident fashion as he bowed low before the Princess and awaited her question. She asked it in a clear, bell-like voice, which somehow caused Hans' heart, when he heard it, to beat a good deal quicker than before.

"Sir Count—what did I dream last night?"

"Your Highness dreamt," was the reply, "that the moon came down to earth and kissed you."

The Princess gently shook her head, and in a moment Fritz found himself in the hands

of her guards, with his coat stripped off his back, and his hands bound behind him. The first lash made him cry for mercy, but the Princess had already gone, and the soldiers, whose duty it was to inflict the whipping, were not much disposed to show mercy to the "one-armed Count." They laid on their blows well, driving the unlucky Fritz through the streets till the gate was reached, through which, with a final shower of blows, he was thrust, with the warning not to return thither, but to beg his way henceforth through the world. Of all who watched the proceedings, none seemed so delighted with the result as Franz. He followed, hobbling after his unhappy brother as close as the soldiers would allow, and kept jeering and laughing at him all the way. This was easy for him to do, notwithstanding the fact that he had to go on crutches, because good care was taken to make Fritz's progress through the streets as slow as possible. In addition, therefore, to the blows, Fritz had to endure the sight of Franz's grinning face, and to listen to such remarks as: "Who thought he was going to win the Princess?"—"Will your Highness remember your poor brother the Burgomaster?"—"Who lost the sparkling golden water?"—and so on.

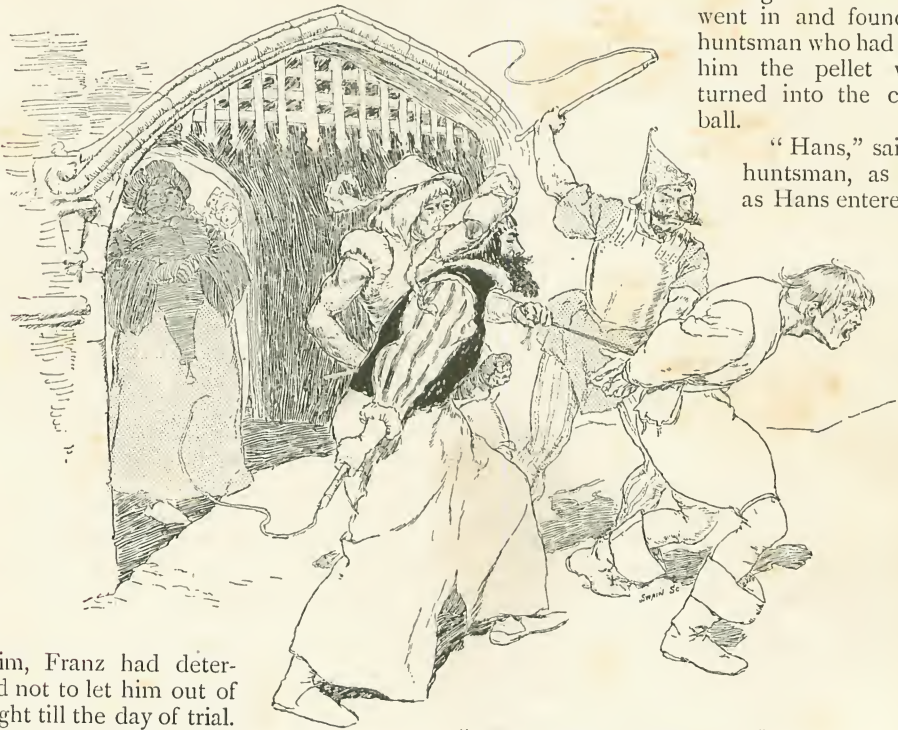
With very different feelings had Hans watched the proceedings. When he saw his brother stripped for beating, he forgot all about the wrongs he had sustained, and only thought what he could do to help the sufferer. He tried to bribe the soldiers to deal gently with Fritz, but when he found that that was of no avail, he hastened to the city gate so as to meet his brother outside and comfort him when the punishment was over. Hans found Fritz, as indeed was natural under the circumstances, more surly and ill-tempered than ever. He appeared startled for a moment at seeing Hans, whom he thought dead, alive and well, but he set to work blubbing again immediately, and rubbing his back with his one hand. Hans gave him what money he could afford, which Fritz took without saying "Thank you," and went his way.

Next day it was Franz's turn to try and win the Princess. Franz felt just as certain of succeeding as Fritz had been. A certain necromancer in Franz's town had been a party in a suit which came before the Burgomaster's court. All the evidence which was brought forward told against him, but the necromancer promised Franz, as a bribe, if he would decide in his favour, to tell him by means of his art the true secret of the

Princess's dream. Franz swallowed the bait greedily, and gave his unjust decision. Now, in order that the necromancer might not

same result. When Hans had got back to the inn where he and his mother were staying, he was met with the news that a stranger was waiting to see him. He went in and found the huntsman who had given him the pellet which turned into the crystal ball.

"Hans," said the huntsman, as soon as Hans entered the



"THEY LAID ON THEIR BLOWS WELL."

fail him, Franz had determined not to let him out of his sight till the day of trial. Very early in the morning of that day the necromancer came to Franz and said:

"Last night the Princess dreamed so-and-so—will your worship allow me to go away now?" Franz on hearing the dream skipped with delight, forgetting about his one foot, and tumbled down on the floor. However, he did not mind that, and gave the necromancer leave to depart, which the necromancer did in great haste. Franz was so impatient that he was in his place, in front of the platform, long before the Princess arrived. He could hardly wait for her to put the formal question before he blurted out:—

"Your Highness dreamt that you were walking in your garden, and that all the trees and shrubs bore gold and silver leaves."

The Princess shook her head. "A very pretty dream," she said, "but it was not mine." So Franz had to suffer the same punishment as Fritz, and nobody was at all sorry. He was likewise thrust out at the city gate, bawling between his howls for someone to bring him the necromancer. Hans found him there, and tried to comfort him, as he had tried to comfort Fritz, and with about the

room, "the unicorn has sent me to you. It's your turn now to try to win the Princess."

Hans turned pale at the thought.

"I would give my life to win her," he said, earnestly; "but I am certain to fail, and then what will my poor mother do? I have no property to be confiscated, and, of course, I shall be sold into slavery."

"Don't talk of failure," said the huntsman, cheerily; "the way to success is to forget that there is such a word as failure. Now I'll tell you my plan. The Princess, as you know, or as you very likely don't know, is devoted to curious animals of all kinds. I will change you into a white mouse with a gold claw, and will offer you to the Princess for sale. She has never seen or heard of such a creature as a white mouse with a gold claw before, and will be sure to buy you. Then it will be your fault if matters don't go smoothly with you. You have only to keep your ears open and use your wits. Now, first of all, we must enter you for to-morrow's competition."

Hans longed to try his luck with the Princess, and as this plan seemed a promising one—



indeed, it was the only one he could think of—he agreed to try it. However, he determined not to tell his mother anything about the matter, as he knew how terrified she would be at the thought of his failure. The first thing, as the huntsman had said, was for him to present himself to the Princess as candidate for her hand. He accordingly did so, and found her seated on her throne, surrounded by the lords and ladies of her Court, glittering in jewels and dressed in magnificent apparel. Hans felt rather shy as he marched up the splendid room, amongst all these grandly-dressed people, in his shabby old clothes; but he put as good a face on it as he could, and when he stopped before the throne and looked into the Princess's eyes, all his shyness vanished. He was conscious of nothing but a strong determination to win her for himself or to perish in the attempt. The Court usher announced his name and purpose in a loud tone.

"This is Hans, the charcoal-burner, who has undertaken to tell the Princess her dream to-morrow morning, or to pay the penalty."

When the Princess looked at Hans and saw what a nice, open-faced boy he was, she did all she could to persuade him to give up the attempt. She pointed out to him how many had tried and failed—how little chance there was of his succeeding. She could not bear, she said, to think of his being whipped publicly and sold into slavery. She offered him, if he would withdraw, the important post of general manager of the Court menagerie. But neither this offer nor the prayers of the Princess could move Hans.

"Now that I have seen you face to face, Princess," said he, "I would rather die twenty times over than give up the undertaking."

The Princess was obliged to allow Hans to enter his name for to-morrow's trial, although it made her very unhappy. Her heart told her that he was the one of all her suitors whom she would most wish to succeed, but she felt that he would be certain to fare as the others had done; and so when the formality was over, and Hans had left, she dismissed the Court, shut herself up in her room, and said she would be at home to nobody for the rest of the day.

As soon as Hans got back, the huntsman took a cup of water, muttered some strange words over it, and sprinkled Hans with the contents. He was conscious of a curious change taking place in him, and before he could quite make out what it was, he found that he was a white mouse with a gold claw.

The huntsman put him in a box and carried him to the palace to sell him to the Princess. When he arrived there the porter refused to admit him.

"No!" he said, "the Princess had given out that she would see no one that day. It was more than his place was worth to admit the stranger." However, by dint of flattering words and a handsome present slipped into his hand, the porter was persuaded to send for one of the Princess's ladies. When she came and saw the white mouse with the gold claw, she said she was sure that her mistress would be so delighted with this beautiful little curiosity, that she would pardon having her orders disobeyed for once. Only, the huntsman must remain where he was; she would take the white mouse to the Princess herself. To this the huntsman consented, and the long and short of it was that the Princess sent him a handsome sum for the mouse, and Hans found himself established as her newest favourite. The Princess was so pleased with her pet that, when she went to bed, she placed him in a cabinet in her room, the door of which she left open—because he was so tame that she had no fear of his attempting to run away. Hans was wondering how he was to find out the Princess's dream in this situation, when his mistress woke up, laughing heartily, and called for her lady in waiting to come to her.

"I've had such a curious dream," she said. "I dreamt that I was married to a man with a golden top-joint to his little finger. I suppose that it was the white mouse with the gold claw which put the idea into my head. But," and here the Princess's voice grew very sad, "how will that poor boy ever guess this dream to-morrow?"

Hans waited impatiently for all to be quiet, then he slipped out of his cabinet, and, finding the door shut, ran up the curtain of the window, which was fortunately open, and getting on a rose which clambered up outside the wall, ran down it and made the best of his way to the inn. There he found the huntsman waiting for him, to whom he told all that had taken place, and who in a few seconds changed him back to his own shape.

An enormous concourse of people were assembled next day to see the trial. Very pale and sad the Princess looked as she sat prepared to put the question to Hans. He waited respectfully till she had spoken, and then, without saying a word, held out his hand to her. Her eye fell on the golden top-joint of his little finger. She cried out

with delight, and, seizing his hand in hers, turned to the people and said: "Hans has guessed right, and he shall be my husband."

"A mighty magician, the enemy of our family, condemned me, because I would not give him my sister in marriage, to take the form of a unicorn, and to guard the sparkling golden water. Twice every year, for a fortnight at a time, I was allowed to resume my human shape. It was then that I came to your hut in the forest and gave you the token by which to win your way to the fountain. The spell laid upon me was only to be raised when someone guessed aright my sister's dream, and so won her to wife. Thanks to



"SHE CRIED OUT WITH DELIGHT."

And all the people raised a glad shout, "Long live Prince Hans!"

"Oh!" said the Princess to Hans, "how I wish my brother were here to share our happiness."

"He is here," said the huntsman, who had thrust his way to the front; and, throwing off his huntsman's disguise, he appeared dressed as a Prince. Then, turning to Hans, he said:—

you, brother Hans, the magician's power is at an end."

Hans and the Princess were married, and after the ceremony the Prince went off to his own kingdom. Hans' mother had a beautiful suite of apartments in the palace assigned to her, and Uncle Stoltz was not forgotten, but was provided for comfortably for life, and they all lived happily ever afterwards.

As for Fritz and Franz, they were so selfish and cruel, that there was nothing to be done with them but to send them back into the forest again to burn charcoal, and for all I know they are burning charcoal there still.



# Fables

THE LION AND THE CUB.

By JOHN GAY.

Illustrated  
by  
J. A. Shepherd



1.—A LION-CUB, OF SORDID MIND,  
AVOIDED ALL THE LION KIND;



2.—FOND OF APPLAUSE, HE SOUGHT THE FEASTS  
OF VULGAR AND IGNOBLE BEASTS;



3.—WITH ASSES ALL HIS TIME HE SPENT,  
THEIR CLUB'S PERPETUAL PRESIDENT.



4.—HE CAUGHT THEIR MANNERS, LOOKS, AND AIRS ;  
AN ASS IN EVERYTHING, BUT EARS !  
IF E'ER HIS HIGHNESS MEANT A JOKE,  
THEY GRINN'D APPLAUSE BEFORE HE SPOKE ;  
BUT AT EACH WORD, WHAT SHOUTS OF PRAISE !  
GOOD GODS ! HOW NATURAL HE BRAYS !





5.—ELATE WITH FLATT'RY  
AND CONCEIT,  
HE SEEKS HIS ROYAL SIRE'S  
RETREAT;



6.—FORWARD, AND FOND TO  
SHOW HIS PARTS,  
HIS HIGHNESS BRAYS;

7.—THE LION STARTS.



8.—"PUPPY, THAT CURS'D VOCIFERATION  
BETRAYS THY LIFE AND CONVERSATION:  
COXCOMBS, AN EVER-NOISY RACE,  
ARE TRUMPETS OF THEIR OWN DISGRACE."

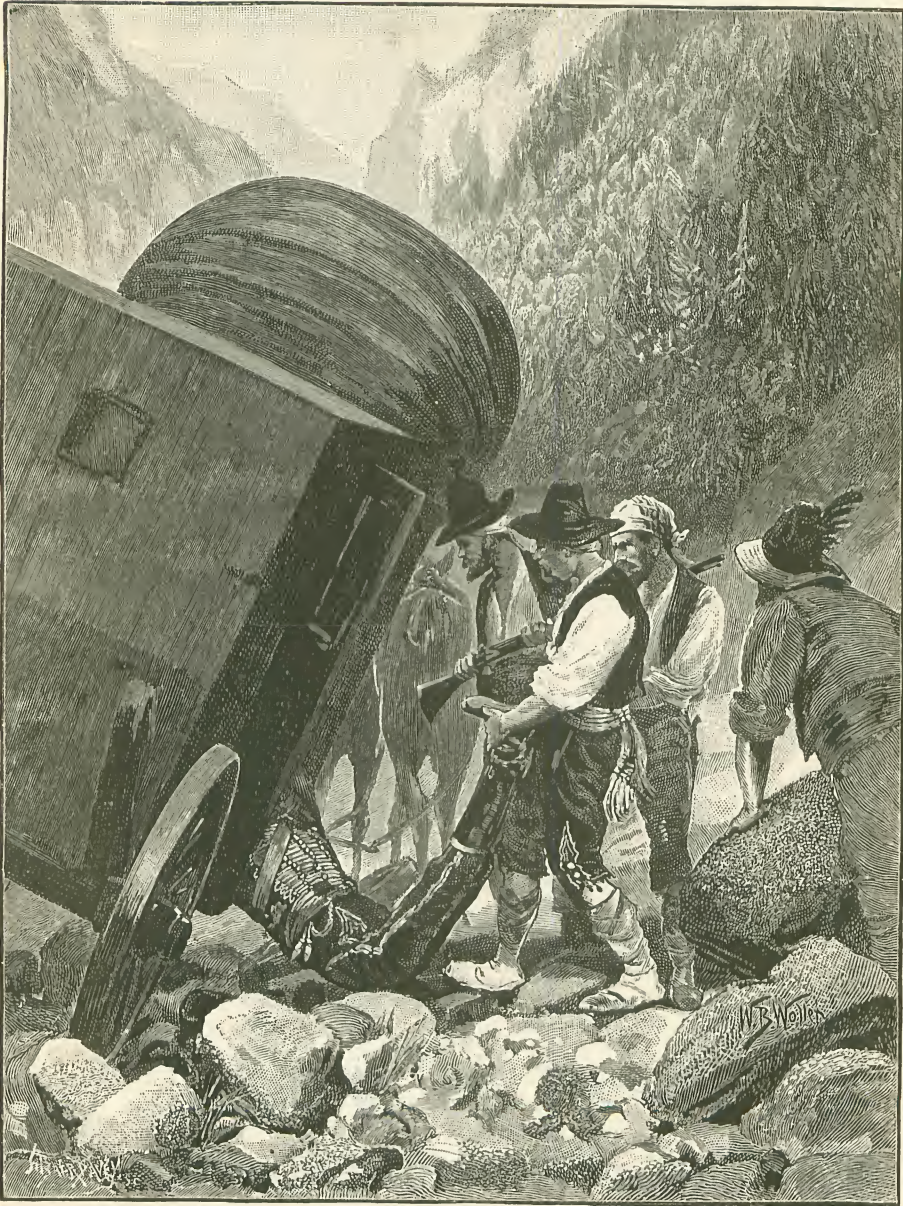


9.—"WHY SO SEVERE?" THE CUB REPLIES:  
"OUR SENATE ALWAYS HELD ME WISE."  
"HOW WEAK IS PRIDE!" RETURNS THE SIRE;  
"ALL FOOLS ARE VAIN, WHEN FOOLS ADMIRE!  
BUT KNOW WHAT STUPID ASSES PRIZE,  
LIONS AND NOBLE BEASTS DESPISE."



J. A. S.





"I WAS DRAGGED BY THE HEELS ON TO THE ROAD."

(See page 365.)



## *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

### I.—HOW THE BRIGADIER HELD THE KING.



BELIEVE that the last story which I told you, my friends, was about how I received at the bidding of the Emperor the cross for valour which I had, if I may be allowed to say so, so long deserved.\* Here upon the lapel of my coat you may see the ribbon, but the medal itself I keep in a leathern pouch at home, and I never venture to take it out unless one of the modern peace generals, or some foreigner of distinction who finds himself in our little town, takes advantage of the opportunity to pay his respects to the well-known Brigadier Gerard. Then I place it upon my breast, and I give my moustache the old Marengo twist which brings a grey point into either eye. Yet with it all I fear that neither they, nor you either, my friends, will ever realize the man that I was. You know me only as a civilian—with an air and a manner, it is true—but still merely as a civilian. Had you seen me as I stood in the doorway of the inn at Alamo, on the 1st of July, in the year 1810, you would then have known what the hussar may attain to.

For a month I had lingered in that accursed village, and all on account of a lance thrust in my ankle, which made it impossible for me to put my foot to the ground. There were three of us at first: old Bouvet, of the Hussars of Bercheny, Jacques Regnier, of the Cuirassiers, and a funny little voltigeur captain whose name I forget; but they all got well and hurried on to the front, while I sat gnawing my fingers and tearing my hair, and even, I must confess, weeping from time to time as I thought of my Hussars of Conflans, and the deplorable condition in which they must find themselves when deprived of their colonel. I was not a chief of brigade yet, you understand, although I already carried myself like one, but I was the youngest colonel in the whole service, and my regiment was wife and children to me. It went to my heart that they should be so bereaved. It is true that Villaret, the senior major, was an excellent soldier; but still, even among the best there are degrees of merit.

Ah, that happy July day of which I speak, when first I limped to the door and stood in the golden Spanish sunshine! It was but the evening before that I had heard from the regiment. They were at Pastores, on the other side of the mountains, face to face with the English—not forty miles from me by road. But how was I to get to them? The same thrust which had pierced my ankle had slain my charger. I took advice both from Gomez, the landlord, and from an old priest who had slept that night in the inn, but neither of them could do more than assure me that there was not so much as a colt left upon the whole country side. The landlord would not hear of my crossing the mountains without an escort, for he assured me that El Cuchillo, the Spanish guerilla chief, was out that way with his band, and that it meant a death by torture to fall into his hands. The old priest observed, however, that he did not think a French hussar would be deterred by that, and if I had had any doubts, they would of course have been decided by his remark.

But a horse! How was I to get one? I was standing in the doorway, plotting and planning, when I heard the clink of shoes, and, looking up, I saw a great bearded man, with a blue cloak frogged across in military fashion, coming towards me. He was riding a big black horse with one white stocking on his near fore-leg.

"Halloa, comrade!" said I, as he came up to me.

"Halloa!" said he.

"I am Colonel Gerard, of the Hussars," said I. "I have lain here wounded for a month, and I am now ready to rejoin my regiment at Pastores."

"I am Monsieur Vidal, of the commissariat," he answered, "and I am myself upon my way to Pastores. I should be glad to have your company, colonel, for I hear that the mountains are far from safe."

"Alas," said I, "I have no horse. But if you will sell me yours, I will promise that an escort of hussars shall be sent back for you."

He would not hear of it, and it was in vain

\* December, 1894.

that the landlord told him dreadful stories of the doings of El Cuchillo, and that I pointed out the duty which he owed to the army and to the country. He would not even argue, but called loudly for a cup of wine. I craftily asked him to dismount and to drink with me, but he must have seen something in my face, for he shook his head; and then, as I approached him with some thought of seizing him by the leg, he jerked his heels into his horse's flanks, and was off in a cloud of dust.

My faith! it was enough to make a man mad to see this fellow riding away so gaily to join his beef-barrels, and his brandy-casks, and then to think of my five hundred beautiful hussars without their leader. I was gazing after him with bitter thoughts in my mind, when who should touch me on the elbow but the little priest whom I have mentioned.

"It is I who can help you," he said.

"I am myself travelling south."

I put my arms about him and, as my ankle gave way at the same moment, we nearly rolled upon the ground together.

"Get me to Pastores," I cried, "and you shall have a rosary of golden beads."

I had taken one from the Convent of Spiritu Santo. It shows how necessary it is to take what you can when you are upon a campaign, and how the most unlikely things may become useful.

"I will take you," he said, in very excellent French, "not because I hope for any reward, but because it is my way always to do what I can to serve my fellow-man, and that is why I am so beloved wherever I go."

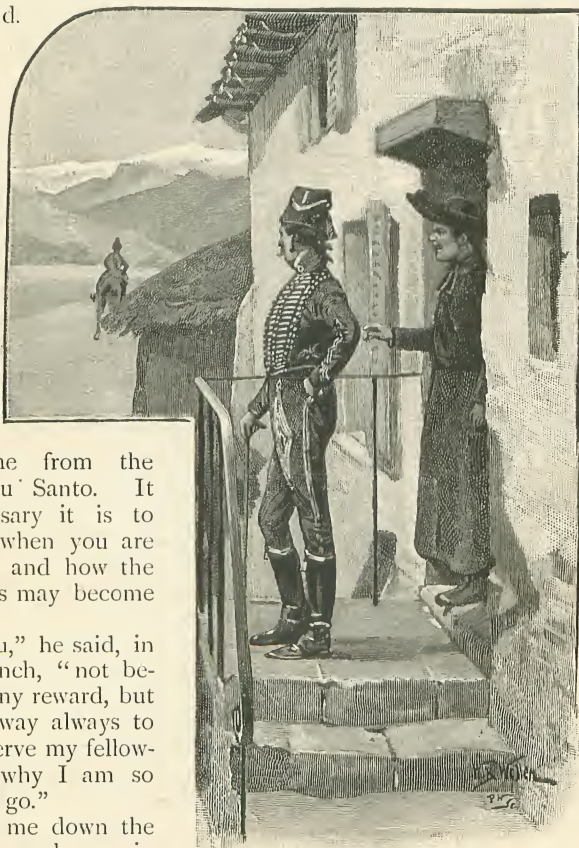
With that he led me down the village to an old cow-house, in which we found a tumble-down sort of diligence, such as they used to run early in this century, between some of our remote villages. There were three old mules, too, none of which were strong enough to carry a man, but together

they might draw the coach. The sight of their gaunt ribs and spavined legs gave me more delight than the whole two hundred and twenty hunters of the Emperor which I have seen in their stalls at Fontainebleau. In ten minutes the owner was harnessing them into the coach, with no very good will, however, for he was in mortal dread of this terrible Cuchillo. It was only by promising him riches in this world, while the priest threatened him with perdition in the next, that we at last got him safely upon the box with the reins between his fingers. Then he was in such a hurry to get off, out of fear lest we should find ourselves in the dark in the passes, that he hardly gave me time to renew my vows to the innkeeper's daughter. I cannot at this moment recall her name, but we wept together as we parted, and I can remember that

she was a very beautiful woman. You will understand, my friends, that when a man like me, who has fought the men and kissed the women in fourteen separate kingdoms, gives a word of praise to the one or the other, it has a little meaning of its own.

The little priest had seemed a trifle grave when we kissed good-bye, but he soon proved himself the best of companions in the diligence. All the way he amused me with tales of his little parish up in the mountains, and I in my turn told him stories about the camp; but, my faith, I had to pick my steps, for

when I said a word too much he would fidget in his seat and his face would show the pain that I had given him. And of course it is not the act of a gentleman to talk in



"IT IS I WHO CAN HELP YOU," HE SAID.



anything but a proper manner to a religious man, though, with all the care in the world, one's words may get out of hand sometimes.

He had come from the north of Spain, as he told me, and was going to see his mother in a village of Estremadura, and as he spoke about her little peasant home, and her joy in seeing him, it brought my own mother so vividly to my thoughts that the tears started to my eyes. In his simplicity he showed me the little gifts which he was taking to her, and so kindly was his manner that I could readily believe him when he said that he was loved wherever he went. He examined my own uniform with as much curiosity as a child, admiring the plume of my busby, and passing his fingers through the sable with which my dolman was trimmed. He drew my sword, too, and then when I told him how many men I had cut down with it, and set my finger on the notch made by the shoulder-bone of the Russian Emperor's aide-de-camp, he shuddered and placed the weapon under the leathern cushion, declaring that it made him sick to look at it.

Well, we had been rolling and creaking on our way whilst this talk had been going forward, and as we reached the base of the mountains we could hear the rumbling of cannon far away upon the right. This came from Massena, who was, as I knew, besieging Ciudad Rodrigo. There was nothing I should have wished better than to have gone straight to him, for if, as some said, he had Jewish blood in his veins, he was the best Jew that I have heard of since Joshua's time. If you are in sight of his beaky nose and bold, black eyes, you are not likely to miss much of what is going on. Still, a siege is always a poor sort of a pick-and-shovel business, and there were better prospects with my hussars in front of the English. Every mile that passed, my heart grew lighter and lighter, until I found myself shouting and singing like a young ensign fresh from Saint Cyr, just to think of seeing all my fine horses and my gallant fellows once more.

As we penetrated the mountains the road grew rougher and the pass more savage. At first we had met a few muleteers, but now the whole country seemed deserted, which is not to be wondered at when you think that the French, the English, and the guerillas had each in turn had command over it. So bleak and wild was it, one great brown wrinkled cliff succeeding another, and the pass growing narrower and narrower, that I ceased to look out, but sat in silence, thinking of this and that, of women whom I had loved

and of horses which I had handled. I was suddenly brought back from my dreams, however, by observing the difficulties of my companion, who was trying with a sort of brad-awl, which he had drawn out, to bore a hole through the leathern strap which held up his water-flask. As he worked with twitching fingers the strap escaped his grasp, and the wooden bottle fell at my feet. I stooped to pick it up, and as I did so the priest silently leaped upon my shoulders and drove his brad-awl into my eye !

My friends, I am, as you know, a man steeled to face every danger. When one has served from the affair of Zurich to that last fatal day of Waterloo, and has had the special medal, which I keep at home in a leathern pouch, one can afford to confess when one is frightened. It may console some of you, when your own nerves play you tricks, to remember that you have heard even me, Brigadier Gerard, say that I have been scared. And besides my terror at this horrible attack, and the maddening pain of my wound, there was a sudden feeling of loathing such as you might feel were some filthy tarantula to strike its fangs into you.

I clutched the creature in both hands, and, hurling him on to the floor of the coach, I stamped on him with my heavy boots. He had drawn a pistol from the front of his soutane, but I kicked it out of his hand, and again I fell with my knees upon his chest. Then, for the first time, he screamed horribly, while I, half blinded, felt about for the sword which he had so cunningly concealed. My hand had just lighted upon it, and I was dashing the blood from my face to see where he lay that I might transfix him, when the whole coach turned partly over upon its side, and my weapon was jerked out of my grasp by the shock. Before I could recover myself the door was burst open, and I was dragged by the heels on to the road. But even as I was torn out on to the flint stones, and realized that thirty ruffians were standing around me, I was filled with joy, for my pelisse had been pulled over my head in the struggle and was covering one of my eyes, and it was with my wounded eye that I was seeing this gang of brigands. You see for yourself by this pucker and scar how the thin blade passed between socket and ball, but it was only at that moment, when I was dragged from the coach, that I understood that my sight was not gone for ever. The creature's intention, doubtless, was to drive it through into my brain, and indeed he loosened some portion of the inner bone of

my head, so that I afterwards had more trouble from that wound than from any one of the seventeen which I have received.

They dragged me out, these sons of dogs, with curses and execrations, beating me with their fists and kicking me as I lay upon the ground. I had frequently observed that the mountaineers wore cloth swathed round their feet, but never did I imagine that I should have so much cause to be thankful for it. Presently, seeing the blood upon my head, and that I lay quiet, they thought that I was unconscious, whereas I was storing every ugly face among them into my memory, so that I might see them all safely hanged if ever my chance came round. Brawny rascals they were, with yellow handkerchiefs round their heads, and great red sashes stuffed with weapons. They had rolled two rocks across the path, where it took a sharp turn, and it was these which had torn off one of the wheels of the coach and upset us. As to this reptile, who had acted the priest so cleverly and had told me so much of his parish and his mother, he, of course, had known where the ambuscade was laid, and had attempted to put me beyond all resistance at the moment when we reached it.

I cannot tell you how frantic their rage was when they drew him out of the coach and saw the state to which I had reduced him. If he had not got all his deserts, he had, at least, something as a souvenir of his meeting with Etienne Gerard, for his legs dangled aimlessly about, and though the upper part of his body was convulsed with rage and pain, he sat straight down upon his feet when they tried to set him upright. But all the time his two little black eyes, which had seemed so kindly and so innocent in the coach, were glaring at me like a wounded cat, and he spat, and spat, and spat in my direction. My faith! when the wretches jerked me on to my feet again, and when I was dragged off up one of the mountain paths, I understood that a time was coming when I was to need all my courage and resource. My enemy was carried upon the shoulders of two men behind me, and I could hear his hissing and his reviling, first in one ear and then in the other, as I was hurried up the winding track.

I suppose that it must have been for an hour that we ascended, and what with my wounded ankle and the pain from my eye, and the fear lest this wound should have spoiled my appearance, I have made no journey to which I look back with less pleasure. I have never been a good climber at any time, but it is astonishing what you

can do, even with a stiff ankle, when you have a copper-coloured brigand at each elbow and a nine-inch blade within touch of your whiskers.

We came at last to a place where the path wound over a ridge, and descended upon the other side through thick pine trees into a valley which opened to the south. In time of peace I have little doubt that the villains were all smugglers, and that these were the secret paths by which they crossed the Portuguese frontier. There were many mule tracks, and once I was surprised to see the marks of a large horse where a stream had softened the track. These were explained when, on reaching a place where there was a clearing in the fir wood, I saw the animal itself halted to a fallen tree. My eyes had hardly rested upon it, when I recognised the great black limbs and the white near fore-leg. It was the very horse which I had begged for in the morning.

What, then, had become of Commissariat Vidal? Was it possible that there was another Frenchman in as perilous a plight as myself? The thought had hardly entered my head, when our party stopped and one of them uttered a peculiar cry. It was answered from among the brambles which lined the base of a cliff at one side of a clearing, and an instant later ten or a dozen more brigands came out from amongst them, and the two parties greeted each other. The new-comers surrounded my friend of the brad-awl with cries of grief and sympathy, and then turning upon me they brandished their knives and howled at me like the gang of assassins that they were. So frantic were their gestures that I was convinced that my end had come, and was just bracing myself to meet it in a manner which should be worthy of my past reputation, when one of them gave an order and I was dragged roughly across the little glade to the brambles from which this new band had emerged.

A narrow pathway led through them to a deep grotto in the side of the cliff. The sun was already setting outside, and in the cave itself it would have been quite dark but for a pair of torches which blazed from a socket on either side. Between them there was sitting at a rude table a very singular-looking person, whom I saw instantly, from the respect with which the others addressed him, could be none other than the brigand chief who had received, on account of his dreadful character, the sinister name of El Cuchillo.

The man whom I had injured had been carried in and placed upon the top of a



barrel, his helpless legs dangling about in front of him, and his cat's eyes still darting glances of hatred at me. I understood from the snatches of talk which I could follow between the chief and him, that he was the lieutenant of the band, and that part of his duties was to lie in wait with his smooth tongue and his peaceful garb for travellers like myself. When I thought of how many gallant officers may have been lured to their death by this monster of hypocrisy, it gave me a glow of pleasure to think that I had brought his villainies to an end—though I feared that it would be at the price of a life which neither the Emperor nor the army could well spare.

As the injured man, still supported upon the barrel by two comrades, was explaining in Spanish all that had befallen him, I was held by several of the villains in front of the table at which the chief was seated, and had an excellent opportunity of observing him. I have seldom

seen any man who was less like my idea of a brigand, and especially of a brigand with such a reputation that in a land of cruelty he had earned so dark a nickname. His face was bluff and broad and bland, with ruddy cheeks and comfortable little tufts of side-whiskers, which gave him the appearance of a well-to-do grocer of the Rue St. Antoine. He had not any of those flaring sashes or gleaming weapons which distinguished his followers, but on the contrary he wore a good broad-cloth coat like a respectable father of a family, and save for his brown leggings there was nothing to indicate a life among the mountains. His surroundings, too, corresponded with himself, and beside his snuff-box upon the table there stood a great brown book, which looked like a commercial ledger. Many other books were ranged along a plank between two powder casks, and there was a great litter of

papers, some of which had verses scribbled upon them. All this I took in while he, leaning indolently back in his chair, was listening to the report of his lieutenant. Having heard everything, he ordered the cripple to be carried out again, and I was left with my three guards, waiting to hear my fate. He took up his pen, and, tapping his forehead with the handle of it, he pursed up his lips and looked out of the corner of his eyes at the roof of the grotto.

"I suppose," said he, at last, speaking very excellent French, "that you are not able to suggest a rhyme for the word Covilha."

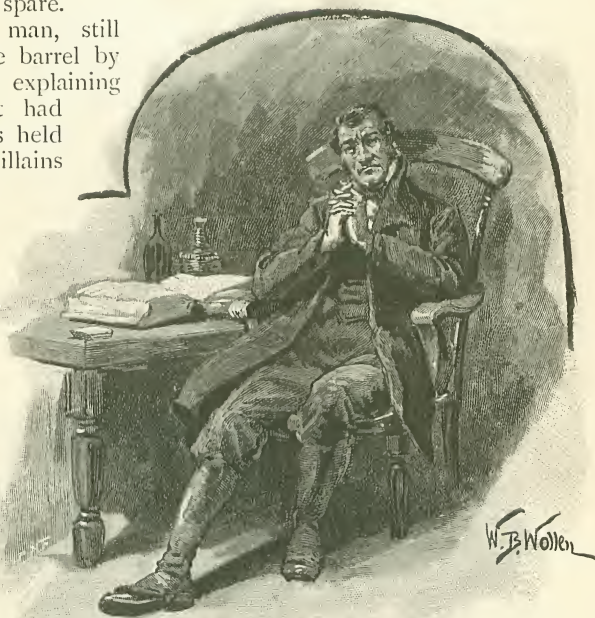
I answered him that my acquaintance with the Spanish language was so limited that I was unable to oblige him.

"It is a rich language," said he, "but less prolific in rhymes than either the German or the English. That is why our best work has been done in blank verse, a form of composition which, though hardly known in your literature, is capable of reaching great heights. But I fear that such subjects are

somewhat outside the range of a hussar."

I was about to answer that if they were good enough for a guerilla, they could not be too much for the light cavalry, but he was already stooping over his half-finished verse. Presently he threw down the pen with an exclamation of satisfaction, and declaimed a few lines which drew a cry of approval from the three ruffians who held me. His broad face blushed like a young girl who receives her first compliment.

"The critics are in my favour, it appears," said he; "we amuse ourselves in our long evenings by singing our own ballads, you understand. I have some little facility in that direction, and I do not at all despair of



"THE CHIEF."



seeing some of my poor efforts in print before long, and with 'Madrid' upon the title-page, too. But we must get back to business. May I ask what your name is?"

"Etienne Gerard."

"Rank?"

"Colonel."

"Corps?"

"The Third Hussars of Conflans."

"You are young for a colonel."

"My career has been an eventful one."

"Tut, that makes it the sadder," said he, with his bland smile.

I made no answer to that, but I tried to show him by my bearing that I was ready for the worst which could befall me.

"By the way, I rather fancy that we have had some of your corps here," said he, turning over the pages of his big brown register.

"We endeavour to keep a record of our operations. Here is a heading under June 24th. Have you not a young officer named Soubiron, a tall, slight youth with light hair?"

"Certainly."

"I see that we buried him upon that date."

"Poor lad!" I cried. "And how did he die?"

"We buried him."

"But before you buried him?"

"You misunderstand me, Colonel. He was not dead before we buried him."

"You buried him alive!"

For a moment I was too stunned to act. Then I hurled myself upon the man, as he sat with that placid smile of his upon his lips, and I would have torn his throat out had the three wretches not dragged me away from him. Again and again I made for him, panting and cursing, shaking off this man and that, straining and wrenching, but never quite free. At last, with my jacket torn nearly off my back and blood dripping from my

wrists, I was hauled backwards in the bight of a rope and cords passed round my ankles and my arms.

"You sleek hound," I cried. "If ever I have you at my sword's point, I will teach you to maltreat one of my lads. You will find, you blood-thirsty beast, that my Emperor has long arms, and though you lie here like a rat in its hole, the time will come when he will tear you out of it, and you and your vermin will perish together."

My faith, I have a rough side to my tongue, and there was not a hard word that I had learned in fourteen campaigns which I did not let fly at him, but he sat with the handle of his pen tapping against his forehead and his eyes squinting up at the roof as if he had conceived the idea of some new stanza. It was this occupation of his which showed me how I might get my point into him.

"You spawn!" said I; "you think that you are safe here, but your life may be as short as that of your absurd verses, and God knows it could not be shorter than that."

Ah, you should have seen him bound from his chair when I said the words. This vile monster, who dispensed death and torture as a grocer serves out his figs, had one raw nerve then which I could prod at



"I HURLED MYSELF UPON THE MAN."



pleasure. His face grew livid, and those little bourgeois side-whiskers quivered and thrilled with passion.

"Very good, Colonel. You have said enough," he cried, in a choking voice. "You say that you have had a very distinguished career. I promise you also a very distinguished ending. Colonel Etienne Gerard of the Third Hussars shall have a death of his own."

"And I only beg," said I, "that you will not commemorate it in verse." I had one or two little ironies to utter, but he cut me short by a furious gesture which caused my three guards to drag me from the cave.

Our interview, which I have told you as nearly as I can remember it, must have lasted some time, for it was quite dark when we came out, and the moon was shining very clearly in the heavens. The brigands had lighted a great fire of the dried branches of the fir trees; not, of course, for warmth, since the night was already very sultry, but to cook their evening meal. A huge copper pot hung over the blaze, and the rascals were lying all round in the yellow glare, so that the scene looked like one of those pictures which Junot stole out of Madrid. There are some soldiers who profess to care nothing for art and the like, but I have always been drawn towards it myself, in which respect I show my good taste and my breeding. I remember, for example, that when Lefebvre was selling the plunder after the fall of Danzig, I bought a very fine picture, called "Nymphs Surprised in a Wood," and I carried it with me through two campaigns, until my charger had the misfortune to put his hoof through it.

I only tell you this, however, to show you that I was never a mere rough soldier like Rapp or Ney. As I lay in that brigand's camp, I had little time or inclination to think about such matters. They had thrown me down under a tree, the three villains squatting round and smoking their cigarettes within hands' touch of me. What to do I could not imagine. In my whole career I do not suppose that I have ten times been in as hopeless a situation. "But courage," thought I. "Courage, my brave boy! You were not made a Colonel of Hussars at twenty-eight because you could dance a cotillon. You are a picked man, Etienne; a man who has come through more than two hundred affairs, and this little one is surely not going to be the last." I began eagerly to glance about for some chance of escape, and as I did so I saw something which filled me with great astonishment.

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I have already told you that a large fire was burning in the centre of the glade. What with its glare, and what with the moonlight, everything was as clear as possible. On the other side of the glade there was a single tall fir tree which attracted my attention because its trunk and lower branches were discoloured, as if a large fire had recently been lit underneath it. A clump of bushes grew in front of it which concealed the base. Well, as I looked towards it, I was surprised to see projecting above the bush, and fastened apparently to the tree, a pair of fine riding boots with the toes upwards. At first I thought that they were tied there, but as I looked harder I saw that they were secured by a great nail which was hammered through the foot of each. And then, suddenly, with a thrill of horror, I understood that these were not empty boots; and moving my head a little to the right, I was able to see who it was that had been fastened there, and why a fire had been lit beneath the tree. It is not pleasant to speak or to think of horrors, my friends, and I do not wish to give any of you bad dreams to-night—but I cannot take you among the Spanish guerillas without showing you what kind of men they were, and the sort of warfare that they waged. I will only say that I understood why Monsieur Vidal's horse was waiting masterless in the grove, and that I hoped he had met this terrible fate with sprightliness and courage, as a good Frenchman ought.

It was not a very cheering sight for me, as you can imagine. When I had been with their chief in the grotto I had been so carried away by my rage at the cruel death of young Soubiron, who was one of the brightest lads who ever threw his thigh over a charger, that I had never given a thought to my own position. Perhaps it would have been more politic had I spoken the ruffian fair, but it was too late now. The cork was drawn, and I must drain the wine. Besides, if the harmless commissariat man were put to such a death, what hope was there for me, who had snapped the spine of their lieutenant. No, I was doomed in any case, so it was as well perhaps that I should have put the best face on the matter. This beast could bear witness that Etienne Gerard had died as he had lived, and that one prisoner at least had not quailed before him. I lay there thinking of the various girls who would mourn for me, and of my dear old mother, and of the deplorable loss which I should be both to my regiment and to the Emperor, and I am not ashamed to confess

to you that I shed tears as I thought of the general consternation which my premature end would give rise to.

But all the time I was taking the very keenest notice of everything which might possibly help me. I am not a man who would lie like a sick horse waiting for the farrier sergeant and the pole-axe. First I would give a little tug at my ankle cords, and then another at those which were round my wrists, and all the time that I was trying to loosen them I was peering round to see if I could find something which was in my favour. There was one thing which was very evident. A hussar is but half formed without a horse, and there was my other half quietly grazing within thirty yards of me. Then I observed yet another thing. The path by which we had come over the mountains was so steep that a horse could only be led across it slowly and with difficulty, but in the other direction the ground appeared to be more open, and to lead straight down into a gently-sloping valley. Had I but my feet in yonder stirrups and my sabre in my hand, a single bold dash might take me out of the power of these vermin of the rocks.

I was still thinking it over and straining with my wrists and my ankles, when their chief came out from his grotto, and after some talk with his lieutenant, who lay groaning near the fire, they both nodded their heads and looked across at me. He then said some few words to the band, who clapped their hands and laughed uproariously. Things looked ominous, and I was delighted to feel that my hands were so far free that I could easily slip them through the cords if I wished. But with my ankles, I feared that I could do nothing, for when I strained it brought such pain into my lance wound, that I had to gnaw my moustache to keep from crying out. I could only lie still, half free and half bound, and see what turn things were likely to take.

For a little I could not make out what they were after. One of the rascals climbed up a well-grown fir tree upon one side of the glade, and tied a rope round the top of the

trunk. He then fastened another rope in the same fashion to a similar tree upon the other side. The two loose ends were now dangling down, and I waited with some curiosity, and just a little trepidation also, to see what they would do next. The whole band pulled upon one of the ropes until they had bent the strong young tree down into a semi-circle, and they then fastened it to a stump, so as to hold it so. When they had bent the other tree down in a similar fashion, the two summits were within a few feet of each other, though, as you understand, they would each spring back into their original position the instant that they were released. I already saw the diabolical plan which these miscreants had formed.

"I presume that you are a strong man, Colonel," said the chief, coming towards me with his hateful smile.

"If you will have the kindness to loosen



"I PRESUME YOU ARE A STRONG MAN."

these cords," I answered, "I will show you how strong I am."

"We were all interested to see whether you



were as strong as these two young saplings," said he. "It is our intention, you see, to tie one end of each rope round your ankles and then to let the trees go. If you are stronger than the trees, then, of course, no harm would be done; if, on the other hand, the trees are stronger than you, why, in that case, Colonel, we may have a souvenir of you upon each side of our little glade."

He laughed as he spoke, and at the sight of it the whole forty of them laughed also. Even now if I am in my darker humour, or if I have a touch of my old Lithuanian ague, I see in my sleep that ring of dark savage faces, with their cruel eyes, and the firelight flashing upon their strong white teeth.

It is astonishing—and I have heard many make the same remark—how acute one's senses become at such a crisis as this. I am convinced that at no moment is one living so vividly, so acutely, as at the instant when a violent and foreseen death overtakes one. I could smell the resinous fagots, I could see every twig upon the ground, I could hear every rustle of the branches, as I have never smelled or seen or heard save at such times of danger. And so it was that long before anyone else, before even the time when the chief had addressed me, I had heard a low, monotonous sound, far away indeed, and yet coming nearer at every instant. At first it was but a murmur, a rumble, but by the time he had finished speaking, while the assassins were untying my ankles in order to lead me to the scene of my murder, I heard, as plainly as ever I heard anything in my life, the clinking of horseshoes and the jingling of bridle chains, with the clank of sabres against stirrup-irons. Is it likely that I, who had lived with the light cavalry since the first hair shaded my lip, would mistake the sound of troopers on the march?

"Help, comrades, help!" I shrieked, and though they struck me across the mouth and tried to drag me up to the trees I kept on yelling, "Help me, my brave boys! Help me, my children! They are murdering your colonel!"

For the moment my wounds and my troubles had brought on a delirium, and I looked for nothing less than my five hundred hussars, kettle-drums and all, to appear at the opening of the glade.

But that which really appeared was very different to anything which I had conceived. Into the clear space there came galloping a fine young man upon a most beautiful roan horse. He was fresh-faced and pleasant-looking, with the most debonair bearing in

the world and the most gallant way of carrying himself—a way which reminded me somewhat of my own. He wore a singular coat which had once been red all over, but which was now stained to the colour of a withered oak leaf wherever the weather could reach it. His shoulder-straps, however, were of golden lace, and he had a bright metal helmet upon his head, with a coquettish white plume upon one side of its crest. He trotted his horse up the glade, while behind him rode four cavaliers in the same dress—all clean-shaven, with round, comely faces, looking to me more like monks than dragoons. At a short, gruff order they halted with a rattle of arms, while their leader cantered forward, the fire beating upon his eager face and the beautiful head of his charger. I knew, of course, by the strange coats that they were English. It was the first sight that I had ever had of them, but from their stout bearing and their masterful way I could see at a glance that what I had always been told was true, and that they were excellent people to fight against.

"Well, well, well!" cried the young officer, in sufficiently bad French, "what game are you up to here? Who was that who was yelling for help, and what are you trying to do to him?"

It was at that moment that I learned to bless those months which Obriant, the descendant of the Irish kings, had spent in teaching me the tongue of the English. My ankles had just been freed, so that I had only to slip my hands out of the cords, and with a single rush I had flown across, picked up my sabre where it lay by the fire, and hurled myself on to the saddle of poor Vidal's horse. Yes, for all my wounded ankle, I never put foot to stirrup, but was in the seat in a single bound. I tore the halter from the tree, and before these villains could so much as snap a pistol at me I was beside the English officer.

"I surrender to you, sir," I cried; though I daresay my English was not very much better than his French. "If you will look at that tree to the left you will see what these villains do to the honourable gentlemen who fall into their hands."

The fire had flared up at that moment, and there was poor Vidal exposed before them, as horrible an object as one could see in a nightmare. "My God!" cried the officer, and "My God!" cried each of the four troopers, which is the same as with us when we cry "Mon Dieu!" Out rasped the five swords, and the four men closed up. One, who wore



"WHAT GAME ARE YOU UP TO HERE?"

a sergeant's chevrons, laughed and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Fight for your skin, froggy," said he.

Ah, it was so fine to have a horse between my thighs and a weapon in my grip. I waved it above my head and shouted in my exultation. The chief had come forward with that odious smiling face of his.

"Your excellency will observe that this Frenchman is our prisoner," said he.

"You are a rascally robber," said the Englishman, shaking his sword at him. "It is a disgrace to us to have such allies. By my faith, if Lord Wellington were of my mind we would swing you up on the nearest tree."

"But my prisoner?" said the brigand, in his suave voice.

"He shall come with us to the British camp."

"Just a word in your ear before you take him."

He approached the young officer, and then, turning as quick as a flash, he fired his pistol in my face. The bullet scored its way through my hair and burst a hole on each side of my

busby. Seeing that he had missed me, he raised the pistol and was about to hurl it at me when the English sergeant, with a single back-handed cut, nearly severed his head from his body. His blood had not reached the ground, nor the last curse died on his lips, before the whole horde was upon us, but with a dozen bounds and as many slashes we were all safely out of the glade, and galloping down the winding track which led to the valley.

It was not until we had left the ravine far behind us and were right out in the open fields that we ventured to halt, and to see what injuries we had sustained. For me, wounded and weary as I was, my heart was beating proudly, and my chest was nearly bursting my tunic to think that I, Etienne Gerard, had left this gang of murderers so much by which to remember me. My faith, they would think twice before they ventured

again to lay hands upon one of the Third Hussars. So carried away was I that I made a small oration to these brave Englishmen, and told them who it was that they had helped to rescue. I would have spoken of glory also, and of the sympathies of brave men, but the officer cut me short.

"That's all right," said he. "Any injuries, Sergeant?"

"Trooper Jones's horse hit with a pistol bullet on the fetlock."

"Trooper Jones to go with us. Sergeant Halliday, with troopers Harvey and Smith, to keep to the right until they touch the vedettes of the German Hussars."

So these three jingled away together, while the officer and I, followed at some distance by the trooper whose horse had been wounded, rode straight down in the direction of the English camp. Very soon we had opened our hearts, for we each liked the look of the other from the beginning. He was of the nobility, this brave lad, and he had been sent out scouting by Lord Wellington to see if there were any signs of our advancing through the mountains. It is one advantage



of a wandering life like mine, that you learn to pick up those bits of knowledge which distinguish the man of the world. I have, for example, hardly ever met a Frenchman who could repeat an English title correctly. If I had not travelled I should not be able to say with confidence that this young man's real name was Milor the Hon. Sir Russell, Bart., this last being an honourable distinction, so that it was as the Bart that I usually addressed him, just as in Spanish one might say "the Don."

As we rode beneath the moonlight in the lovely Spanish night, we spoke our minds to each other, as if we were brothers. We were both of an age, you see, both of the light cavalry also (the Sixteenth Light Dragoons was his regiment), and both with the same hopes and ambitions. Never have I learned to know a man so quickly as I did the Bart. He gave me the name of a girl whom he had loved at a garden called Vauxhall, and, for my own part, I spoke to him of little Coralie, of the Opera. He took a lock of hair from his bosom, and I a garter. Then we nearly quarrelled over hussar and dragoon, for he was absurdly proud of his regiment, and you should have seen him curl his lip and clap his hand to his hilt when I said that I hoped it might never be its misfortune to come in the way of the Third. Finally, he began to speak about what the English call sport, and he told such stories of the money which he had lost over which of two cocks could kill the other, or which of two men could strike the other the most in a fight for a prize, that I was filled with astonishment. He was ready to bet upon anything in the most wonderful manner, and when I chanced to see a shooting star he was anxious to bet that he would see more than me, twenty-five francs a star, and it was only when I explained that my purse was in the hands of the brigands that he would give over the idea.

Well, we chatted away in this very amiable fashion until the day began to break, when suddenly we heard a great volley of musketry from somewhere in the front of us. It was very rocky and broken ground, and I thought, although I could see nothing, that a general engagement had broken out. The Bart laughed at my idea, however, and explained that the sound came from the English camp, where every man emptied his piece each morning so as to make sure of having a dry priming.

"In another mile we shall be up with the outposts," said he.

I glanced round at this, and I perceived

that we had trotted along at so good a pace during the time that we were keeping up our pleasant chat that the dragoon with the lame horse was altogether out of sight. I looked on every side, but in the whole of that vast rocky valley there was no one save only the Bart and I—both of us armed, you understand, and both of us well mounted. I began to ask myself whether after all it was quite necessary that I should ride that mile which would bring me to the British outposts.

Now, I wish to be very clear with you on this point, my friends, for I would not have you think that I was acting dishonourably or ungratefully to the man who had helped me away from the brigands. You must remember that of all duties the strongest is that which a commanding officer owes to his men. You must also bear in mind that war is a game which is played under fixed rules, and when these rules are broken one must at once claim the forfeit. If, for example, I had given a parole, then I should have been an infamous wretch had I dreamed of escaping. But no parole had been asked of me. Out of over-confidence, and the chance of the lame horse dropping behind, the Bart had permitted me to get up on equal terms with him. Had it been I who had taken him, I should have used him as courteously as he had me, but, at the same time, I should have respected his enterprise so far as to have deprived him of his sword, and seen that I had at least one guard beside myself. I reined up my horse and explained this to him, asking him at the same time whether he saw any breach of honour in my leaving him.

He thought about it, and several times repeated that which the English say when they mean "*Mon Dieu!*"

"You would give me the slip, would you?" said he.

"If you can give no reason against it."

"The only reason that I can think of," said the Bart, "is that I should instantly cut your head off if you were to attempt it."

"Two can play at that game, my dear Bart," said I.

"Then we'll see who can play at it best," he cried, pulling out his sword.

I had drawn mine also, but I was quite determined not to hurt this admirable young man who had been my benefactor.

"Consider," said I, "you say that I am your prisoner. I might with equal reason say that you are mine. We are alone here, and though I have no doubt that you are an excellent swordsman, you can hardly hope to

hold your own against the best blade in the six light cavalry brigades."

His answer was a cut at my head. I parried and shore off half of his white plume. He thrust at my breast. I turned his point and cut away the other half of his cockade.

"Curse your monkey tricks!" he cried, as I wheeled my horse away from him.

"Why should you strike at me?" said I. "You see that I will not strike back."

"That's all very well," said he; "but you've got to come along with me to the camp."

"I shall never see the camp," said I.

"I'll lay you nine to four you do," he cried, as he made at me, sword in hand.



"HIS ANSWER WAS A CUT AT MY HEAD."

But those words of his put something new into my head. Could we not decide the matter in some better way than by fighting? The Bart was placing me in such a position that I should have to hurt him, or he would certainly hurt me. I avoided his rush, though his sword-point was within an inch of my neck.

"I have a proposal," I cried. "We shall

throw dice as to which is the prisoner of the other."

He smiled at this. It appealed to his love of sport.

"Where are your dice?" he cried.

"I have none."

"Nor I. But I have cards."

"Cards let it be," said I.

"And the game?"

"I leave it to you."

"Écarté, then—the best of three."

I could not help smiling as I agreed, for I do not suppose that there were three men in France who were my masters at the game. I told the Bart as much as we dismounted. He smiled also as he listened.

"I was counted the best player at Watier's," said he. "With even luck you deserve to get off if you beat me."

So we tethered our two horses and sat down one on either side of a great flat rock. The Bart took a pack of cards out of his tunic, and I had only to see him shuffle to convince me that I had no novice to deal with. We cut, and the deal fell to him.

My faith, it was a stake worth playing for. He wished to add a hundred gold pieces a game, but what was money when the fate of Colonel Etienne Gerard hung upon the cards? I felt as though all those who had reason to be interested in the game: my mother, my hussars, the Sixth Corps d'Armée, Ney, Massena, even the Emperor himself, were forming a ring round us in that desolate valley. Heavens, what a blow to one and all of them should the cards go against me! But I was confident, for my écarté play was as famous as my swordsmanship, and save old Bouvet of the Hussars of Bercheny, who won seventy-six out of one hundred and fifty games off me, I have always had

the best of a series.

The first game I won right off, though I must confess that the cards were with me, and that my adversary could have done no more. In the second, I never played better and saved a trick by a finesse, but the Bart voled me once, marked the king, and ran out in the second hand. My faith, we were so



excited that he laid his helmet down beside him and I my busby.

"I'll lay my roan mare against your black horse," said he.

"Done!" said I.

"Sword against sword."

"Done!" said I.

"Saddle, bridle, and stirrups!" he cried.

"Done!" I shouted.

I had caught this spirit of sport from him. I would have laid my hussars against his dragoons had they been ours to pledge.

And then began the game of games. Oh, he played, this Englishman—he played in a way that was worthy of such a stake. But I, my friends, I was superb! Of the five which I had to make to win, I gained three on the first hand. The Bart bit his moustache and drummed his hands, while I already felt myself at the head of my dear little rascals. On the second, I turned the king, but lost two tricks—and my score was four to his two. When I saw my next hand I could not but give a cry of delight. "If I cannot gain my freedom on this," thought I, "I deserve to remain for ever in chains."

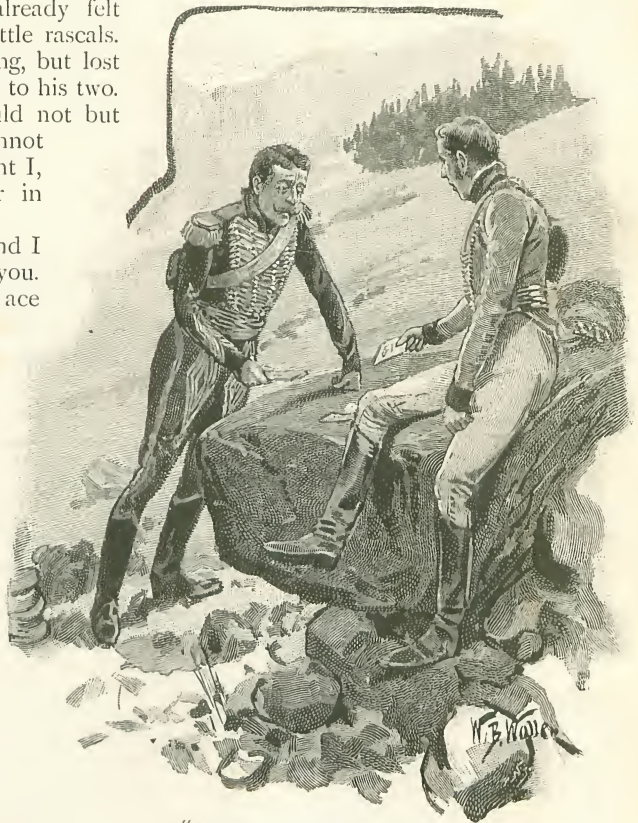
Give me the cards, landlord, and I will lay them out on the table for you.

Here was my hand: knave and ace of clubs, queen and knave of diamonds, and king of hearts. Clubs were trumps, mark you, and I had but one point between me and freedom. As you may think, I declined his proposal. He knew that it was the crisis, and he undid his tunic. I threw my dolman on the ground. He led the ten of spades. I took it with my ace of trumps. One point in my favour. The correct play was to clear the trumps, and I led the knave. Down came the queen upon it, and the game was equal. He led the eight of spades, and I could only discard my queen of diamonds. Then came the seven of spades, and the hair stood straight up on my head. We each threw down a king at the final. He had won two points, and my beautiful hand had been mastered by his inferior one. I could have rolled on the ground as I thought of it. They used to play very good *écarté* at Watier's in the year '10. I say it—I, Brigadier Gerard.

The last game was now four all. This next hand must settle it one way or the other.

He undid his sash, and I put away my sword-belt. He was cool, this Englishman, and I tried to be so also, but the perspiration would trickle into my eyes. The deal lay with him, and I may confess to you, my friends, that my hands shook so that I could hardly pick my cards from the rock. But when I raised them, what was the first thing that my eyes rested upon. It was the king, the king, the glorious king of trumps! My mouth was open to declare it when the words were frozen upon my lips by the appearance of my comrade.

He held his cards in his hand, but his jaw had fallen, and his eyes were staring over my shoulder with the most dreadful expression of consternation and surprise.



"WE EACH THREW DOWN A KING."

I whisked round, and I was myself amazed at what I saw.

Three men were standing quite close to us—fifteen mètres at the furthest. The middle one was of a good height, and yet not too tall—about the same height, in fact, that I am myself. He was clad in a dark uniform with a small cocked hat, and some sort of



white plume upon the side. But I had little thought of his dress. It was his face, his gaunt cheeks, his beak-like nose, his masterful blue eyes, his thin, firm slit of a mouth which made one feel that this was a wonderful man, a man of a million. His brows were tied into a knot, and he cast such a glance at my poor Bart from under them that one by one the cards came fluttering down from his nerveless fingers. Of the two other men, one, who had a face as brown and hard as though it had been carved out of old oak, wore a bright red coat, while the other, a fine portly man with bushy side-whiskers, was in a blue jacket with gold facings. Some little distance behind, three orderlies were holding as many horses, and an escort of lancers was waiting in the rear.

"Heh, Crauford, what the deuce is this?" asked the thin man.

"D'you hear, sir?" cried the man with the red coat. "Lord Wellington wants to know what this means."

My poor Bart broke into an account of all that had occurred, but that rock-face never softened for an instant.

"Pretty fine, 'pon my word, General Crauford," he broke in. "The discipline of this force must be maintained, sir. Report yourself at headquarters as a prisoner."

It was dreadful to me to see the Bart mount his horse and ride off with hanging head. I could not endure it. I threw

myself before this English General. I pleaded with him for my friend. I told him how I, Colonel Gerard, would witness what a dashing young officer he was. Ah, my eloquence might have melted the hardest heart; I brought tears to my own eyes, but none to his. My voice broke, and I could say no more.

"What weight do you put on your mules, sir, in the French service?" he asked. Yes, that was all this phlegmatic Englishman had to answer to these burning words of mine. That was his reply to what would have made a Frenchman weep upon my shoulder.

"What weight on a mule?" asked the man with the red coat.

"Two hundred and ten pounds," said I.

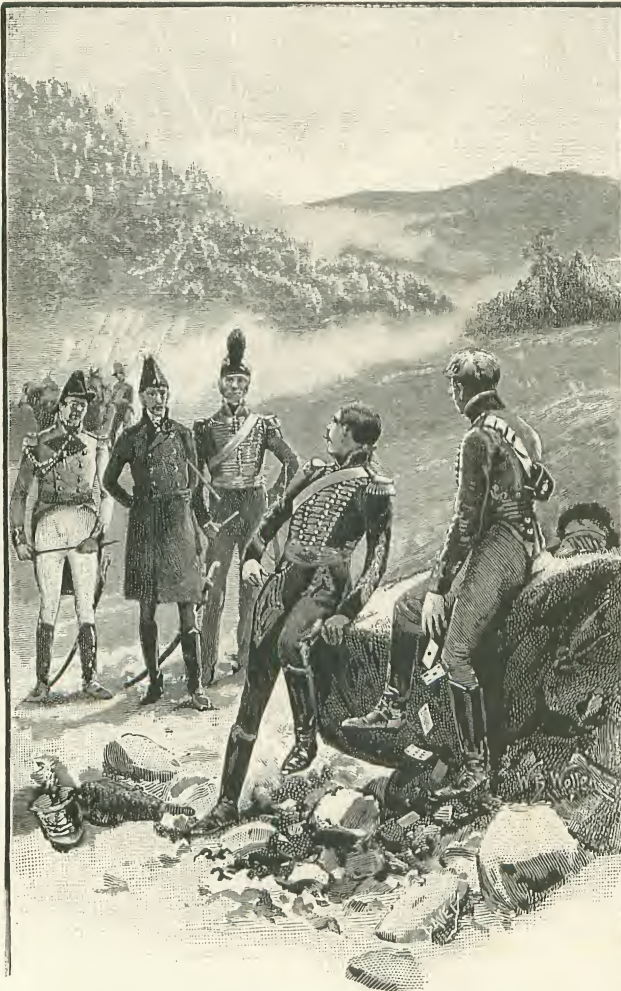
"Then you load them deucedly badly," said Lord Wellington. "Remove the prisoner to the rear."

His Lancers closed in upon me, and I—I was driven mad, as I thought that the game had been in my hands, and that I ought at that moment to be a free man. I held the cards up in front of the General.

"See, my lord!" I cried; "I played for my freedom and I won, for, as you perceive, I hold the king."

For the first time a slight smile softened his gaunt face.

"On the contrary," said he, as he mounted his horse, "it was I who won, for, as you perceive, my king holds you."



"THE CARDS FLUTTERED FROM HIS NERVELESS FINGERS."



## From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

LORD RANDOLPH'S  
DIARY.

TALKING with a friend shortly after his return from South Africa, Lord Randolph Churchill incidentally made reference to "my diary," the remark leaving the impression that he kept such a work with unfailing regularity and unremitted fulness. It will be a pity if the present generation should be deprived of opportunity of studying the book. It would doubtless require severe editing, for the diarist had not a habit of mincing matters of opinion, whether in speech or writing. However handled, there must remain a valuable and picturesque record of the inner scenes of English political life, between the years 1880 and 1892. After that date the fell disease which gripped the strong life of the still young statesman had obtained a mastery that to some extent clouded his judgment and painfully obscured his lucidity.

SECRET  
NEGOTIATIONS.

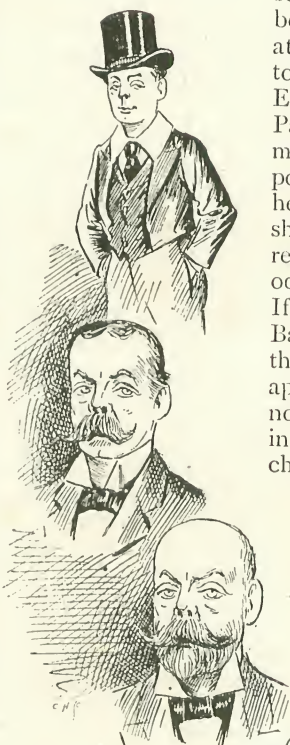
The diary, should it ever see the light, will, doubtless, contain a full account of the negotiations which, in the midsummer of 1890, led him within a step of returning to his seat in the Conservative Cabinet. Lord Salisbury's Government was at the time not doing very well. The necessity for its being strengthened from outside was urgent. Once more pleading glances were turned in the direction of Lord Hartington, with entreaty to "come over and help us." It was understood that, amongst Lord Hartington's most influential colleagues, such a step was hotly opposed. The General Election could not be long delayed. At that epoch, as had been shown in the Central Birmingham episode of the previous year, Mr. Chamberlain was not yet disposed to merge himself and his forces in the Conservative ranks. If Lord Hartington joined the Ministry, his party must perforce either separate from him or finally throw in their lot with their ancient adversaries, standing at the General Election under the Conservative flag. If room were made for Lord Randolph Churchill on the Treasury Bench, the consequent accession

of strength would be such that there would be no necessity for Lord Hartington's crossing the floor.

Mr. W. H. Smith, then Leader of the House, was cordially in favour of the little scheme. Lord Randolph, to all outward appearance, stood aloof from the negotiations, but that he approved them and looked confidently forward to a happy issue appears from a remark made early in July, 1890. At that time an election was pending at Barrow, under circumstances which excited unusual interest in the political camps. Every effort was made on both sides to secure the seat. Lord Randolph Churchill at this time still preserved, from his corner seat behind the Treasury Bench, an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards his former colleagues. Except in the matter of the Parnell Commission, he had not made any ordered attack on their policy. But he had never, since he quitted the Treasury Bench, shown himself friendly to its remaining occupants, whilst upon occasion he was coldly critical. If he could be induced to go to Barrow and speak on behalf of the Ministerial candidate, his appearance on the scene would not only have immediate effect in improving Mr. Wainwright's chances, but would greatly strengthen the Ministry by showing that the chasm between himself and his old colleagues was bridged.

"If," said Lord Randolph, "you see by the papers tomorrow that I have gone down to Barrow to speak for Wainwright, you may bet your boots that before three weeks are over I will be sitting on the Treasury Bench."

He went to Barrow, and it was noticed that on his return to town his attendance on the House of Commons, hitherto fitful, for awhile became regular. But he did not within three weeks, or at any later time, reach the Treasury Bench. It was believed by those cognizant of what had been going forward that it was Lord Salisbury who had proved implacable. It is small wonder that,



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

save under the direst necessity, he should have shirked renewing relations with the brilliant but erratic and too peremptory statesman who for some months had disputed with him supremacy in his own Cabinet.

CANDIDATE  
FOR  
BIRMING-  
HAM.

Another turning-point of Lord Randolph's career at this interesting time will doubtless be also illumined in the pages of the diary. In 1889, Lord Randolph, apparently in perfect health, certainly in high spirits, had grown weary of playing a comparatively obscure part in politics. He saw in an invitation to contest Birmingham an opportunity of emerging once more into the front rank. In 1885 he had fought Birmingham and almost won the seat, though he tilted against Mr. Bright. Now Mr. Bright was dead, and the Conservative party in Birmingham promptly turned to Lord Randolph. With the assistance of the Dissident Liberals under the leadership of Mr. Chamberlain, the seat might be counted on as won.

It had long been a desire near to Lord Randolph's heart to represent a centre of teeming political activity like Birmingham. He believed that in this constituency he would find warm sympathy with the democratic Toryism of which he was the apostle. On the 2nd of April, 1889, a deputation waited upon him in Connaught Place, conveying to him a pressing invitation to contest the borough. To their surprise he hesitated, promising to give an answer at the House of Commons at five o'clock in the afternoon. It was soon made known that Mr. Chamberlain, instead of showing himself ready to assist in furthering Lord Randolph's views, had put his foot down, and threatened open breach of alliance with the Conservative Party if the candidature were insisted upon. There was no occasion for the spiteful suggestion current at the time that he was adverse to the prospect of two kings smelling at the Birmingham rose, preferring to Lord Randolph Churchill the less brilliant coterie who shared with him the representation of the borough. His objection was based on the sufficient, reasonable argument that the seat belonged to his wing of the Opposition Party, and that, upon a vacancy, it should revert, not to Conservatives, but to Dissident Liberals.

Lord Salisbury and his colleagues found *themselves* in a painfully perplexed position. If they sided with Lord Randolph Churchill they would mortally offend Mr. Chamberlain. If they yielded to Mr. Chamberlain it would be at the double risk of affronting the Conservative

Party in Birmingham, and of sacrificing Lord Randolph Churchill. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was deputed to see Lord Randolph, and succeeded in obtaining from him a promise that if, after conference with Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, it appeared for the good of the party that he should be thrown over, the victim would concur in the arrangement.

The interview took place, and Mr. Chamberlain got his way. Lord Randolph, loyal to his word, yielded to the decision, but at what mental cost few people know. He passed me as he came out of the room of the Conservative Whip where withdrawal from the candidature had been finally wrung from him. He was so altered in personal appearance that for a moment I did not know him. Instead of his usual alert, swinging pace, with head erect, and swiftly glancing eyes, he walked with slow, weary tread, his head hanging down and a look on his face as if tears had been coursing down it. No one who knew him only in public life would have imagined him capable of such emotion. It was a blow from which he never recovered, though there was a recurrence to the old ambition to represent something other than the villadom of Paddington when, a little more than a year before his death, he announced his intention of standing for bustling Bradford.

FOR-  
GETTING  
GOSCHEN.

In his place in the House of Commons, and in addressing his constituents, Lord Randolph offered explanations of the reasons that induced him on the eve of Christmas, 1886, to resign his place in the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury. It was because his colleagues, the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty, instead of, as he hoped, reducing their Estimates, made increased demand on the revenues of the coming year. In private conversation, Lord Randolph filled up some details that made the proceedings more intelligible.

Already in this month of December he had worked out the broad scheme of his Budget, which he was bent upon making a popular one. The demands of the spending departments hampered, if they did not upset, his calculations. He strove with might and main to induce Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Stanhope to recast their Estimates. One morning he spent two hours with Mr. Smith, who must have had an uncommonly hard time of it. It was all in vain. The Ministers insisted upon satisfaction of their full demands. Then Lord Randolph deter-



mined to play his last card. If he yielded now, in addition to spoiling his Budget, his position in the Cabinet would be determined. Almost at the outset of its deliberations he would have been beaten. He believed that he was indispensable to the Government, and that his threat of resignation would be sufficient to subdue his colleagues to his imperious will.

He sent in his resignation on the 22nd of December. Lord Salisbury, in accordance with his habit when in a dilemma, turned to Lord Hartington and invited him to



"WILL YOU COME OVER?"

save the country by joining the Ministry. Lord Hartington declined, and it seemed that there would be nothing for the belated Ministry but to make peace with Lord Randolph on his own terms and invite him back to the fold.

"A little less than a week after I had written to Lord Salisbury," Lord Randolph told me when chatting about the event, "I was walking up St. James's Street when I met ——" (mentioning the name of a lady well known in London society). "She was driving, but stopped the carriage to speak to me. She asked how things were going on, and I said I thought they were doing nicely. Hartington had refused to join them, and whom else can they have? 'Have you thought of

Mr. Goschen?' she said, in a voice and manner that indicated she knew more than the simple inquiry conveyed. It all flashed on me in a moment. I saw the game was lost. I *had* forgotten Goschen."

LORD  
RANDOLPH'S  
BUDGET.

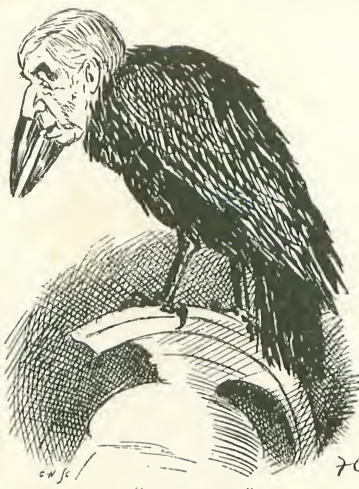
It is to be hoped the diary, when we see it, will supply particulars of the Budget scheme on which the young Chancellor of the Exchequer rested high hope of increased and permanent fame. It is certain to have been original, was doubtless daring, and could scarcely have failed to be democratic in its tendencies. Authorities at the Treasury, accustomed to deal with financial giants like Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Goschen, were astonished at the ease and thoroughness with which Lord Randolph mastered the intricate questions of national finance, and the originality of the ideas he brought to bear upon the situation of the hour. Talking over the subject, one of the most highly-placed authorities at the Treasury remarked, "I do not know how far Lord Randolph had gone in obtaining the sanction of his colleagues in the Cabinet for the scheme he early in December, 1886, had adumbrated. But I may tell you that had a Budget planned on the contemplated lines been introduced by a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, it would have created a sensation equal to what

followed on Peel's proposal for the abolition of the Corn Laws, or Dizzy's Establishment of Household Suffrage."

One wonders whether Lord Randolph had designed to anticipate Sir William Harcourt in dealing with the Death Duties. Some day we shall know.

A MAR-  
VELLOUS  
MEMORY. In his early  
Parliamentary  
days Lord  
Randolph

Churchill had an almost phenomenal memory. He could repeat a whole page of verse or prose after having once read it over. This being asserted at a country house where he was staying, and polite incredulity being expressed, he offered a wager that he would, after once reading it over, recite a page from any book to be selected



"NEVERMORE."

by his doubting friend. The wager was accepted, and a volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was taken down from the library shelf. The volume was opened at random. Lord Randolph read a page, and handing the book over to the umpire, recited every word without error or hesitation.

Another wager was won under quite different circumstances. During an early Session of the Parliament of 1880-85, Lord Randolph was dining in company where question arose of the time it took to pass over Westminster Bridge. He undertook to cross it from the Surrey side to the steps of the Clock Tower what time Big Ben was chiming the quarters and striking the hour of midnight. The bet was accepted, and one summer night, on the stroke of twelve, a solitary pedestrian might have been observed speeding like the wind across Westminster Bridge. It was the future Leader of the House of Commons, and he won his bet.



A RACE AGAINST TIME.

Lord Randolph was a great acquisition to the dinner-table, and for some years his company was more eagerly competed for than any other star of the season. He was a little uncertain, displaying a great ability of saying nothing if the company were not entirely to his liking. Worse still, if it was particularly boring, or for other reason distasteful to him, he had a way of dropping an occasional remark that was not conducive to serenity. He was a great believer in the social board as an adjunct to the political campaign, and entertained hospitably and habitually. When the Fourth Party was beginning to

become a power in the House of Commons, the rank and file, with one, two, or, at most, three guests from outside, frequently dined with the Leader in Connaught Place. He often gave little Sunday night dinners at the Turf Club. I remember one cheery evening when, of a party of five, Father Healy was at his best. At the close of the Session of 1880, the Fourth Party, aspiring to be, at least, in this respect, on a footing of equality with Her Majesty's Ministers, celebrated the eve of the Prorogation by going down to Greenwich to a whitebait dinner.

One of Lord Randolph's dinners, which excited much attention at the time, was given at the Junior Carlton Club in the course of the Session preceding his departure for South Africa. The invitations were "to meet the Prince of Wales," and the fact that among the guests was Mr. Richard Power, then the Whip of the united Parnellite Party, was made much of in political gossip. "Here," it was said, "was Lord Randolph Churchill bringing the Prince of Wales and official Home Rulers together." Lord Randolph was absolutely innocent of any such design. He wanted to get together a varied circle of cheerful people who were likely to interest the Prince of Wales, and there were few more attractive than "Dick" Power, one of the most popular men in the House of Commons. Of others present on this occasion, I remember Sir William Harcourt, Lord Morris, the present Solicitor-General, then plain Mr. Frank Lockwood; Mr. Louis Jennings, and Mr. George Lewis, not at that time knighted. Of a company that did not exceed a dozen, three have since died—Louis Jennings, Dick Power, and now the host.

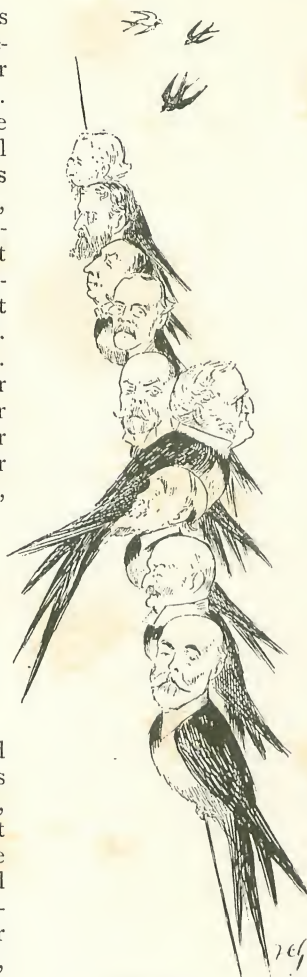
#### A FAREWELL DINNER.

The last time I saw Lord Randolph was when he bade me good-bye on the eve of his journey round the world, which ended in the haven of a grave at Woodstock. In his mother's house in Grosvenor Square he gave a farewell dinner to something like a score of old friends, a catalogue of whose names testifies to the wideness of his personal sympathies. On his right hand sat Mr. Arthur Balfour, in old Fourth Party days a mere private under his command, now heritor of the position he had thrown up. On his left sat Mr. Henry Chaplin, with whom at one portion of his stormy career early friendship had suffered some vicissitudes. Next to the Cromwellian ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland sat his successor, Mr. John Morley, a juxtaposition which made Lord



Randolph's eyes twinkle with something of their ancient merriment. Looking round the table, I recall among the guests Mr. David Plunket, Mr. Rochfort Maguire, the earliest emissary of civilization at the Court of Lo Bengula; Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Edward Dicey, Sir George Lewis, Sir Henry Calcraft, Sir Edward Lawson, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, Sir Algernon Borthwick, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist; and Sir Francis Knollys, secretary to the Prince of Wales.

Lord Randolph told me he had asked three others whose presence, had it been brought about, would have further diversified this notable gathering. They were Sir William Harcourt, detained at home by a dinner engagement; Mr. Asquith, on duty at White Lodge in anticipation of the birth of an heir to the Duke of York; and Mr. Henry Irving, engaged on theatrical duties. Lord Randolph, though somewhat excited, was, more than usual of late, his old self. He spoke with eager interest of his coming journey. The two prospects that most attracted him were the shooting of big game in India and the opportunity of visiting Burmah—"Burmah, which I annexed," he proudly said. He had accepted a commission from a Paris journal to write some half-dozen letters, descriptive of his tour, and intended to fill them chiefly with record of his shooting expedition. But he did not reach India; and Burmah never saw the statesman who, in his brief tenure of the India Office, had added the glow of its rubies to the splendour of the English crown.



"SWALLOWS."

It is possible that when these A VACANT lines appear in print Mr. Gladstone, invigorated by his sojourn on the Riviera, may have returned, casually at least, to the familiar scene at Westminster. Up to the present time of writing he has not visited the House of Commons since on the night of March in last year he quietly walked out after having flung down the gauntlet at the feet of the astonished peers. It seemed on the morrow of that day that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the House of Commons to carry on its business with this commanding figure withdrawn. It was like taking away the centre pillar from the roof-tree.

But it is the old story that no man, however supremely great, is indispensable. An anonymous philosopher has written: "The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him can find out by sticking a needle into a millpond, withdrawing it, and looking at the hole." In the dignity of the House of Commons, its measure of eloquence, its range of individual influence, a great chasm yawns where Mr. Gladstone used to sit. Nevertheless, the House, being above all things (in spite of some episodes to the contrary) a business assembly, having made up its mind that Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal from active participation in its life was inevitable and is irretrievable, promptly set itself to do without him.

During the present Session evidence of a significant character has been forthcoming of the final

and complete recognition of the fact that one who for half a century was a chief ornament of the House of Commons no longer forms part of it. A familiar and well devised regulation of debate in the House is that no member may allude to another by surname. If a Minister, he mentions him by the style of his office. If a private member, he drags in the full name of his constituency. Mr. Gladstone is in



QUIETLY WALKED OUT.

Parliamentary parlance "the right honourable gentleman the member for Midlothian," and should be so styled in chance reference to him in debate. But so remote has he grown to be in the minds of men busy night and day at Westminster that several times they, making chance allusion to him, have spoken of "Mr. Gladstone." On the earliest occasions of this lapse it was unobserved. As it threatened to become habitual, recurrence was met by cries of "Order! order!" and the offending member harked back to the more rotund style of allusion.

NOBLE LORDS  
AND HON.  
MEMBERS.

This is one of the forms of procedure in which the House of Lords directly differs from the Commons. New members of the popular Chamber visiting the Lords have felt a momentary shock at hearing peers referred to by name in the course of debate. When it comes to actually naming a bishop, the sensation is not altogether free from taint of sacrilege. It is noted that peers recently imported from the Commons avoid as far as possible what they have been trained to regard as an unparliamentary practice. They talk of "the noble lord on the Woolsack," "the noble lord who has just spoken," "the noble marquis below the gangway," or, "the noble lord on the cross benches." The awkwardness soon wears off, and they come to speak of Lord Spencer, Lord Wemyss, Lord Cowper, and the rest with dangerous glibness.

The necessity for this direct reference is insuperable in the Lords, for the sufficient reason that there is no other means of identifying members. In the Commons it is not only convenient, but, though it seems a small matter, I believe there is no custom that does more to preserve the dignity of the House and the courtesy of debate than that which forbids the mention of members by name. There is a subtle, indescribable difference between alluding to an adversary as "the hon. member for North Louth" and the feelings that might submerge the excited mind if he were called "Mr. Healy,"

much less if it were permissible to allude to him as "Tim." There is the same difference between the actuality "Mr. T. Harrington" and the abstraction "the hon. member for the Harbour Division of Dublin." I select these names simply because juxtaposition of the two gentlemen in a recent debate on the action of the Parnellite members *vis-à-vis* Home Rule, brought sharply out possibilities under other circumstances—say similar close neighbourhood in debate at the Board of Guardians or in Committee Room No. 15. It is, in given circumstances and with heated temperament, so easy to fly at Tim Healy or to land a counter-stroke on the jaw of Tim Harrington—of course, I mean in the way of verbal argument—that the temptation might prove irresistible. When, in the whitest heat of controversy, one has to pause and mouth the stiffly courteous reference to "the hon. and learned member for North Louth," "the hon. and learned member for the Harbour Division of Dublin," not only is time given for reflection, but there is imported into the conversation a certain ceremoniousness quite incompatible with roughness of demeanour or coarseness of speech.

When procedure in the House of Representatives at Washington was being formed, this spell in use in the House of Commons was noted and attempt made to adapt it. It was ordered that no member should be alluded to by name, the form of reference

being "the hon. gentleman from Kentucky," "the hon. gentleman from Wisconsin," "the hon. gentleman from Illinois," and so forth. This avoidance of the worst has had modifying effect. But, as occasional reports from Washington testify, it has not wholly effected the desired purpose. When the wind of controversy rises, the appellation "honourable" is dropped, and there are hardly any limits to the irritating contumely and scorn that may lurk under a chance reference to "the gentleman from Kentucky," "the gentleman from Wisconsin," or "the gentleman from Illinois."

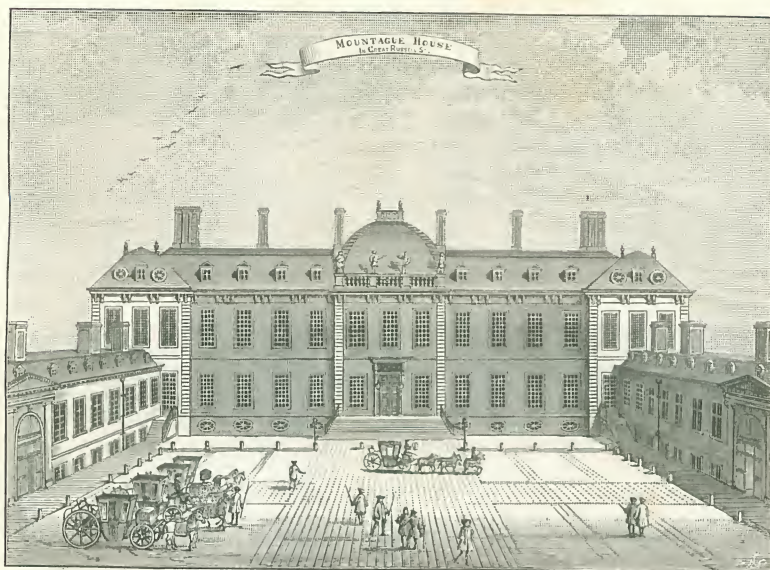


"TIM."



# In Our National Library.

By M. SAN-LÉON.



From an

MONTAGU HOUSE—THE OLD BRITISH MUSEUM.

[Old Print.]

Take a strict view of everything  
And then say this in brief:  
This either is a World it self,  
Or of the world is Chief.

—PHILEMON HOLLAND.



WHEN, in 1754, a safe and suitable home was wanted for treasures then become national possessions—the libraries of Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Hans Sloane, together with the

museum of the latter and the Harleian manuscripts—Montagu House was bought for £10,000. This once famous palace, of which Evelyn wrote that there was nothing more glorious in England, stood, at that time, upon the very outskirts of London; indeed, its remoteness was the only objection urged against converting it into the proposed British Museum. Fields

and farmlands stretched away from it to Hampstead Heath; while immediately behind its seven acres of beautiful grounds and gardens lay the favourite duelling rendezvous which acquired such sinister renown, that one may read of "the ground behind Montagu House" in every quarrel of the day. The palace, as it was then considered, had been built by Ralph, first Duke of Montagu. Sent in 1669

as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Louis XIV., he returned to England with a taste formed upon the models of Paris and Versailles. So fixed was this influence that when he rebuilt Montagu House, after a fire which had destroyed the first of that name, he employed the celebrated French architect, Pierre Puget, and three artists of the same nationality. Of these, Monnoyer painted the garlands of flowers, Rousseau the landscapes,



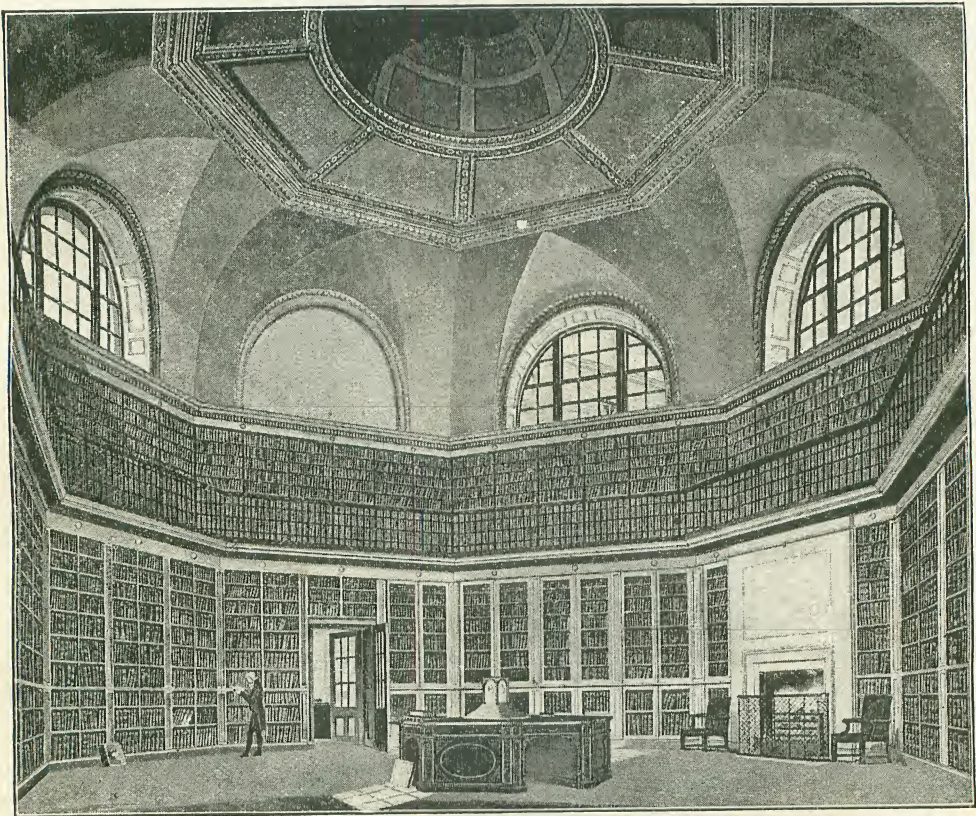
THE ENTRANCE TO THE OLD BRITISH MUSEUM.—GREAT RUSSELL STREET.



while La Fosse adorned the grand staircase and ceilings with classical subjects at a cost of £2,000 for his work and an allowance of £500 more for his diet.

Nevertheless, as Montagu House had been designed for private uses, it could not be made to serve those of a public institution without a further outlay, which brought its total cost to the nation up to the then respectable sum of £23,000. But money is occasionally the equivalent of time; and it was not until January 15th, 1759, that what

Cranmer, and Isaac Casaubon. It was also accompanied by the privilege which the Royal Library had acquired in the reign of Anne, of being supplied with a copy of every publication entered at Stationers' Hall. And while the Museum, with its reading-room in a basement corner—where twenty chairs and one "proper wainscoat table covered with green bays" furnished more than sufficient accommodation for all demands—still preserved the designs of Puget and La Fosse behind the same haughty outer



THE KING'S LIBRARY IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

we now call the old British Museum was thrown open "for study and inspection." And by the time that public curiosity could stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon, in Bloomsbury, King George II. had richly increased the literary stores that were to reward it.

In 1757 the Royal Library of England was added to those already gathered together in the new national collection. This gift included, among others, some printed and priceless volumes collected by Henry VII., by Henry Prince of Wales, by Archbishop

walls, which effectually excluded it from every distant view, and the massive gateway, with its glazed cupola, its clock, and flanking turrets, yet served to awe the inquisitive urchins of Great Russell Street, another truly kingly addition was made to its library.

A second royal collection, for which the superb hall known as the King's Library was expressly built, was "presented" to the nation by George IV. in 1823. At almost unmeasured cost it was gathered by George III. into that beautiful library in Buckingham Palace, where Doctor Johnson





THE KING'S LIBRARY, LOOKING TOWARDS THE  
MANUSCRIPT ROOM.

so often found a scholar's exquisite delight. Begun at a happy period for collectors, when the Jesuit houses were being dispersed and their magnificent libraries sold throughout the States of Europe, augmented from the secularized convents of Germany, and fed, as enthusiastic description has it, for more than half a century at an expenditure of little less than £200,000—it may well deserve to be called the most complete library of its extent ever collected by a single individual. And not even a London fog can impair its beauty in the noble vista of the King's Library. When the two long lines of windows are darkened, it is lighted by electric lamps that hang from the fine ceiling like a row of giant pearls. The books which are its own, and are sheltered on glass-fronted shelves that line every foot of solid wall all up and down its length of three hundred feet and thirty feet of height, the cases ranged along its central aisle for the exhibi-

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tion of unique treasures from this and many other libraries surrounding it, the inlaid floor of polished oak and mahogany—everything is radiant with arc or sunlight.

Even the electric button set in one of the lower book divisions becomes conspicuous. If it be pressed, a little door masked with book-bindings swings noiselessly outward. Then, if fortune and a very busy official favour, the visitor is conducted to an inner library assigned to the private use of the Keeper of the Printed Book Department. Here, at a desk heaped with the litter of office cares, sits Mr. Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., whose father was also Assistant-Keeper before him. A writer of dreamy verse and pungent prose, and the editor of many works, Mr. Garnett is noted both for his stores of memory and the kindly way in which they are ever placed at the service of less fortunate students.

In 1838, the north suite of lofty rooms was added for the already



THE KEEPER OF THE PRINTED BOOK DEPARTMENT.





THE READING ROOM OF 1838.

overflowing library. Of these the one now used as the Music Room was designed and used as a new reading-room. A contemporary engraving proudly shows its claims to the admiration of its day. The chairs, triumphantly announced to accommodate even a host of 170 readers, are well filled; at the catalogue-desk in the far corner are other eager inquirers; through the open doors, and beyond the vestibule through which readers had the exclusive right of entrance from Montagu Place, may be seen the easternmost room of the suite, then also reserved for readers desirous of studying manuscripts. As these latter had to be brought from their repository beyond the farther end of the King's Library, let us hope that demands for them were infrequent.

In the year which followed the opening of this Reading Room, 1839, there was a public announcement to the effect that it was "in contemplation" to take down the high wall surrounding the Museum, and also to materially alter the front of the building. The one was to be replaced by the light iron railing which now incloses the place; the other was to



THE NORTH SUITE OF SIX LIBRARIES, LOOKING FROM THE ARCHED ROOM.



be pulled down and sold as rubbish after the present façade of Sir Robert Smirke's designing should serve to unite and dignify the congeries of changed and new halls which had by this time massed themselves behind it. But it was not until ten years later, 1849, that the old walls of Montagu House finally disappeared in that dust which "Time hath an art to make" of all things. And it was the 3rd of October, 1850, when the *Times* could number among the other great events of the day this important one: "The British Museum is finished."

Meanwhile, manuscripts were increasingly

that enormous catalogue which Sir Anthony Panizzi jokingly declared would eventually leave no room for itself. And when it is considered that during the financial year of 1893 alone 40,511 new titles of books went to swell its bulk, the joke bids fair to become serious. Seen from the Arched Room, which stands at the western extremity of a floor-line of 450ft., the windows of this Catalogue Room contract into one gleaming square of light. Exclusive of Oriental literature, which forms a separate department under the keepership of the distinguished linguist, Professor R. K.



IN THE LARGE ROOM.

studied in the room now known as the Catalogue Room; and printed books were daily in growing demand by the readers who began to crowd the Reading Room where so many books of music are now kept that it is called the Music Room. Though, for the matter of that, it might just as well be called the French Room; for its entire gallery is occupied by a collection of pamphlets, or "tracts," concerning and covering the history of the French Revolution with a priceless completeness not to be matched in the world. The Catalogue Room, however, has a sufficient justification for its present name. For here are contained the huge duplicate volumes of

Douglas, the official work of the Printed Book Department is chiefly carried on in these six north rooms. The staff consists of senior and junior Assistant-Librarians and three Assistant-Keepers. Among them are many recognised authorities in special fields of scholarship, and many holders of University honours. Speaking of them as a body, the most carping critic must affirm of them what is true of every department in the Museum when so considered: that they illustrate the best traditions of an institution no less famed for its courtesy than by its calling.

The room adjoining the west wall of the





IN THE IRONWORK—THE LONG GALLERY.

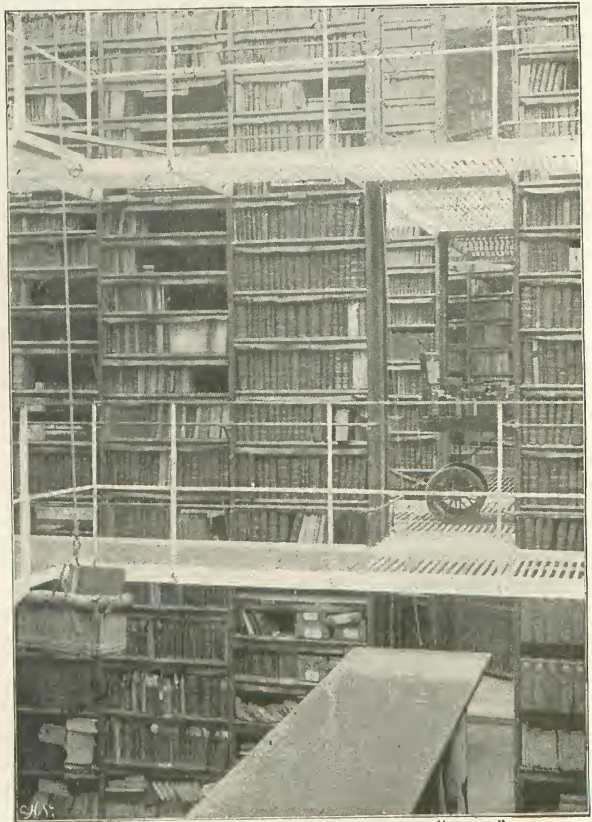
Music Room is generally known as the Large Room, although its official style is the North Library. As its familiar name implies, it is much the largest of the suite. Like all the libraries, its walls are covered with book-shelves, and have a continuous gallery, communicating with the other galleries, for access to upper presses. Notwithstanding a quiet and uniform decoration, its spacious area, massive pillars, and a certain undefinable dignity about the whole produce an impression on one who visits it for the first time which is almost that of majesty.

Well lighted by numerous windows and shaded incandescent lamps, it is the only library shared by readers; being for the most part reserved for those who wish to consult volumes too precious to be hazarded far from careful supervision. Probably this is why it is usually presided over by an official—Mr. W. Younger Fletcher, F.S.A.—who would otherwise sit in the private room allotted to him as an Assistant-Keeper. Although Mr. Fletcher has written charming and instructive chapters on his favourite study—the rare and historic bindings with which his department abounds—frequenters of the Large Room best know his innumerable

claims to the special regard in which he is held.

Among the libraries opening on every hand, and too numerous for a present visit, there is one that particularly deserves mention from its association with one of the many names which lend lustre to this National Library, with which they were or are officially connected. South of the Music Room, and also east of the Large Room from which it opens, lies the Banksian Room. Its fine library of natural history was bequeathed by that Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., who was the intimate friend of Linnæus' pupil, Dr. Solander. Banks and Solander accompanied Captain Cook in his famous voyage of 1768. Botany Bay was so called from the wealth of botanical specimens which the two friends gathered in it; and the point at which they landed from it was named Cape Solander, from the eminent Swede who was at that time an Assistant-Librarian of the British Museum. So world-wide are the eddies of this sea of literature!

Swinging glass doors in the middle of its long south wall open out from the Large

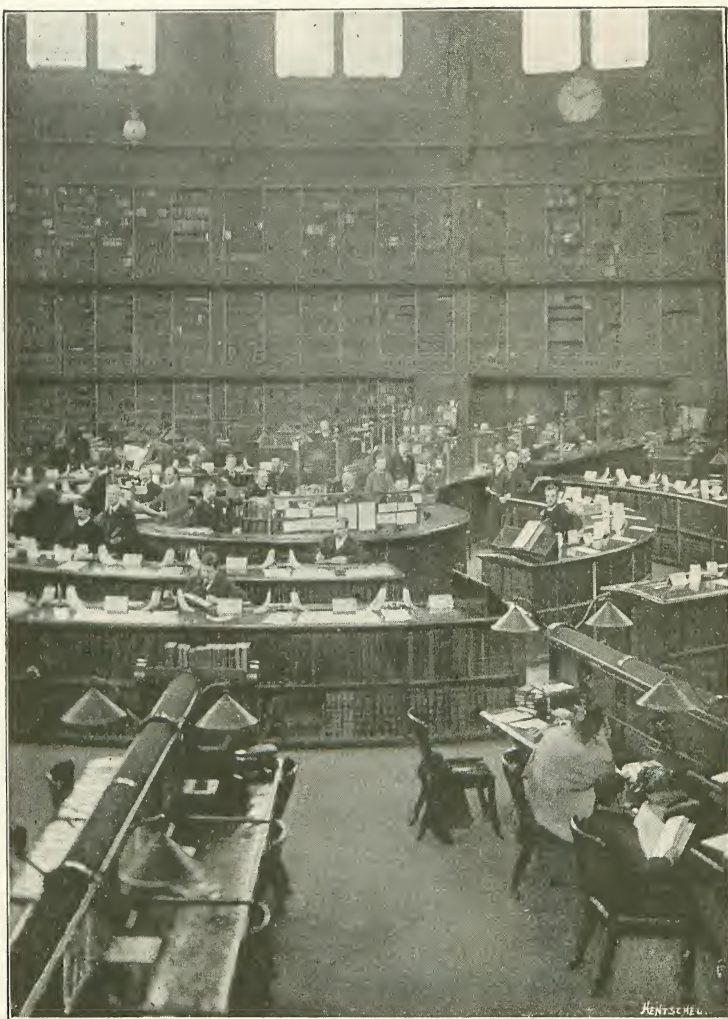


IN THE IRONWORK—OVER THE RECEIVING "WELL."



Room into a passage which leads into what is known as the Ironwork, here separated from the great rotunda of the Reading Room by another pair of these same swinging doors, which indicate a public thoroughfare, at least so far as readers are concerned. As early as 1852, a great London daily had called the once-lauded Reading Room of that date "the Black Hole at the north-east angle." And although this was an extravagant expression of its crowded condition and consequent want of oxygen, it certainly justified Sir Anthony Panizzi, then Principal-Librarian, in urging his plan upon the Trustees. At any rate, his design, approved by the Museum architect, was eventually accepted and carried out. In May, 1854, the first excavation was made; and in May, 1857, the inner quadrangle, 313ft. long by 235ft. wide, was covered with the completed pile of ironwork and masonry. Around a central circle runs a network of book-presses. Some are necessarily fixed, but many are now of that ingenious pattern known as "sliding," by which the book-storage is practically doubled. By the help of cleverly utilized angles, the four tiers of galleries immediately encircling the Reading Room are so connected with the three tiers of straight galleries which include them that the squaring of this circle is a concrete demonstration of the marvellous. The two longer straight galleries are 258ft. in length; the two shorter are 184ft.; leaving a clear interval of from 27ft. to 30ft. all round for the lighting and ventilation of the surrounding libraries and for guarding against the risk of fire. An unquestionable authority of 1859, before the extra sliding-presses were

introduced, estimated that if the shelves of this ironwork (the presses of which are so arranged that every shelf can be regulated to three-quarters of an inch) were spaced for the average octavo book size, they would constitute in themselves twenty-five miles of linear measurement; and that if they were filled with books of average thickness of paper, the leaves of these, when placed edge to edge, would measure about 25,000 miles, or more than three times the earth's diameter. And if these ingenious computations were true of 1859, to what portentous figures would such a calculation now extend! It is more to the purpose, however, to observe that spiral staircases, at intervals of forty feet, give quick access to all parts; that by a system introduced



A SECTION OF THE READING ROOM.—LOOKING TOWARDS THE LARGE ROOM.

in 1876, the whole Library is subdivided into sections, each under the control of an attendant whose experience and familiarity with all the presses in his charge insure the least possible loss of time in procuring any book; and that this intricate maze of ironwork is so open in its construction that, from the glass roof over it all, the daylight, when there is any, streams down through floor after floor until it lights up every "well" and passage and book-shelf of the basement.

Through one of the little doors, masked on their inner side to resemble the continuous wall of 90,000 books with which the Reading Room is lined, favoured visitors are taken to the upper gallery within; and although the blue and gold of the majestic dome is dulled and almost obliterated now by dust and fog, the mind must be still duller and the imagination more obscured which can look out for the first time across that brass rail without some quickening of the breath. Twenty-four feet above the sound-deadened floor, whose diameter is 140ft., the curve of the great roof lifts, lifts, lifts, until it overhangs a height of 106ft. Twenty windows, each 27ft. high and 12ft. wide, lean along its springing arch to pour a flood of light upon nearly half a thousand readers at their desks. When night or

fog blocks up the windows, arc lights shine in the dome, and shaded incandescent lamps light up every table and desk, with their fittings of adjustable book-rests, ink, pens, blotting-pads, paper-weights, and even pen-cleaners. At every reader's feet is the warmth of hot-water pipes. The air channels which bring a fresh supply from a shaft 60ft. high and 300ft. distant are of sufficient capacity to deliver it to 500 persons at the rate of ten cubic feet per minute and at a regulated velocity. In summer a steam-engine and blower force a continuous current into the room, expelling foul air through the lantern valves. The roof contains two separate and concentric air chambers,

which extend over its entire surface. The one next the outer covering is intended to equalize the temperature in extremes of weather; and the inner one to carry off, through special apertures, the vitiated air of the room. And all these things are absolutely free to the needs of any nationality, religion, or colour.

Moving quietly but quickly about in every direction are attendants, whose politeness, intelligence, helpfulness are unsurpassed by those of any institution, and equalled by few, the world over. In the midst of all, controlling everything from his elevated desk in the centre, sits the Superintendent of the room, Mr. G. K. Fortescue, Assistant-

Keeper of the printed books. No one who has sought the Reading Room for serious study, or applied to its Superintendent for serious assistance, will need to be told what are his truly remarkable qualifications for a post which constitutes an unremitting and unsparing test of special fitness even more than of special training. Mr. Fortescue's "Subject Index" is a godsend to many a bewildered seeker. But although its ponderous volumes offer a queer commentary upon private recreation, they may safely be said to but partially index the subjects upon which their compiler is consulted. The period and

people of the French Revolution are known to be peculiarly his own; yet many a remote study daily owes its successful pursuit to a breadth of reading which is only less liberal than its use.

But the great dome, whose diameter is only two feet less than the Roman Pantheon, and exceeds that of the Cathedral of St. Peter by one foot, must be looked its last on for the day. It is wonderful to think how lightly its 4,200 tons of material weight soar away up from the twenty iron piers which support it. But it is more impressive to conjure up a vision of its solemn suggestion of vastness when night, or Sunday, or early morning hushes its last whisper into absolute still-



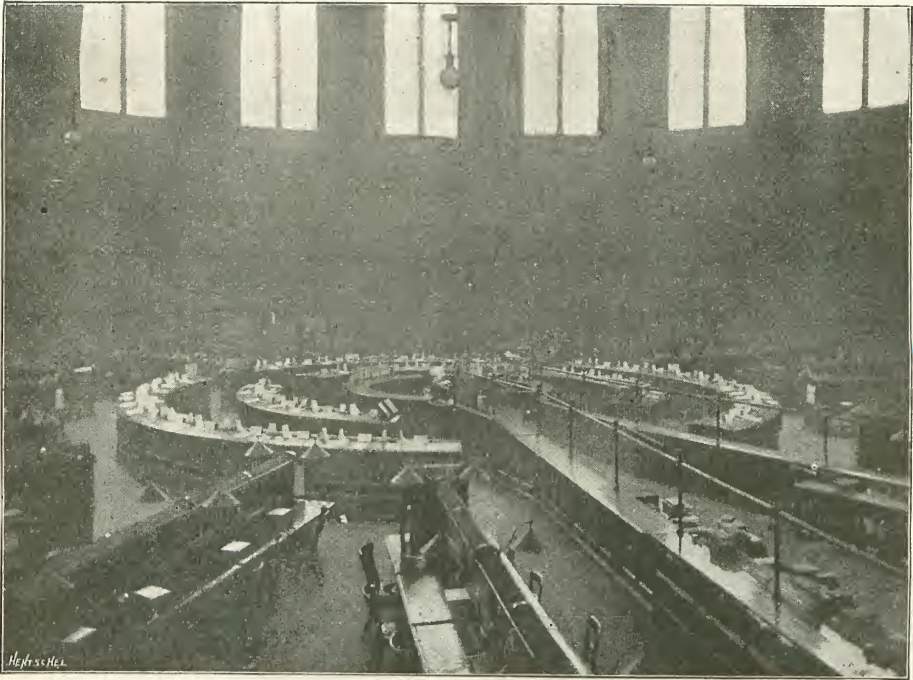
THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE READING ROOM.



ness; and when not so much as a human shadow may move across its misty void. As it is, the little door swings noiselessly back into place and shuts out the subdued murmur inseparable from such a hive of individuals and pursuits. The visitor descends two of the spiral stairways, passes along another section of the circular iron gallery on the ground-floor, and is shown out through a door which opens only to pass-keys.

reference-works with which readers supply themselves from its lower presses—such a reading-room is surely a portent of new forces that must be reckoned with in the twentieth century.

These are things for any sober intelligence to ponder, after even a superficial and half-complete survey of but one department in a museum of departments. It may also be suspected that the supreme official of



THE READING ROOM—A MISTY MORNING BEFORE WORK BEGINS.

Opposite to it is a similar door, leading into the same circle in reverse. Between them runs a passage of some thirty feet, which at this inner end opens by swinging doors into the Reading Room, and at the outer end opens by two other glass doors into the great entrance-hall. Here two attendants scrutinize all claims to admission; and when these are passed, in exit, one has also passed from among many things which affect the imagination as *Power*. A reading-room that cannot satisfy the demands for its 458 seats—around which two millions of books are being steadily augmented at an annual rate of over fifty thousand—which has a daily average of six hundred and fifty readers, to whom it supplies 1,402,815 books in the course of but one year alone, to say nothing of all those thousands of

them all finds a good deal more than this to make him ponder. The administration of such multitudinous, vital, perhaps often conflicting interests, can make up no light sum of daily cares. Yet, looking to the way in which the office of Principal Librarian is at present filled by one among the greatest, if not indeed the greatest, of living palæographers—Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.—the tranquil title reads less like a satire and more like a description.

But the "closing hour" strikes. The great gates clang to behind the last lingering visitor to our National Library

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The writer, from whose photographs this article is chiefly illustrated, feels that some public acknowledgment is due to the special kindness, even more than to the special permission, of the Library officials, which has alone made it possible to present readers of *THE STRAND* with views otherwise quite unattainable.

# Electrocution.

A SCOTCH ADVENTURE.

BY PAUL CRAY.



LAST summer I was stewing away in the office and wondering what crime I—or my representative in some former state—had committed to be doomed to such a life, when one morning I received a note from my old friend, Tommy Cameron, of Clinton. He begged me to come and stay with him for a month; “the shooting is excellent,” he said. I will not bore you with details. After a deal of trouble I arranged it with the chief, and alighted at D—y Station at the close of a lovely September day. Cameron met me at the station, and after an hour’s drive through most beautiful country we reached Clinton.



“THROUGH BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.”

Here a surprise awaited me, for, in my ignorance, I had expected to have none but male society during my stay; but on entering the house two young ladies came forward to greet us; they were the Miss Camerons, and kept house for their brother. He had not mentioned them in the invite, he said, lest I should refuse on conscientious grounds.

Well! at dinner that evening, I found that the company of young ladies who were simply bubbling over with animal spirits was charming; much more so than the lonely bites I had all along made out to enjoy so at my club. I soon found myself wondering what peculiar form of mental disease had been upon me when I had joined the club; but so strangely are we constituted that at the same time I was asking myself how I could withstand the wiles of Beauty—such as theirs—for a whole month, and refrain from bringing discredit on this honourable concern.

I got on fairly well during the first week, as I kept with Cameron most of the time.

Whether he gave me away or not, I cannot say, but they seemed to know I was shunning them, and they tried every dodge—as only women know how—to draw me out. You may laugh, but I was utterly helpless.

I struggled hard against what I now consider my natural self, but it was too strong for me. One by one all the theories and arguments that I had fed on disappeared, melted by the sunny eyes of these girls; they would not bear inspection by their light, and I, as if to make up for lost time, fell to my task of ladies’ man with a zest that would have shamed any professional at the game. To add to the hopelessness of the situation, Tommy was away for several days in the

second week, and I was entirely at their mercy.

As I said, there were two of them, Madge and Floss. Madge was the younger and prettier: she represented the musical and artistic instincts; Floss, on the other hand, was the manager: she had the brains of the establishment. She was very nice, but she



went in for such awful things ; she had some favourite toads in the conservatory, and she would go rambling about the country and bring home all sorts of animals, insects, and other unthinkable things—and cut them up !—imagine a girl doing that ! Sometimes at dinner she would rip out with some new and startling information concerning the internal arrangements of this or that animal ; or she would take us to her study, where she had whole rows of bottled specimens, and would point out the peculiarity of any new specimen, while on her work-table you might see various organisms in a state of partial dissolution, and on these she would dilate until I, not being used to it, began to feel just a bit queer. Yes, this girl was decidedly too clever.

The other one, as I said, was not so heavy, and went in for art ; and, as you know, I have a little leaning in that direction myself. It was natural, therefore, that when she told me she was going to paint a little river scene near the house, I should ask if I might be of use. I obtained permission to wait on her, and we started the picture. Now, you must know that if a fellow and a girl who are both a bit sweet on things artistic get together and talk about them, and paint, they stand a good chance of getting sweet on each other. Well, that is just about what happened ; the picture didn't advance much—she didn't seem to mind, and I'm sure I didn't.

In this pleasant way the days passed until Cameron's return, when, of course, there were innovations. We would have a day's fishing, and then a day at shooting, or a long tramp over the hills ; but, to be frank, I liked those little bits artistic much more than fishing or shooting, and when out on the hills would wish myself back at Madge's side.

When out on one of these early morning tramps we met a young fellow who Tommy introduced as Arthur Clisby, a friend of his. He greeted us cordially, and after a chat he left us, promising, on being asked, to favour us with his company at dinner that evening. On the way home I learned a little of his history. He was the son of a large ship-owner of Dundee, and was the family failure ; his chief failure, as far as I could gather, being that he couldn't knuckle under. He had been a student at Glasgow University, and had promised to come off well, but his individuality—which always came to the top at the most awkward moments—asserted itself. He was reproved for being a doubter of some

dicta scientific, and for being too much given to asking questions. A violent altercation ensued, during which he called his professor “a musty old heap of fossilized learning.” As a result he left Glasgow, and soon after had a quarrel with his father, and having decided that they could not get on together, they agreed to differ—and part. He had come out here into the wilds to live, and devoted his time to abstract scientific problems, chiefly in the electrical line.

At breakfast Madge asked me how I liked the “Hermit.” That's what they called him.

“Oh ! he seems a very nice fellow,” I answered.

“Yes, he *is* a nice old boy, but he is so very quiet.”

Then we fell to chatting of him, and Floss joined in and discussed him, his merits and demerits, just as though he were one of her bottled specimens. Then we talked of other things, and Madge said that she hoped to finish her picture that day if I refrained from helping. But I was determined that she shouldn't work too hard, and it remained unfinished.

Dinner-time came, and with it our guest, but instead of the jolly good fellow of the morning, he was now quiet, oppressively so ; never speaking unless directly addressed, and only then answering with a few quiet, direct words. I never saw a more remarkable change in a man.

We spent an evening as pleasantly as was compatible with the damping influence of his silence, and as he left he pressed me to come and see his place at some early opportunity. “Come in the evening,” he said, “as then the lights will be running.”

A few days after, having nothing particular in view, I determined to avail myself of his invitation, and set off in the direction of the “Hermitage.” The path for the whole distance lay by the side of the stream, that fell in a beautiful cascade into the lake in Cameron's grounds. I had not far to go, and had almost reached the place, when I was much startled by a piece of rock—as big as a football—which, falling from the top of an almost perpendicular bank twenty feet above me, alighted almost at my feet.

Keeping my eyes open to guard against a possible repetition, I went on, and on turning a slight bend I saw our friend, the hermit, standing with folded arms on some high ground close by. As soon as he saw me he came eagerly forward, taking off his hat with quite a French flourish.

"It's rather strange," he said, "but I was half expecting you would come to-night." I made no answer to this, and he continued: "I came out here to see the sunset. I come here every night for a time: it has a soothing effect after the excitement of the laboratory."

We stood there for a time, watching the sun as it dropped



"WE STOOD THERE FOR A TIME."

behind the distant hills, and the sky as it turned from yellow to orange and from orange to red; then it went grey and the light died out. The house was an unpretentious concern, but was eloquent of the individuality of its master. The top floor had been turned into one large room, and this he used as a laboratory; it was a literal armoury of scientific apparatus; splendid electrical and chemical apparatus filled the shelves and tables, and in the centre on a raised platform stood a large astronomical telescope; while electric glow-lamps with frosted bulbs threw a soft light all around.

He told me the names and the use of the numerous beautiful instruments, and talked of the progress he had made in certain experiments. Here this otherwise somewhat eccentric man was at his best, and as we sat there talking—he with face flushed,

his eyes sparkling, and his tongue speaking with an eloquence born of enthusiasm, I more than once thought that if Madge could see him thus, she would not then say, "He is so very quiet." All men are the same; we cannot hope to shine in everything, and before we judge a man we should see him in his natural environment, or probably he will appear to us awkward, or even stupid.

After a time the talk veered round to electrical executions, and he said:—

"You may remember, perhaps, the first man they executed in this way in New York State, and what a fearful hash they made of it? I was there and saw it all: it was simply awful. Revolting! The doctors, bah! they're fools. They thought they understood it all, and applied the death current at what they considered were the nerve centres, the top of the head and the base of the spine. Nerve centres, forsooth! —the parts of the

whole human system that offer the greatest resistance to the passage of a current; whereas if they had only used their common-sense and powers of observation, they would at once have found that in ninety cases in every hundred of the fatal accidents in New York alone, the fatal shock was received through the hands, for the hands and arms being muscular are full of blood, and therefore good conductors. But, no, they persisted in their pig-headed course, and as a result Kemmler was done to death in a horrible manner. Immediately after witnessing this revolting sight, I set to work to devise an appliance that would administer the death penalty with the minimum amount of torture, both bodily and mental, to the criminal. There is no doubt that before Kemmler was bungled out of existence he suffered far more torture mentally than bodily—the months of suspense and all the fears that



ignorance could conjure up had made him as a maniac.

"I have worked at this scheme for a year, and am now only awaiting the carrying out of certain legal formalities before submitting my plans to the authorities. We will now take a look at the apparatus itself."

We left the house, and he led the way across the open until we stopped at a door. He entered, and after groping for a moment found the switch, and immediately the place was full of light. At this moment I was conscious of an irritating sensation in my throat. I coughed: he noticed it, laughed, and said:—

"It's the gas from the batteries you can feel—this is the battery-room; these cells are now running the lights in the house and those here. Accumulators are a great convenience, as they make night labour unnecessary."

I noticed that this room was partly cut out from the rock and partly built, as were the others that I afterwards saw.

Passing through a passage we entered a larger room.

"This is the turbine-house," said he. "There are sluices running from here to the stream a hundred yards away, and when it has done its work, the water leaves by two tunnels beneath the floor and joins the main stream lower down. This is the dynamo specially designed for execution purposes." And he pointed to a piece of apparatus that resembled somewhat a large, slender wheel, with numerous fine spokes. "See, I will set the thing running, and let you see it working." He unscrewed the valves, the governors began to spin and the dynamo to hum, so quickly did it run. "Not much noise, is there?" was his next remark, "and there is

two hundred horse-power latent in this apparatus. Let us now examine the lethal chamber and the seat of justice."

He opened a door and brought into view a small room in which stood a remarkable piece of furniture. He was about to enter when he stopped suddenly. "Half a moment, though; I must slacken those valves a bit," he said, and stepped over to the turbines. I entered and began curiously to examine his invention; next moment there was a sharp click, and, turning, I found the door closed on me.

A moment more and I was clutching wildly at my throat, and fell to the ground—choking. I didn't choke, however, for, some time afterwards, I became conscious, and when I had collected my scattered wits I found myself seated in his horrible chair—strapped in. "This is a little joke of his," I thought; "but this confounded chair is not at all comfortable."

I tried to free myself, but I was firmly held, my hands were each fixed in a kind of vice, leather outside and metal within, as I could tell by the feel. These things were hollow, and like large mittens, and within them and inclosing my hands was some

liquid—mercury I afterwards discovered. My legs and body were fastened by straps, and my arms were inclosed in a kind of tube at each side of the chair. As I took in these details the door opened, and Clisby appeared.

"Ha! ha! my fine bird, you're caged at last, are you?"

"Don't stand fooling there," I muttered; "your infernal chair is breaking my back."

"Oh! is it? We'll soon alter that."

He stepped to my side, but instead of releasing me he simply loosened



"CLUTCHING WILDLY AT MY THROAT."

the straps at my back. This was too much for me; I yelled at him that unless he freed me instantly, I would simply smash him when I did get free.

Nice way to treat a guest, wasn't it? For answer he laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "When you have finished your abuse, I will favour you with my intentions"—and continuing: "You fancy I am your friend, don't you? I am not. I am your enemy. I hate you. You thought to win Madge Cameron from me, and so far you have succeeded. I have seen you, have watched you, when you and her were out on the pretence of painting. Perhaps you did not know I loved her, but all the same you tried to win her, and I hate you for it. I am glad I didn't hurt you with that piece of rock, as now I shall be able to see how you can die. I might have killed you a while ago, before I turned on the oxygen and you revived; I had my hand on the switch, but, no, I let you revive to tell you this, to torture you the more, for have not you stolen my Madge's love from me? Oh! how I hate you! Oh! Madge! Madge!" he cried, "Oh! why will you not love me?"

He then commenced muttering and cursing me under his breath, and walked round me, after which he came and stood at my feet, folded his arms, and stared at me.

"Do you think I am going to be an outcast from society for nothing?" he hissed. "Think you I have spent a whole year in making this thing for nothing? No! no! I will be revenged on someone, and why not on you? Besides, I hate you, for what have you done? I have waited long for a subject, but at last I can operate, and on *you*. No! no! I don't invent things for nothing, not I."

With a horrible chuckle he left me. Again I struggled fiercely to free myself; but, no, those horrible mittens held me. After a while he returned.

"You have just half an hour to

live: it is half-past eleven now; on the stroke of twelve I complete the circuit and you will fizzle up."

Again he left me, a prey to horrible thoughts. Was there no way of escape? Would no one come in time? And the time passed on. The best of us don't care to die before our time, and I had not been any of the best—and what a horrible death I had to die! More than this, I loved Madge—I wanted to live for *her*, and this madman would make me die for her. The time was almost up, and Clisby returned. He was all smiles; he asked me if I had any wish he might carry out for me. I shook my head. He offered me brandy, and I gulped it down, and more, and I drank that also. Then he began to mutter and laugh to himself until he worked himself up into a frenzy, and danced and raved round me like a fury.

"One minute more," he yelled, "and I send you to Jericho."



"A DREADFUL SCREAM BROKE FROM HIS LIPS."



He walked towards the switch—to kill me—and I sat there looking at him. I could not remove my eyes, I was fascinated. And then I saw—I saw his feet catch in the wires that led from the switch to my hands, and he fell. As he did so he clutched at the air, and both his hands came down on the switch contacts. A dreadful scream broke from his lips, and he bounded up quite six feet in the air, and then fell backwards right into the middle of a large flat distribution table. Then I saw a quick succession of blue flashes, and a thin column of steam ascended to the roof. Immediately after this the band came off the dynamo pulley and the humming ceased.

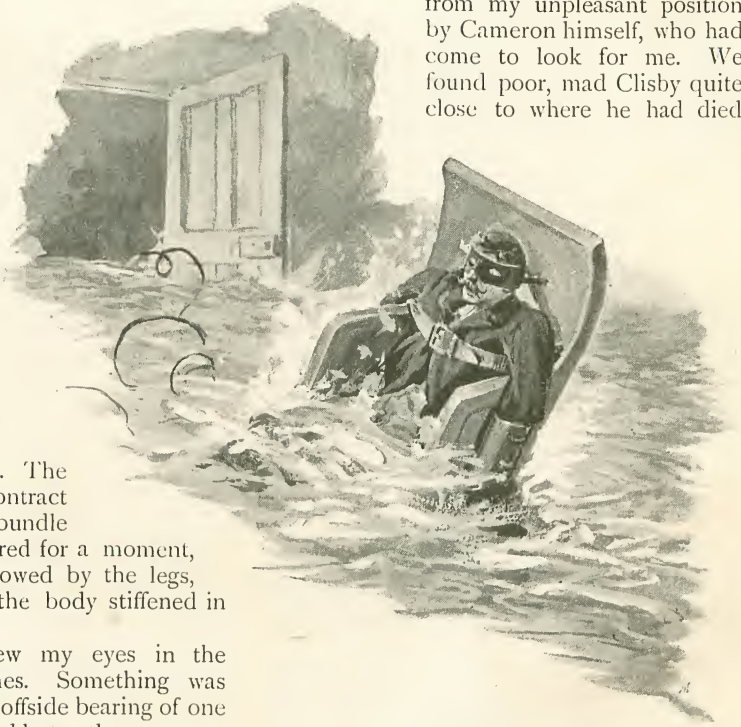
By this time the brandy began to act, but in a remarkable way: my head and body felt as though they were on fire, but my brain was perfectly clear. I looked again at the corpse on the table. See! it was moving. After the cessation of the current, reaction had set in. The corpse continued to contract until it looked like a bundle of singed rags; it shivered for a moment, and then the arms, followed by the legs, shot out straight, and the body stiffened in this position.

A grating sound drew my eyes in the direction of the turbines. Something was wrong evidently, for the offside bearing of one of them was literally red-hot; the governor was wrecked, and the wheel was racing away and increasing in speed every moment. It was not long before something happened. There was a loud snap and then a crash, and I saw the steel casing ripped up like paper, and the water came pouring into the room thousands of gallons per minute. Of what avail was Clisby's death and my escape if I was to be drowned like a rat in a trap?

Slowly the water rose until, when it was about six feet deep, the lights went out. I was floating about in the chair, but I was anchored to the switchboard by the wires. The water continued to rise, though very slowly, as it had to fill all the other rooms and passages. Beneath me I could still

hear the undamaged turbine thrashing away, and I rose until my head, or rather the top of the chair, was scraping the roof, when suddenly I felt that I was falling, and I was carried rapidly towards the door.

The wires held for a moment, but the jerk snapped them, and I sailed along the passage, through the battery-room, and out into the open, where, after being whirled round a few times, I was left high and dry till the morning. The weight of the water had burst open the outer door, hence my sudden exit. I was rescued from my unpleasant position by Cameron himself, who had come to look for me. We found poor, mad Clisby quite close to where he had died



"BEING WHIRLED ROUND."

tangled up in some wire, and the same ghastly smile was on his face.

No one but Cameron ever knew what had really happened on that awful night. We told the girls that an accident had happened, and that the Hermit was dead.

When I look back on the concentrated horror of those long hours, I marvel that I kept my reason. For a week I lost the proper use of my limbs owing to my cramped-up state when in that chair of his, but before I left Clinton, Madge and I found time to finish our picture, and to arrange a little matter that is to come off in the summer.

## Elephant Catching.

By D. H. WISE.



THE scene of the following description of elephant catching is Perak (pronounced Pera), a native State in the Malay Peninsula. The spot chosen for the drive is well suited by Nature—on the east is a steep spur of the main range of mountains, which forms the backbone of the peninsula and divides Perak from Pahang—a sister State on the east coast; on the west a high hill, with steep sides running roughly parallel with the mountains for a distance of some eight miles, and between them a broad valley about three miles across, and leading at its southern extremity to a large tract of virgin forest which stretches to the coast. Along the centre of this valley runs a bridle-path at a distance of a mile or so from the main range, from which, near the southern end of the valley, abuts a steep spur to within a short distance of the path. It is here that the site of the inclosure, or “kubu,” as it is called in Malay, is fixed.

The elephants, a herd of fifteen, have been in the habit of visiting this valley at intervals for some years past, and the Malay Chief of the District, to whom many complaints have been made of crops destroyed and gardens ruined, at last bestirs himself and decides that the beasts, the destruction of which the laws of the country forbid, shall be captured for the mutual benefit of himself and his people.

A council of the elders is held, and the services of a “Pawang,” or medicine man, an indispensable appendage of every important Malay undertaking, are secured. This worthy, an insignificant-looking person of some years, with a restless eye and an expression full of quiet cunning, is duly admitted to their circle, and the value of his advice and assistance fixed, after sundry phlegmatic attempts on both sides to get the better of the bargain. In this the “Pawang,” whose supernatural powers command deep respect amongst his acquaintances, is successful, and he undertakes, as a great favour to the select body who have availed themselves of his services, to propitiate the spirits who haunt the field of their future labours, for the modest wage of twelve dollars a month. This, it should be stated, is exclusive of the cost of necessary feasts and functions contingent to the undertaking, out of which he manages to

augment his monthly pittance. Nor is the money altogether thrown away, for the “Pawang” is a man of some experience in elephant catching, and his knowledge of the requirements in selecting a suitable spot for the “kubu” is perhaps of greater value than the mysterious qualities which inspire his employers with such respect, and that render the selection when made the best beyond dispute.

The preliminaries having been arranged, and certain incantations performed by the “Pawang,” the building of the “kubu” is commenced. Some fifty Malays and Sakis (the latter are an aboriginal race who inhabit the interior of the peninsula) are employed in collecting ratans and timber for building the fence. These materials abound on the spot, but to preserve intact as far as possible the jungle and undergrowth, so as to avert all suspicion of a trap, they are cut a little distance from the site of the “kubu.”

The inclosure, when completed, is about three acres in extent, bounded on one side by the steep spur already mentioned, and on the other three by the fence, which is about ten feet high, and built of heavy timber posts, planted deep in the ground, and leaning inwards, so as to give the greater resistance. To these are lashed three large horizontal rails, two inside and one outside the posts, and firmly tied at intervals to the trees that grow on the line of the fence, which is thus strong enough to resist any charge that the captured elephants are likely to make.

Long bamboos pointed like spears protrude at intervals of a few inches along the line of the fence, which, bristling as it does with these weapons, looks anything but an inviting obstacle to charge. A light platform runs round the outside, on which are built small huts to be occupied by the watchers, whose duty it will be to stop any attempt at escape.

This is not a matter of much difficulty, for the elephants, even when first caught, have a wholesome respect for a spear point, and a sharpened stick will generally bring a charging elephant to a standstill.

The entrance to the inclosure, which is a track naturally followed by the elephants in their wanderings, is about 20ft. wide, and is closed after the animals have entered by thrusting a couple of bars across it. One side of this entrance is near the foot of the hill, which is inaccessible; upon the other



side is built a long wing or guide to lead the elephants to the door of the "kubu." This guide is usually made of timber, but in the present instance consists of a long wire hawser, a not altogether satisfactory substitute, as will presently be seen.

Trackers are sent forward early in the morning to report the whereabouts of the herd, and the drive commences. A line of some 300 beaters advancing through the jungle, armed with spears and sharp bamboos, is formed. The first move is to get the elephants to cross the bridle-path, as once between it and

spite of several attempts to break the line, are driven across the path, and if they can be kept there the beaters should be able to persuade them to reach their goal to-morrow.

As soon as the first streaks of dawn appear over the mountains the beaters are astir, eager to finish their task. Snatching a few mouthfuls of rice, which is served out along the line, they re-arrange their forces, and the drive is resumed. The trackers, who have already gone forward, report that the herd is within half a mile of the beaters, who are enjoined to approach quietly and keep good order.



From a]

SOME OF THE BEATERS OUTSIDE THE "KUBU" FENCE.

[Photograph.

the main range, the area over which operations have to be conducted is greatly reduced. But the beaters make a fatal mistake, for, advancing with shouts and yells, they terrify the beasts, which stampede and rush right back through the line, most of the men at the point charged forgetting for a moment their brave resolutions, and displaying an agility in tree-climbing that would do credit to a cat.

It is too late to-day to begin the drive afresh, and the beaters retire for the night, resolved to profit by their lesson and make a steadier advance on the morrow. This time success awaits them, for after a hard and anxious day's work the elephants, in

Along the right and centre of the line where the ground is flat this is easily done, but the left wing, which extends some distance up from the foot of the main range, has more difficult country to travel over, and it is here that a break-back is most feared. Once, indeed, the elephants in their haste scramble up a steep ridge and, wheeling round, rush back upon the extreme left, but a couple of men sent ahead observe this movement in time, and the left wing falling back just manages to keep them in front. An hour later the herd is within half a mile of the "kubu" and making straight towards it, and the excitement of the beaters is intense.



The scene at the "kubu" is a very different one. Here the excitement of the men in charge is no less, but not a sound dare they utter lest the elephants should turn and break back again. Some half-dozen Malays are on a small platform in a tree, near the gate, over which presides a grey-headed chief in charge of the entrance, which is cleverly screened with bushes. The elephants are now close to the door, and come crashing through the thick undergrowth, while the beaters, losing all control over themselves at the last, rush forward yelling like fiends. The veteran in charge of the doorway manages, however, to keep his little band in better order, and presently we see the head of the first elephant (a big cow) emerge from the covert. But this beast hesitates and stands still for a moment, lifting her trunk in every direction, and evidently suspecting danger. The beaters have now closed up behind and the right wing has lined the wire guide, and the excitement and din increase. With a rush the leader bolts through the doorway. "One, two, three," counts the old chief, as the herd passes under his hiding-place, shambling along and almost knocking one another over in their clumsy haste—for once their leader is inside they have no further thought of

turning back—until twelve have safely passed the entrance.

But the other three which complete the herd are behind, and it is not until the twelfth has got well inside that the white tusks of a large bull appear through the bushes. Behind him is a smaller bull, also a tusker, followed by a third beast that is almost hidden in the thick undergrowth. The big tusker evidently thinks his wives have made a mistake, and, unwilling to share their misfortune, he gives vent to a shrill trumpet, and curling up his trunk rushes straight at the men who line the wing on his right. There is no resisting such a charge; and in a moment the wire hawser is carried away, and these three fortunate beasts make off at the best pace they can, leaving the astonished beaters to regret they had not built a fence that the elephants could have seen, and which would have turned them, instead of an invisible line incapable of standing such a mighty weight. All this takes place in a few minutes, and no sooner are the fifteen beasts accounted for than the door is hastily closed, the timbers firmly lashed with ratans, and the day's work is completed.

The captured elephants, meanwhile, have



From a

CAPTIVES IN THE "KUBU."

[Photograph.



rushed straight on until confronted by the fence at the lower end of the "kubu," where they wheel rapidly round, inspecting the whole length of their prison wall.

Suddenly a big cow stops within a few paces of the fence, and charges straight at it. Crack! goes the huge head against the fence, the timbers spring and bend under the heavy weight, but not a tie is loosened; and, thinking it useless to repeat the experiment, the beasts make for the centre of the "kubu," where they stand huddled together, and occasionally low, guttural murmurs are heard proceeding from their hiding-place, which in a few days will be trampled clear.

A number of men are posted in the huts outside the inclosure to guard against any attempt to charge, or pull down the fence. During the night the elephants make frequent attempts to escape, and charge again and again right up to the fence, only to be driven back by the spears and torches of the watchers, but for whose vigilance they would probably escape.

The "Pawang" now orders a respite of three days, during which the elephants are given no food except what they can find in the inclosure, and this is soon demolished. Of water they have plenty, for a stream runs right through the "kubu." The preliminary work of catching, then, is over, and arrangements made for removing them to the "chelong," or stocks, where the tedious though interesting process of taming and educating them has yet to be performed.

The beasts must be secured by means of heavy ropes. To effect this, one end of a rope is made fast to a tree inside the "kubu," while a running noose, tied at the other end, is laid on the ground between two trees some 15ft. apart. Between these trees, and at a height of 20ft. from the ground, is suspended a platform, on which are stationed a couple of men, holding in their hands light lines attached to the noose, which they are thus enabled to lift off the ground.

Some plantain stalks are now laid on the ground in front of the noose, and the herd is driven in the direction of the trap. The bait proves only too attractive after their three days' fast. No sooner has one of the beasts placed a foot inside the noose, than it is drawn up, and the elephant bolting off, tightens the rope and is brought to a standstill. The annoyance at finding himself inside the fence of the "kubu" is nothing compared to the rage of the poor brute on feeling this unaccustomed restraint. Throwing himself forward he falls heavily to the ground, only to rise and

renew the fight, and the struggles of his huge frame are a sight indeed as, twisting and rolling about in all directions, he roars with rage and tears at the rope with his trunk, till finally he lies down exhausted and bemoans his fate with subdued groans, which cannot fail to arouse the sympathies of the onlooker.

While this is going on the remainder of the herd are kept at the far end of the stockade, and evince but little interest in the fate of their comrade.

The tame elephants are now brought into the "kubu," and with their assistance the captive is approached and the other three legs noosed, and the ropes made fast to trees. The forelegs of the captive, who has now risen again, are stretched a little forward and tied in that position to prevent him from collecting himself for a struggle, which often repeated might result in breaking his bonds and possible injury to himself.

The tame elephants of Malay are not trained to this work like those of India and Ceylon, but they are wonderfully clever nevertheless, and with their assistance the wild elephant is easily approached, the men who tie the ropes being either on the ground, under shelter of the tame elephants, or on the backs of the latter, in both of which positions they can work in comparative safety.

The captive is now left for the night, and next morning the tame elephants are again ridden into the "kubu" and take an important part in the operations. A heavy rope of plaited ratan is fastened round the neck of the captive, a second round his body, behind his forelegs, strong rope breeching is attached to this, and finally a rope is passed round the base of the trunk and made fast on either side to the collar round his neck. Tying these ropes, especially the last, occupies some hours, as the beast lashes out violently with his trunk, and must be approached with caution. He struggles whenever the ropes touch him, but hemmed in between the tame elephants, who appear quite to enter into the spirit of the game, he is unable to escape, and when at last his tormentors have succeeded and the last rope is tied, he lies down, and every means employed to get him on his legs proves useless. The "Pawang" is now called upon to exercise his wiles, and stepping forward, spits a concoction of chewed herbs into the beast's eyes and makes sundry passes over the prostrate body, muttering half-whispered incantations the while.

The result is hardly electric, for the beast





From a

THE SMALLEST OF THE HERD.

[Photograph.]

lies still in sullen prostration ; but it is certain that he will not remain there for ever, and when at last he sees fit to rise the credit of persuading him to do so is attributed to the mysterious powers of the "Pawang's" craft.

Now he must be taken to the "chelong," built on the bank of a river, over a mile away, and there is no time to be lost if he is to be lodged there to-day. A tame elephant is harnessed to the captive, who is dragged along by rope traces attached to the base of his trunk, and for the first few yards, taken by surprise, he starts off as if trained to it. But he soon realizes the position and becomes restive, and, stopping short, gives vent to an angry scream and makes off sideways into the jungle, dragging the tame elephant after him. The Malays in attendance seize the leg-ropes, which have been purposely left to drag along the ground, and give them a few turns round the trees close by, which effectually stops any further attempt to bolt. It is decided to try one of the other tame elephants, for this beast, though larger than the captive, is wanting in pluck, and refuses to lead its charge any farther.

As the harness is being rapidly transferred, a commotion is heard in the jungle close by, and one of the three beasts that escaped from the "kubu" during the drive, and has

been in the vicinity ever since, comes crashing through the jungle, and a general panic ensues. Most of the Malays bolt, the tame elephants become unmanageable, and the captive makes several vain attempts to break away. It is a critical moment, and but for the presence of mind of two or three Malays, who show a bold front, and after some manœuvring succeed in driving the tusker off, there would certainly be trouble. He returns once or twice, only to be driven off again, and finally, thinking it best to run no further risk of meeting with a similar fate, he leaves his late companion alone, and retires into the forest, much to everyone's relief.

Order is restored, and the captive, harnessed to his new leader, starts off again, the other two tame elephants marching one on each flank, to prevent any further attempt to leave the path. After some resistance and one or two falls, occasioned by the violence of his struggles, he finds himself at the "chelong," which will be his lodging for the next few weeks.

The "chelong" consists of a heavy cross bar on upright posts, some 15ft. high, underneath which are separate partitions or stalls, and into each of these an elephant is placed. The floor is raised a few inches from the ground to give a dry standing place,



and in front are two perpendicular posts, which are opened wide apart from the top to admit the elephant's head, and closed on to his neck on entering, after which he can move neither forward nor back. A beam under his chest prevents his lying down, a heavy bar on each flank keeps his body in position, and leg-ropes and hobbles render him completely helpless.

A few feet in front of the "chelong" a small post is planted in the ground. No one but the elephant's attendant may cross between this and the "chelong" under penalty of a

and night, an attention that at first he resents violently. Very often it is necessary to tie up his trunk and his tail, for he lashes about freely when touched, and even the latter appendage is capable of inflicting a severe blow.

After a few days he becomes accustomed to his captors, and quite appreciates the care bestowed upon him, and the goodly supply of bamboo and plantain stalks that are cut and brought daily to his stall.

The poor beast's legs have, by this time, become sore and chafed from contact with



From a

THE "CHELONG."

[Photograph.]

dollar and a half to the "Pawang," who, by means of this and sundry similar fines for breaches of etiquette, is enabled to enrich himself at the expense of the unwary.

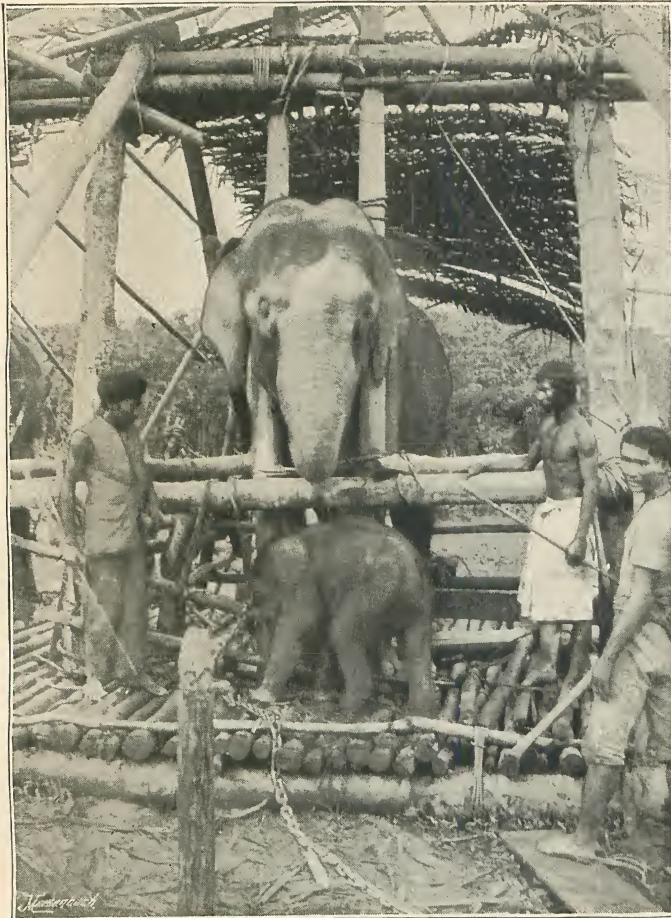
The twelve elephants are each in turn brought to the "chelong," an operation that lasts about three weeks, and on arrival each is placed under charge of a couple of Malays, who feed, wash, and educate their charge, the course of teaching varying, according to the docility of the pupil and the attention bestowed by his masters, from a month to eight or ten weeks.

Every morning he is washed all over, and rubbed and handled at all hours of the day

the hobbles and ropes, which cause him to fidget continually, and all day long he will be seen trying to untie the shackles from his forelegs, moving uneasily from side to side, and blowing earth which he picks up in his trunk and mixes with water supplied from his mouth over the wounds. Native medicines are applied to the sores, and the hobbles and leg-ropes shifted as far as possible, and in a few days the wounds heal up.

After about ten days' confinement, the captive is taken to bathe at the river hard by. Attached by a rope to a tame elephant, he is mounted by a "gembala," or driver, who sits





From a)

AN ELEPHANT WITH CALF IN THE "CHELONG."

[Photograph.]

on his neck and gives him his first lesson in the words of command, illustrating their meaning by a slight pressure on the head with his "kwasa," a sharp iron hook used to guide him. Heavy wooden posts are planted at intervals between the "chelong" and the river, and should he bolt or prove unmanageable, the leg-ropes are immediately made fast to these by the attendants. As soon as the pupil

has begun to know the words of command, the services of the tame elephants are dispensed with, and he is taken to the river by the "gem-bala" assisted by a man on foot, who walks backwards in front of the elephant and helps to guide him with a "kwasa" and a spear.

The work of breaking him in being finished, the elephant is taken to his master's village and there petted and made much of until he becomes quite tame, but he is not expected to do hard work for a year, when he is sent to some distant tin mine to carry rice and provisions to the miners, and bring back his burden of the hard-earned metal to the nearest depôt.

Ten years ago a large elephant in Perak would fetch as much as eight hundred or a thousand dollars, but the same beast can now be purchased for five or six hundred, for the advance of civilization has brought with it such improved means of transport that there are comparatively few places where the services of this once useful animal are now necessary.



From a)

THE MORNING BATH.

[Photograph.]



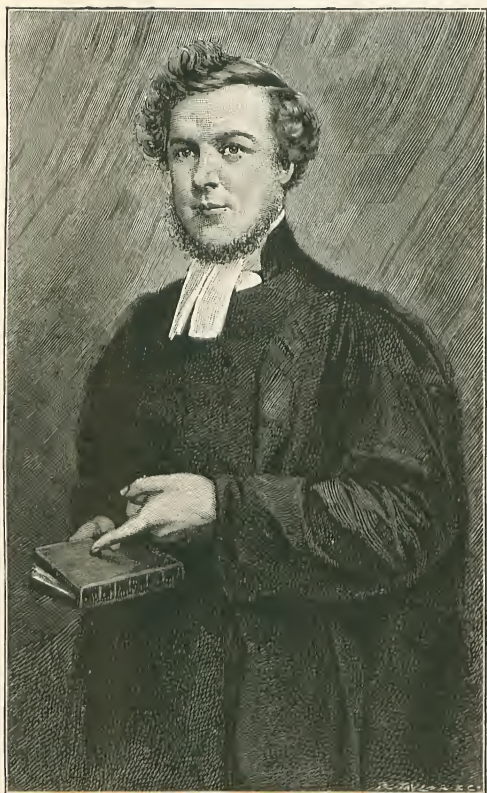
## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

### CANON FLEMING.

BORN 1830



HE REVEREND JAMES FLEMING, Canon Residentiary of York, is almost too well known to require many words of description. In parochial affairs generally, Canon Fleming takes more than ordinary interest, and when, many years ago, he left Camberwell to accept the incumbency of St. Michael's, Chester Square,

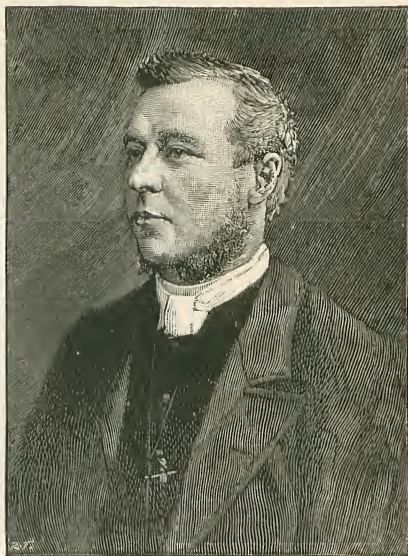


From a

AGE 30.

[Photograph.

on the nomination of the Duke of Westminster, his departure was the subject of intense regret to his people. He is still the highly appreciated vicar of St. Michael's, and was appointed to a Canonry of York by the late Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876. To the natural gift of an exceptionally musical voice, and the acquired facility of using it to the best advantage—which he owes to the instruction of no less a master

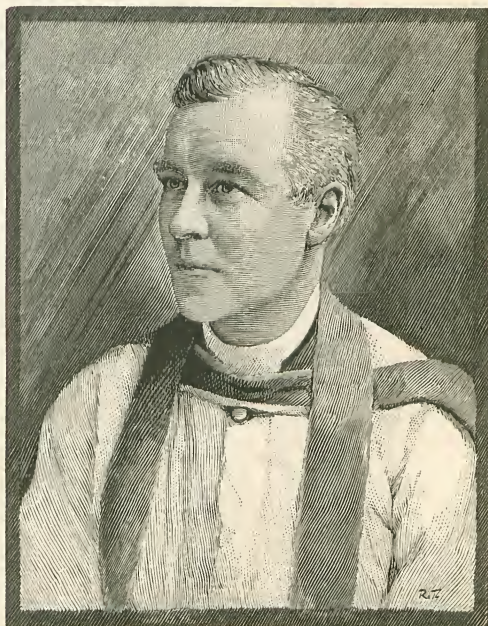


From a Photo. by]

AGE 48.

[W. & D. Downey.

than Macready—Canon Fleming adds great power as a preacher and as a parochial administrator. His sermons are well known both in York and in London, and his personal influence, both in his parish and outside it, is very great indeed.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Mayall & Co.





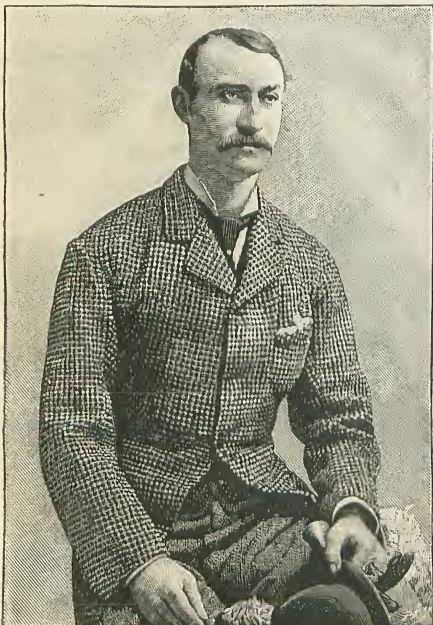
From a] AGE 2. [Painting.

### LORD SANDHURST.

BORN 1855.



ORD SANDHURST, who only recently succeeded Lord Harris as Governor of Bombay, was educated at Rugby. He served as a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, and was Lord-in-Waiting to Her Majesty the Queen from 1880 to 1885. Lord



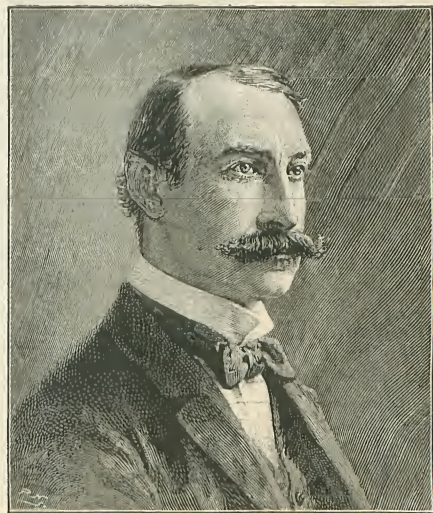
From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Lafayette, Dublin.

Sandhurst was for some time a Progressive member of the School Board, and held the post of Under Secretary for War from 1892 to the time of his appointment as the new



From a Photo. by] AGE 33. [Hills & Saunders.

Governor of Bombay, in December, 1894. The announcement of this new honour was received with general approval, and there is every hope that his lordship will prove himself



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.

to be as popular in the East as he has been with us in the West.





From a]

AGE 4.

[Photograph.

# LADY SANDHURST.



LADY SANDHURST (*née* Victoria Alexandrina Spencer, daughter of the fourth Earl of Spencer, K.G.), whose portraits we are happy in being able to give here together with those of her husband, married Lord



From a Photo. by]

AGE 32.

Arthur Marx.

Sandhurst in 1881, and accompanied him on his recent journey to India.



AGE 24.

From a Photo. by Winlow & Grove, Baker Street.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.





AGE 2.  
From a Miniature by Lady Elizabeth Murray.

MR. CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

BORN 1830.

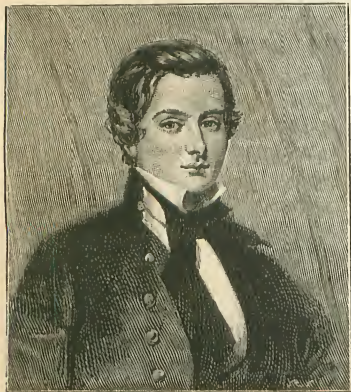


R. CLEMENTS  
ROBERT  
MARKHAM,  
C.B., P.R.G.S.,  
F.S.A., was

born at Stillingfleet, near York. He received his education at Westminster School, and entered the Navy in 1844. He was appointed naval cadet in 1846, passed for a lieutenant in 1850, and left the Navy the following year. He became a clerk in the Board of Control in 1855, and Assistant Secretary in the India Office in 1867, and was in charge of the Geographical Department of that Office from 1867



AGE 14.  
From a Water-Colour by J. Richmond.



AGE 10.  
From a Crayon by Macdonald.

to 1877, when he retired. He was secretary to the Hakluyt Society from 1858 to 1889, and secretary to the Geographical Society from 1863 to 1888. Mr. Markham

served in the Arctic expedition in search of Franklin 1850-51, explored Peru and the forests of the Eastern Andes in 1852-54,



AGE 25.

From a  
Crayon by  
Sandys.

served as geographer to the Abyssinian expedition, was present at the storming of Magdala in 1867-68, and was created C.B. in 1871. Mr. Markham became President of



AGE 45.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

the Hakluyt Society in 1890, and President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1893. He is the author of innumerable books on geography, science, and exploration, and was editor of the *Geographical Magazine* 1872-78.

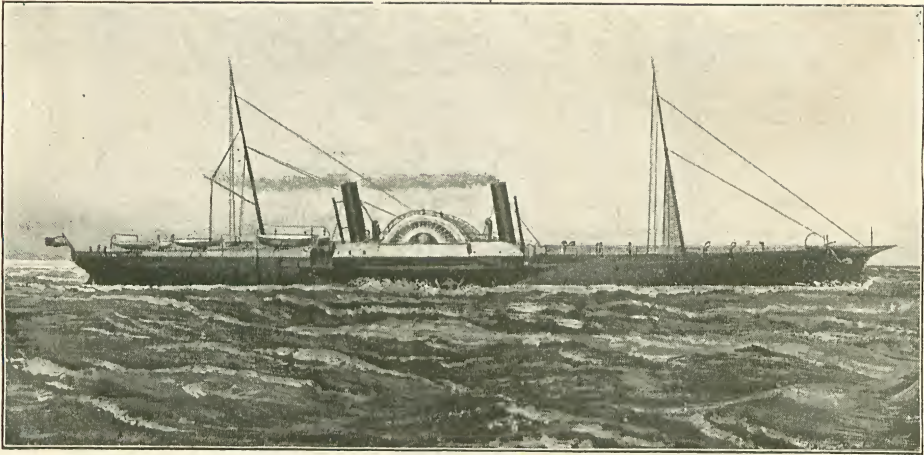


PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



## *With Her Majesty's Mails to Ireland.*

BY EDWARD JOHN HART.



R.M.S. "ULSTER," OF DUBLIN.



UNDERSTAND, I am going to take you from Holyhead to Kingstown by the night mail, and, with a nor'-westerly gale blowing, you will probably require your mackintosh. Here, on the sea rim of Great Britain, we are about to cross to the sister island by the fastest and most famous local line of mail-boats in the world ; so let's down to the pier alongside of which is lying the *Ulster*, grinding and straining at her hawsers with a very human-like impatience to be off. But, though time and tide wait for no man, the mail-boat must wait for her mails (sent per rail from London), and to pass the time we may chat about the company and its boats, and hereafter, if we have luck, we may get speech of our captain.

The City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, running the mail between Holyhead and Kingstown, is the oldest Irish mail service in existence, dating back to the year 1833. They continued the service from the Admiralty, and some of their first boats—notably the *Levelllyn*—were old Navy boats, and at that time they ran from Liverpool to Howth.

The present fleet of mail-boats—five in all—consist of the *Ulster*, *Munster*, *Leinster*, *Connaught*, and *Ireland*. The first four were built in 1860, and all, with the exception of the *Leinster*, which came from the yards of

Samuda, of London, were constructed by Laird, of Liverpool.

The *Ulster*, by which we are to travel, may be taken as the type of the fleet—with the exception of the *Ireland*—and, like the other four vessels, is painted black, as to the hull and funnels ; with the inside, upper works, paddle-boxes, and boats painted white. She is 1,400 tons (builder's measurement), 350ft. in length, furnished with oscillating direct engines of 750 horse-power (nominal), indicating up to about 7,000, and is reckoned a twenty-knot boat.

The distance from jetty to jetty is sixty-four miles, and the contract time allowed for the trip four hours and a quarter, with a fine of £100 for every minute over. But the *Ireland* one November, on a speed trial, crossed in 2 hours and 47min., in the teeth of a very strong easterly breeze and a very nasty choppy sea. Under ordinary circumstances, the average speed in crossing is from sixteen to seventeen knots.

Each vessel is provided with six boats, four life-rafts, and cork jackets for everybody. Nowadays, of course, all the mail-boats are furnished with steam steering gear, and one man steers the vessel in and out of harbour, doing the work that used to be relegated to six or eight. Formerly they had two great steering wheels on the bridge of each ship, and it used to be a fearful heave to get over. One heard a regular chorus of, "All together !

Now then, down! All together! Now then, down!" the men getting it over spoke by spoke and standing on it. Then, when the word "Steady!" was given, they let go, and the wheel—owing to the pressure of water against the rudder of the ship going full speed—whirled round, so that you couldn't see the spokes, and the chains rattling out through the waterways frightened the passengers in their cabins.

There is a complete post-office on board, furnished with desks, pigeon-holes, etc., for every separate county. As soon as the mail-bags come on board they are opened and sorted on sloping tables, the ten or fifteen sorters—increased to twenty just before Christmas—working the whole way across. "I've seen a Christmas mail of as many as 600 mail-sacks and forty-seven parcel-post hampers," says the captain; "and as for literary curiosities—well, we get our share of them, I can assure you. The Irish harvest hands who come over to England for work frequently address the covers of letters—letters containing money even—after this inscrutable fashion: 'To my mother in the white cottage with the green door at the end of the village,' 'Betty McGuire at the house forinst the forge'—these, mind you, are actual examples. They send loose coin in paper envelopes—all sorts of live animals, meat, cake, etc., in cardboard boxes; and some of the addresses the mail hands brought up to show us on the bridge I'll defy any-one to make out!"

The post-office is in charge of the mail clerk, and amongst his duties is that of sealing up all the mail-sacks. In former times the mails were in charge of a mail agent, who was generally a retired commander, appointed by the Admiralty, and who wore his naval uniform, had a very good time on board, and was invested with rather peculiar powers.

The captain was supposed to consult with him as to the advisability or otherwise of slowing down in a fog or a gale, or whether in cases of fog, etc., the mails should be put into the boats and landed. This functionary had to enter in a gorgeous red leather pocket-book, with "V. R." stamped on the cover, the time of arrival of the mail train, starting

of the boat, weather remarks, etc., and was a relic of the days when the mails were carried by naval vessels. Formerly most of the officers of the boats were naval men, but this is not now the case. The mail subsidy is £85,000 per annum.

But all this time we have kept the *Ulster* grinding and straining at her hawsers, and as the train has just come down with its sleepy passengers, and its much more important mail-bags, there is nothing further to delay our departure.

From the deck of our trembling steamer it looks cold, wet, and black on the pier. The flickering gas-lights are reflected in the wet of the sodden planks, and shine on the oil-skins of the men, holding hand-lamps and assisting in the preliminaries of departure—and the grinding and straining of the ship increases. The second officer comes

up to the captain and says: "All's in, sir." The third and last bell is rung, and the whistle blown—a long, sonorous, re-echoing blast. The gangways are hauled back to the pier, the telegraph rings the "Stand by" below to the engineers, the chief officer goes to the fo'c's'le head and the second beside the quartermaster at the wheel, and then the captain gives the order, "Let go! Turn ahead!"

"All gone, sir," comes back the faint answer from the darkness, and then, with one or two sighs and hisses from the valves, the wheels churn up the sea and she slowly moves ahead.

"Starboard!"

"Starboard, sir," from the second officer, and she gains in speed and feels the starboard helm, and we see there is a clear course to the end of the breakwater, and the order is given, "Full speed ahead!"

In a minute's time the order to the helm is "Steady!" and she flies along for the end of the breakwater, distinguished by a revolving red light, after passing which it is "Starboard!" again, and the course is given, "West-nor'-west quarter north," and the signal is given to the engine-room, "All clear!"

As she rounds the breakwater she takes the first plunge—a long, shuddering lunge into the black water—which sends the passengers scuttling down below, and then, as



CAPTAIN KENDALL,  
COMMANDER OF R.M.S. "IRELAND."  
*From a Photograph.*



she opens out Holyhead Bay and passes to the north of the flashing white light, marking the South Stack, she gets the full force of the gale, which has romped and roared across the Atlantic to measure strength, as aforetime, with these black-painted demons of steamers, in the hope of hindering the Queen's Irish mails.

Away, seven miles to the north-east of us, is the white fixed light of the Skerries, by which pass all the Atlantic liners outward bound from Liverpool; and now the captain and chief officer settle themselves comfortably in the starboard corner of the bridge behind the dodger or weather-cloth, knowing they have a long three hours before them.

To them staggers a courageous passenger, who hazards the original remark: "Dirty night, captain, isn't it?"

"What—you here?" says the captain. "Yes, it is dirty; you'd better go below—you can't stay here, you know."

At this moment the *Ulster* takes a tremendous plunge, and tons of green water come over the bow, deluging everybody; but the staunch vessel shakes herself free and springs forward like a racehorse, and then, besides ourselves, only the chief and the third officers, the man at the wheel, and the look-out man are left on deck, though the captain appears and re-appears at short intervals, and fidgets about, for he doesn't like the look of the weather.

Presently the look-out man sings out: "Green light on the starboard bow, sir!" and we find it belongs to one of the North Wall Company's boats from Dublin, with cattle, running before the gale. She passes by and goes into Holyhead, the boats showing each other their quarter-lights as they pass.

We are about three-quarters of an hour out, when a steamer's red light on the starboard bow is reported, and from the height and size of this and other lights, she is made out to be an Atlantic liner steaming down Channel, crossing our course from starboard to port. By the rule of the road, we are the

giving-way ship, so the order is given "Port!"—"Port, sir!" and we pass under the stern of the big fellow; then, "Go your course!" and we resume our course.

After a while the "look-out" sings out, "Green light off port bow," and as it is a small, unsteady light, we see it is a poor sailing ship, close-hauled under close-reefed topsails, trying to weather the Skerries, and, as she is the weaker, we give way again. "Starboard!" is the steering order given, so as not to cross his bows and make him feel uncomfortable; we go round the sailing ship's stern, and then, when she is cleared, the word is, "Steady—go your course."

We are just coming to the conclusion that this howling waste of waters is rather crowded after all, and that it is simpler to steer a bicycle than a steamboat, when we find that we have reached the half-passages, by noticing that the quarter-masters are changed.

Every half-hour the boatswain comes to the officer of the watch and reports, "All lights burning brightly, sir—and half-past nine," or whatever the hour may be, for on these boats no bells are struck at sea, as the sound is found to be confusing and may drown that of steamers' whistles, etc.

Suddenly, we nearly jump out of our shoes, for the look-out man literally yells, "Steamer's

light *right ahead!*" (It must be some "tramp" or light steam collier returning from Ireland in ballast, running before the gale and blowing his smoke ahead of him and downwards, veiling his lights—for at first it is but a black spot, while the next second discovers the three lights of a steamer.)

Instant is the order, "Port! Hard aport—*hard over!*"

"Hard over, sir!" the steersman replies, the wheel flying round the while, and we hold our breath. She goes over to starboard, just getting out of the way in time, and this fellow shoots by, he himself, likely as not, unaware of anything being near till he sees our lights right close beside him.



CAPTAIN THOMSON,  
COMMANDER OF R.M.S. "MUNSTER."  
*From a Photo. by Stevens, Holyhead.*

Then some very heavy squalls accompanied by blinding sleet come down on us in quick succession, and wet, chilled through, with nerves a little disordered by the recent narrow shave, we go below, if only to get a brief cessation from the noise of the howling, shrieking wind. Here we find the captain, whom we had only missed a moment before from the deck, holding on to a stanchion with one hand, and with the other trying to lift a cup of hot coffee to his mouth.

"Doesn't this remind you, captain, of a bad November crossing we once had, when you were second under Old Trip?"

"That was much worse," answers the captain, between his sips. "I shouldn't have thought you could have remembered it."

"Who was 'Old Trip'?" somebody inquires.

"What, never heard of 'Old Trip'—the famous Captain Triphook? He was twenty-five years in the mail service, and when he retired in '76, he had never lost a life, and had never once been fined for landing mails late."

"Tell us about him, captain," say several of the passengers.

The captain looks half inclined to try, takes a run up on deck to see that everything is going smoothly, and then, coming down again, commences:—

"Well, Old Trip—Captain Triphook—was formerly an officer of the Royal Navy. On one occasion when he was off the coast of Ireland in charge of a Revenue cutter—*The Chance*—he sighted a schooner in distress—on shore in a terrible gale. 'Who'll come with me in a boat to help that schooner?' he sings out to his men. 'I can't order a boat's crew, but I'm going myself in the boat, and I want four men to help me—who'll volunteer?' The whole lot of them volunteered.

'No,' he says, 'I only want four,' and four men and the captain left for the schooner, Trip in the meantime having given his second in command instructions how to manœuvre the cutter. Well, gentlemen, he rescued that schooner's crew, and picked up his own cutter again, and for this splendid bit of work the Admiralty presented him with a service of plate."

"Tell us some more about him," chorus the knot of passengers, but the captain has again disappeared to the bridge, whence he presently returns with the smiling announcement that the weather shows signs of moderating.

"Tell you more about Old Trip! I could spin enough yarns about him to keep you listening for a month. Once during the autumn gales, the guardship at Kingstown—the *Royal George* (not the *Royal George*, of course), which had been in the Crimean War—an old, wooden line-of-battle ship, fitted with auxiliary steam—broke from her regulation moorings and drifted against the breakwater, where the wind held her broadside on. Trip came in in the *Ulster*, and, seeing the ship with her topmasts and yards down and canting over, could not make it out,

and signalled, 'Can I tow you off?' The answer came back, 'Yes, if you can,' so he backed in—a very difficult piece of manœuvring in cramped space when you're unable to go ahead with one paddle and reverse with the other, as you are in some boats—and towed the warship out through all the crowd of small craft (which were moored so as only to provide a narrow lane for the mail-boat to come in and go out), to where she could safely anchor. Then he went out himself and came in again, same as usual, to the jetty—as he had to do, in order to get along-



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. S. TRIPHOOK, R.N.,  
COMMANDER OF R.M.S. "ULSTER."  
"OLD TRIP" WITH HIS DOG "CHANCE."  
From a Photo. by Cranfield & Co., Dublin.



side from the position he had left the guardship.

"This was thought a great feat of seamanship at the time.

"Triphook, you must know, was an old man when I knew him. He had perfectly white hair, and always wore his cap on one side of his head, and his uniform frock-coat tightly buttoned up. I don't think any man now living ever saw him without his fox-terrier Chance—wherever the captain was, there was Chance.

"I daresay a good many of you have heard of the Stag Rock in Holyhead Harbour, the existence of which was supposed by many to be mythical, because, after a searching Admiralty survey, no trace of it could be found. This was owing to the fact, as was afterwards ascertained, that it was a single sugar-loaf pinnacle on which the lead would not lodge, but dropped down the side.

"Well, one day in a dense fog the *Ulster* touched on this. She was going dead slow and touched very lightly, but hung there, and Trip stopped her instant. He didn't reverse his engines or do anything, but just waited for the tide to rise, when she lifted off of her own accord. The divers went down and reported that several feet of the keel were broken away and several plates strained, and the ship was ordered into dry dock at Liverpool.

"Trip stormed, and fumed, and swore that he didn't believe any damage was done, and one morning he quietly plunged over the steamer's side; some of the deck-hands seeing this, thought that the accident preying on his mind had driven him to suicide, and raised the cry of 'Man overboard!'

"The crew ran to the starboard side where he was last seen, and leaned over, speculating, pitying, commiserating, and dangling lifebuoys and rope-ends in the water against the reappearance of the hapless skipper, when, to everyone's astonishment, the voice of the said hapless skipper was heard on the port side, abusing every-

body in antiquated but profane sea English of a bygone day, for not holding out a rope's-end to him. When he came on board he triumphantly informed all and sundry that he had dived under his ship and felt along the keel, and that no damage was done.

"He was seventy-four years of age when he accomplished this feat.

"Still, the fiat had gone forth that the ship must be docked, so into dry dock she went, when it was found that the old man was right, and that only a little paint was scratched off her keel.

"On another occasion an old naval shipmate came to see him, when his was the lying-by ship at Holyhead, and was amazed at the sight of the six boats with the iron davits turned inboard, and the boats resting on chocks secured by lashings and covered with tarpaulins.

"He had never been shipmates with iron davits before, having only been used to the wooden cranes on which boats were hoisted on the old-fashioned wooden warships, and he maintained that it would be impossible to get these boats out in time to save the life of a man overboard. 'Would it?' said Trip. 'I'll show you later on, and bet you a dinner it can be managed.'

"The bet was made and as soon forgotten, and the next morning the captain mounted the paddle-box to exercise the crew at fire-drill. 'Fire in the fo'c's'le!' he shouted,

and immediately afterwards, as the crew were crowding forward, 'Fire in the ladies' cabin!' Then he looked at his watch, buttoned his uniform frock-coat close up to his throat, and the next moment a voice was heard calling out, 'The captain's overboard! Pick him up!' and when the startled crew looked up the commander had disappeared from the paddle-box. Triphook's old friend cried out in genuine consternation, 'Your captain's fallen overboard, my men! Save poor old Trip, save your captain! Oh, be quick, there's good fellows!'

"The officers and boats' crews needed no



CAPTAIN THOMAS,  
COMMANDER OF R.M.S. "LEINSTER."  
*From a Photograph.*

such incitement, for the old sea-dog was greatly beloved, and they rushed to their stations, striving to see who could first get their boat into the water. Triphook was hauled into a boat without ceremony, together with his dog, Chance, who had jumped in after his master, as a matter of course, and a rope being thrown to him, he came up the ship's side hand over hand, and so reached the deck, where he was overwhelmed with the condolences and congratulations of his old friend.

"Taking no notice of these, the old man pulled out his watch, looked at it, and ejaculating, 'H'm! Four minutes—not so bad! Now you'll have to stand me that dinner!' went to his cabin to change his clothes.

"While the men were absorbed in their fire-drill, he had taken the time, stepped outside the railing of the paddle-box, and dropped feet foremost into the water—a drop of over thirty feet—singing out as he went down. A little after this, by the smartness of one of his boat's crews, he saved two men from an overturned boat, as the mail-boat was leaving the harbour, in much about the same time.

"I remember one time when the *Ulster* was in mid-Channel, going half-speed in a dense, impenetrable fog, though the wind was blowing half a gale, some vast, mysterious white bulk suddenly loomed up amidships. As always in a fog, the engineers were standing-by below, and the captain was on the bridge. With that ready presence of mind which never failed him, the old man instantly set the telegraph at 'Full speed ahead,' and the mail-boat sprang forward like a racehorse. It was not a moment too soon, for the next second a full-rigged ship, running before the wind, with every stitch set, dashed past his stern—so close as almost to graze the paint. 'Nearly had my tail that time!' said Old Trip, looking round with his genial smile. 'If that there meteor flag of England had been flying from the staff, she'd have torn it!' and those who were astern at the time afterwards said that this was a literal fact. Had he hesitated for a second, or attempted to reverse his engines, a frightful collision would have resulted.

"It was a great sight to see Old Trip bring his boat alongside. When all was fast, no one dared to stir, as they never knew whether he wouldn't move his engines ahead or astern again, till he shouted 'Mail ho!' whereupon Chance lifted up his head and gave one short bark of satisfaction. Then the captain

on his way down from the paddle-box stopped to pat his dog, and remark, 'Very well brought alongside, Chance! Very well, indeed!' and proceeded on his way, distributing smiles as he went."

"And what became of this fine old fellow after he retired in '76?" asks a passenger.

"He died not long after—I think something under two years—his retirement; to the last beloved and honoured by all who had ever met or served with him."

There was silence for a moment.

"Captain," someone else inquires, "wasn't the *Connaught* once in a rather strange sort of collision? It was a very queer fix, wasn't it?"

"Well, it was rather remarkable," says the captain, smiling and looking at his watch, "but I shall only have time to tell you about it briefly before I must go topside.

"The *Connaught* was taking the Irish day mails from Kingstown to Holyhead, during a very thick fog, and proceeding dead slow. About half-passage a vessel was suddenly sighted on the port bow, close aboard, going in the opposite direction, and before either vessel could check the little way they had on them, the two ships were in collision. One of the paddle-boxes of the *Cambria*—a cargo boat belonging to the London and North-Western Railway Company—had smashed into and under the port paddle-box of the *Connaught*. She, being the larger and higher vessel, went partly over the sponson beams and paddle-wheel of the other ship, breaking it in; and thus they were locked together with the iron and wood of the *Cambria's* sponson beam forming a sort of bar in through the *Connaught's* wheel, and in such a jam that neither vessel could move or free herself from the other.

"The sea was calm, so the ships lay quite quiet beside one another, while the engineers went into the wheels, and by working hard with hammer and cold chisel and crowbar for eight hours, slowly cut through all the iron and wood of the *Cambria's* smashed paddle-box and sponson beams, till at last the ships were freed, and both proceeded slowly to Holyhead—the *Connaught* standing by the *Cambria* until safely inside the harbour.

"And now, gentlemen, it is time to look out for the light": and so saying, the captain goes up on deck, whither we follow him.

We have been three hours out from Holyhead, and it is time for the Bailey Light, at the end of Howth Promontory, which is like a small Gibraltar and forms the north side



of Dublin Bay—Kingstown Harbour forming the south—to make its appearance.

Presently this is sighted, and the next to look out for is the Kish Lightship, warning mariners off the Kish Sandbank, which is like the Goodwins, only that it never dries. It is about half-past five in the morning as we pass close to the lightship, tossing and tumbling about in the murk of the early dawn, and now we shape our course to clear the Burford Bank, two and a half miles further in.

At last we've entered Dublin Bay, and the sea is much smoother, though the full force of the wind is felt blowing off the low lands on the west side of the bay, which indeed afford no shelter from the wind. The hardy passenger of last night here turns up, just as we sight Kingstown East Pier head light, and now all hands are going to their stations for entering harbour and going 'longside.

The chief officer goes to the bows, the captain to the bridge, and as we enter, the telegraph rings the order, "Stand by, below," to call the engineers to their posts.

Now the order is "Starboard!" and with the starboard helm she makes a grand sweep into the harbour, flying by the lighthouse and still at full speed.

Just inside the lighthouse "Half-speed" is commanded, immediately followed by the steering order "Steady!"—and a few seconds afterwards "Port!" At this moment the

telegraph rings to "Slow" and two seconds after that "Stop her!" The captain has gone on the paddle-box—and here are the lamps, paling in the grey dawn, all along the jetty to which we almost seem to be rushing, till we fear that they'll never be able to stop her in time, or keep her from dashing on to that grim wall of rock ahead.

About fifty yards from the stopping-place the order is "Full speed astern!" and at the same time ropes are hove and caught by men on the jetty—and now the captain sings out, "Hold on forrard!" and "Stop her!" to the engine-room.

Now she's berthed steady alongside, and gangways are run on board. The telegraph rings, "That'll do, below!"—the releasing order to the engine-room; the captain comes down from the paddle-box, and the first officer returns to the bridge from the bows to note the time of landing the mails, the first bag of which is landed three minutes from passing the East Pier Lighthouse. The passage has occupied three hours and fifty minutes, and the entry in the log is "Nor-west strong gale, with rain, squalls, and heavy sea."

The ship is blowing off steam; the valves are opened, and the steam is roaring out of the pipes. Here we are, safely arrived in Kingstown, and I hope you enjoyed the crossing.

I have!



KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.

# Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES. NO. IV.

By L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]



HER friends always expected that Edith Keen would marry her old lover, Donal O'Brien. Their astonishment, therefore, was great when it was announced that she was engaged to a retired West Indian of the name of Talbot. Maximilian Talbot was over fifty years of age, and Edith was twenty. He had been born in the West Indies, but his father was an Englishman by birth. He had amassed a great fortune before he came to settle in England, and as he was a good-looking man, with an aristocratic, old-world sort of flavour about him, those who met him in society expected that he would make a good match. His choice, however, fell upon Edith, who was no one in particular, her father being a man who had come to grief through his speculations. Edith was poor, and went very little into society, but Talbot happened to meet her at a country house, and from the moment he saw her, it was all too evident that his mind was made up. He proposed and, to the astonishment of lookers on, was accepted. Worldly people said that Edith had done well for herself, but all the same, those who really knew her were amazed. Donal O'Brien had been her lover

for years—it was even hinted, although no one was quite certain of the fact, that there had been an engagement between them; of course, he was poor—too poor to think of matrimony, but Edith was the last girl in the world, so her friends said, who would be likely to sacrifice love to money.

That she did so, however, was an all too patent fact. She married Mr. Talbot on a certain morning towards the end of May. She made a very interesting and beautiful bride, and, notwithstanding the disparity in their years, her handsome bridegroom seemed quite worthy of her. I happened to be present in the church when the knot was tied, and I can truly say that I seldom saw a more lovely face than that of the sweet, slender, white-robed bride.

The couple went away amidst the usual scene of rejoicing, and, busy with my ever-increasing work, I soon forgot all the circumstances of the wedding.

Three months afterwards I was in my consulting-room looking over one of my case-books, when my servant flung open the door and admitted a visitor. I looked up, and was surprised to see Donal O'Brien enter. He was a bony, red-haired fellow, with a mixture of Scotch and Irish in his com-



position. He was very tall, broad-shouldered, and gaunt; his eyes had a red gleam in them; he had a broad, firm forehead; his lips were closely set, and his square chin, which was cleft in the middle, had the determination of a bulldog about it.

I bade him welcome, drew forward a chair, and asked what I could do for him.

He stared fixedly at me for a moment without making any reply. I noticed then that there was a dumb sort of misery in his eyes. I recalled the old story about his love affair with Edith Keen, and roused myself to take an interest in him.

"The fact is," he began, "I have come here to consult you."

"Pray tell me what your symptoms are," I answered.

O'Brien laughed harshly.

"Bless you, I'm all right," he said. "I'm not here as a patient. You have always taken an interest in Miss Keen, have you not?"

"I have known Mrs. Talbot since she was a child," I answered.

"Yes, yes," he replied, impatiently, "but I never think of her as the wife of another man if I can help it. You know she was engaged to me, do you not?"

"I did not know that there was an actual engagement," I replied.

"Well, there was: it lasted for some months. I don't blame her a bit. She asked my leave to break it off. She told me, poor girl, that she had by no means ceased to love me, but her father, who has been, as perhaps you know, more or less mixed up in some shady speculations, had got into trouble. Talbot found out that Keen was hard up and likely to be publicly disgraced. He played upon Edith's affections, and told her that he would set her father straight if she married him. On this fact being known, all her family brought great influence to bear upon the poor girl. Keen himself came to see me, and begged of me not to stand in her way. She joined her entreaties to her father's. I was mad to yield, for I saw all through that she was only sacrificing herself. She never really loved the fellow, but like many another girl, she did not realize what marriage with a man of Talbot's temperament would mean."

"You speak as if you knew something about Talbot," I said.

"So I do; I'm coming to that part immediately. I made a fatal mistake in releasing Edith. I love her still to distraction. Poor girl, she has put her father straight, and tied

herself for life to a cold-blooded, inhuman monster. So much for self-sacrifice."

O'Brien jumped up as he spoke, and began to pace the room. He was in a state of great excitement. He clenched his hands, and now and then violent words burst from his lips.

"Quiet yourself, and sit down," I said, after a pause. "You have doubtless come to tell me all this for some specific reason. You had better do so at once, for my time is valuable."

I pitied the poor fellow from my heart, but I knew that it was necessary to bring him up to the point in the most matter-of-fact way I could manage.

He looked at me fixedly—shook himself as if he were a great mastiff, and then sank into the nearest chair, bending slightly forward, and pressing his hands upon his large knees.

"God knows I've come for a specific reason," he said. "It is this: Edith came to see me a week ago."

"Have they returned from their honeymoon?" I interrupted.

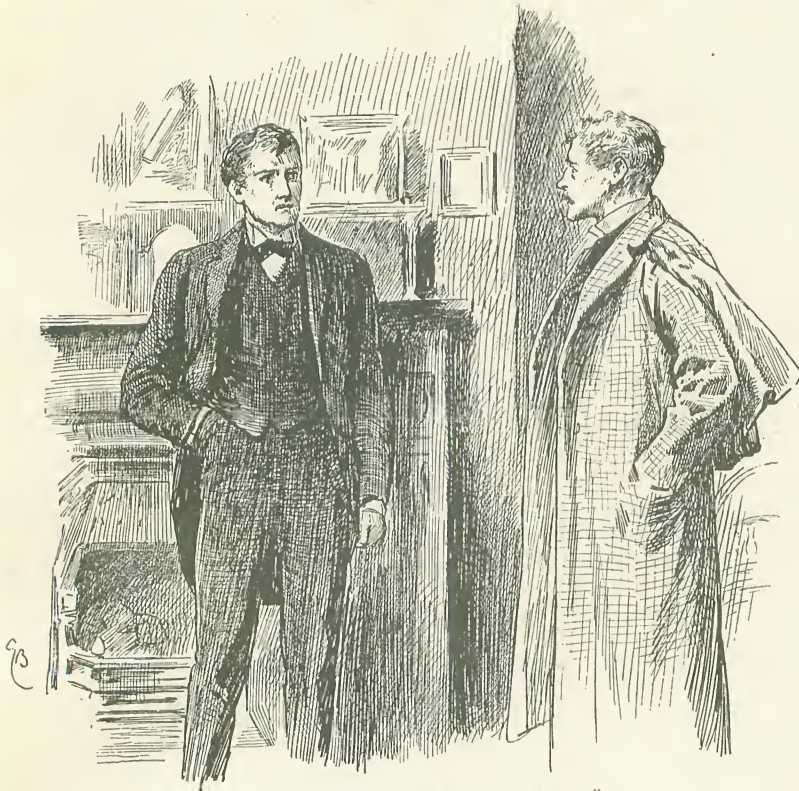
"Yes, they are staying in Surrey, near Dorking—Talbot has a bungalow there. She managed to elude his vigilance for a day, and came up to see me."

"That was the act of a mad woman, if you like," I said.

"I acknowledge that it was indiscreet; but, God help her! how could she think of proprieties in her terrible position? She wanted to ask me a question. She wanted me to do something for her. Can you guess what it was?"

"No, I'm sure I can't."

"Well, I'll tell you. You know my profession. I'm an experimental scientist. In especial I have devoted myself to zoology—and to that branch of the subject known as ophiology. I have made several valuable experiments with regard to the most interesting snake poisons under the guidance of the well-known Sir John Hart; our object is to discover antidotes for these terrible venoms. The most poisonous snakes of all are to be found in India, and amongst these the cobra undoubtedly takes the lead. My most exhaustive experiments, therefore, have been made in connection with cobra poisoning. I have been given special opportunities for studying the cobra and its mode of attack at Antwerp, and have discovered a method by which I can distil the poison, over the description of which I need not now waste your time. I should like, on a future occa-



"HE STARED FIXEDLY AT ME FOR A MOMENT."

sion, to talk over the antidotes which I consider most efficacious."

"Then you have really found out an antidote for cobra poisoning?" I asked, so much interested that I could not help interrupting the speaker.

"No; I wish I had. To a certain extent, antidotes have been discovered, but nothing up to the present has been proved to be of the slightest avail where *much* poison has been allowed to enter the system. Now, however, to return to Mrs. Talbot. I had just come back from Antwerp on the day she called, and had gone to report myself to Sir John Hart. On hearing that I was out, she asked my servant to admit her into my laboratory, and when I rushed in presently in a violent hurry, there she was standing by the window.

"She turned round when she heard my step, and came to meet me, with her face as white as death, and her hands tightly locked together. You know the peculiar fascination of her big, dark eyes. I never saw eyes with so much power of speech except in the case of a dog. They looked full at me as she came swiftly up to my side, but for a brief moment

neither she nor I uttered a single word.

"For God's sake, what have you come for, Edith?" I burst forth, at last. 'You know this is madness,' I continued, for I felt so wild at the sight of her, and at the thought of the barrier which now lay between us, that I could scarcely control myself. 'You must be mad to come here,' I said. 'I wonder you do it—and why don't you speak? Why are you dumb except with your eyes? What's up, Edith, what's up? For Heaven's sake, don't tell me that your marriage has

turned out a failure!'

"She raised her hand with a mute gesture for me to forbear.

"I have not come here to talk of my husband,' she said, in a broken, faltering voice. 'I have not come here in any sense to complain of my terrible position.'

"Your terrible position,' I interrupted. 'Then the whole thing has been a mistake. God knows, I ought never to have released you, Edith.'

"We must not talk of this,' she answered. 'I have come to see you to-day to ask your advice, and I can only do that if you will put sufficient control on yourself to listen to me quietly. My husband has a terrible dual nature. There are two distinct phases to his character. For days, perhaps a fortnight at a time, he is gentle, courteous, affectionate—a perfect gentleman in word and deed—but at any moment, without the slightest provocation, from no reason that anyone can account for, I see another completely different side to his character. When this phase overtakes him, he becomes not a man but a demon. He tortures me, he insults me; he is cruel, very cruel. At such



times, such misery is mine that I often fear I cannot retain my senses.'

"'Is the man insane?' I asked.

"'No,' she answered, 'there is not a trace of insanity about him; at least, if one understands the word in its ordinary sense. He is cool, calculating—he seldom rouses himself to be really excited. He seems to have the cunning and the cleverness of the Evil One. When he enters upon this strange mood, I can scarcely endure my life. There is no possibility of escaping from him. Oh, I can't talk further on the matter. I have come here, Donal, to ask you to help me. You know how fond you are of collecting snake poisons. You have even described to me the symptoms, and the certain effect of cobra venom. Donal, will you give me a bottle of this poison?'

"'In the name of Heaven, what for?' I asked.

"'Need you ask after what I have just told you? I want to have the poison by me, in order that I may take it if I find that there is no other door of escape from my terrible husband when he enters on his dark moods.'

"'Folly,' I answered. 'Sorrow has driven you mad.'

"'She broke down when I said this, Dr. Halifax, and burst into the most bitter, terrible weeping I have ever listened to. I stood and stared at her as speechless as if I were a dog instead of a man. I was enduring the worst torture which could possibly be laid upon me. I loved her to distraction, and yet I could do nothing for her—I dared not even attempt to comfort her. When she had got over her fit of crying, she began to appeal to me again.

"'Do grant my request, she said. 'I faithfully promise not to use the poison unless the most dire necessity arises; but to feel that I have it in my power to put an end to my misery will strengthen my nerves. For the sake of the old love we felt for one another, be generous enough to grant my request, Donal.'

"'No, no,' I replied. 'I must save you from yourself, at any cost.'

"'I had to say this many times. She went on her knees to me at last—still I refused her. When she found that all her entreaties were hopeless she ceased to argue, but sat perfectly motionless, staring out of the window. My servant came to tell me that I was wanted for a moment to speak to a messenger from Sir John Hart. I was absent about three minutes. When I came back, Edith rose and gave me her hand.

"'Good-bye,' she said.

"Her manner had completely altered. Her tears were all dried. Her beautiful eyes wore a veiled expression, and no longer gave me a glimpse of her tortured heart. I saw her to the door. It was a relief to see her calm, even though I knew how forced was her apparent serenity.

"Half an hour afterwards I went back to my laboratory. What was my horror to see that the small cabinet in which I kept my specimens of snake poison had the key in it. As a rule I keep it securely locked, but I remembered now, when too late, that I had, on my return from Antwerp, placed some new bottles of very valuable specimens of snake poison in the cupboard, and had, alas, forgotten to remove the key.

"Had Edith discovered the fatal mistake I had made? I rushed to the cupboard, opened it, and found that amongst the neat rows of carefully labelled bottles one was missing. There was not the least doubt what had occurred. Edith had helped herself to a bottle of snake poison. This accounted for the self-control with which she had parted from me. It is impossible for me to describe my sensations when I made this discovery. After thinking for a few moments I resolved to seek your advice. Here I am: what is to be done?"

"You are in a very awkward position," I answered.

"I should think I am. Is that all you can say?"

"Is the bottle of poison which Mrs. Talbot has taken very deadly?" I asked.

"Yes; she has helped herself to cobra poison; it would have a fatal effect immediately. She has taken a bottle of what we call 'Venom Peptone,' the most deadly part of the venom of the cobra. Don't let's waste time talking of it. What is to be done to get the bottle from her?"

Here O'Brien fixed his red-rimmed, anxious eyes on my face.

"You are a man of many resources. Have you nothing to suggest?" he asked, impatiently.

"Something must be done, certainly," I answered.

"Yes, what? Ought I under the circumstances to go and see her?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "A man like Talbot is certain to be consumed by jealousy. He may or may not have heard of your old engagement to his wife. A visit from you at this crisis could only precipitate the mischief we dread."

"Then you will go, Halifax?" said O'Brien.



"SHE BEGAN TO APPEAL TO ME AGAIN."

"I don't well know how I can without arousing suspicion."

"You must devise some subterfuge—you must invent something to account for your presence."

I thought deeply.

"I have it," I said, after a moment.

"Where do you say the Talbots live?"

"In Surrey, close to Dorking."

"And this is Saturday afternoon," I said, half under my breath.

"What in the world has that to do with it?"

"A good deal, as far as I am concerned. I have more leisure on Saturday afternoon than on any other day of the week. The case is an extreme one. Edith is an old friend. All right, O'Brien, I will take the matter up."

"God bless you, but won't you tell me what you mean to do?"

"I can't do that, for I don't quite know myself. I will go down to Dorking to-night—put up at the White Horse, and go over to the Talbots' house early to-morrow morning to pay a visit to my old friend."

"How can I ever thank you?" exclaimed O'Brien. He sprang forward and took my hand, which he wrung violently as if it were a pump-handle.

"I'll get that bottle of poison from Mrs. Talbot before I return to town," I answered. "How, I cannot say, but in some manner the deed will be done. Now leave me, like a good fellow, for I must see one or two patients before I start."

Two hours later I found myself in a train on my way to Dorking. I put up for the night at the White Horse, and the next morning, shortly after breakfast, set off to walk to the Talbots' place, which was beautifully situated on a rising ground not quite two miles out of Dorking.

The house was a long, low bungalow. It was picturesquely made, and was surrounded by beautifully kept gardens. The name of the place was The Elms. As I walked up the avenue under the shelter of a long double row of these stately trees I saw Mrs. Talbot standing on one of the lawns, talking to her husband. They were a tall couple, and made a striking effect as they stood together with their figures silhouetted with great distinctness against the summer sky. They were evidently engaged in amicable conversation, and Edith's silvery laughter floated down to me as I approached them.

There was nothing in the attitude of this pair to suggest even the most remote suspicion of unhappiness. Remembering O'Brien's words, however, I concluded that Talbot was in his amiable phase, and almost regretted that I had not an opportunity of seeing him at his worst. Edith heard my footsteps, and turned to see who was coming to intrude on their Sunday peace. We had always been good friends, and she coloured with pleasure when she saw me. Talbot also gave me a most courteous welcome. He was a remarkably good-looking man. His voice was low and somewhat languid. He had a slight drawl, which at times almost produced



a sense of irritation. His words were extremely well chosen, and when he addressed his wife his manner was the perfection of gentle and affectionate courtesy. I noticed, however, as I watched him carefully, an uneasy gleam flit now and then through his cold, grey eyes. It vanished almost as soon as it came, but I further observed that Mrs. Talbot seemed to watch for this expression with ill-concealed anxiety. At the present moment, all was undoubtedly sunshine.

"I am delighted to see you, Dr. Halifax," said Mrs. Talbot, "I know my husband joins with me in bidding you welcome. Are you not glad to see Dr. Halifax, Max?"

"I am very pleased to welcome any friend of yours to The Elms, my love," answered Talbot.

"But where are you staying, and why have you come?" asked Edith.

"I am staying at the White Horse," I answered. "I was rather hipped with work, and thought a day in the country would set me up. It enhanced the pleasure of my intended holiday to know that Dorking was within a short distance of your place."

"You shan't stay another hour at the White Horse," said Mrs. Talbot—"you must come here. Am I not right in asking Dr. Halifax to be our guest, Max?" she continued, glancing at her husband.

"Certainly," he replied. "We shall be pleased if you will come to us, Dr. Halifax, and remain as long as you can be spared from London. A servant can go to the White Horse and fetch your traps up presently."

After a moment's reflection, I replied, with a smile, "I shall be very glad to spend the day with you, but as I must return to town at a very early hour to-morrow morning, it is not worth while sending for my belongings. It will be more convenient for me to sleep at the White Horse but I can stay here until the evening with pleasure."

"That is better than nothing," replied Edith. "Now, won't you come and let us show you our gardens—we are so proud of them—at least I am."

"My wife has quite a passion for the cultivation of orchids," said Talbot. "Are you fond of orchids?"

I replied in a light spirit, and we spent the next couple of hours in the conservatories and out of doors wandering about on the beautifully kept lawns.

By-and-by we went into the house to lunch.

During lunch, I could not help noticing

that Talbot drank a good deal of wine of a rare quality and flavour. It had little apparent effect upon him—it brought no added colour to his face, nor any additional light to his cold, dull eyes. I saw at a glance that he was accustomed to imbibing great quantities of the poison, for, notwithstanding his outward calm, I was quite certain that wine had a poisonous effect upon a man like him.

Instead of taking the head of her table, Mrs. Talbot sat close to her husband, and to my surprise, took care to fill his glass whenever it was empty. This she did in a very quiet and unobtrusive manner—he never seemed to notice the action, but he invariably drained off the full glass when it was presented to him.

After lunch he came for a moment to my side.

"I am the victim of a very intolerable form of neuralgia," he said, "and am forced to keep it at bay by various sedatives, and also by the aid of wine, which acts on me as a narcotic—you will excuse me if I go to lie down for an hour—I shall hope to join you and my wife later on in the garden."

"We'll have tea in the garden about four o'clock," said Mrs. Talbot; "you will find us there whenever you have concluded your nap, Max."

He tapped her lightly on the shoulder, and gave her an affectionate smile, which she returned with pleased and heightened colour. Then she asked me to accompany her into the garden.

The moment had now arrived when I must make the real object of my visit known. I found it a little difficult to break the ice, and in consequence kept silent for a time, scarcely replying to the light and happy talk of the pretty girl by my side. She looked so fresh and animated—so young and peaceful—that I could not help sincerely hoping that O'Brien had exaggerated matters, and that Mrs. Talbot could never have contemplated the terrible sin of self-destruction. Still, there was no doubt that the bottle of venom peptone had disappeared from O'Brien's laboratory, and no one else could have taken it.

"Forgive me for interrupting you," I said, suddenly. "We are alone, and I must not lose so good an opportunity. I wish to tell you why I have really come to see you to-day."

The moment I said this she turned pale. Her pretty lips trembled, and she fixed her eyes on my face with a glance which gave me distinct pain. I avoided looking at her again, and began to speak slowly and calmly.

"Yesterday Donal O'Brien came to see me."

"Ah," she answered; "he discovered it, then?"

"Yes," I continued, "he discovered what you had done. You took a bottle of very deadly poison from his laboratory, having first begged of him in vain to give it to you. In his brief absence from the room, you stole the bottle—forgive me if I use very plain words."

"What does that matter?" she answered. She pressed her hand against her heaving chest. "Yes, it is true," she interrupted. "I took the bottle without his knowledge, and I know—I am glad to know—that it contains deadly poison."

"You must not keep it," I answered, in a firm voice. "I have come to fetch it. Will you run and get it for me now?"

She gazed at me with a mixture of terror and astonishment on her face.

"Do you really mean what you say?" she asked.

"I undoubtedly do," I replied.

"Then I defy you—I will not give it back to you."

"In that case——" I began.

She interrupted me hastily.

"No, don't say what you are going to say," she exclaimed. "I will tell you the truth. I have got the poison, but I don't mean to use it. It comforts me to know it is in my possession, but except under the last and most terrible extremity, I should never dream of taking my life. Assure Donal on this point. Tell him, by the love I used to have for him, to believe that I am speaking the truth."

I laid my hand for a moment on Mrs. Talbot's arm.

"Before we go into the subject of your keeping that bottle of poison or not," I said, "I want to say a few words to you on another matter. When I arrived here this morning, no young wife could look happier or more united to her husband than you did

to yours. You made O'Brien acquainted with some strange facts. Do you mind repeating them to me?"

"They are true," she answered, in a low voice. "My husband's nature has two distinct sides. In one phase he is an angel, in the other he is a demon. More and more, as time goes on, the demon dominates over the angel. Oh, my God, my God! I can't endure the agony much longer. When he is in his torturing mood, he is cruel to me in the most refined, the most awful, ways. His one pleasure is to devise means of putting me on the rack. I see his eyes fill with a terrible sort of joy when he sees me shrink and suffer. To know that I have at hand a weapon which can deprive him at any moment of the one interest of his life, will enable me to bear up against the torture. Believe me, I value my life, and will not



"THEN I DEFY YOU."

throw it away except under the most fearful pressure."

"You are very much to be pitied," I answered; "I need not say that I wish



beyond words that it were in my power to relieve you. Your husband must be a very strange character, for even the most acute observer could detect nothing the matter with him in the mood in which he is to-day."

"I wish you could see him in his other mood," she replied.

"I will endeavour to do so. I may be able to assign causes for it, and trace so fearful a change to a physical reason."

"Oh, he is not mad," she answered. "We can't get out of the difficulty by that door."

"Well," I said, "I must devise some means for seeing him when his mood changes to the one you describe."

"He would be careful and gracious before you."

"I should manage to see him when he is not on his guard," I answered. "But now to return to yourself, Mrs. Talbot. You must let me have that bottle of poison back. Whatever your circumstances, you have no right to attempt self-destruction. Your life has been given you by God; it is wicked to throw away His gift. If you patiently wait the Divine will and pleasure, I make not the least doubt that your misery will be removed in time. You were a good girl once: I have known you since you were a child. No life need be unendurable to those who seek for assistance from above. I am not a man to cant, but I believe in Divine power. Fetch me the bottle of poison—we will throw it away together. Don't keep this terrible temptation in your possession another moment."

While I was speaking, Mrs. Talbot stood with clasped hands; her face was deadly pale, and her eyes wore a fearful look of dumb misery.

"Think of the agony you are causing to the man you used to love," I said, after a pause.

She flushed crimson at these words.

"Wait for me here," she said, in a hoarse whisper; "I will fetch the bottle."

She ran into the house. I could not help thinking with great anxiety of her strange case.

Mrs. Talbot came back sooner than I expected; she looked excited and almost wild.

"I cannot find the bottle of venom peptone," she exclaimed. "I have searched everywhere—it has vanished."

For a moment I thought she was deceiving me, but a glance into her eyes told me that she spoke the truth.

"Are you sure?" I said.

"Certain," she replied. She leant against

a neighbouring elm tree as she spoke—she was trembling from head to foot. "I don't understand it," she said. "I can't imagine how anyone could have got to it. There is a cabinet in my room with a secret drawer. No one knows the secret of the drawer but myself. I brought the cabinet from my own home, and have used it since we came to The Elms to hold the treasures which used to belong to me when I was a happy girl. When I stole the bottle of poison from Mr. O'Brien, I put it immediately in the secret drawer of my cabinet. It was there yesterday, I know. When I opened the drawer to-day it was empty. Oh, what is to be done?"

"The bottle may have fallen to the back of the drawer," I said. "Are you certain you looked everywhere?"

"Certain—positive. I looked in every corner. The poison has vanished."

She had scarcely said these last words before Talbot appeared walking slowly across the lawn. Edith recovered her serenity as if by magic. She ran off to her husband, and asked him in quite a tender tone how he felt now.

"Better, my dear," he replied, giving her face a keen but very brief glance.

"I am so glad you were able to do without the morphia," she said.

"Oh," said Talbot, smiling, "you must not tell tales out of school, little girl; but after all, I don't mind a medical man like Halifax knowing. The fact is," he added, turning to me, "my neuralgia becomes so unendurable at times, that I am forced to resort to morphia as a mode of relief, and have taught these delicate little fingers"—here he took his wife's hand in his—"to manipulate the hypodermic syringe."

"As a medical man I must protest," I replied. "The use of morphia is extremely bad for you."

"In large doses, I grant, but not as I take it," replied Talbot.

A servant now appeared carrying a teatray, and our conversation drifted to indifferent matters.

I had not yet by any means accomplished the object of my visit. The strange disappearance of the venom peptone gave me a very queer sense of uneasiness. I had no opportunity, however, of again referring to the matter to Mrs. Talbot, and presently the hour arrived when I must bid my host and hostess "Good-bye" and return to the White Horse.

Just before I left, as I was standing on the veranda with Talbot, he dropped his voice to a low tone.

"I have often heard of your medical skill," he said. "I have a great mind to call on you some day and put my case into your hands."

"You suffer from neuralgia, do you not?" I asked.

"Yes, and other matters. Can you appoint a day and hour to see me in Harley Street?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Can you be with me to-morrow at twelve o'clock?"

"As well to-morrow as any day," he answered.

I made a note of the engagement and soon afterwards took my leave. Talbot walked a little way up the avenue with me.

"To-morrow at twelve," he said, as we parted. He half turned to go, hesitated, and came back to my side. "By the way," he said, "I should like to ask you as a medical man a question. Did you ever hear of a person who was bitten by a cobra recovering?"

Knowing what I did of Mrs. Talbot and the bottle of poison, this remark startled me. There was a moon in the heavens, and I saw a gleam, unsteady and uneasy, glittering in Talbot's eyes.

"Did you?" he asked, seeing that I hesitated.

"I know very little of serpent poisoning," I said. "A man bitten by a cobra would, I make no doubt, have a poor chance of life."

"You see a man before you who escaped death," he answered. "Years ago, in India, a cobra fastened its fangs into my leg. I was bitten severely, I was at death's door, but I recovered. I have never been the same man since. I recovered from the worst effects of the poison, but my nerves were destroyed. Good-night."

He held out his hand. I took it. It was limp and fibreless—cold as a fish.

"God help that poor girl," I could not help muttering, as I wended my way back to the White Horse.

I went to bed, and the thought of this ill-assorted couple mingled with my dreams.

I was awakened from sleep quite early in the night by hearing someone knocking loudly at my door. I sprang up and opened it—the landlord of the White Horse stood without.

"If you please, sir," he said, "you are sent for immediately to go to The Elms—Mr. Talbot is alarmingly ill. There's a brougham at the door, and Mrs. Talbot begs that you will go without a moment's delay."

"Tell the messenger that I will be down immediately," I answered.

I hurried into my clothes, slipped a small medicine case, without which I never travelled, into my pocket, and stepped into the brougham. It bore me quickly to the bungalow. As we drove up the avenue I saw that the house was full of light—figures were flitting here and there. When we reached the front door, a servant ran out to open the door of the carriage.

"My mistress wishes to see you immediately in the morning-room," he said.

I was shown into a pretty little room, where Edith was waiting for me. She was in a long white dressing-gown, and her masses of hair lay in confusion on her neck and back. Her eyes looked wild—her face was ghastly pale. She came up to me and clasped my hand.

"Oh, what am I to do?" she cried.

"Try to calm yourself, and tell me what is the matter," I answered.

"I can't bear it," she exclaimed, wringing her hands frantically. "How can I tell you what has happened?"

"You must try, my dear young lady, if you wish me to help you. You have sent for me because your husband is very ill. Had I not better see him?"

"Yes, he is ill—dying," she answered. "I will tell you what has occurred as briefly as I can. When my husband suffers much I generally sleep in a room near—I heard him groaning, and went to him. I had injected morphia into his arm as usual before I went to bed. I thought he wanted a larger dose. As soon as ever I appeared I knew by his voice that he had entered into one of his fiendish moods—he called out to me in harsh and terrible tones—he said that he had discovered the bottle in my cabinet, and knew that I concealed it there for the express purpose of taking his life. He accused me of having injected him, not with morphia, but with the awful cobra poison."

"The man must be off his head," I replied.

"No, no, he has only got into the phase of his terrible dual nature when he resembles a demon, not a man. He says that he is certain to die, and that I shall be arrested for his murder. Oh, can it be true, Dr. Halifax? Will anyone believe such a monstrous story? Tell me that you, at least, don't believe it!"

"Of course I don't," I replied. "But now you must let me go to him. If he is really poisoned in the way you describe, he must have done it himself. The poison is a fearful one, and almost momentary in its effects—he must be nearly dead by now. The important



thing is to try and save his life—this is necessary both for your sake and his.”

“One of the servants was by when he accused me of having injected him with the contents of that dreadful bottle,” said Edith. “Oh, why did I ever steal it from Donal? I am justly punished now. How am I to endure this fearful position?”

I saw that the poor girl was frantic with fright and agony of mind. I also perceived that her presence would be of no use whatever in the sick room.

“Stay here until I come back,” I said. “Believe me that I am your friend and will do my utmost to save you.”

I went upstairs, and a servant showed me into the room where the sick man lay. He was lying on his back—his hands and arms were thrown outside the counterpane—he was breathing quickly—his eyes were wide open. Now and then he clenched his hands, and a slight convulsive motion ran through his frame; he was conscious, however. The moment he saw me he opened his lips and began to speak with a quick, nervous energy.

“She has had her desire,” he said. “Is that you, Halifax? I am glad you have come. She

life in return. Well, I vow that she shan’t escape.”

“You gravely accuse your wife of having poisoned you?” I said.

“It is a fact,” he replied.

“How did she do it?”

“She injected cobra poison instead of morphia into my arm.”

“Where did she get the poison?”

“I told you just now that I found a small bottle of it in her private cabinet.”

“Where is the bottle?”

When I asked this last question, a cunning, secretive sort of look became immediately apparent in Talbot’s eyes.

“You had better ask her that question,” he said, in a sulky tone.

“Well, keep still and let me examine you,” I said.

I had never come across a case of snake poisoning, and did not therefore feel as competent to judge symptoms as I did on most occasions; but, looking now fixedly at Talbot, it darted through my mind that the state in which I found him was unlike that which I should expect such deadly poison to produce. I opened his eyes and looked into

the pupils—they were contracted; the eyes were full of a strange excitement. Beads of perspiration stood on the man’s forehead; he was evidently not only in violent pain, but was also suffering from excitement almost maniacal in its intensity.

“Can you administer an antidote?” asked Talbot, in a rapid but quavering voice.

“I will give you something to quiet you,” I answered.

“Now keep still.”

I took his wrist

between my finger and thumb—there was no depression of the heart’s action. The pulses were beating fast and full. The man’s heart was going like a sledge-hammer. Even as I stood by him, he began to talk rapidly and in a sort of semi-delirium.



“‘SHE HAS HAD HER DESIRE,’ HE SAID.”

concealed a bottle of cobra poison in her private cabinet for the purpose of injecting it into me. She accomplished the fiendish act an hour ago. I am dying—so much for the loving young wife—I gave her everything that man could, and she has tried to take my

"I'll be even with her yet. Ha, ha, my widow—the inheritor of all my wealth—I'll put a spoke in your wheel." Then he recovered himself and looked at me cautiously. "I don't want any blundering, stupid servants about the room," he said. "Can you stay with me alone, Halifax? I wish to make a full and clear statement of what has occurred. Can a magistrate be summoned?"

I replied in soothing tones, and desired the servant to wait in the ante-room.

Snake poison or not, the man was not dying at present. I knew of antidotes to many poisons, but it suddenly flashed through my mind that the only person who could really cure Talbot was O'Brien. He had spent many years of his life in studying this special subject. I made up my mind to go immediately to see him.

Desiring the servant to remain in the ante-room, I went downstairs to where poor Edith sat, her elbows on a table, her face covered by her hands—she started up when I entered—her eyes looked quite wild.

"Now listen to me," I said. "You must on no account lose your self-control. I am convinced that I can get you out of this, but it is necessary for you to be calm, and to show no fear. Of course, you are innocent. I know you well enough to be certain that you could no more take a man's life than you could fly—but this is a delicate matter, and it is necessary for your own sake that you should not be too much broken down in the presence of the servants. You must get one or two of the men-servants to remain in the ante-room in case the patient should become violent, but if you have strength of mind sufficient to go back to your husband, I should like you to do so, and to remain with him until I return."

"Are you going to leave me?" she said, with a terrified cry.

"I must for a short time. I must go to London."

"Why?" she asked, with parted lips.

"I must see O'Brien. It is my private opinion

that your husband has not taken the poison."

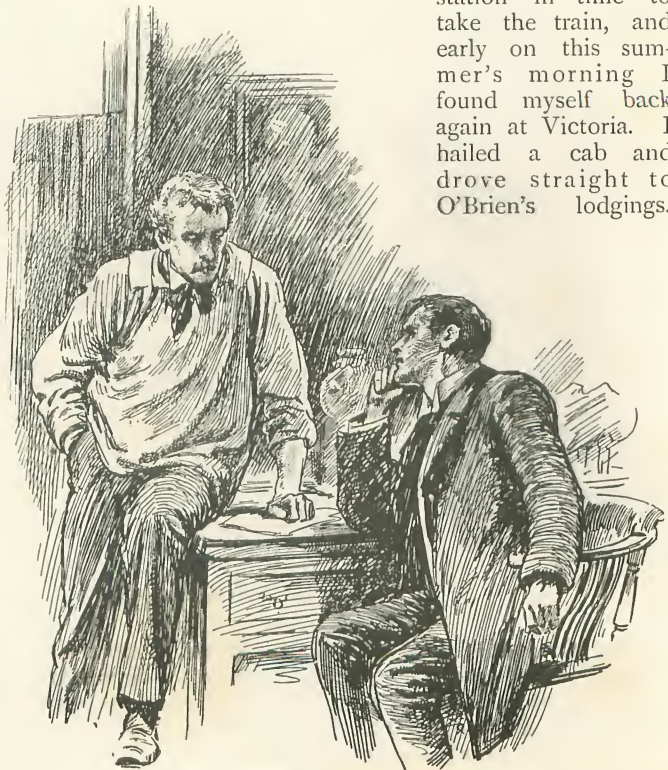
She started up with a joyful cry.

"But I am not certain," I repeated, "and I must see O'Brien. Cobra poison is fatal almost immediately, and your husband's symptoms, although dangerous, are not those of a dying man. It is impossible for me, however, to be quite certain what the final result will be, and I wish to consult O'Brien. Talbot has imbibed alcohol in large quantities for a long time, and that fact may possibly arrest the quick action of the poison. If there's an antidote, O'Brien knows it—I must go to see him by the next train."

We looked in a time-table and found that an early train left Dorking between three and four in the morning. If I drove off immediately I should just catch it. The bell was rung, the carriage ordered, and three minutes later I found myself driving to Dorking station.

Mrs. Talbot had recovered her nerve in the most wonderful manner, and when I again begged of her to take her place in her husband's room she promised to obey me.

I reached the station in time to take the train, and early on this summer's morning I found myself back again at Victoria. I hailed a cab and drove straight to O'Brien's lodgings.



"WHAT HAVE YOU COME ABOUT, HALIFAX?"



It was too early for any of the servants to be up, but I fancied I saw a light burning in the laboratory. I rang the house bell loudly, and to my relief O'Brien himself opened the door for me.

"In the name of all that's wonderful, what have you come about, Halifax?" he asked.

"I want to speak to you immediately," I replied.

He was an excitable fellow, and my presence evidently disturbed him very much. He led me with speed to his laboratory, shut the door, and faced me.

"Now, out with it," he said: "for Heaven's sake, don't keep me in suspense. Is anything wrong with Edith? Has she—oh, my God, if she has lost self-control and taken that poison, I shall administer a dose to myself. Speak, Halifax, speak."

"Keep quiet," I said. "The blow you fear has not fallen. Things are in a terrible position, though, at the bungalow. I spent yesterday there. I was alone for a time with Mrs. Talbot, and spoke to her quite frankly on the subject of the venom peptone. She confessed that she had it—and did not mean to part with it. After a little very plain speaking, I induced her to promise to give it to me. She went to fetch it, but returned in a few moments to say that it had vanished. She was much disturbed, and could in no way account for its disappearance. We hadn't any opportunity of discussing the subject, for Talbot appeared on the scene."

"I left The Elms late last evening, and returned to the White Horse. I was called up in the middle of the night to see Talbot, who, the servant said, was alarmingly ill. On returning to the bungalow, Mrs. Talbot took me into her morning-room, and told me that her husband had accused her of injecting cobra poison into his arm instead of morphia."

"The brute. Impossible!" exclaimed O'Brien.

"Try to calm yourself, O'Brien. This is not a moment for any outsider to give way. Of course, the unhappy wife is innocent—that fact goes without saying—but I greatly fear that matters may look very ugly for her if Talbot dies. The first thing to be done is to try to save him. If he dies there will be a very black case against the poor, innocent wife."

I never saw anyone look paler than O'Brien when I told my story.

"Is there an antidote to the poison?" I asked, speaking quickly.

He leant up against an old oak bureau before he replied.

"The case is hopeless, Halifax," he said then. "The bottle which Edith stole from my cabinet contained a preparation of cobra poison which we call 'Venom Peptone.' This is in truth the very essence of the cobra venom. If the man has got the contents of that bottle in his blood, nothing can save him. He is a doomed man—nay, he is dead by now."

"You have studied this poison very carefully?" I said.

"Carefully? I should think so."

I looked at my watch.

"I have a moment or two to spare before I must catch my return train to Dorking," I said. "It might help the case if you were to give me a few particulars with regard to the symptoms."

"I will do so. Perhaps I'd better tell you, first, how the poison is obtained. I collect with the aid of the snake loop. This I fasten round the neck of the cobra. The lip of a saucer is then slipped into its mouth. It grows angry, lifts its fangs, which catch on the inner edge of the saucer, against which it bites furiously again and again. Very soon a thin yellow fluid squirts out. This is the venom. It is innocent-looking enough. It has no smell and no taste. Injected, however, beneath the skin, the victim becomes immediately dull and languid. In some cases death takes place within a minute—but this would not be the case unless the dose given were specially large, or by chance entered a vein. The heart is immediately enfeebled, but after a time recovers partially; the respiration becomes slower and weaker, and still more weak; paralysis seizes the legs; the chest becomes motionless, and death quickly follows, as a rule without convulsions. If by any chance the victim survives the injection for half an hour, the part affected swells and the tissues soften as if they were melted—a horrible putrefaction occurs, and the tissues swarm with bacteria, which, as you know, are the cause of putrefaction. Meanwhile the breath-sustaining centres become weak and cease to stimulate the muscles so as to cause them to move the chest. The victim finally dies from failure to breathe. With the dose which I had collected in that small bottle death would be a certainty. I mention this to show you that there is no antidote, and Talbot has probably breathed his last long before now."

"Well, then," I said, springing up and speaking with animation, "my hopes have

become certainties—none of the symptoms which you describe have taken place. There was no depression of the heart's action when I saw the patient—on the contrary, he was in a highly excitable and even maniacal state. What I believe is this, that the man is not quite accountable for his actions. I noticed a peculiar look in his eyes the moment I saw him. I think on one or two points he is insane. He told me last evening that, some years ago in India, he was bitten by a cobra. I presume the bite was a very slight one, for his life was saved. He said that ever since that day his nerves have been in a high state of irritation. Since his marriage he has been without question very jealous of his wife. A person once bitten by a snake of any sort has a horror of the reptile to his dying day. Talbot is not, I should say, a very scrupulous person. There is no doubt whatever that he discovered the bottle of cobra poison, and that the mere sight of it excited his strongest animosity. His nerves, already terribly affected in this direction, gave way—he lost all self-control, and thought of a fiendish plot by which to ruin his unhappy wife. Thank you, O'Brien; I must now return to the bungalow. I believe I see my way out of this mystery. As I said, I had a hope when I came to you which you have made a certainty."

"Can I not go with you?" said O'Brien. "It's awful to think of the state that poor girl must be in."

"No, you had better stay away," I replied, "Your presence, under the circumstances, would do far more harm than good."

I left him, jumped again into my hansom, and returned to Victoria. I caught a train after a brief delay, and found myself, still quite early in the morning, back again at Dorking. I had desired the Talbots' carriage to be in waiting for me, and drove out to the bungalow.

A servant came to open the carriage door.

"Is your master alive?" I asked of the man.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

I could not help breathing a sigh of relief and thankfulness. Even granted that the action of the poison was rendered slow by presence of alcohol in the system, if Talbot had really been injected with the cobra poison, he must long ago have succumbed to such a large dose. I went upstairs prepared for immediate action, and entered the room without knocking. Talbot was sitting up in bed—his whole face was deeply red;

his eyes slightly protruded. He was using violent and excited words. Edith was standing close to him holding his hand. I never felt a greater admiration for Mrs. Talbot than I did at that moment. She had just been accused of the most awful crime that can be laid at anyone's door. She had gone through months of the most racking nerve torture, and yet she stood now close to the side of the man who had accused her, absolutely forgetting herself. When he spoke wildly, when he flung himself about madly, she tried to soothe him. I noticed that he clutched her hand in a firm grip. Although he hated her, he dreaded to let her go.

"Now, Mrs. Talbot," I said, "will you have the goodness to leave the room? I should like to see your husband by himself."

My presence and the sound of my voice evidently gave her such relief that she was on the verge of breaking down. She looked at me with a pathos which I have never seen equalled, and went softly out of the room, closing the door behind her.

"Why have you sent her away?" cried Talbot, his voice harsh and penetrating. "I order her back again. What is a wife for if she can't stand by her husband's dying bed? She has poisoned me—she can at least see me out of the world. It will be a pleasure to her to see the effect of her deadly work."

"Now, look here, Talbot," I said, "there is no use wasting breath over a man in your condition, but you have still got sufficient sense to understand what I am saying to you. You are no more the victim of cobra poisoning than I am. Why, man, if the dose you accuse that innocent girl of injecting into you were really in your veins, you would have been dead two or three hours ago. You are guilty of the most fiendish plot to destroy the life and reputation of a helpless and innocent girl that in all my experience I have ever heard of. In the presence of a physician you cannot for a moment maintain your position, and I advise you to confess the truth without delay."

The man looked at me while I was speaking, with lack-lustre eyes—he was quite dazed and puzzled for a moment, then his jaws slightly fell, and he lay back half fainting on his pillows.

I saw that my words had told, but the patient was in no physical condition for me to say anything further to him just then. I administered restoratives, felt his pulse,



listened to his heart, and came to the conclusion that he was undoubtedly poisoned, but not by the deadly weapon which he had accused his wife of using.

I left him after a time, and went downstairs to speak to Mrs. Talbot.

"You may take comfort," I said to her. "Your husband is in a very dangerous state at the present moment, but, in the first place, he is not dying; in the second, he has never been injected with the deadly poison which he accuses you of having administered to him. Now you must keep up your courage—I am anxious to have a talk with you. Talbot is very ill, but I think it probable that he will recover from his present state. You told me yesterday that you were in the habit of injecting him with morphia. Are you quite certain that you only used morphia for this injection?"

"He sometimes used morphia alone, and sometimes with another preparation," she replied. "When he was in a terribly depressed state he used to mix the morphia with another drug—I have got the bottle upstairs. Shall I run and fetch it?"

"Yes," I replied.

She left the room and returned in a few moments with a small bottle, which she placed in my hand. The mixture had been made up by a chemist, and the label on the bottle only contained some of the usual directions. I removed the cork, and smelled and tasted the contents. Like a flash the solution of Talbot's queer attack was made plain to me.

"Why, this is *cannabis indica*," I exclaimed.

"What does that mean?" asked Edith, looking at me with wildly dilated eyes.

"It means this," I answered, rising to my feet: "all your husband's symptoms point to poisoning with *cannabis indica*. Venom peptone would depress the heart's action, would stop respiration, and cause death from failure to breathe. None of these symptoms are present in your husband's case. The heart is much excited instead of being depressed—there is no difficulty of breathing.

Now, my dear Mrs. Talbot, the case against you is completely broken down. If venom peptone had been injected into your husband's arm he would have been a dead man hours ago. He is a living man now, but very ill—his symptoms all point to poisoning by *cannabis indica*, which, taken in large doses, produces maniacal excitement of brain and heart. He has doubtless injected himself with this deadly drug."

"He often did, I know," answered Mrs. Talbot. "Whenever he mixed the drug he used to inject the hypodermic syringe himself into his arm—when he only used morphia he liked me to do it for him—but, oh," she added, "what is to be done? What does it all mean?"

"I should like to see your father," I said, after a short pause, during which I had been thinking hard. "He probably knows something of Talbot's past."

"What can he know? My husband returned from the West Indies eighteen months ago, he settled here, and we met him quite by accident."

"Exactly; still, I am anxious to become possessed of some of his past history, and it is possible that it may have reached your father's ears. Can you send for him?"

"Of course I can: my father lives only five miles from here. I will send the carriage with a note and ask him to come over immediately."

"Do so," I replied; "meanwhile, I will go up to the patient."

"Dr. Halifax," said Mrs. Talbot, "you will not leave us to-day?"

"I will certainly not leave until your husband is better," I answered.

A faint smile was perceptible for a moment around her sad lips. She sat down to write a note to her father, and

I went upstairs to Talbot. I administered soothing remedies, and after a time some of the violent symptoms abated. As I sat by the man's bedside, and watched him as he sank into a heavy sleep, I became more and more fully persuaded that



THIS IS 'CANNABIS INDICA.'

this was an undoubted, although strange, case of insanity. I could not be certain, however, on this point until I could learn some particulars with regard to Talbot's previous life.

In a little over two hours Edith came to inform me that her father was downstairs.

I knew Keen slightly, but not so well as I knew his daughter. He was a thin, cadaverous-looking man, with a drawn, anxious expression of face. Edith had evidently been confiding in him, for he looked very much excited and disturbed.

"I am so glad you are here, Halifax," he said, grasping my hand. "What an awful tragedy has occurred—my poor, poor child; what is to be done for her?"

I asked Mr. Keen to accompany me into Talbot's private study; there I shut the door, and, turning round, began to speak abruptly.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Keen," I said, "to ask you a very straightforward question. When you gave your daughter to Mr. Talbot, did you know anything of his past life?"

Keen coloured painfully.

"God forgive me," he exclaimed. "Why do you ask me that question, Halifax?"

"It is necessary that I should do so," I replied, "in order to enable me to throw

light on a mystery which now exists. I will tell you frankly, that it has never been my lot to listen to a more diabolical scheme to injure an innocent and good woman than that which Talbot has perpetrated. I can only account for it by believing him to be out of his mind. Can you help me to find someone who knew Talbot in the past?"

"It is quite unnecessary, Dr. Halifax," said Keen. "I, alas, am terribly to blame. When I gave Edith to Talbot, I knew his past history. He had been insane for some years, and spent that period in an asylum in the West Indies. At the time of his marriage he was supposed to have completely recovered, or, although pressed as I was, I would not have given my child to him."

"Did Edith know of this?" I asked of Keen.

"No, I was careful to keep the knowledge from her."

"I need not say that you behaved in a very unjustifiable manner," I replied; "but it is not my place to call you to account. Please help me at the present juncture with all the explanations in your power. Was there anything peculiar with regard to the nature of Talbot's insanity?"

"I was given some particulars at the time,"

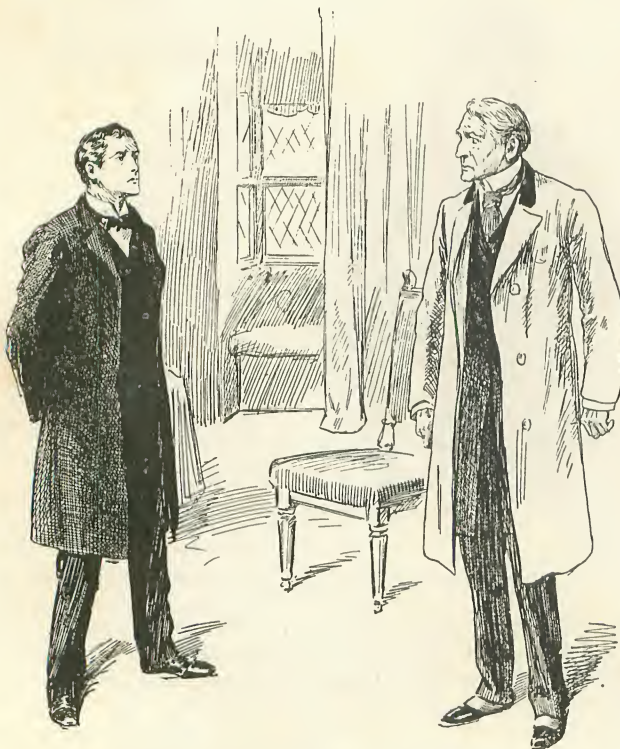
continued Keen. "It so happened that Talbot, when a young man, was severely, but not fatally, bitten by a cobra in India. He was never very strong mentally, and the shock had a strange effect on his nerves, producing, at intervals, violent fits of insanity. On such occasions it was one of his most constant illusions to imagine that someone had injected him with cobra poison."

"You knew this when you gave your daughter to him?"

"I regret to say that I did. I was almost off my own head with misery at the moment. Much depended on the money relief which Talbot was prepared to offer. He had been in his right mind for many years, and my firm conviction was that he would never again become insane. I was wrong—may God forgive me."

"I hope He will," I answered.

"I must return now to my patient. You have thrown light on the whole mystery. The thing now to be done is to get hold of the bottle of poison, for it will



"DID YOU KNOW ANYTHING OF HIS PAST LIFE?"



not be safe for Talbot and his wife to live together while he has it in his possession."

"How do you know he has it?" asked Keen.

"There is no doubt on that point—he evidently stole it from a cabinet in Mrs. Talbot's room. I must not leave a stone unturned to get it from him."

"Then he never injected himself with it?"

"Never. Had he done so, he would have been a dead man hours ago."

I went back to my patient, who was sleeping heavily. The effects of the *cannabis indica* were subsiding, and I thought it likely that when Talbot awoke from his sleep, he would more or less be restored to his right mind.

This proved to be the case. He opened his eyes late in the afternoon, and looked at me in some surprise.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Why are you here, Dr. Halifax?"

"I am glad to see you so much better," I replied. "You have been very ill."

"Have I? I have no recollection of it."

I looked at him steadily. He moved restlessly on his pillow and asked for his wife.

"Do you really want to see her?" I asked.

"I certainly do. No one can make tea like Edith—I want her to give me a cup."

"I wonder you can bear to look at her, after the cruel and shameful way in which you have treated her," I answered.

When I said these words, Talbot's face blazed with angry colour.

"Sir," he said, "you forget yourself."

"I do not, Mr. Talbot," I answered. "It is my painful duty to recall something to your memory. Last night you were very ill—at death's door. You accused your wife of having attempted to poison you with a bottle of cobra venom."

When I said the word "cobra," the man started, and an uneasy, troubled light filled his eyes.

"You accused your wife of having poisoned you," I continued, "when you knew perfectly well that she had done nothing of the kind. The cause of your illness was due to your own mad act—you had injected yourself with a strong dose of *cannabis indica*. This drug, when recklessly administered, produces maniacal excitement."

Talbot was quite silent for a moment after I had spoken. Then he said, in a subdued voice:—

"Then you think I was a maniac last night, Dr. Halifax?"

"I not only think it, I know it," I answered.

"You say I injected *cannabis indica* into my body?"

"You did, Talbot—you know it; I have proof of it, so it is useless for you to attempt to deny it."

"In my fit of mania," continued Talbot, "you say I accused my wife, my young wife, of having poisoned me?"

"That is so."

"If I did such a thing I must have been insane."

"The drug you injected made you insane for the time," I answered.

"Do you think that I am insane now?"

"No, the effects of the *cannabis indica* are lessening, and you are in your right mind."

"Will you believe me if I tell you, as a man of honour, that I have not the faintest remembrance of all that you describe as occurring last night? My wife is the gentlest and sweetest of women; I love her better every day."

"I believe you," I answered, suddenly; "and yet, Talbot, since your marriage you have been cruel to her. You have given her moments of intense agony—such fearful moments of torture that the idea of self-destruction has occurred to her."

"Heavens! You don't say so. Why, I have always loved her to distraction. What sort of brute do you take me for?"

"I take you for a man who at times does not quite know what he is about," I replied.

"Yes, yes, I recall things now," said Talbot. "I was in an asylum once—it was years ago. My madness was caused by shock after cobra bite."

"By the way," I said, as soothingly as I could speak, "you have a bottle of cobra poison in your possession. I should like you to give it to me."

He looked at me watchfully. Up to that moment he had been sane and calm—now an uneasy glitter returned to his eyes.

"Ha, ha! I want that bottle," he said; "it may be useful."

"Will you give it to me to take care of?" I asked.

He looked at me again, and with a violent effort managed to curb the strong excitement which was rising within him.

"Halifax," he said, bending forward and grasping my arm with one of his hands, "I dread the thought of cobra poison more than anything else in all the world. I found the poison a week ago in my wife's cabinet; since then the thought of it has haunted me day

and night. I have seen pictures in my dreams. I have seen the cobra, with its hooded head—I have watched its eyes with their wicked and unchanging expression. When I have dropped off to sleep I have felt its sudden stroke, and have awakened bathed in perspira-

He hesitated. A mighty struggle seemed to convulse him. Suddenly he thrust his hand under his pillow, and pulled into view a tiny bottle with a glass stopper. When he looked at it he laughed as only a madman could. I sprang upon him and wrested it



"I WRESTED IT FROM HIS HAND."

tion and sick with terror. Many times a day I have tried to throw away the poison, but I have never gained sufficient courage to do it. For God's sake, take it and destroy it."

"Where is it?" I asked. "You will be much calmer when it is no longer in existence."

"No," he interrupted, his whole tone changing. "I had better keep it. Any moment it will free me from my haunting agonies—the death would be painless. After the first horror of the injection the agony would be past."

"Don't be a fool, Talbot," I said. "You are exciting your nerves in the most unjustifiable manner. You have been perfectly sane for years, and if you take my advice you may remain so for all the remainder of your days."

"My days are numbered, Halifax. I have an incurable disease, which I meant to consult you about when I called at your house as we arranged."

"Be that as it may," I replied, "have the courage to end your days as a temperate and good man should—don't yield to this horror. Give me the poison."

from his hand. My movement was so sudden as to be unexpected. I had just time to glance at the name printed in firm characters on the label, "Venom Peptone," then I dashed the bottle with its fatal contents into the midst of a small fire which was burning in the grate. I expected Talbot to spring upon me as I did so, but when I looked round I saw that he had suddenly fainted.

The rest of this strange story is told in a few words. When Talbot recovered from his fainting fit, he was quite gentle and sane. I sent for his wife to come to him. He received her with a smile of the deepest affection, and seemed restless and uneasy when he did not hold her hand in his. I made a careful medical examination of the man that evening, and found that his own conjectures about himself were correct, and that his days on earth were numbered. He lived for about a fortnight, when he died. During his brief remaining days he had no return of insanity. His last words and looks of affection were for the young wife who in his insane moments he had so basely and cruelly maligned.

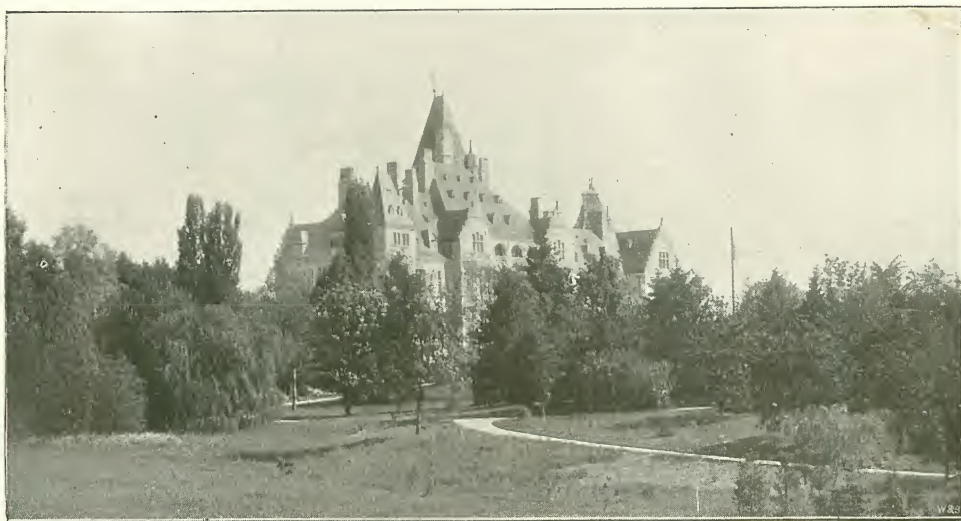


## Friedrichshof:

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S RESIDENCE IN THE TAUNUS MOUNTAINS.

By ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.


*(With the special sanction of H.I.M. the Empress Frederick of Germany, who has personally revised the article before publication. This description of Friedrichshof is especially interesting at the present time, when the Queen is staying there.)*



From a Photo. by]

FRIEDRICHSHOF.

[Hermann Rückwardt, Berlin.

“N dear old England, Mr. Beavan, there are scores of places far finer than this ; its only claim to be considered interesting is that throughout Germany there are few, if any, estates like it, though it cannot vie with the size and splendour of the many Royal and princely castles and palaces of the reigning families in all parts of Germany built in former centuries.”

It was thus that H.I.M. the Empress Frederick, standing midway between the tennis-court and lovely rose-garden, where she had been sketching, modestly deprecated any extravagant view being taken of the grandeur or the beauties of her Castle and its grounds.

Of course, as a loyal Englishman, I replied “that in England public interest in Friedrichshof was intensified by the fact that it belonged to the once Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, whom her native land had never ceased to remember with the deepest affection.”

The rosery, as I saw it in the bright sunshine, was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. About half an acre in extent, and inclosed partly by a creeper-covered wall,

and on one side by skilfully contrived trellis-work, over which young beeches and roses are trained, this garden resembles those so frequently met with in Scotland, a notable example of which is at Birkhall. It slopes gently upwards, and is divided into a multitude of miniature terraces, whereon half-standard roses are growing thickly in double rows. Ivy and nasturtium mask the edge of the stone-work ; the flower-beds are bordered with golden-feather, auriculas, and polyanthus, and the beds themselves are a perfect blaze of such old-fashioned favourites as sunflowers, hollyhocks, dahlias, and marigolds. Perfectly delightful was the sense of repose, warmth, and perfume—a combination peculiar to old-established English gardens in summer.

Beyond the rosery, and standing in an orchard of fine fruit trees, is a large block of buildings : the stables, built in the style of a Rhenish or Hessian farmhouse. In the centre of the spacious quadrangle—approached through a lofty doorway of carved oak, over which is inscribed the date Anno Domini 1891—is an octagonal stone fountain flanked by flourishing oleanders in tubs. To the left is the coach-house, with a glass shelter projecting from the walls, very convenient in wet weather.

Here are kept, amongst other vehicles, the German coach depicted in the view of the stables, several well-built victorias — black picked out with red—and a pretty little pony carriage for the use of the Empress's grandchildren. Above the coach-house are the men's quarters, most comfortably and conveniently arranged. At the farther end of the inclosure is a stable divided into loose boxes and stalls, where are kept the saddle-horses, the most noticeable of them being "Surprise" —a fine dark chestnut, about 16½ hands, and five or six years old, purchased at Reading by the Hofmarschall, and generally ridden by Her Majesty—and "Commoner" and "Paddy," also used by the Empress, who is still very fond of riding.

One side of the quadrangle is entirely occupied by a splendid twenty-stall stable, devoted to the carriage horses ; and here the

and roofed with solid oak, which material is used throughout the stables wherever wood-work is employed. And lastly, telephones connect the stables with the Castle.

I was taken through the Hofmarschall's residence—a picturesque but unpretentious cottage, close by the stables, and was much struck by the immaculate purity of everything—walls, ceilings, floors, and windows—partly owing, no doubt, to the extensive use of wood-panelling and plain white walls, the dustless atmosphere, and to the absence of coal-smoke in Cronberg.

At Schloss Friedrichshof the windows require to be cleaned outside but once a year. This may seem incredible to Londoners, but it is a fact. In the spring a party of fire-brigade men come from Frankfort with ladders and long hose and thoroughly wash every pane ; this suffices until the following year.



From a Photo. by]

THE STABLES.

[Hermann Rückwardt.

excellence of plan is particularly manifested, and reflects great credit upon the designers and upon Baron Reischach, whose knowledge of horses and their requirements is evidently considerable.

To begin with : The ventilation is perfect ; it is neither too hot nor too cold. The animals look the picture of health ; and ungrateful indeed would they be if it were otherwise, as their every comfort is provided for, including that of a spacious bath-room. So excellent is the drainage, and the facilities for flushing the roughened stone floors so great, that there is an entire absence of disagreeable smell. All the fittings are by Musgrave ; and in order to subdue the light, the lower part of the walls is tiled in grey. In short, there is every appliance that modern experience can suggest. Harness and saddle-rooms are panelled

Here, I must explain that Baron Reischach, the courteous Hofmarschall, occupies a position in Her Majesty's "entourage" similar to that of the Master of the Household at Windsor Castle. His office is no sinecure ; and right worthily does he fill his high position, and merits the confidence which Her Imperial Majesty evidently bestows upon him.

A short walk along a sunken road takes one from his house direct to the main entrance of "Friedrichshof" (or "Frederick's Court"), which is beneath a stately porch of white stone, whereon is deeply cut in Roman letters this pathetically simple dedication : "Friderici Memoriae."

The choice of the name "Friedrichshof" was due to a suggestion of H.R.H. Princess Victoria. Considerable discussion had arisen as to the most appropriate designation.



"Friedrichsruh" was the Empress's original selection, but as it would have involved the possibility of confusion with Prince Bismarck's place in the far north of Prussia, the Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe's idea on the subject was carried out.

A beautiful candelabrum-shaped fountain in Early Renaissance style, a copy of an ancient one in the garden of Baron "Salvatore" at "Trento," adorns the carriage-drive, and faces a small door which leads to the Hofmarschall's office—a snug little room with vaulted roof, in immediate proximity to the spacious corridor and drawing-rooms on the ground floor. To the left are the domestic offices, built in the old German fashion of timber and plaster. Dwarf shrubs screen the base of the stone wall. At night, tall lamp-posts and quaint bracket-lamps of hammered iron, let into the lower courses of the stonework all round the building, illuminate the approaches with electric light.

Superb is the appearance of this northern frontage. There is no monotony of design. As the domestic portion of the edifice is built at an angle of 135 deg. to the main building, the effect is somewhat that of a courtyard; and the steep slate roof, pierced and lighted up by innumerable little windows with their small panes of glass, gives an indescribable aspect of novelty, especially to an Englishman.

Technically, the architecture of the exterior may be described as Early Rhenish Renaissance, of the period of transition from Gothic to Renaissance—early sixteenth century—of which there are so many examples and remains in towns and villages along the Rhine and the Main, and all over Hesse and Nassau. Bavarian sandstone is used in the facings, windows, doors, etc., the surfaces between being Kalkschiefer, or slate stone, from the Taunus Mountains.

Within these walls are many objects of art and interest, not only

the result of years of indefatigable collecting on the part of the Empress and the late Emperor, but heirlooms, presents, and souvenirs of travels in different countries, and evidencing, in a remarkable degree, their taste for, and love of, art.

Beginning with the library. This noble apartment—leading out of the billiard-room by a small door, whose posts are of Venetian stonework of the fifteenth century—is some 50ft. in length, and is in the Renaissance style. At the end of this room the wall is occupied by a copy of the noble altar picture by Meister Stefan, at the Cologne Cathedral, representing the adoration of the Magi. Close by is the spacious fireplace, with iron dogs, and projecting chimney-cover of Istrian stone in Venetian work, with the Prussian eagle painted in front. The ceiling is flat, recessed, and rosetted, and of solid oak, from which hang massive brass chandeliers. On the top of the book-shelves, which run nearly all round the room, are busts, antique bowls, and Roman vases.

In a Louis XV. cabinet—facsimile of an original once the property of Frederick the Great—is a collection of autographs arranged with the greatest nicety, and of singular interest. Here are preserved the handwritings of the Hohenzollern family, of Royal personages in Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, etc., the sign manuals of statesmen, savants, and artists, and of all who have made their mark in the world's history. Adjoining, in a flat glass case, are gold, silver,



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Hermann Rückwardt.

and bronze medals, representing members of the English and Prussian Royal Family. In a similar case, near the tall windows, are samples of ancient keys. Their workmanship is excellent, and tells of months of such patient labour as the nineteenth century never sees. There are "Chamberlain" keys, which in the last centuries were worn on the coats of great Court officials. But most amusing of all the curios is the combined spoon, knife, and fork which used to be carried about by ladies and gentlemen. In one of the oriels is a sixteenth century carved wooden "seat of honour," somewhat like a throne, with over-arching canopy, and which was always assigned to the chief guest. Each bookcase has five shelves, whereon repose the result of Her Imperial Majesty's gathering together of literature, commenced some thirty years ago. One case is entirely occupied by works dedicated to Her Imperial Majesty, amongst which I particularly noticed the famous Dr. Schlieman's "Troy." Another division is stored with all the books that have ever been written on the Royal Family of England, and on the title-page of each copy presented to the Empress—generally at Christmas-time—by her Royal mother, is an inscription in the Queen's beautiful and characteristic handwriting.

Every work in this inviting library has, before finding a resting-place on the shelves, been read and studied by the Empress. One case is given up to works on political economy—which subject Her Imperial Majesty is very fond of—and contains all Jeremy Bentham's productions, a gift from Dean Stanley. There are also many photographs, aquarelles, and engravings, with which a connoisseur might delight himself by the hour together. On the walls are a few paintings—prominent amongst them being a small but charming portrait, by Angeli, of the Empress Frederick as Crown Princess; and a sketch, by Titian, representing Charles V. of Germany.

Out of the library is a small waiting-room, in Louis XVI. style. The walls are hung with slate-coloured silk, long curtains of the same material draping the windows. The mirrors and mouldings are white, with gold. A pretty little girl's face, by Reynolds, looks out from one of the panels, while frames containing numerous miniatures of Royalties tempt one to linger for a closer inspection. The chairs and sofas—with remarkably graceful curves—are partly of modern manufacture, but strictly after the fashion of the period.

Next to the boudoir—as it might also be called—comes the large Green Drawing-room,



*From a Photo. by]*

THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM.

*[Hermann Rückwardt.*



a magnificent salon 51ft. by 28ft., lighted by three long windows and one fine bay. Ornamented pillars, as it were, divide it into two parts. A superb carpet, with red ground and deep border, is effectively set off by the highly polished oak flooring—in itself a piece of perfect workmanship—and by the splendid green silk tapestry of the seventeenth century which covers the walls. My attention was specially called to two large pictures: one on each side of the handsome fireplace—George III. and Queen Charlotte in State robes, copies after Van Loo, and a priceless Rubens; the subject being Isabella Brand, the great painter's wife.

There are three doors, over which are flower pictures in panels. Glass cases on either side of the fireplace contain specimens of majolica, delf ware, etc. These cases are surmounted by rare old china on bronze stands. I noticed pictures of Admiral Keppel and of Frederick the Great; a fine astronomical clock, made in Paris from an original of the year 1787; and groups of furniture of the Louis XV. period, in perfect harmony with the Régence architecture of the room. Adjoining the dividing pillars are busts in marble of King Frederick William III. of Prussia, and Prince Waldemar, the Empress's youngest son, who was taken from her at the tender age of eleven. On a marble column stands a bronze bust of Prince Carl Emanuel of Savoy, a present from the King of Italy. Wall-brackets and antique chandeliers, fitted with electric light, shed a beautifully soft radiance as evening falls; and all the principal pictures are illuminated by the same means. Upon a cabinet at the end of the room is a most significant and touching object. During the last illness of the late Emperor Frederick, the Empress had ordered for him an equestrian statuette in gilt bronze, representing Max Emanuel of Bavaria, the conqueror of the Turks. But the Emperor was destined not to see this piece of exquisite workmanship, which arrived after his death. The tender thoughts that touching evidence of her own devotion recalls, one may in silence easily conjecture.

So attractive was the prospect outside, that I was tempted to leave these fascinating art treasures for a while, and see what the garden-front of Friedrichshof was like.

A right noble stone terrace, nearly 200ft. in length, runs along this side of the building, with broad steps in the middle and at each end. On the parapet are palms in classic-shaped metal vases, made in Japan after a special pattern. Grape-vines cluster

on the balustrade of the steps, and on the lower terrace are pomegranates, orange-trees, and oleanders in tubs. To the left stands a fine iron flag-staff painted red, bearing aloft the small square flag of the Empress Frederick—a black coat of arms on a red ground. I noticed that the letters F and V and V and F, lovingly united by a cord to a heraldic shield in the centre, are delicately carved on the walls of the Castle. Violets, pansies, and heliotrope fill the air with fragrance from the beds at the foot of the terrace. Descending, one walks over a gracefully undulating plateau of trimly-kept lawn, bordered by irreproachably tidy walks made of crushed quartzite, and ornamented by silver beeches, acacias, and rare conifers. The ground gradually slopes away through a kind of uninclosed orchard, towards the road which intersects this side of the domain, and where hedges of roses face young chestnut trees linked together in the most charming fashion by pendant vines.

At this point is the pretty lodge—built in the old German style—keeping guard over the handsome gates of highly wrought iron-work. Opposite is a flourishing "Cedrus deodara," planted by Her Imperial Majesty, 23rd May, 1890; and along the carriage drive to the Castle are specimen conifers, each bearing on its dated iron tablet the name of its particular Royal planter.

Throughout the grounds, wherever there is a suitable spot, rock-work has been arranged, and planted with yews, junipers, and holly. Shady walks of young oaks and chestnut trees abound, together with seats, that from their inviting sheltered position seem to compel one to rest. In these nooks, the stillness is broken only by the pattering of falling acorns, the discordant screaming of young jays, the musical twittering of black-birds, and the striking of the Castle clock.

At the back of the Schloss is the tennis-court, screened from observation by an arbovitæ hedge, approached under the canopied shade of two fine chestnut trees. As I passed by, H.R.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and one of her brothers were playing a game of tennis with Baron Reischach and his wife, while the little five-year-old Prince Waldemar—only child of Prince Henry of Prussia, the Empress's second son—dressed in sailor costume, was dancing about with the Hofmarschall's children, and characteristically asking them in excellent English to come and play at soldiers. He is a beautiful and most intelligent child, and one of the prettiest sights



From a Photo. by]

THE TERRACE.

[Hermann Ruckwardt.

imaginable was the gravity with which he was constantly endeavouring—not always with success—to lift his little sailor cap in response to the salutes of soldiers, servants, and subordinates generally. His mastery of English is perfect, and his intonation remarkably clear for so young a child.

Just beyond the tennis-court is a vigorous young Wellingtonia, planted by the Emperor William during one of his visits; and it was here that I awaited an audience with Her Imperial Majesty. Herr Walter—Director of the estate—suddenly informed me that the Empress was approaching, a servant, clad in the Imperial livery of dark blue and silver, having but an instant before conveyed a similar intimation—and in a few moments I was in the presence of the Empress Frederick of Germany.

Her Imperial Majesty did me the honour to communicate much valuable and deeply interesting information about her estate, facts that were afterwards supplemented from other and absolutely reliable sources.

"You have no idea," said Her Majesty, "how rough the place was when I came here; the first thing that had to be done

was to create the roads." In fact, every decent road in Cronberg has been produced through the energy and liberality of Her Imperial Majesty.

The Empress proceeded to tell me in a few words how she became possessed of the Cronberg estate. She had, she said, visited the place but once, in the happy days when, as Crown Princess, her home was at the old Homburg Schloss. "And then," added Her Majesty, with indescribable pathos, "came the year 1888! And after that I did not care to live at the big Castle in state. Besides, I felt that I must have a place that I could absolutely call my own, which I could occupy my time in superintending." Therefore, inquiries were made regarding Cronberg, its climate, soil, and suitability for planting. A report was duly made; and, acting with characteristic decision, the Empress forthwith elected to purchase the house and grounds where "Friedrichshof" now stands, from Dr. Stiebel, son-in-law of the late Herr Reiss, a wealthy manufacturer of Manchester, who constructed the short line of railway

that connects Frankfort with Cronberg. The property then consisted of but a few acres, surrounded by small freeholds, over which many inconvenient rights-of-way existed, some continuing to this day. Several of these proprietors were bought out, thus bringing the total extent of the estate to two hundred and fifty acres.

A small inclosure at the back of the Schloss on the slope of the hills was rented, to prevent the Castle from being too much overlooked. But the pine forests, which stretch away in every direction right and left, being communal property, no attempt was made to attach any portion of them to Friedrichshof.

Herr Reiss's old villa was in greater part pulled down, and without intermission for four years—from 1889 to 1893—the work of drainage, road-making, building, and planting went on with unabated vigour, providing employment for a great number of people, resulting in a noble country-house and well-laid-out grounds, which latter promise to be in twenty years' time, or less, a real arboretum.

When talking on the subject of trees, Her



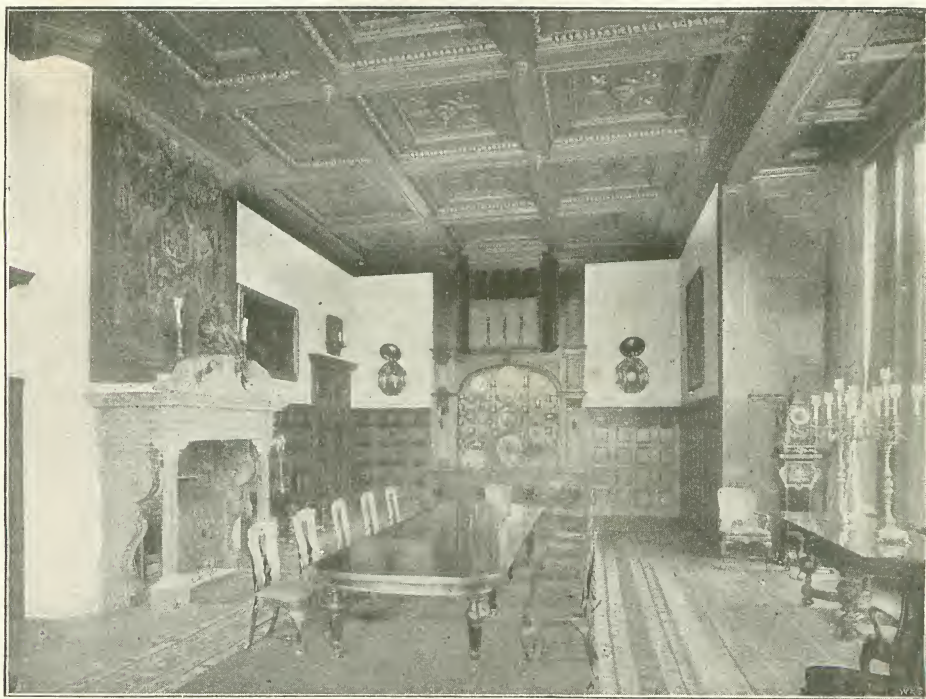
Majesty told me that the sweet chestnuts round Cronberg are almost the only ones in this part of Germany. All large and perfect specimens of conifers that stood about the old house have been retained; and one noble Wellingtonia, as straight as a dart, and fully 80ft. in height, particularly excited my admiration.

But to return to the Castle and the large dining-room, where the table laid for dinner—which is generally at 8 or 8.30 p.m.—looked extremely pretty, with its silver ornaments and lovely flowers. At this particular season roses are immensely to the fore at Friedrichshof—the favourite evidently being “La France”—and are everywhere to be seen in bowls and vases.

It is a noble *salle des festins* and of ample dimensions—44ft. in length by some 23ft. wide. Early Renaissance is still adhered

to, and supporting a most impressive bust of the late Emperor Frederick. In Ancient Rome, the Lares and Penates occupied the chief place at the sacred family hearth, where a fire was kept perpetually burning in their honour, the “Lar being represented by the image of some departed member of the family, who had been a good man during his lifetime, and who was supposed to take an interest in, and to preside over, living concerns.” With like tenderness of imagination may many a guest partaking the Empress’s hospitality, while contemplating the counterfeit presentment of “Frederick the Noble,” and thinking of that which used to be, recall the lines:—

I see thee sitting crowned with good,  
A central warmth diffusing bliss  
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,  
On all the branches of thy blood.



[From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Hermann Räckewaldt.]

to, as in most of the principal rooms on the ground floor. Its walls are panelled with the choice oak used so extensively throughout the Castle. High up at the northern end is a music gallery, suggestive of mediæval halls, and below it is an alcoved recess, wherein are displayed rich old silver tankards and salvers. But the chief feature of the room is the noble columnar marble mantelpiece, projecting 5ft. from the

Breakfast is served—usually at nine o’clock—in a delightful octagonal-shaped room overlooking the main approach to the Castle. A vaulted ceiling produces the effect of an old baronial hall, which is increased by the presence, in a large glass case, of a collection of rare “Elector glasses,” like enormous tumblers, richly painted with representations of processions of dead and gone Electors, with their doubled-eagle coats-of-arms. The



From a Photo. by] THE OCTAGONAL BREAKFAST-ROOM. [Hermann Rückwardt.

floor is of black and white marble, the chairs are covered with green leather, and the breakfast table is round. Against the wall, facing one another, are two cases full of fine old faience, soup tureens, plates, jugs, etc.

Returning from the dining-room, a door, with gilt pillars on its further side, opens into the grand corridor (68ft. by 11ft.), thence to the hall (45ft. by 35ft.), giving in combination a splendid promenade of over 100ft. Like the breakfast-room, the floor is of black and white marble, tessellated. The walls are hung with old tapestry. Resembling in this respect almost every other room, it is furnished with carved chairs, etc.

In the Great Hall is a truly magnificent stone fireplace (Italian Renaissance), on each side of which stands an immense carved wooden candlestick. Here, as in the Green Drawing-room, the furniture is so skilfully arranged as to create a most comfortable, homely appearance, in spite of its great size. A low wooden gallery—in which is a lovely American organ—overlooks the door at the back which leads to the large “withdrawing room.” Large beams of oak form the ceiling, giving an air of solidity and a certain

ecclesiastical tone. Carved and painted coffers are ranged against the wall, and the space above is occupied by an ancient piece of Brussels tapestry, the subject being that of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, to whom the priests are attempting to offer sacrifice. Just beyond this stands a tall Louis XVI. clock, richly gilt à quatre couleurs. The windows here, as in the library, are composed of small panes of stained glass with Swiss and Gothic armorial bearings.

In that part of the house devoted to reception-rooms there is but one first or upper floor, approached by an ample and straight staircase, with a gallery and corridor above. Here, *en suite*, and of comfortable size, are the guests' apartments, furnished with an entire absence of uniformity—the hangings, carpets, chairs, etc., being all of different colours; indeed, hardly two pieces of furniture, and certainly no two chimney-pieces, are alike.

One lovely room faces the east, and commands a magnificent view. Near it is another, occupied by the Emperor William during his recent visit. Adjoining is an apartment with an exquisitely carved old German “four-poster,” its richly wrought hangings the work of the Empress and the late Princess Alice.

Here, on the south side of the Castle, are Her Imperial Majesty's drawing-room, boudoir, and *chambre à coucher*, with a private balcony overlooking the garden.

I commenced this article by remarking that the great interest in Friedrichshof rests upon the circumstance that it is the residence of our once Princess Royal. A reference, therefore, to Her Imperial Majesty's personality is appropriate.

There is a striking individuality in the Empress Frederick's character. Her nature is kindness itself, manifested in a thousand ways unheard-of by the outside world. In the hamlet of Cronberg she is as well known in the humble dwellings of the poor as her Royal mother is at Balmoral. Her sympathy with the needy is no mere sentiment, but ever assumes a practical form. The welfare and happiness of the people are, and always have been, the purpose of her life.



When Crown Princess, she caused a hut hospital to be erected at Homburg, for the reception of the poor wounded soldiers during the fearful struggle of 1870-71, and—as did also the Empress Augusta—personally looked after their housing and nursing. At Cronberg she has established two sisters from the Victoria House at Berlin (a training school for nurses founded by the Empress). These two sisters nurse the poor of Cronberg and neighbouring villages. The Empress has given a site for a much-needed hospital for the use of the district.

Her Imperial Majesty's appearance is not now so familiar in England as that of other members of the Royal Family; and, in my opinion, photographs do not do justice to her. She possesses a charming geniality of expression, and a particularly kindly look about the eyes, in which respect she resembles the Prince of Wales. When moved by the recital of some sorrow or trouble, sympathy imparts great pathos to her voice—at all times a pleasant one.

After all, it does not seem so many years ago since that memorable occasion to which the late Emperor referred, when speaking to Mr. Beatty Kingston. "You were," said he, "only a boy on that eventful day, the happiest in my life. I am reminded of it every time I hear the 'Wedding March,' and that is why I would rather listen to that tune than to any other that ever was written."

The Empress Frederick's habits are simplicity itself. Like all the Royal Family, she is an early riser, and delights in plenty of fresh air and open windows. In the morning she usually rides until twelve o'clock, and passes the remainder of the day in studying, painting, and receiving visitors. She is most energetic in all she undertakes, and personally superintended the important work involved in the building of the Schloss, the stables, and the outbuildings, so ably planned and carried out by Herr Ihne, the well-known Berlin architect.

The Empress is very tender-hearted, and will not—if she can prevent it—allow any living thing on the estate to be disturbed or killed. One day a leveret—which used to amuse her in the quiet early hours of the summer mornings by disporting itself beneath her window—ceased to put in an appearance, lured, probably, by relatives and friends to fields and pastures new. The Empress was quite inconsolable, and closely questioned Director Walter as to the cause of its sudden disappearance. On this occasion, however, he was able to com-

pletely clear himself of any suspicion of having carried into effect such designs as he might legitimately have entertained against a possible injurer of many a young and valuable tree—but the mystery surrounding the youthful hare's neglect of his Imperial mistress was never solved.

Her Imperial Majesty is fond of painting. Her studio, with a capital north light, is just above the entrance to the Great Hall, and here she hopes to spend much of her time. At Bagshot Mansion, hanging over the fireplace in the great hall, may be seen an excellent example of her work—the subject being a portion of the Palace at Potsdam. In music, she was the pupil of Sir Michael Costa, and she is an enthusiastic lover of Handel.

Amongst the numerous visitors constantly coming and going at Friedrichshof, the most frequent are two of the Empress's married daughters, who live not far off—Princess Margaret, married to Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, being at Rumpenheim, near Frankfort—a spot where H.R.H. the late Duchess of Cambridge used to relate her mother had witnessed the great Napoleon on a white charger returning after the battle of Hanau, in 1813—and Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe, at Bonn.

In conclusion, I may remark that Friedrichshof is only the summer residence of the Empress Frederick. During the winter she lives in Berlin, at her palace, Unter den Linden.

As I took my leave of Cronberg, I noticed that the thick clouds which all day long had rested upon the Taunus Mountains—"range beyond range of swelling hills and iron rocks"—and had blotted out both Cronberg and Friedrichshof, gradually rolled away as the sun set, leaving the Castle—half-way up the slope—clear to the view in all its fine proportions; while every pane of glass on its southern front reflected back, as from countless diamond points, the rays of the westerling light.

Thus may brightness and sunshine be the after-lot of the august lady who rules with beneficent sway over her country domain; and may every trace of past sorrow gradually fade away. Eldest born of England's Royal Family, destined for a position hardly less exalted than that of her Royal mother, admirably fitted by temperament, education, and training to rule over a great nation, gifted with a liberality of disposition and breadth of view, added to a kindness of heart calculated to endear her to all, a Providence—before whose decrees potentates and people alike must bow—willed that these qualifica-

tions should be otherwise employed; and dashed from her lips, ere it had been hardly tasted, the jewelled chalice of Imperial rule.

But much remains to her who, released from the responsibilities of a throne, has, perhaps, all the more influence for good. As the golden link which connects the two great Teutonic nations of the world, before whose united navies and legions no possible combination could stand, who may calculate the good Her Imperial Majesty may effect!

The Princess, born in "dear old England," and who—in the



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AND HER GRANDSON, PRINCE GEORGE OF THE HELLENES.

From a Photo. by J. B. Ciolina, Frankfort.

words of the late Prince Consort—"united to a husband of her choice, passed to a distant country" many years ago, did not, in so doing, cease to retain the affections of the Queen's subjects. Alike in her early married life, in the struggles which brought about the unity of Germany, as the devoted consort of one of the noblest men that ever lived, and as the widowed Empress, she has ever possessed the sympathy and admiration of the land of her birth; where all will recognise the touching fitness of the simple dedication of her splendid Castle: "TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK."

*Victoria  
Empress Frederick  
& Queen of Prussia*

*Prince George  
of the Hellenes  
eldest son of the  
Crown Prince &  
Crown Princess of the  
Hellenes*



## An Intervention.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MATHILDE SERAO, BY ALYS HALLARD.

### I.



GUIDO certainly looked perfectly happy; indeed, anyone would have thought that he had not a care in the world. He was on his way home from a political banquet, where he had been explaining in detail his programme to his electors. He had been complimented on all sides, and, added to this, the dinner itself had been excellent and the champagne all that could be desired. Guido felt quite easy in his own mind about the result of the election, and now this evening he was going to a ball, where he would enjoy a flirtation with the Baroness Stefania. He was just returning home now to have an hour's rest and a nap, like Napoleon on the eve of a battle. On entering the dining-room his faithful old servant, Giuseppe, followed him respectfully in, and stood for a minute evidently desiring to speak to his master.

"What is it, Giuseppe?" asked Guido.

"If you will excuse me, sir, I wanted——"

"Be quick about it, my good fellow, for I have not much time."

"Do you not remember what day it is, sir?"

"No—what do you mean?"

"It is your birthday——"

"Ah! so it is," said Guido, and his face clouded over.

"There always *used* to be flowers everywhere, sir——"

"There *used* to be—but that's over—there are none in these days," and Guido smiled bitterly.

"You'll please to excuse me, sir," said the old man, stepping forward and uncovering a huge bouquet on the table.

"Oh, Giuseppe—there's no need to apologize, my good fellow. Thank you very much; this little surprise has given me great pleasure."

Guido could not help feeling melancholy all the same at the thought that on this day, when he was accustomed to being *fêted*, there was only his old servant now to remember it. It was only a passing regret, for Guido was too much a man of the world not to be able to throw off all *appearance* of emotion.

"I am going to my room to get a little

rest," he said to Giuseppe; "you can wake me at eight."

"You'd better not, sir," said the servant, earnestly.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because, sir, when Girolamo was here alone this morning a lady called, and when she found that you were out, she said: 'Tell your master, when he comes in, that I will call again at seven, and ask him to be sure and wait in for me, as I want to see him on particular business.'"

"And her name?"

"She would not give it."

"H-m! more and more mysterious! Did Girolamo say what she was like?"

"Yes, she was young, tall, dark, and very well dressed."

"Oh! it's getting decidedly interesting, and I feel curious. And you think, then, Giuseppe, for the sake of this unknown lady, I ought to forego my nap?"

"Well, it is just seven o'clock, sir. If she is anything like punctual, you wouldn't have time to lie down before she is here."

"Oh, well. I will make the sacrifice. Get my newspaper, Giuseppe, and I'll read until she arrives. Dark!—the Baroness Stefania is fair—nothing like a change," murmured Guido to himself when the old man had gone out of the room.

It certainly sounds very much as though the young politician were a veritable Don Juan, but in reality it was nothing of the kind. Guido had had a great disappointment in his life. He had loved one woman passionately and devotedly—but his happiness had been suddenly snatched away from him, and the love still smouldered in his heart, half smothered and stifled as it had been. For the last two years Guido had been striving to forget—and he had thrown himself headlong into all the gaieties and diversions of society life.

"If you please, sir!" exclaimed Giuseppe, re-entering the dining-room hastily.

"Has she arrived?"

"She is in the drawing-room."

"Do you know her?"

"No—no, sir," stammered the old servant.

Guido was soon in the drawing-room. He



"SHE WAS STANDING NEAR A TABLE."

opened the door quietly and stood for a few seconds contemplating his visitor. She was standing near a table turning over the leaves of an album. Her back was turned towards the door, but Guido could see that she was tall and graceful. She wore a very handsome dark silk dress, and was decidedly elegant.

"Madame—," said Guido, advancing towards her.

She turned suddenly, and her host felt as though he had received an electric shock. He bowed, however, profoundly, in order to hide the surprise on his face. "I am not inconveniencing you by coming this evening?" she asked, after returning his bow, and then she sat down very deliberately.

"Certainly not, I am entirely at your service."

"If you say that merely out of politeness, so much the worse for you, as I should like to take it literally."

"Do so, by all means. I take upon myself all risk, and shall be glad to hear what you have to say," answered Guido, smiling.

The lady, whose name was Emma, stroked her muff, evidently hesitating as to how she

was going to express what she had to say.

Guido was watching her—yes, she was just as beautiful as ever—just as fascinating as that first time he had seen her; it seemed to him even that her beauty was perhaps more complete, more wonderful than ever. The profile was more decided, she had a faint colour in her cheeks, and her eyes, which were always so intelligent, had now another expression in them, a more beautiful expression than ever. It was very evident that the woman before him had suffered—that she had had some great trouble.

"Have you ever taken part in a comedy?" she asked, at length.

"Oh, yes! I am still acting in one that never comes to an end."

"My question was needless, I see. To-morrow, then, I want you to continue, that is all; but you will have an important rôle to take, and it will be difficult to succeed."

"All depends on the actors and the public."

"You will have me as a partner."

"I know what talent you have."

"For acting?"

"For declaiming. Is it a proverb we are to act?"

"Yes, but the moral of it is in the motive for which it is given—not in the comedy itself. Tell me, do you still write regularly to my father?"

"Yes; but for the last three weeks he has not answered my letters."

"I received a letter from him yesterday, in which he tells me that he is very well, and that he will arrive to-morrow in Milan by the train at twenty past ten."

Guido could not conceal his surprise now.

"To-morrow?"



"Yes."

"Your father—who never stirs from home!"

"He is on his way back to Naples after a journey that he was obliged to take, and is coming round this way to see——"

"His daughter," put in Guido.

"And his son, he says."

"So that——?"

"So that I think it is a very pleasant sort of position for us," said Emma, putting her small foot on a velvet stool by her chair.

"You think it pleasant?"

"It is scarcely worth while discussing mere words; it would be better to find a way out of the difficulty."

"I do not see any way out."

"And yet you are a politician and an intelligent man! Of what use has it been, then, for you to learn the art of clever subterfuges, to undertake transactions of the most delicate nature, and to have accustomed yourself to using phrases which are no doubt both sincere and diplomatic?"

"If you continue in that strain I shall have fewer and fewer ideas every minute."

"I have a plan."

"Yes, I knew you had."

"It is very evident that you are trying to be obliging."

"I wish you always thought so."

"Well, listen. I would not have my father, upon any account, know the truth."

"The wretched truth," interrupted Guido.

"It is no use putting adjectives in everywhere. My father would be nearly heart-broken if he knew, and I should feel such remorse. It seems to me that it is not right for the mistakes and faults of the children to be visited on the parents. Until now, as you have helped me in this, thanks to the distance and to his not knowing anyone in Milan, he has been spared this grief. But now, to-morrow, all the pious lies and all our hypocrisy would be discovered, and Heaven knows what would be the result. It must be prevented, and I am counting on you to help me. He must see us together when he comes to-morrow, and we must not betray, either by word or look, the true situation. This is what we must do."

Emma had spoken earnestly and firmly, and Guido had listened attentively. He was silent for a moment when she stopped speaking, and she began again, impatiently:—

"It is merely a comedy, as I told you at first. A play given for a charitable purpose. It ought not to cost you so much."

"Oh, I am quite ready and willing," said

Guido; "but are you not afraid that something may go wrong and compromise everything?"

"In what way?"

"Well, there are the servants."

"Send your new valet out to-morrow for a day's holiday, and then I will speak to Giuseppe."

"Very well. But supposing some friend should happen to drop in?"

"You must tell Giuseppe you are not at home to anyone."

"I suppose we should go to the station to meet your father. What will everyone say when they see us together?"

"They won't see us. We can go in a close carriage and drive fast."

"Your father will be here all day: no matter how unsuspicious he may be, don't you think the house looks very much like a bachelor's dwelling now?"

"Oh! that can soon be altered. My work-table and other little things, and then my music, can be brought here this evening. That will all be our *mise en scène*, you know."

"But——"

"Oh! you have perhaps had some alterations made in the other rooms?"

"No! nothing has been altered," said Guido, speaking very seriously; "everything is—as you left it."

"By way of sentiment?"

"It was out of respect."

"A thousand thanks. Have you any other objections?"

"None whatever; the great thing is now whether we shall succeed in deceiving M. Giorgianni."

"By acting a sentimental couple? We must think of the past and try to remember all our nonsense during our honeymoon," said Emma, sarcastically.

"Oh! I had completely forgotten all that," replied her husband, promptly. They both glanced at each other questioningly, as though measuring strength like two duellists.

"It is perhaps selfish of me to ask you to give up your day like this to-morrow. Have you no engagements?"

"None; and if I had I should break them."

"Thanks, again. But this evening you are free, at any rate; I do not need any company."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I must stay and arrange the things, and send for my part of the stage scenery, so that it may look more as it used to. I do not want you, though, to feel you have to stay here and watch me—it would be too

dull for you. Go out—anywhere—for until ten o'clock to-morrow you are quite free."

"I was going to a ball—but if you like I will stay in——"

"Why? Oh, no! for we should have to keep up a conversation, and now that we have nothing more to say to each other——"

"Nothing—or else, perhaps—too much! Well, then, if you will excuse me, I will go and dress."

Emma bowed, and Guido left the room, *looking* as though he had nothing in the world to trouble him. In reality, he felt by no means as calm as he appeared.

At the ball he was most absent-minded, and the Baroness Stefania did not know what to make of him. After two or three dances, he managed, during a quadrille, to slip away unobserved, and on returning home he found that a complete transformation scene had taken place. The large drawing-room, which had not been used for some time, was open, and candles were lighted everywhere. The wardrobes and cupboards, too, were all open, and there was a strong scent of violets. A copy of one of the newest songs was on the piano; the furniture had been moved about to give a less stiff appearance; flowers were in all the vases, and Emma herself in a pretty tea-gown was just standing on tip-toe to put a small statue upon a bracket.

Was it all a dream? Emma there! And these two long years of separation, had he forgotten them—and their terrible quarrel?

"Good-night," said Guido, as he passed through the room.

"Good-night," she replied, without turning round.

## II.

AND yet before their marriage they had been so foolishly in love with each other. Guido had followed Emma from Florence to Naples, and had passed whole nights under her window. Emma had written letters of eight pages to him every day, and had stayed out on her balcony till quite late in the evenings. The young couple had been blissfully happy and devotedly in love with each other for three years. They had had their little differences, for Emma had been greatly indulged by her father, and she was quick-tempered and very jealous. Guido, like all well-balanced temperaments, was very calm always, and his cool manner and ironical or contemptuous smile when she was fuming had frequently had the effect of fuel added to a fire. Sometimes they had offended each other seriously, but the making-up the quarrel

afterwards had always been all the more tender. One day, however, it happened that Guido happened to meet a girl whom he had formerly very much admired, and with whom he had in the old days fancied himself deeply in love. Somehow or other, Emma had got wind of this, and reproached him with never having told her. Guido, angry at being dictated to, and also at his wife's want of confidence, put on a careless, indifferent manner.

All Emma's deep love for her husband seemed to change suddenly into cold contempt and scorn. She was very proud, and she had been deeply wounded at the thought of having a rival in her husband's affections, for with her quick imagination she had convinced herself that Guido still loved this other woman.

She sent for her husband, and very calmly, without her voice trembling in the least, she announced to him that she had decided it would be better for them to separate quietly, without any fuss or any scene.

Guido was stupefied; at first he protested, and then tried to take it all as a joke, and wanted to explain matters to her; but his wife answered so coldly and so proudly, that there was nothing left for him but to maintain a frigid silence. It seemed to him that it was beneath his dignity to plead his cause, and so he merely agreed to all her conditions and let her go, judging her to be both proud and heartless. Ever since then he had busied himself with politics, gone out a great deal into society, and putting on a careless, indifferent air, pretended to be sceptical, and quite happy in his second bachelorhood. When he was alone, however, and when he had the courage to face his own soul, he owned to himself that his whole life was ruined, and that he felt utterly desolate. He had happened to meet his wife since their separation several times. They had bowed to each other almost like strangers, and had passed on their respective ways.

Emma had withdrawn from society, so her husband was sure never to meet her at the balls and theatres, where he now spent the greater part of his spare time. They had, before separating, agreed on one point, and that was to continue writing to the old father as though nothing had happened.

Guido used to put in his letters: "Emma is well, but I suppose she has given you all the news about herself; she sends her love," etc., and then Emma wrote in her letter: "Guido is very well, but very busy. He was not able to get off in order to stay with me at the sea."





"EMMA WROTE, 'GUIDO IS VERY WELL.'"

And so M. Giorgianni's happiness had gone on hanging by this fragile silken thread. To meet and speak to each other then thus, for the first time after that supremely cruel day of their separation, had been no easy matter for either of them.

Emma had had to put aside her pride before she could thus bring herself to enter her husband's house, ask him this favour, and put on that hypocritical mask of indifference and of sarcasm. "It is for my father's sake!" she had kept repeating to herself in order to brace herself up to it.

Guido's cold politeness had given her strength. Their conversation had been, on the whole, courteous and satisfactory. There had been no allusion to past, present, or future, with the exception of just one or two stinging remarks; but there had been no scene, no reproaches. They had both behaved like wise, practical individuals. Yes, but what about the next day? The next day would probably be the same; a little courage, and very much hypocrisy, no blunders, and a whole series of white lies, as they brought the old man home from the station. Then afterwards, when it was all over, why, they would bow again most formally to each other, and would go on

their way as though nothing had happened. Of any attempt at a reconciliation there was not the least idea. Guido would never make the first advance, and Emma would never forgive. Such were the thoughts of both husband and wife, and then they each concluded with the idea that, after all, they were quite satisfied, and perfectly resigned to their present arrangement.

### III.

DINNER was just over, and Signor Giorgianni was smiling, for he felt so happy—he had had such a hearty reception, and everything seemed so very satisfactory.

The two actors managed to get up a smile also—but the fact was, all that had appeared so easy to them the night before had proved very difficult when it came to the point. For instance, when Emma's father had arrived, he had put his arms round both of them as he kissed his daughter. Then they had been obliged to call each other by their old familiar pet names, and to show those little attentions to each other which come quite naturally to a husband and wife who adore each other, as they were supposed to; and all the time, a word or an intonation of the voice which recalled the past would make Guido turn pale with emotion and would bring the colour into Emma's cheeks, and make them both feel awkward for a moment. Prepared as they had been for the ordeal, and try as they did to forget themselves and their own personality, the reality would keep coming to their minds, and they could not stifle entirely the old interest in each other. Added to all this was the fear lest some careless, thoughtless remark might escape them, and thus cancel all the efforts they had made; and then more vague and undefined was an idea which was growing more and more persistent, that somehow, in some strange way, this comedy would lead to some unforeseen change, that from henceforth a new era would begin for them.

Whilst M. Giorgianni was going upstairs in front of them, Emma glanced despairingly at her husband, and he knew she was thinking,

"How shall we go on with this comedy until the end of the day?"

He replied by another glance which meant: "We must do our best, and have faith for the rest."

The worst was yet to come, for no sooner had M. Giorgianni taken an arm-chair comfortably in the drawing-room than he began asking all kinds of embarrassing questions, and making remarks which were not calculated to put the young husband and wife at their ease, considering the circumstances.

"Yes," he said, putting down his coffee-cup, "I am thoroughly enjoying this day with you, my children. You see, Emma, *mia*, letters are all very well in their way, but I prefer a visit, even though it be a short one. Do you know, my child, you look very well, and prettier than ever, I declare—isn't she, Guido?"

"Yes, that is what I am always telling her," replied the son-in-law, smiling.

"Yes; and what you tell me, too, in your letters. Yes, Emma, that is a fact: Guido writes of nothing else but his wife in his letters. It's my belief you have quite bewitched him. What a model husband!"

"Yes, indeed, he is," said Emma, quietly.

There was silence for a moment after this remark. Guido's head was bent, he appeared to be counting the flowers on the carpet.

"Your Aunt Elizabeth sends all kinds of messages to you both—and Rosalia, your cousin, too. Poor girl, she's had a lot of trouble."

"Why, she married her Piero!" exclaimed Emma, a shade of sarcasm in her tone.

"Yes, yes, she married him, and they were very fond of each other. But, I don't know, they did not hit it off very well; there were scenes and tears, and Rosalia went back home."

"Oh, well, she did quite right."

"Quite wrong, you mean. A wife ought never to leave her husband. Well, it's all right now, thanks to my eloquence. I persuaded her to forgive all she had against her husband."

"You, papa?"

"Yes, and I glory in my intervention. It was your mother's creed, my child; she was so merciful and so tolerant—ah! she was a good woman! She always used to say: 'Those who love the most pardon the most.'"

Everyone was silent again, and then M. Giorgianni suddenly said:—

"Come, my children, I want to go all through the house and see everything. There

seems to me to be plenty of silk and velvet everywhere, but I have only glanced round. I want to see everything now."

"Come along," said Guido; "we will begin with the large drawing-room."

"It's magnificent, this room," said M. Giorgianni, on entering. "Just the thing for a large reception. Do you have many parties?"

"Well, we used to give more than we do just now."

"Yes, yes, I understand; your business affairs and your political engagements must take up your time a great deal; but it's a lovely room. Ah! and this is the boudoir? Exquisite taste, to be sure. Did you choose the furniture, Emma?"

"No, it was Guido who chose it."

"Well, my compliments, then," said the father, turning to his son-in-law. "I suppose you are always to be found here, Emma? Are you not afraid of everyone coming to make love to her, Guido?"

"I! I know my wife too well for that!"

"And you, Emma, are you ever jealous?"

"I know my husband too well, papa!"

Both these answers had been given so spontaneously that M. Giorgianni was quite satisfied.

"This bedroom is lovely, the colours harmonize so well." He turned round and looked about as though he missed something.

"Emma!" he said.

"Yes, papa, what is it?"

"Where is your mother's portrait—I do not see it anywhere?"

She did not know what to reply, and her husband interposed.

"We have been away from home, and we have not all our luggage here yet."

"That portrait, though, should not have been left behind. It's all the same, though: Emma would never forget her mother. Ah! Guido, *mio*, you ought to have known her. When she was dying she made me promise that I would sacrifice everything for our child's happiness, so you see she helped you in your marriage. When Emma came and said to me, 'Papa, I shall never be happy if I do not marry Guido'—well, I thought of my poor dead wife, and that decided me. It was as though you were intended for each other, and you had been in love then for about a year. Emma was getting pale and wretched looking, and as for you, Guido, you were like a madman. Ah! young lovers! how foolish they are. Do you remember that ball at the English Consul's, Emma, where we went with Guido?"



"Yes, I remember," said Emma, mechanically.

"When everyone saw you that evening there was no need to tell the news, it was very evident that you were engaged, and everyone began congratulating me. Oh! but you know you were really too much in love."

"Yes, too much!" assented Guido.

"Oh! I mean it, though. Well, well, let us hope it will always continue, eh! Emma?"

"Yes, let us hope so."

"What's this room? Why, it's locked!"

It was the room Guido now used, and which Emma had not entered. They had not counted on the old man wanting to see every room.

Emma came to the rescue, for it was Guido's turn not to know what to answer.

"It is the spare room, papa."

"Ah! the one you would have put me in if I could have stayed? Yes, I must go to-night; it's a pity!"

"Yes, indeed it is," said Guido.

"Well, never mind, I'll look at my room by way of consoling myself——"

"But, papa——" began Emma.

"I understand. It is not in order; oh! That does not matter, child—not at all."

Guido turned the key, and opened the door, courageously, for he saw there was nothing else to be done.

"Ah! A very nice room, and quite in order, my child. Ah! and there's your portrait. I'm sure it was Guido who put that there for me. Thank you, my dear fellow; it was very thoughtful, but I really cannot stay this time, although I should like to very much."

They went back into the drawing-room and sat down. Both husband and wife were very absent-minded, and certainly if Signor Giorgianni had been endowed with much perspicacity, he would have discovered that something was wrong. Fortunately, the excellent old man was not good at guessing enigmas.

"What a pity for you to leave such a beautiful house!"

"Why, papa?"

"Well, if Guido should be elected member, why, you will have to live in Rome six months of the year, and I suppose he won't leave you alone in Milan.

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You will have to have two houses—it will be a nuisance for you—but I shan't be sorry. If you come to Rome, I shall be able to see you at least once a month—from Naples to Rome, it is quite a short, easy journey; whilst from Naples to Milan—no, that is too far, too far! We shall be sure to see each other often then."

#### IV.

WHEN our two actors, after conducting Signor Giorgianni to the station, got into the carriage to drive home, they both involuntarily gave a sigh of relief.

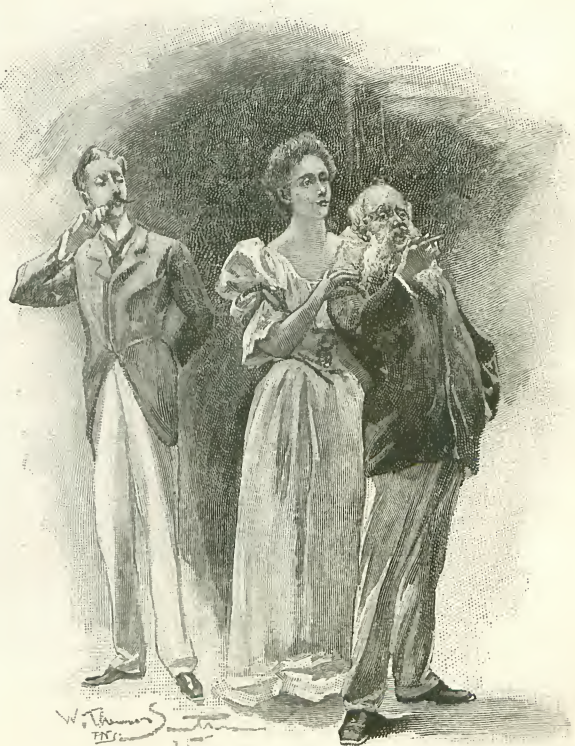
The comedy was over, and they were going back again to their ordinary life. Emma looked out of the window at the rain, and Guido did not stir: they were strangers again to each other now. By accident Guido touched his wife's arm.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Granted," she replied, carelessly.

Strangers, indeed! And yet they were now both of them going over in their mind the events of the day, and recalling to themselves the sensations they had felt.

"Would you prefer driving straight to your house?" asked Guido, just before they reached the place where their roads separated.



"AH! THERE'S YOUR PORTRAIT."

"No, I must go and help my maid to collect all the little things I put about in your rooms. I will go home as soon as we have finished."

"Very well."

When they arrived, Emma went straight upstairs and through the large drawing-room to her boudoir.

Guido threw himself on a divan in the drawing-room and pretended to be reading a newspaper. In reality, he was listening to her footsteps as she moved slowly about in the other room. He saw her pass the open door once or twice.

"Are you not tired?" he called out at last. "Can I help you?"

"No, thank you, I have almost finished."

Presently she came into the drawing-room and sat down, very wearily. The excitement of the day had completely exhausted her. She looked round the room as though she missed something.

"It's raining still, is it not?" she asked Guido, for he had put his paper down.

"Yes, it's still going on."

"The carriage is not there yet?"

"I really don't know, but I'll go and see."

"No, it does not matter; it was to be round in ten minutes from now."

"Shall I see you home?"

"No, it isn't worth while, thank you."

Did these ten minutes appear to them like a century or like an instant? Perhaps in a way

like both. When the footman announced that the carriage was at the door, Emma rose deliberately, and, walking across to the large mirror, put on her hat. It took her some time to fasten it on with the pins, for her fingers were trembling slightly.

She then put her gloves on very slowly, and gave a few finishing touches to herself at the glass. When she was quite ready, she turned towards Guido to say good-bye.

He had risen from his seat and his face was deadly pale.

"Good-bye," said Emma.

Guido did not reply. She turned away and walked across the drawing-room proudly, without wavering an instant, her step firm, but she knew that her husband was following her.

When she reached the door she lifted her hand to raise the velvet curtain, but Guido was more prompt, and her hand touched his as he held the curtain down.

"You have forgotten to tell me that you have forgiven me, Emma!" he said, very quietly, in a voice in which grief and passion were each struggling for the mastery.

She turned towards him abruptly and hid her face on his shoulder, for the old love had sprung up again between them with a stronger force than ever.

"You will never go away any more, darling, never?"

"No, Guido, we will fetch my mother's picture back here."



"SHE HID HER FACE ON HIS SHOULDER."



## *A Singular Imposture.*

A NARRATIVE OF ACTUAL FACT.



T was somewhat late in the evening, on the 3rd of April, 1817, when the overseer of the poor of the parish of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, called upon Samuel Worrall, a magistrate of the same county, to ask his advice with regard to a young woman, who, speaking a language which neither he nor any of the inhabitants could understand, had entered a cottage in the village, and had made signs that she desired to sleep under its roof. The worthy magistrate thereupon ordered that she should be brought up to Knole Mansion, where he resided, in the hope that either he or his servant, a Greek who spoke several languages, might be able to learn who she was and what she wanted. But upon the overseer attempting her removal, she showed signs of strong reluctance and apprehension, and it was only after much entreaty and gesticulation that she was prevailed upon to go to the magistrate's house. Here she was received by Mr. Worrall, his wife and servant, all of whom, after much questioning, were unable to understand the language in which she addressed them. They intimated to her by signs that they wished to ascertain if she had any papers in her possession, upon which she took from her pocket a few halfpence and a bad sixpence, and implied by signs that she had nothing else.

Her dress consisted of a black stuff gown

with a muslin frill round the neck, a cotton shawl on her head, and another round her shoulders, both loosely and tastefully put on in the Oriental manner. She had black eyes and hair, dark complexion, very white teeth, and lips large and full. Her height was about 5ft. 2in., and she was apparently about twenty-six years of age. The general impression from her person and manners was attractive and prepossessing.

After a short consultation, Mr. and Mrs. Worrall deemed it advisable to send her for the night to a house in the village, and as Mrs. Worrall felt much interested by her

apparent distress, she ordered her own maid and footman to accompany her, it being now late, and to say that she herself would call the next morning. The young woman walked with difficulty, and appeared much fatigued. Upon being shown into the parlour of the house she was taken to, she seemed particularly pleased with a print on the wall, representing the banana, and made those present understand that it



MARY WILCOX—"CARABOO."  
From an old Print.

was a fruit of her own country. After partaking of some tea, she was shown into a sleeping apartment, but appeared reluctant to go to bed, and pointed to the floor; but upon the landlady's little girl getting into the bed, and making her understand the comfort of it, she consented to lie on it, after having first gone through certain forms of devotion.

At seven the next morning Mrs. Worrall

called, and found the stranger sitting by the fire, apparently very disconsolate, but she expressed much joy upon seeing her. Soon after this the clergyman of the parish, who had heard of the stranger's arrival, came in, bringing with him several books of travel, thinking it probable she might show some signs of recognition in looking through the plates they contained. This was attended with some success, for she gave the spectators to understand that she had some knowledge of those descriptive of China; but made signs that it was not a boat, but a ship that brought her to this country. Gaining very little information, Mrs. Worrall determined to take her back with her to Knole, and keep her there till something satisfactory transpired concerning her; but upon inviting the young woman by signs to follow her, she again appeared timid and apprehensive.

Upon their return to the Hall, Mrs. Worrall attempted to ascertain the stranger's name by writing her own upon paper and intimating that she should do the same; but this the young woman declined to do, shaking her head, and crying, "Caraboo, Caraboo," pointing to herself. Upon showing her some of the rooms at Knole, she appeared delighted with some pieces of furniture with Chinese figures upon them, and signified that they belonged to her country. At dinner she declined all animal food, and took nothing to drink but water, showing much disgust at meat, beer, cider, etc.

On the following day she was taken before the Mayor of Bristol, but with no better result, for still no discovery could be made of whence she came or whither she was going; she was therefore committed to an institution for the destitute, where she received the most humane treatment. Finding she rejected the usual food, eggs and other delicacies were provided for her. But she neither ate nor drank, nor slept on the beds of the institution during the short time she remained there.

Mrs. Worrall, still feeling a lively interest in the wanderer's fate, after two days, had her again removed to Knole, where daily efforts were made to discover her language and country, but without success. After some weeks, it chanced that a Portuguese, named Manuel Eynesso, from the Malay country, was introduced to her, and undertook to interpret her language, which he said was not a pure dialect, but a mixture of languages used on the coast of Sumatra and other islands in the East.

Her story he gave as follows: Her name was Caraboo, daughter of a person of rank, and of Chinese origin. Her mother, who was killed in a war between the Boogoos (*Cannibals*) and the Maudins (*Malays*), was a Malay woman. Whilst walking in her garden at Javasus, attended by three samens (*women*), she was seized by the people of a pirate prow, gagged, bound hand and foot, and then carried off. Her father swam after her, and, shooting an arrow, killed one of the women who were taken on board with her. Caraboo wounded two of the men with her crease when she was seized, one of whom died, but the other recovered.

After eleven days she was sold to the captain of a brig, whose name was Tappa Boo, and the brig sailing during the transaction, she was conveyed from one ship to the other in a boat. After four weeks the brig anchored at a port (Batavia?), remained there two days, and having taken on board four female passengers, sailed again, and in five weeks more anchored at another port (Cape of Good Hope?), where the four female passengers were landed. Here they stayed three days, and then sailed for Europe. Arrived there, and suffering much ill-usage, she resolved to jump overboard and swim ashore. This she accomplished successfully, and found herself on English soil.

The dress she had on at this time consisted of a gown worked with gold, and a shawl of the same description, which she afterwards exchanged with an English woman for a black stuff gown, a cotton shawl, and several other articles, in which dress, after wandering about for six weeks, she found her way to Almondsbury.

Her father's country she called Congee (*China*); her own island, from whence she was taken, she called Javasus, and that of her mother, the Maudins (*Malay*). She described her mother's teeth as being black, her face and arms painted, and said she wore a jewel at her nose with a gold chain from it to her right temple, which decoration her mother wished to have adopted for her, but her father would not consent.

Her father had three more wives, and was carried on the shoulders of Macratoos (*common men*) in a kind of sedan or palanquin, wore a gold button in his cap, three peacock's feathers on the right side of his head, and a gold twisted chain round his neck, to which was suspended a large, square ornament of amber-coloured stone, set in gold. She herself wore seven peacock's feathers on the left side of her head.



Upon some calico being given her, she made a dress in the style she had been accustomed to wear, which she implied by signs was very richly embroidered. She wore no stockings, but open sandals with wooden soles on her feet. She pronounced her father's name, *Jessu Mandu*, and her own, *Sissu Mandu*, which, she said, was afterwards changed to Caraboo, in consequence of her father having conquered his enemies.

Her father had command of soldiers, and when any people approached him, they made their salaam on both knees, lifting the right hand to the right temple. They presented fruit on a dish balanced upon the points of their fingers, kneeling on both knees to her father, and on one to herself as princess.

She gave her father's age as forty-seven, which she explained by tying knots on a string, and described his complexion as light or white, while her mother's was yellow or brown.

When shown the drawing of an idol, she expressed the greatest abhorrence, and gave those present to understand that she worshipped Allah Tallah (*God*), as her mother did. She described the pirate prow as having only one mast and no guns; the commander as being copper-coloured and wearing a turban, short petticoat trousers, and a kind of scarf thrown over his shoulders; but that Tappa Boo's complexion was dark, and he had long black hair plaited down his back; that his brig had guns, and there were about forty men on board, among whom was a justee (*surgeon*). She was very ill after Tappa Boo bought her, which was caused by her great unhappiness and miserable situation.



CARABOO, IN THE DRESS MADE BY HERSELF.  
From an old Print.

Such was the story of the princess's life until her supposed arrival in England.

Upon being requested to point out from a number of flags the colours of the different ports at which she stopped, she placed her fingers on her closed eyes and shook her head, at the same time implying that she was kept below on the ship.

She expressed much pleasure at the sight of a Chinese chain purse which was shown her, and which she instantly recognised as belonging to her father's country.

She also at a rose-coloured scarf, which she put on, first in Chinese and afterwards in Javasu fashion, in both instances veiling her face. She described the dead as not being buried in coffins in Javasu, but placed in the ground; and when made to understand that, if she were to die here, she would be buried flat in a box, she expressed much horror and disgust. She marked time by tying knots on a string in a peculiar manner, and by the same means pointed out the periods and distances of her voyage. A chart of the supposed places she stopped at, as drawn by herself, is here given, as are also the characters made use of by her to express words and numbers, and these resemble in some particulars the letters of the Arabic alphabet.

Many singular occurrences happened during her residence at Knole which tended to confirm the description she had given of herself, as well as of the manners and customs of the country from which she represented herself as coming.

The gibberish language in which she made herself understood was aided in a striking manner by gesture and animation of counte-

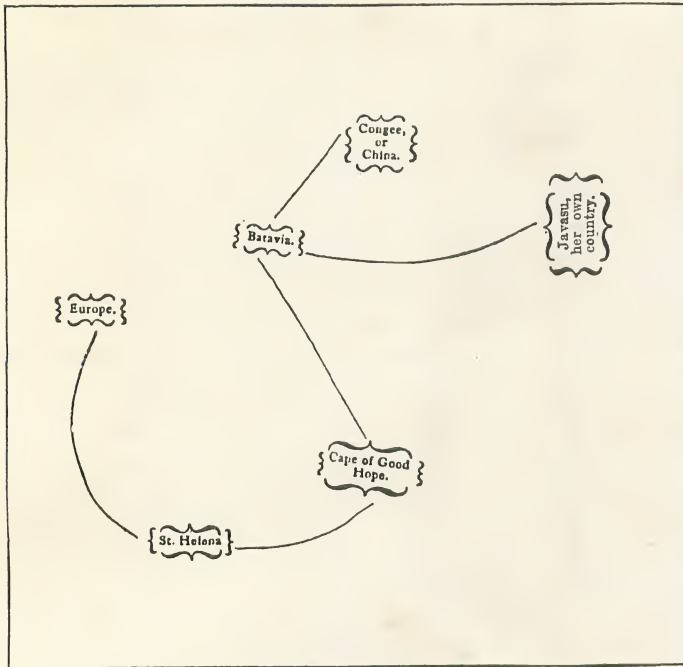


CHART OF CARABOO'S VOYAGE TO EUROPE, DRAWN BY HERSELF.

nance. In the choice of food she was very consistent and uniform, and affected much peculiarity and nicety. She dressed everything herself, preferred rice to bread, ate no meat, drank only water or tea, and was very fond of Indian curry, which she made very savoury.

During her stay she frequently exercised herself with bow and arrows, and made a stick answer for a sword on her right side, the bow and arrows being slung on her left shoulder. When dancing she would assume an infinite variety of graceful attitudes, bend her body in numberless shapes, occasionally dropping on one knee, and then, rising with uncommon agility, perform a species of waltz with most singular twists and contortions.

Her story naturally excited a good deal of attention, and many of the surrounding gentry and members of the fashionable world at Bath came to visit her, among whom was a Dr. Wilkinson, who, animated by a love for the marvellous, and with a desire to distinguish himself, determined to try his skill at discovering the character and nation of the unknown foreigner. And it was the publicity which the doctor gave to his visits, by detailing in the public prints a description of her person and manners, which eventually led to the detection of the imposture.

It was at the doctor's suggestion that more

effectual measures were taken for the relief of this *interesting creature*, and an appeal to the East India directors was determined upon, Dr. Wilkinson himself being dispatched on this charitable mission, to be followed soon after by Caraboo.

But one of the doctor's letters on the subject in a local paper happening to meet the eye of a Mrs. Neale, of Bristol, with whom Caraboo had lodged previous to her escapade, she recognised in her, with no little surprise and amusement, the character of her quondam lodger. Whereupon she called on a Mr. Mortimore, of the same city, and informed that gentleman of her suspicions, and produced such irrefragable proofs of her knowledge of Caraboo, that

he at once communicated the intelligence to Mrs. Worrall, who, though much surprised, was still unwilling to believe herself the victim of an imposture. Mrs. Worrall therefore determined to test the evidence for herself.

Accordingly, next morning, in company with Caraboo, she set out for Bristol under pretence of going to Mr. Bird's, to finish the sitting for Caraboo's portrait which that distinguished artist was painting, but instead, they alighted at Mr. Mortimore's, where Mrs. Worrall had previously arranged to meet Mrs. Neale.

The discovery was speedy and decisive; for after conversing with Mrs. Neale and her daughters for a short time, Mrs. Worrall went alone into a room with Caraboo, who was still in ignorance of the discovery, told her of the proofs she had obtained of her being an impostor, and begged her to confess the fact herself, in order that she might hear from her own lips the real truth of the matter. Caraboo, taken by surprise, made one last effort in her gibberish to interest Mrs. Worrall, but, finding she did not succeed, acknowledged the fraud, and begged that she would not cast her off or suffer her father to be sent for. This Mrs. Worrall promised to do upon condition that Caraboo would instantly give her a faithful detail of her former life, and disclose her real name and parentage.



To this Caraboo agreed, and stated that her real name was Mary Baker, *née* Wilcox; that she was born at Witheridge, in Devonshire, in 1795, and being of a wild disposition, received no education. At the age of sixteen a situation was procured for her, where she remained two years, after which she returned home. Her father and mother using her ill on account of her leaving her place, she left them and went to Exeter, where she knew no one.

Being unable to obtain employment, she wandered from there through different parts of the country till she reached Bristol, having nearly put an end to her life by hanging, on her way thither, but was prevented from doing so by the timely interference of a

caused a fictitious letter to be sent to her mistress, in which the writer (a friend of her mistress) was supposed to ask if the servant might attend her child's christening, which was to take place on the same day as the wedding. The fraud was successful, the necessary leave was granted, and the young impostor attended the wedding instead.

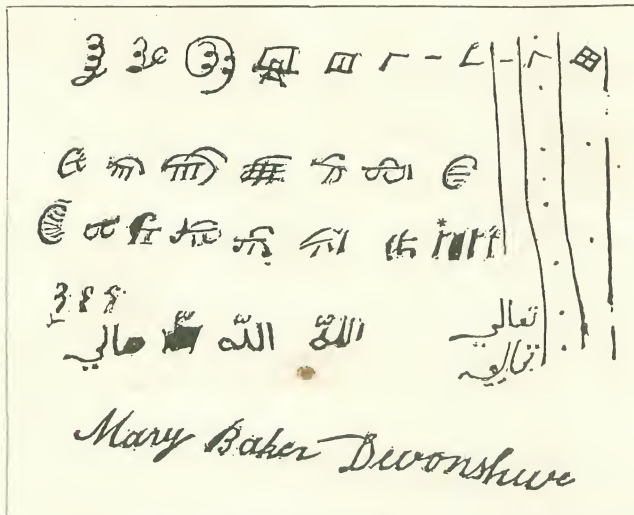
But upon being asked the child's name the following morning, and if the party was a large one, she appeared confused, which excited suspicion, and on her mistress making inquiries, she detected the whole procedure. In consequence of this she was discharged, and once more she resolved to return to Witheridge; but instead of going directly there, and being afraid of walking over Hounslow Heath on account of robberies and murders then prevalent, she changed her own clothes for male attire, and, thus equipped, presented herself at a house to ask if there was a place vacant for a young man, in order to ascertain if her sex would be detected.

Apparently suspecting nothing, the inhabitants directed her to some friends, who were wanting a man, and here she was introduced into a parlour where there were three gentlemen and four ladies, who asked her a number of questions, and how it was she was so short a man. They said they liked her appearance, but considered her hardly suitable for their service.

Leaving them, she made her way as far as Salisbury Plain,

where she met two men on horseback, who asked her if she had any money. To this she replied in the negative, and added that she was about to ask them for some. Upon this they asked her—not suspecting her to be a woman—if she would enter their service. This she consented to do, but discovering the occupation of her new employers to be that of highwaymen, she availed herself of the first opportunity that offered to escape, and set out once more for Witheridge, where she arrived, in female attire, much to the surprise of her father and mother, who were under the impression that she was still in London.

Here she remained but a few weeks, for finding home-life somewhat monotonous after her recent experiences, she left again and returned once more to London, and took



CHARACTERS USED BY CARABOO.

\* Allah Tallah.

gentleman, who gave her five shillings and some very good advice.
















From Bristol she proceeded on foot to London, but when within thirty miles of the town, she was overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, and sat down by the wayside, until a passing waggoner kindly offered her a seat in his vehicle, which she gladly accepted. Arrived at Hyde Park Corner, two women, fellow-passengers in the waggon, conveyed her to St. Giles's Hospital, where she remained some time, suffering from brain fever. As soon as she was able to leave, a situation was procured for her, where she stayed three years, during which time she learned to read and write. It was here that she carried out her first act of duplicity.

Having been invited to a wedding by a friend, and leave having been refused, she

another situation; but happening to be sent one day to the stationer's to get some books, she was accosted by a gentlemanly-looking man, who asked her a number of questions, and appeared much interested in her. This man, who was a foreigner and had travelled much, afterwards became her husband, and it was from him that she picked up the Eastern words and idioms which she used, as well as the knowledge of some Asiatic customs, which so effectually enabled her to carry out her imposture. Her husband deserted her after some time, and being without means of subsistence, she again returned to Witheridge.

This time she stayed only a week and three days, for, overhearing someone speak of America and its opportunities, she determined to try her fortune there. She accordingly set out for Bristol, but falling in with a party of gipsies, who invited her to join them, she consented, and stayed with them several days, learning their habits and customs. It was whilst with them that the idea of personating a foreigner first suggested itself.

Wearied of their company and mode of life, she set off once more for Bristol, where she made her way to the quay, and learning from the captain of a vessel lying there that his ship would sail for America in fifteen days, and that her passage would cost five pounds, a sum she did not possess, she determined to put into practice her idea; and under the garb of a foreigner, try to get the remainder of the money required. She therefore changed her bonnet for a small shawl, which she put on as a turban, and adapting the remainder of her dress as nearly as

1		Eza
2		Duce
3		Trua
4		Tan
5		Zennee
6		Sendee
7		Tam
8		Nunta
9		Berteen
10		Tashman
11		Limmenee
12		Judgbennee
13		Artinne
14		Ferney
15		Fissmen

NUMERICAL CHARACTERS USED BY  
CARABOO.

possible to the Oriental fashion, started on her quest. It was while thus employed that she made her appearance at Almondsbury, as before related.

After hearing her story, Mrs. Worrall set about testing its accuracy, and having obtained corroborative testimony of the principal occurrences of the last eight years of the life of her *protégée*, she agreed, with the full approbation and consent of the girl, to procure her a passage to America, to which country she was fully bent on proceeding.

Before the departure of Caraboo, the public curiosity to gain a sight of her was rather increased than diminished, and she was visited by persons of all descriptions — natives, foreigners, linguists, painters, physiognomists, and craniologists—all of whom were anxious to see and converse with this female Psalmanazar.

It need hardly be added that the story of the Portuguese, who happened to be almost as great a cheat as Caraboo, was entirely his own invention, got up as was afterwards discovered with an eye to his own interest.

That an illiterate girl, unaided by education, should have so conducted herself both in the language she made use of, and in her general demeanour, as to induce hundreds to believe that she was no less a person than an unfortunate, unprotected, and wandering princess from a distant Eastern island, cast upon the shores of Britain by cruel and relentless pirates—and on no one occasion should have been found to lose sight of the part she was acting, or once to betray herself, is an instance of consummate art and duplicity, exceeding any occurrence in the annals of modern imposture.



## *Girls' Schools of To-day.*

### II.—ST. LEONARDS AND GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

By L. T. MEADE.



*From a*

ST. LEONARDS SCHOOL—FROM THE EAST.

*[Photograph.]*

absolutely up to date — from the pleasant face of the head mistress to the keen expression in the bright eyes of the youngest pupil, all is vivacity, pleasure, and zest. The school is intended to provide girls with an education at moderate cost, which is as thorough as that given to boys at the great public schools. The number of girls is limited to two hundred. 'Speak-



FROM sunny Cheltenham to the keener air of St. Andrews is a considerable change, and there are also marked differences between the school of St. Leonards, at St. Andrews, and Cheltenham College. The former school was opened in 1877, under the management of a council. As at Cheltenham, there is the large principal building devoted to learning, and houses for resident pupils attached. The head mistress, Miss Dove, prides herself on being the first student to arrive at the famous Girton College. She speaks with a smile of the bricks and mortar, of the workmen lingering round, of the anxious greeting she received from Miss Davies, the mistress of the college, and, in short, of the general incompleteness. "Very different is the state of things at Girton now," she adds; "but I shall always feel proud of being the first student to enter that celebrated home of learning." Miss Dove began her life as a teacher at Cheltenham.

St. Leonards School is  
Vol. ix.—59.

ing on this point, Miss Dove said: "I cannot do with more. I must be in touch, in absolute touch, with every girl in my school, and I feel that my limits are reached at two hundred. I wish to know everything about each girl who resides here—in short, I want to take the most motherly and complete supervision of each of these young lives."

These two hundred girls are divided into fifteen forms. The average number of pupils in each division does not exceed ten.



*From a*

BISHOP'S HALL—ST. LEONARDS.

*[Photograph.]*

In taking me round from form to form, Miss Dove explained very fully her reasons for keeping the divisions so small. She believed that a great number in a form was the primary cause of the failure which occasionally follows high-school education. It is impossible for one teacher to develop all the powers of thirty girls—the backward ones must go to the wall, the clever ones be unduly stimulated. At St. Leonards the fifth form is, for instance, divided into as many as five divisions. In one division—for advanced German—I saw only three girls. But these girls were equal in point of mental attainment, and were all in the best possible position to profit by the instruction afforded them. Miss Dove is able to declare that she has never sent a neglected girl from her school. Each girl, be she blessed with intelligence or the reverse, is educated to the utmost of her abilities. The head mistress does not approve of the system of cramming, and will not allow any girl to work at Latin and German together. She likes every girl to take up Latin, which she considers the basis of a sound education. Latin and French are, therefore, taught in all the lower forms, and in the more advanced either Greek or German.

"Don't take up your Greek," Miss Dove says to her young pupils, "until you can throw your French behind you." She will not allow girls to work both at German and Greek, and evidently prefers Greek from an educational point of view to German.

There are seven houses for the reception of resident students, and not more than twenty-one girls are ordinarily received in each house. The houses are provided with every comfort, and the life is made as home-like as possible. Each girl has her own cubicle, which is curtained off to resemble a complete little bedroom. The elder girls have each a writing table with a bookshelf for their special use in the schoolroom. The food is of the best. No work is done before

breakfast or after 8.30 p.m. The fees at St. Andrews are not high; for girls under fifteen years, seven guineas a term; for girls over that age, nine guineas. The fees for house girls under thirteen years of age are twenty-two guineas a term; over thirteen, twenty-five. No girls are admitted over seventeen years of age. The school course consists of Scripture, arithmetic, literature, history, Latin or German, French, mathematics, science, harmony, gymnastics, and part singing. Extra fees are charged for music, drawing, and dancing.

Miss Dove has strong opinions on the subject of an all-round education, and seeks

from the very first to develop both the body and mind of each girl. She has an immense belief in open-air exercise, and one of the specialities of the school is its extensive and splendid playground. This consists of about sixteen acres, and comprises cricket field, golf course, lawn and gravel tennis courts, fives court, etc.

It was delightful to see the girls at their play. The beautiful Canadian game of lacrosse was exercising all their faculties on the afternoon when I had the pleasure of seeing them. The girls are allowed to play in their gymnasium dress, which gives full scope to every limb and allows each muscle to be fully developed.

Miss Dove believes so fully in physical education, that one of her invariable rules is to have each girl weighed on her return to school at the beginning of a fresh term. If, for any reason, she is discovered to be below the average weight which she ought to be for her age and size, she is instantly "turned out to grass," and not allowed to study much. The judicious use of the gymnasium, and endless out-door games, are, in the head mistress's opinion, the education which she requires for the time being.

There was a keen east wind blowing on the day when I visited the school, but the



MISS DOVE, PRINCIPAL OF ST. LEONARDS.  
From a Photo. by T. Rodger, St. Andrews.





from a]

THE LACROSSE TEAM—ST. LEONARDS.

[Photograph.

glowing faces of the happy girls as they vigorously pursued their out-door games showed that they were proof against the inclemencies of the weather. Miss Dove most emphatically declares that she has never had a case of mental breakdown in the school. It would be difficult to find anywhere a set of healthier or more robust-looking girls, and the fact that the attention paid to their physical development is not injurious to their intellectual progress is proved by the success gained by the pupils of St. Leonards in the published lists of the Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificates. Miss Dove feels that she cannot enough emphasize the fact that the result of attention to the harmonious development of the physical, together with the intellectual, powers is distinctly advantageous to the intellectual.

The girls at St. Leonards all wear cloaks when out of doors. These are made of dark blue serge, and are lined with the colour of their house of residence. The girls who live in Miss Dove's house have Oxford and Cambridge blue linings to their cloaks and blue bobs on their Tam o' Shanter caps. In the house of another mistress I noticed that the colour was yellow.

Wherever possible, the mistresses of the school are selected from old pupils; this

same arrangement holds good at Cheltenham. The wisdom and justice of the choice is obvious, the head mistress or principal having already inculcated her own ideas and mode of education in the mind of the teacher.

As at Cheltenham, all that can possibly be done to educate the eye and develop a love for the best and most beautiful in art is to be seen in the school and houses. I shall never forget the photographs in Miss Dove's lovely house. She seemed to me to have a complete set of photographs from almost every gallery in Europe—these, in suitable frames, nearly cover the walls of hall, staircase, and reception-rooms. In the girls' dormitories there are also beautiful old prints and lovely photographs. These are presented by the mistresses, as the reward of perfect neatness and regularity as regards time. In Miss Sandys' house, who is an old teacher from Cheltenham, the æsthetic arrangements are charming and perfect enough to gratify the tastes of Morris and Burne Jones. In this house each bedroom had its particular colour, which extends to curtains, wall-paper, counterpanes, etc., one room being of the palest shade of primrose, another pink, another blue, another green.

The girls are given a great deal of liberty. Some parents may object to the amount of



freedom which they enjoy, but Miss Dove firmly believes in the wisdom of this mode of treatment.

"I trust them fully," she said. "I have never had my trust abused." This grand principle underlies all her success and gives a breezy, healthy tone to the place. The school, in short, is worthy of the historical old town where it is placed, and no happier lot could befall any girl than to become a resident there.

"I know," she says, "several cases in which the life of a girl has been made miserable, and the good, honest work she might have done has been spoiled, in her vain attempt to gratify the ambition of home friends in this manner."

Miss Beale and Miss Dove quite agree on the point that no girl ought to be allowed to enter for any public examination until she is over sixteen years of age. For younger girls



From a

THE HOCKEY TEAM—ST. LEONARDS.

[Photograph.]

I had a long and interesting conversation with Miss Dove, who gave me her views on education in the main, and spoke of the best way in which it could be accomplished. She believes in school-life for girls, and thinks that the opportunity it affords for cultivating a public spirit and for co-operating with other girls is of immense benefit. It is, in her opinion, the lack of such opportunities that makes women's lives often so small and petty. One of the co-operative duties which school enjoins is that of regular attendance. No girl should ever be allowed to absent herself from school save for illness. The reason for this is that every other girl in her form suffers from her absence. Miss Dove does not believe in a girl struggling to beat all the rest in her form. Prizes and certificates, and even University honours, may be secured at too heavy a cost.

the worry and excitement at a time when they are growing rapidly is most injurious. Speaking of the high schools, Miss Dove says that the reason they are not invariably a success is a very simple one. The fees are too low. In consequence, the staff of teachers is not sufficient and the classes are much too large. Thus, those girls who are not brilliant must go to the wall. The remedy she considers quite simple. The fees should be raised to allow a sufficient number of teachers to be secured for the work, and those children who cannot afford the larger fees should go to the Higher Grade Board Schools. In several places such schools already exist, and many more will be started to meet the need.

This opinion with regard to the high schools is doubtless shared by many head mistresses, and was corroborated by one of





From a

CHARLES I.'S HALL.—GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

[Photograph.

the cleverest heads of departments at Cheltenham with whom I discussed the subject.

I am anxious now to say a few words about a totally different order of school.

Great Harrowden Hall, near Wellingborough, resembles, to a certain extent, the old-fashioned boarding-school. Only, however, to a certain extent—evils of the old system have given place to all that is best and wisest in modern education, but the number of girls in the school is sufficiently small to make it as much a home as a school.

It would be difficult to find a more beautiful house of residence than the old historical hall of Harrowden. In the entrance-hall Charles I. is said to have held a Council; he is also believed to have played bowls on the green in front of the manor. The history of Harrowden is mixed up with that of the country. The present hall was probably built in the 16th and restored in

the 17th century. The date, 1687, is to be seen on the fireplace in the entrance-hall. The shields on the iron gates and on the massive stone piers in the gardens mark the occupancy of the families who, in succession, owned the hall. It is also believed that a meeting of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators was held in the house.

Over the quaint old fireplace in the beautiful drawing-room is a picture by Sir Peter Lely,

which hides the entrance to a secret chamber. The oak staircase which leads to the upper part of the house is one of the handsomest I have ever seen, and the old tapestry which covers the walls adds to the unique effect.

How such a manor became the property of a school it is impossible for me to say, but a brighter and more distinguished home it would be difficult to find. "*Noblesse oblige*" ought to be the motto of each girl



From a

DRAWING-ROOM, WITH PICTURE, BY SIR PETER LE LY, CONCEALING SECRET CHAMBER.—GREAT HARROWDEN HALL. [Photograph.

who comes within these walls. I thought so as I looked around me, and some words which Miss Bartlett, the principal, said to me, made me inclined to think that the spirit which animated the girls was worthy of their place of residence.

"Mother," said one girl, speaking of her school, "we have to keep straight at Harrowden, for Miss Bartlett trusts us."

The house is surrounded by twenty acres, all beautifully laid out in gardens and recreation grounds. In addition to this there are sixty acres set aside for golf and riding. The girls lead a most healthy life, working, as seems to be the universal rule now in the best schools, only in the mornings, and devoting the afternoon and evening to games and preparation.

The grounds round Harrowden make an ideal play-ground. Here healthy exercise, in the shape of such games as cricket, hockey, tennis, is pursued with vigour.

I was present at the gymnasium, and never



PRINCIPAL OF GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.  
From a Photo. by Fradette & Young.

saw better and more thorough teaching. It seemed to me that each of those girls' muscles was vigorously exercised. I attended lectures afterwards, in several of the class-rooms, and can testify to the excellence of the instruction. All the ordinary branches of education are thoroughly attended to at Harrowden; but if the school has a speciality, it is for music, art, and elocution.

The principal, Miss Agnes Bartlett, studied music at the Royal Conservatorium at Dresden, and is a pupil of Liszt, to whom she is indebted for the wonderful perfection of her playing. The musical

spirit of the principal is felt all through the school, and in pianoforte playing, violin playing, and also in singing, the performances of the elder pupils are considerably above the average.

Elocution, which is made a speciality, is taught in the most delightful manner by the well-known elocutionist, Miss Florence



From a

ORCHESTRAL PRACTICE—GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

[Photograph.



Bourne, L.L.A. In addition to an excellent staff of resident teachers, the best professors come from London to instruct in the different branches of education. Drawing and painting are taught by a Fellow of Herkomer's School. An experienced riding-master teaches all those girls who care to learn to ride, and special horses are kept for their benefit. The whole life is full of interest and healthy stimulus. Above and over all, the home element preponderates. The girls and their teachers are all in absolute touch. The smiling glances which pass between their beloved principal and themselves are sufficient evidence of the warm place she holds in their hearts. She is the kind of woman who seems to take not only children but all creatures under her wing. The cats and dogs, the horses, even the canaries in the canary-house, receive a large share of her affectionate attention. There is a quiet look of power about her face, and her energy never disturbs her calm.

The terms, considering the advantages of the situation and the thoroughness of the education given, are for the general course of instruction particularly reasonable. Pupils under fifteen years of age are received for

twenty-five guineas a term ; over that age for thirty guineas.

Pupils may be prepared here for the entrance and scholarship examinations for the women's colleges, also for the examinations of the Royal College and Academy of Music.

In concluding this brief account of three distinguished schools, I should like to say a few words with regard to the objects effected by education so thorough and so stimulating. When all is said and done, we, as practical people, are obliged to think of the future. How will girls so educated conduct themselves in the battle of life? How, and in what honourable manner, can they earn their bread?

When speaking to Miss Beale on this point, she assured me that no girl who had gone through the full curriculum of education at Cheltenham had any cause to fear. Twenty-three are now head mistresses of important schools. All over the world Cheltenham girls have obtained excellent posts as mistresses and teachers. In medicine, in art, and literature, they have also distinguished themselves. The same may be said of the girls at St. Andrews, and such girls, so trained, must surely be the New Women for whom we long.

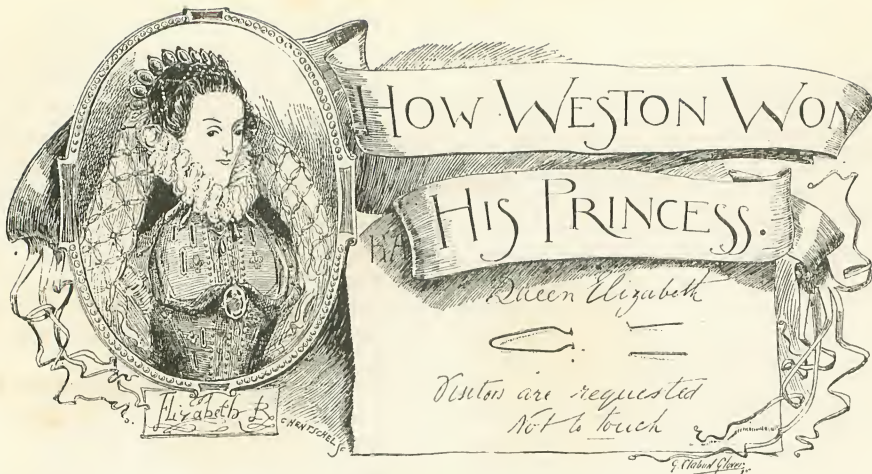


From a)

THE CRICKET TEAM—GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

[Photograph.]





BY A. HUTCHISON STIRLING.

**I**T all began with a practical joke. Weston was the Good Boy of our set, and consequently the victim of all our sallies of wit. In appearance, he was tall, handsome, and manly-looking; in character, he was simple as a babe, innocent of even a suspicion of humour, and possessed of just as much brains as were required for slaving all day over a desk in a bank, and toiling all night copying lawyers' papers. He was the eldest son of his mother; and she was a widow. So he could not afford himself even an occasional frolic such as the rest of us indulged in. His one hobby was Volunteering; and this it was which led to the events I am going to relate.

He was wearing his Volunteer uniform that day; for his corps was to drill in the park adjoining the famous historical palace of Sacredcross; and we—a party of five lads of us—had come to look on. As we had some little time to wait before the hour appointed for the drill, we strolled into the palace, which happened to be open to visitors; and here the first scene in the little comedy was enacted. Harkness, our practical joker in chief, had dropped behind the rest of us for a while; and when he rejoined us, he was wearing a supernaturally innocent expression of countenance, and holding in his hand a slip of paper, into which there was stuck a common hair-pin.

"Isn't this an awful fraud?" he said, as he held out the slip to Weston.

Weston took it from him and gravely examined it. "Hair-pin belonging to Queen Elizabeth," he read,

slowly. "'Visitors are requested not to touch.' I say"—anxiously—"hadn't you better put it back where it was?"

"Not I," replied Harkness, stifling a yawn.

"But—but you may get into trouble! Don't you see, it says, 'Visitors are requested not to touch?'"

"Well, *you* can put the old swindle back if you like—I'll tell you where it was."

The Good Boy, always anxious to avoid the risk of a scrape, listened attentively to the directions given him, and then, with scrupulous exactness, replaced the slip in its supposed former position, while the rest of



"WESTON TOOK IT FROM HIM AND GRAVELY EXAMINED IT."



us watched him some yards off, shaken by internal laughter.

After that, we hung about for a while in the neighbourhood of the hair-pin, and watched the new-comers. The first person to discover it was an old man, and, judging from his hollow chest, his stooping shoulders, his shabby coat, and his slow, meditative shuffle, evidently a scholar. At first, his dull, sleepy eye wandered listlessly over the slip; then suddenly it was arrested; a look of dawning life, like a gleam of sunshine forcing its way through a grey sky, awoke within its hollow depths. He took down the slip from the grating on which Weston had stuck it, and examined it carefully, turning it over and over in his hand. Then he put it back in its place; and now there was triumph in his look. He fumbled in his pockets for something; but his hands trembled, so that he could not find what he wanted. Was it age or emotion that caused them to tremble? I thought it was emotion; and for the first time my heart reproached me for what we had done. At last the old man found what he wanted. It was a note-book and pencil. With shaking fingers he opened the book and began to write. His lips moved as he wrote, and I heard him speaking softly to himself; but I only caught the words, "A



"A COMPLETE CORROBORATION."

complete corroboration!" spoken in tones tremulous with pride and eagerness.

Then I felt so sorry for him, that I had almost made up my mind to tell him the

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truth, when the next visitor appeared, and the old man reluctantly moved on. This time the visitor was a young lady attired in a Rob-Roy tartan dress, with a gossamer veil thrown back over her hat, an opera-glass swung across her shoulders by a strap, and a guide-book in her hand. Of course, she was an American tourist. We learned afterwards that she was Miss Penelope M. Hopgood, only child and heiress of Josiah P. Hopgood, the Chicago Pork Prince.

Her quick eye caught sight of the white slip at once. She gazed at it curiously, and then turned up her guide-book, but evidently found nothing about it there. Then she took it down, as the old man had done, and turned it over and over in her hand. Next she took the hair-pin out of the slip of paper, pulled out another from the coils of her hair, and anxiously examined the two side by side. After a moment's examination, she threw a cautious, searching glance round the room—I did not mention that the hair-pin was in a small room known as Queen Elizabeth's dressing-room, outside the open door of which we had stationed ourselves—once more carefully compared the two hair-pins in her hand; again glanced round the room, and then in a few rapid movements placed one of the pins in her hair, stuck the other in the slip of paper, which she restored to its former position, and hastily left the room. But I had noticed that her hand trembled, her cheek flushed, and her eye glanced about with a nervous, apprehensive look, so I concluded that her Yankee love of antiques had been too much for her honesty, and that it was not *her own hair-pin* that she had replaced in the glossy coils of her hair. The opportunity was irresistible.

"Weston!" I exclaimed, in hasty, excited tones, "you had better go after her at once and stop her, or there will be no end of a row! Don't you see, she has gone off to inform the authorities, and she's got the



"SHE PLACED ONE OF THE PINS IN HER HAIR."





of its den in safety. The train, however, did not at once move off; there were some anxious seconds—years, they seemed to the poor girl—during which she kept tapping her little, daintily-booted foot impatiently on the floor, and wringing her tiny, well-gloved hands together.

At length it began to move, and with a sigh of utter contentment, Miss Penelope flung herself back on her seat and closed her weary eyes. Suddenly, there was a shout, a sound of angry voices and hurrying footsteps; the door of her compartment was flung open, and the man from whom she believed she had made her escape—"that dreadful man in uniform"—swung himself in, and sank, panting and gasping, on the nearest seat! At the same moment the door was

free-born daughter of the great American Republic, she resolved to try the effect of putting a bold face on the situation, now that she was driven into a corner.

"Sir," she said, speaking with all the dignity at her command, and in tones which, though slightly nasal, were not without some feminine charm—"sir, I don't know how it may be in England, but in *my* country no gentleman would think of forcing his way into a carriage 'for ladies only.'"

"And in *my* country," panted poor Weston, between his gasps for breath, eager to come to the point at once—"in *my* country, no lady—no *woman*—would think of bringing disgrace upon a fellow, and depriving a widowed mother and young orphans of their means of support for a mere joke."

Miss Hopgood's heart sank. So it was as bad as that, she thought; he would lose his place if the—if it (she could not bring herself even to *think* "the theft") were discovered! Clearly, there was no hope of getting round him; but she would not give in—she would make no confession.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, sharply. "I I—haven't done anything to be ashamed of." (It must be admitted that the lie cost her an effort; but if a lie *is* to be told, it is well that it should be told boldly.)

"Oh, I daresay it is only a joke to *you*!" ("A joke indeed!" thought poor Penelope.) "But it is no joke to me. If you persist, I shall get into no end of a scrape—I shall lose my place, and—Oh, you are a woman, and they say women are soft-hearted—surely you wouldn't like to

be the means of taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of a widow and six little orphans?"

Here a look on Penelope's face made Weston think he was producing an impression, and he resolved to deepen it.

"It's not much I can make," he went on, "but it's almost all they've got—mother could scarcely keep a roof over their heads without my salary, and she'd have to see all



"HE SANK GASPING ON THE NEAREST SEAT."

banged to violently from the outside, and some angry words were hurled in at the window by an irate guard. But the two people in the compartment—did I mention that Miss Penelope had been alone?—neither heeded nor heard; with white faces, starting eyes, and panting breath, they sat confronting each other as far apart as they could get. The lady, of course, was the first to recover herself. Reminding herself that she was a







would he take her?" was the next question. "I don't know," he replied, absently. And then suddenly it flashed into his mind that, if he had her safe in his mother's house, she could not inform against him; and then, when she came to herself, and saw the happy home that she had meant to ruin—the widowed mother, the orphan children—surely—*surely*, she would not have the heart. "No. 121, Prince of Wales's Gardens," he said aloud, in a tone of decision; and in a few minutes he found himself seated in a cab driving towards his mother's house, with the head of the still unconscious girl on his knee.

And now that she had ceased to be an object of dread to him, a revulsion of feeling took place within him. He was no less susceptible to female beauty than other young men of his age; and the fact that Penelope was pretty—pretty with the dainty, refined, delicate prettiness of the young American girl—suddenly became touchingly apparent to him. As he sat looking down on the pale, clear-cut cheek, the long, black eyelashes resting on it, the delicate, sensitive mouth, a host of feelings, such as he had never felt before, swept over him, making him oblivious of everything save the cause of them. Suddenly he saw a tremor pass over the unconscious form; then the closed eyelids quivered and opened with a start. As the lovely grey eyes wandered round the cab and rested on poor Weston's uniform, a look of terror—the mad terror of a hunted creature at bay—came into them.

"Where—where are you taking me?" cried the poor girl, starting up, frantic with fear. "I won't go, I tell you—I won't go! Oh, you *cruel*, cruel man!" (She had tried to fling herself against the door, but Weston had caught her, and held her tightly in his strong arms.) "What harm have I done you? Why—oh, *why* won't you let me go? If you take me to prison I shall die—I know I shall die! Oh, let me go—let me go!" And she struggled violently to free herself.

But the more she struggled the more firmly Weston held her, believing her to be in violent delirium. At length, utterly exhausted with her struggles, she sank back in a half-swoon; and in this state Weston carried her, when the cab stopped at No. 121, up the long stair to the top flat in which his mother lived.

We shall say nothing of the surprise of Mrs. Weston, and the explanations of her son, and of how the unconscious girl was

laid on a couch, and a doctor sent for. The doctor was somewhat puzzled with his patient. She had been severely shaken by her fall, of course; but what surprised him was that there did not appear to be sufficient physical disturbance to account for the persistent delirium. He feared there must have been a mental shock as well as the physical. No, it would not do to have her removed; she must be put to bed and kept very quiet for a few days. So Penelope was put to bed (Weston had to give up his room for her use, and to sleep on the sitting-room sofa), and her mother was sent for, and sat beside the bed, stroking her daughter's hand and shedding tears.

Poor Weston was utterly miserable: the thought that he was an object of terror and aversion to the girl who had so rapidly become a divinity to him lay upon his heart like a dark shadow. When he came home from his office in the evenings, he would slip about the house on tip-toes with the air of a culprit, his head drooping, and his looks dejected. As for Penelope, she kept declaring that she was "quite well—perfectly well," and that she "*would* go away—she *must* go away!" But the more she protested the more Mrs. Weston insisted on her lying still. It was no easy task to keep her in bed; and once when Mrs. Weston returned to the sick room after a short absence, she found her patient half-dressed, and had very hard work to get her to go back to bed again.

When I called to see Weston one evening shortly after the day in the palace, I found him sitting quite idle—a most unusual thing with him—sunk in a state of absolute depression, from which he only roused himself now and then sufficiently to scold his little brothers and sisters when they became too noisy in their games.

"Send the little beggars away," I said. "I have something to show you that will rouse you up a bit."

When we were alone, I drew out of my pocket a copy of the leading newspaper of the City, and proceeded to read a letter to the editor, which was headed: "State of British Manufactures in the 16th Century," and ran as follows:—

"Sir,—Those of your readers who took any interest in the recent controversy in your columns between Professor Newbroom and myself on the above subject, will be glad to learn that we have at hand the most incontestable evidence in support of the statement for which I contended—namely, that the manufactures of Great Britain, during the

reign of Elizabeth, were in some departments no less advanced than they are at present. If your readers will take the trouble to pay a visit to Queen Elizabeth's palace at Sacred-cross, they will find a witness in support of my position, whose veracity cannot be doubted, in the form of a hair-pin which belonged to Queen Elizabeth herself. So completely modern is the style and finish of this article, that I have no hesitation in saying that no jury of matrons could find any difference between it and the pins which at present support their tresses. It is strange that so important a witness should so long have been overlooked, but——"

"Why, I declare, Weston, you have not even smiled!" I here interrupted my reading to say. It was not very lively, reading a funny letter to a chap with a face as long and solemn as a gravestone.

"I don't see anything to smile at," he said, in a lugubrious tone. "I don't see the fun of your practical jokes at all. It's very hard on a chap being thought a sort of monster by the girl who—who——"

"In the name of wonder, *what* girl?"

"Why, Pen—I mean, Miss Hopgood, of course."

"And who in creation *is* Miss Hopgood?"

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know."

And then he told me the whole story. For the life of me I could not help again and again bursting into a fit of laughter. And the more I laughed, the more solemn grew his looks.

"I didn't think you would laugh at a chap when he was down in his luck," he said, reproachfully.

"Down in your luck!" I exclaimed. "I only wish *I* had your luck, that's all! Here you have a charming young heiress tied up by the leg in your house; and you're a bigger fool than I think you if, with your good looks and handsome figure, you don't have her madly in love with you in a week."

"But—but she hates me like poison! She thinks I want to put her in prison—I who would not hurt a hair of her head for—for——" Here he became incoherent.

"Oh, we'll soon put that all right," I said, cheerfully. "Don't you see, she did not know it was all a joke—she thought that was a *bonâ-fide* Elizabethan hair-pin—and she took it—*stole* it!—so, of course, her guilty conscience told her that you were the keeper of the place going to run her in."

"What a brute she must think me!"

"Yes, but we shall soon open her eyes. Fetch me pen, ink, and paper at once."

Then, with much internal pride and satisfaction, I rapidly dashed off a little note, which I flatter myself might have done justice to any hero of romance. It had no address and no signature, and ran as follows: "You have nothing to fear from me. I do indeed *know all*; but *your secret is safe with me*. Whatever the risk or danger to myself, I shall not allow a hair of your head to be injured."

I read it over proudly to Weston. He demurred at first; but finally consented to allow it to be given to the patient. The effect was almost miraculous: shortly after receipt of the note, the delirium ceased entirely; and when the doctor made his next visit, he found his patient so much better that he said, if the improvement continued, she might be removed the next day. This news, however, did not raise poor Weston's spirits as much as might have been expected. "But—but she's going away, and I shall never see her again," he said, in tones of the deepest despondency, when I met him next morning and congratulated him on the effect of the note.

"Never say die!" I exclaimed, encouragingly. "If there is a spark of gratitude in her, she won't go away without letting you know it."

And I proved to be right. Somehow (Weston, poor chap, thought it was by his manœuvring, but I think it is much more likely that Miss Penelope managed it) the two had an interview alone before the lady's departure. She was very warm in her thanks. She would never, *never* forget his kindness, she said; and if there were anything—anything at all—that she or her father could do——

But this was too much for poor, foolish, honest Weston.

"You have nothing to thank me for," he said. And then he must needs blurt out the whole story, instead of continuing to pose as her benefactor.

Miss Penelope listened to his blundering narrative, and as she listened, a sense of his good looks stole upon her; the whole character and past of the lad seemed to unfold themselves before her eyes—his life of self-denying toil, his faithfulness and loyalty, his simple honesty, his upright integrity. If there was perceptible any intellectual deficiency, she felt that that was a want she could easily supply herself. It would be too much to say that she fell in love with him there and then, but at any rate she was touched.



"I guess it's just about as well you told me the truth, young man," she said, when he ceased speaking, in a tone whose severity was more than half assumed. "But I'd like to know whether you have happened on the newspaper to-day?"

Weston had not read the newspaper, and he said so in a tone whose truthfulness there was no mistaking.

"It's just about as well for you that you haven't!" exclaimed the lady. "But I have, you see, and I reckon I'd have thought you a pretty kind of a skunk if you'd let me go off thinking you a hero, when you had only nearly killed me on the line, and driven me out of my senses, for a piece of fun!"

It did not occur to Weston to say that it was her own illegal action which had nearly had these disastrous consequences. He meekly took from her hand the portion of the day's newspaper which she had produced from her pocket, and glanced over it. His eye was attracted by a letter to the editor, written by the curator of the palace. It had been occasioned by the letter of Professor Oldcastle in the previous day's paper, and explained in a few sentences that the hair-pin, which had attracted the learned professor's attention, was not a genuine antique, but had only been employed in a practical joke by a party of ill-mannered sightseers. The writer went on to denounce the habit of practical joking, and wound up by stating that severe penalties awaited the perpetrators of this particular joke should they be discovered. Weston's face became whiter and whiter as he read, and the paper shook in his hand.

"But—but you won't inform?" he said, in a tone of breathless appeal.

"I guess it is my duty to," was the grave reply.

"But think of my mother—those children! I don't care for myself; but you surely couldn't—"

"I said it was my

duty," interrupted Penelope, drily, "but I guess I won't do it."

In a rapture of relief, gratitude, admiration, Weston threw himself on his knees and kissed the hem of the red tartan frock.

"And what's to be done with this—this evidence, I suppose you would call it?" asked Penelope, with a humorous smile, as she drew out from the rich coils of her hair the pin that had been the *fons et origo mali*. "Must I throw it away, or may I keep it in memory of—Queen Bess?"

Weston beamed.

"If I might have one of the others to keep," he ventured to suggest, insinuatingly, "in memory of—of—America!"

She laughed, not ill-pleased.

"I guess you'll have to wait a bit!" she said, and, somehow, Weston was not much discouraged.

The Hopgoods did not leave the City that day, nor for many days—nay, weeks—to come. When they did, Weston was the happiest man in the world: he had become engaged to his divinity, and the universe was paradise to him. Before this came to pass, Penelope had a little struggle with her parents, who had hoped to see her mated with a "lord" at least; but she was not an American girl and an only child for nothing; and her parents would have been less than human if they had not been moved by the thrilling tale she told of how she had been saved from prison and from death; and how, had it not been for Weston, she would be languishing in some "dark, damp dungeon" of an English gaol, or scattered to the winds in fragments by the wheels of an English engine. They could not refuse the hand of their daughter to the man who had saved her honour, her reason, her life, so they reluctantly gave their consent to her marriage with the man of her choice.



"AND WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THIS?"

THE DANCING BEAR.

Illustrated  
by  
J. A. Shepherd



### I.—A BEAR WHO HAD BEEN TAMED AND TAUGHT TO DANCE—



2.—ESCAPED ONE DAY FROM HIS KEEPER—



3.—AND RETURNED TO HIS OLD ASSOCIATES.





4.—HE ENTERTAINED THEM WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURES—



5.—AND FINALLY DISPLAYED THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS WHICH HE HAD LEARNT.



6.—THEY ALL THOUGHT THEY SHOULD LIKE TO IMITATE SO DELIGHTFUL A PERFORMANCE.

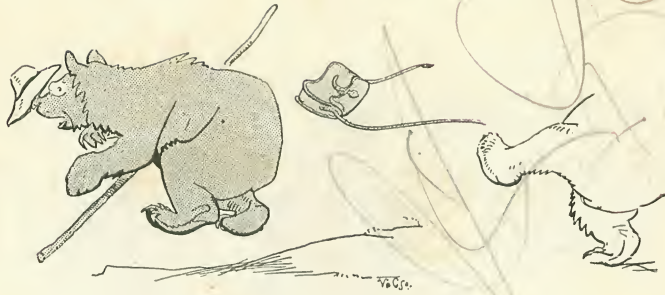


7.—BUT WHEN THEY ATTEMPTED TO DO SO THEY MADE A MOST LUDICROUS EXHIBITION OF THEMSELVES.

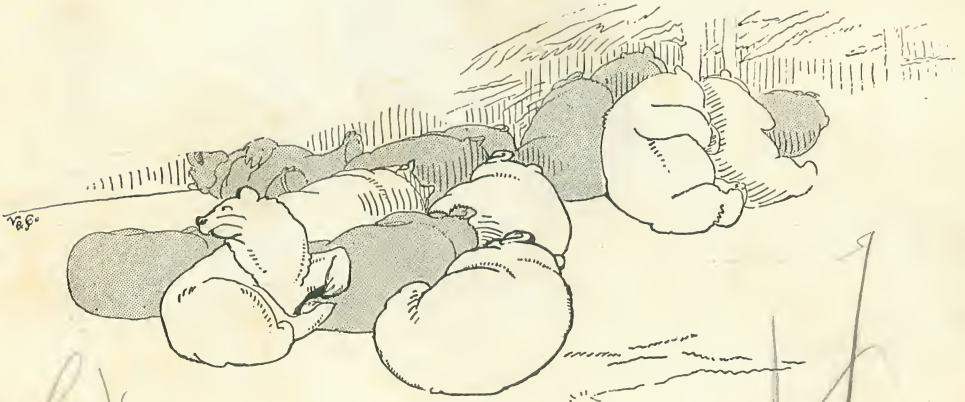


8.—AND WHEN THE BEAR PROCEEDED TO GIVE THEM A FRESH DISPLAY OF HIS TALENT, THEY BEGAN TO GROW ENVIOUS—





9.—AND ENDED BY KICKING HIM OUT,



10.—AFTER WHICH THEY RETURNED TO THEIR SLUMBERS—



11.—LEAVING THE OUTCAST TO REFLECT UPON THE MORAL, "BRAGGING DOES NOT PAY"

# THE GOLDEN SPINNING- WHEEL

A SLAVONIC  
STORY FOR  
CHILDREN.

FROM THE  
FRENCH OF  
XAVIER MARMIER.



CERTAIN poor widow had twin-daughters, who in appearance resembled one another so closely that no one could distinguish between them. But although alike in face and figure, in character they differed widely. The one, whose name was Dobrounka, was intelligent and industrious, gentle and good; the other, named Zloboda, was, on the contrary, idle, vain, untruthful, and altogether wicked. The latter, nevertheless, was the favourite of her mother, who sought to gratify her every whim.

The widow's hut stood in the middle of a forest. Seldom did anyone pass this spot, so far removed from the town. To the town, however, the widow took her beloved Zloboda, and placed her in an excellent situation.

Dobrounka remained at home. Her days were full of work. She rose early, fed the goat, prepared the morning meal, tidied the room, then sat down to her spinning-wheel, at which she worked for the rest of the day. Her mother carried the fine thread which she

spun to sell in the town, and would frequently buy with the proceeds a present for Zloboda. Poor Dobrounka received nothing. In spite of this injustice, the girl loved her mother, and never complained.

One day, when she was alone in the hut, seated before her wheel, and, according to her custom, singing while she worked, she heard the approaching tramp of a horse.

Going to the window, she beheld, mounted upon a spirited steed, a young man attired in a cloak of fur, and wearing upon his head a velvet hat ornamented with white feathers.

"What a noble-looking gentleman!" thought Dobrounka. "Why! he has dismounted! He is coming here! I will go and see what he wants."

But the stranger had already opened the door, for at that time bolts and bars did not exist, and theft was unknown.

"Accept my salutations!" said the young man. "I am very thirsty. Can you give me a glass of water?"

"Certainly, sir! In one moment," replied Dobrounka. "Pray be seated."



She took a pitcher, ran to the spring, and returned, saying, as she handed the water to her guest : " I am sorry that I have nothing better to offer you."

" Thank you ! " cried the gentleman, " I desire nothing better than this."

After drinking, he gave back the glass to Dobrounka, and, unperceived by her, contrived to slip a purse filled with gold pieces beneath the pillow of the bed.

" What delicious water ! " he said. " Will you permit me to visit you again to-morrow ? "

" Willingly," answered Dobrounka, " if you care to do so."

He shook hands with her, remounted his horse, and rode away.

The girl went back to her wheel. But her head was full of the handsome cavalier, and several times in her abstraction she broke her thread.

In the evening, her mother returned from the town. She was loud in her praises of Zloboda, who, said she, grew more beautiful every day. She inquired whether Dobrounka had seen anyone, as she understood that there had been a grand hunt in the forest.

" I have seen," replied Dobrounka, " a fine gentleman in a fur cloak and plumed hat ; he, no doubt, was one of the hunting-party. He asked me very politely for a drink of water, and after he had drunk it he rode away."

She omitted to say that he had pressed her hand in his, and that he was coming again the next day.

A few moments later, in preparing her bed, she dislodged the purse left by the visitor. It fell to the ground.

" What is that ? " called out the old woman, sharply. " Who gave you this ? "

" No one. Maybe it was hidden there by the gentleman I told you of. How generous of him ! "

The widow, who opened the purse, now exclaimed, in a transport of joy :—

" Gold ! gold ! The gift of a wealthy nobleman, who, seeing our poverty, wished to aid us. Heaven bless him ! "

She gathered up the glittering coins, which she had poured out upon the table, and replaced them in the purse, which she then put carefully away in a trunk.

That night Dobrounka had a strange dream. She thought that she was in a magnificent castle, seated at a splendid table, with a marriage-crown upon her head. Yet at the same time she was pursued by a horrible monster, which dug its claws into her heart.

In the morning she rose, haunted still by

her dream, and dressed herself with more than usual care. Her gown, of some blue stuff, was simple, but perfectly neat. She wore in her hair the rose-coloured ribbons which she reserved for festivals, and tied a silk apron around her waist. Thus attired, she made a charming picture.

Towards midday, the horseman made his appearance. Having greeted Dobrounka, he sat down.

" Have you slept well ? " asked he.

" Yes, except for a dream that troubles me still."

" Tell it me."

Dobrounka told her dream.

" With the omission of the frightful beast which tormented you so cruelly, this dream might easily become a reality. Will you marry me ? "

" Oh, sir ! " exclaimed the blushing Dobrounka ; " a poor girl like me ! You cannot mean it ! "

" I am speaking quite seriously. I came here to-day on purpose to make this proposal."

As he spoke, he held out his hand, in which the young girl, with modest hesitation, laid her own.

At this moment the old woman entered the hut. The young man greeted her courteously, explained his wishes, and asked her blessing.

" I have inherited," he said, " a fairly large fortune, and have a house of my own in which you could live with us. Please give me your daughter ! "

The widow gave her consent.

" Now," said the lover, turning towards Dobrounka, " work away industriously, and as soon as you have got your wedding-dress ready, I will come and fetch you."

With these words he embraced her, and left the hut.

After this, the widow treated Dobrounka with greater consideration. But she still cared much more for the wicked Zloboda, for whom she bought no end of finery with the money left by Dobrounka's wealthy suitor. This, however, did not trouble Dobrounka in the least ; all her energies were concentrated upon her work, which she naturally wished to finish in the shortest possible time.

On the very day that she finished it, her *fiancé* appeared.

" Is all ready ? " he inquired.

" Yes."

" Then you can come with me at once ? "

" Why so soon ? "

"It must be so. To-morrow I have to join the army, and I should like to marry before I go, and to install you in my house, in order that I may have the exquisite happiness of finding you there upon my return. Let us go and tell your mother."

It was with secret chagrin that the widow heard of the impatient young man's determination, for she had a different plan in her mind. But it was impossible openly to oppose the wishes of such a son-in-law as this.

"Make your mind easy about your daughter," he said; "and when you feel inclined to come and see her, inquire for her at the Prince's castle. Anyone will tell you where to find her."

So saying, he took the half-reluctant Dobrounka by the hand, set her upon his horse, and the two rode away.

In the Prince's castle there was a great stir of soldiers, and his servants were looking out for him. His appearance was the signal for joyous shouts of welcome.

"Long live our Prince!" they cried. "Long live our Princess!"

The cheers were redoubled when the Prince led his fair bride into the castle court. Dobrounka seemed stupefied.

"Are you the Prince, then?" she asked.

"I am. Are you sorry for that?"

"I care not of what rank you are. But why have you deceived me?"

"I did not deceive you. I told you that your dream might come true."

There was a grand wedding. The Prince presented his wife to his vassals, and on the following morning he bade her adieu, and started to join the Imperial army.

Dobrounka felt quite lost in this large and splendid mansion. She would have preferred to await her husband's return in her lonely forest-hut. In a short time, however, she overcame her shyness, and had soon won the heart of everyone in the palace.

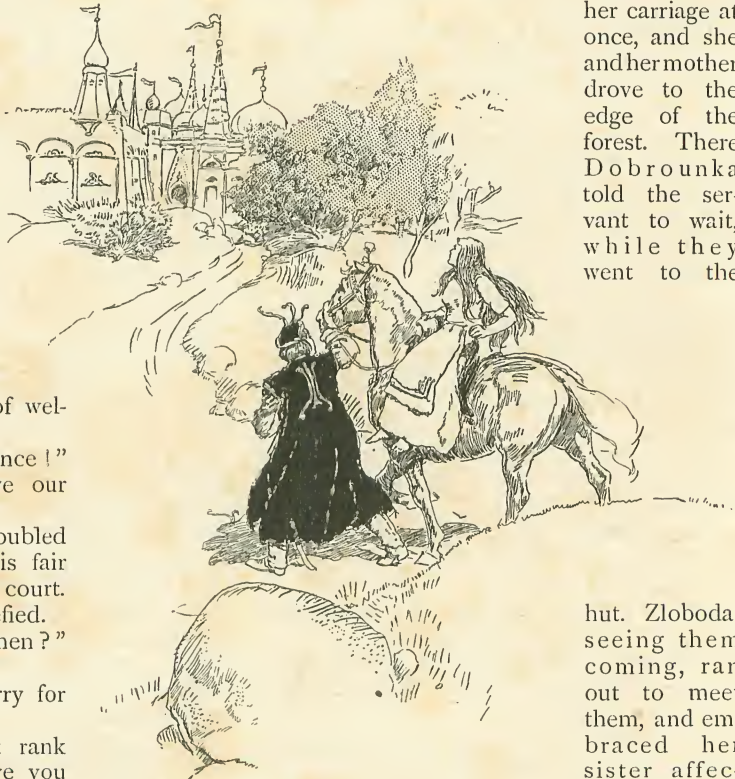
Several days after the Prince's departure,

Dobrounka sent for her mother, asking her to bring her wheel. She thought that her mother would rejoice over her brilliant match, but in this Dobrounka was mistaken. The widow loved only Zloboda, and was planning how she could transfer her sister's good fortune to her.

One day the old woman said to Dobrounka: "I know that your sister has behaved badly towards you. But she is penitent, so pardon her. Go to see her, and invite her to stay with you."

"Most willingly!" assented the unsuspecting Princess; "let us go and find her."

She ordered her carriage at once, and she and her mother drove to the edge of the forest. There Dobrounka told the servant to wait, while they went to the



"THE PRINCE'S CASTLE."

hut. Zloboda, seeing them coming, ran out to meet them, and embraced her sister affectionately. As soon, however,

as they came indoors, the two cruel women laid violent hands upon poor Dobrounka, and Zloboda thrust a dagger into her bosom. They proceeded next to pluck out her eyes and cut off her hands and feet. These they wrapped in a cloth, then dragged the mutilated body into the wood. Zloboda, having dressed herself in her sister's beautiful clothes, accompanied her mother to the castle, where everyone took her for Dobrounka, although marvelling at the apparent sudden change in her temper.



Strange to say, Dobrounka was not dead. Soon she recovered consciousness, and it seemed to her that a gentle hand poured a reviving cordial into her mouth. She recalled all that had passed, and groaned aloud as she thought of her barbarous mother and sister.

"Be calm," said then a compassionate voice. "Do not complain: all will yet end well."

"Alas!" was the reply, "what will become of me? I shall never see again the light of day, never again give my hand to my dear husband, never again be able to walk!"

He who had spoken was one of the old genii of the forest. Calling a child, he placed in his hands a golden spinning-wheel, and said to him:—

"Take this wheel to the Prince's castle. If anyone there should inquire the price of it, say that you will sell it for two eyes, and for nothing else."

The child went, as he had been told. Zloboda caught sight of him and his wheel as she and her mother were starting for a walk.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed the younger woman, "what a ravishing spinning-wheel! I have a good mind to buy it."

She approached the child, and inquired: "What would you take for that wheel?"

"Two eyes," was the reply.

"Two eyes? What a droll idea!"

"Such were the instructions of my father."

Zloboda looked long at the wheel, and the longer she looked the more charming she found it. She remembered that she had still in her possession the two eyes of her sister. She fetched them, and gave them to the child in exchange for the wheel.

The little child carried the eyes into the forest, and the good genius with delicate skill replaced them in Dobrounka's eye-sockets.

"Ah, joy!" cried she. "I behold again the sky, the trees, the green earth!"

Then her eyes rested upon the old genius. "It is you," said she, "to whom I owe this

happiness. Would that I could take your hand and carry it to my lips!"

"Be calm," returned the genius, "and wait."

On the following day, the child took to the castle a golden bobbin, for which he asked two feet.

Zloboda could not resist this new temptation, and gave him the two pretty little feet of her unhappy sister.

The genius fitted them upon Dobrounka's legs, and anointed them with a magic balm. But when, in her joyful excitement, she attempted to rise, her kind physician prevented her.

"No, no!" said he, "do not move yet. Wait until you are completely cured."

The next day, the faithful messenger returned to the castle with a golden distaff, the price of which was two hands.

"I positively *must* have this distaff!" said Zloboda, and so she parted with her sister's hands.



"WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR THAT WHEEL?"

Dobrounka had now recovered all her faculties, and, thanks to the care of the powerful genius, was more beautiful than ever.

"Is there nothing that I can do to show my gratitude? Do tell me!" she said to him.

But he replied:—

"You owe me nothing; I merely did my

duty. Remain near this grotto until someone comes to you. Wait patiently yet a little longer ; I will look after your interests."

With these words he disappeared. Dobrounka, full of joy, ran around the grotto. She embraced the trees, she culled the flowers, she turned many a wistful glance in the direction of her palace-home. But she did not dare to disobey her old friend by returning thither.

Meanwhile, joyful tidings had reached the castle. The Prince was coming back, and his arrival was eagerly looked for by his servants, who had had a hard time of it with Zloboda. When he made his appearance, Zloboda rushed into his arms, and he, believing her to be his dear wife, embraced her fondly.

"How have you been employing yourself in my absence?" inquired the Prince. "With your spinning-wheel, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Zloboda, "with a superb golden wheel which I have bought."

"Show it me. Let me once again have the pleasure of watching your deft fingers."

Zloboda sat down to the wheel, but as soon as she put it in motion, a strange sound came from it—the voice of an invisible being, pronouncing these words:—

"Trust her not, my lord, for she is false and cruel. She

is not your true wife ; this woman has murdered *her* !"

Zloboda stopped as if thunderstruck. The Prince, after vainly looking about for the speaker, ordered her to resume her occupation.

As the wheel revolved, the mysterious voice was heard again:—

"My lord, trust her not, for she is cruel and false. She has slain her sister and dragged her into the forest."

When Zloboda heard this, she jumped up and tried to fly. The Prince forced her to re-seat herself at the wheel.

This time the wheel said:—

"Mount your good steed, my lord, hasten to the forest, and seek the grotto. There you will find your wife, who is waiting and longing for you."

In an instant the Prince had precipitated himself into the court-yard, thrown himself into the saddle, and was off at the top of his speed.

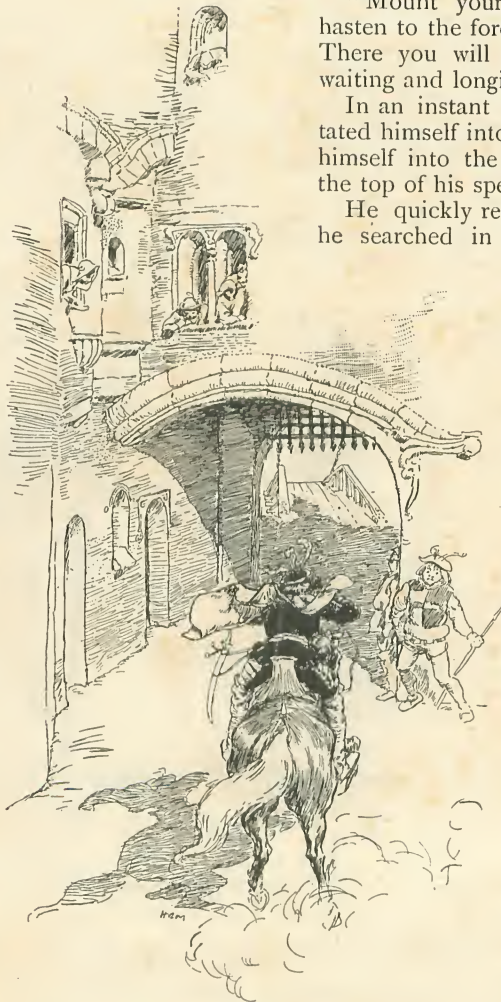
He quickly reached the forest, where he searched in all directions for the

grotto. Suddenly he saw a white hind, which fled before him. Following the animal, he came to a rock in which was a crevice, and in this crevice he found his beloved Dobrounka.

Throwing himself into her outstretched arms, he asked her pardon for having mistaken her wicked sister for herself for one single moment.

They returned together to the castle. Zloboda and her mother were punished according to their deserts.

Dobrounka was a blessing to all around her, and lived most happily with her noble husband.



"THE PRINCE WAS OFF AT THE TOP OF HIS SPEED."





"JEANNE SAW A MAN CLOSE WITHIN HER REACH."

(See page 487.)



## The Convent of Sinners' Point.

BY MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK (PLEYDELL NORTH).



THE trial of Jeanne Lagache did not, at the time of its occurrence, excite any great amount of public interest. It seemed an ordinary affair, devoid, save for an incident which marked its close, of those elements of mystery or romance which sometimes invest with strange fascination the history of a crime.

The prisoner, a Bretonne of the peasant class, was accused of having poisoned her master from motives of greed, and of revenge for an imagined wrong. The principal witness against her was the brother of the murdered man, and his evidence seemed to place her guilt beyond the possibility of doubt. Philippe and Charles Labarette lived together upon the farm which was their joint inheritance. There was but a year's difference between their respective ages, and so alike were they in person that it would have been difficult to tell one from the other, had not a marked divergence of character found adequate expression in the face of each. At first sight Philippe, the elder, gave the impression of being somewhat weak in intellect, an idea conveyed by the dulness of his blue eyes, the droop of the lower jaw, spreading into a vacuous smile, and the use of a sound, half remonstrative, half interrogatory, with which he interlarded his conversation. Yet in serious affairs he but proved his own folly who doubted the sagacity of Philippe Labarette.

Philippe had hoarded and increased where Charles had squandered and lost, until the paternal acres, once equally divided between the two brothers, had passed almost entirely into the hands of the elder. Charles made no complaint; blamed only his own folly, and continued to live on at the farm, although gradually his position sank to that of one who works for hire. And one morning this younger brother, the popular favourite, who was never known to have made an enemy, was found dead in his bed from the effects of poison.

It was Philippe who so found him, and who told the story, with drooping jaw, glazed eyes, and many half-

articulate sounds dispersed through his narrative; yet with a clearness and conciseness of detail that left no doubt as to the facts.

Jeanne Lagache, who acted as cook, house-keeper, and general servant to the brothers, had on the previous evening made a *tisane* of violets for Charles, and carried it to his room, he having complained of a slight chill. The remains of the *tisane* were still in the cup which was found beside the bed of the dead man, and, when analyzed, proved to contain several grains of arsenic.

During the night Philippe had been awakened by unusual sounds as of someone moving stealthily in the house; he had risen, and upon nearing Charles's room, had found the door ajar. Within, he could see his brother, sleeping quietly, as he then believed. In front of an *escritoire* placed at the foot of the bed stood Jeanne Lagache; she had possessed herself of Charles Labarette's keys, and was



"AT THE FOOT OF THE BED STOOD JEANNE LAGACHE."



examining the contents of the desk. Philippe had watched her until she closed and re-locked it, apparently without finding anything worth removal; then, as she prepared to leave the room, he had drawn back into the shadow of a doorway until she had passed. It was possible that some slight noise had startled her, for instead of attempting to continue her search in other parts of the house, she had hurried to the attic in the *grenier* in which she slept; Philippe had followed softly, and locked her in; he knew that thence escape was impossible. Upon returning to his brother's room, to awaken and inform him of what had occurred, he had found him—dead! Then immediately, without loss of time, he had summoned the police and sent for medical aid. Subsequent examination of the body proved that the death of Charles Labarette was due to arsenic, administered in a sufficient quantity to prove fatal within a few hours.

Those who knew Philippe were not surprised at his mode of procedure: Jeanne Lagache was a powerful woman, and Philippe hardly numbered physical bravery among his recognised characteristics.

The evil intentions of the murderess, he further explained, had not been confined to Charles. He also would, beyond doubt, have fallen a victim to her villainy but for suspicions which he had for some time entertained. He had warned his brother, but being unable to offer any conclusive evidence of her guilt, Charles had laughed at his fears.

On the night in question he had left untasted some coffee which Jeanne had brought him, influenced by a nervous, unaccountable terror; and the coffee, when tested, was found to contain a powerful drug, which would, at any rate, have insured his sleeping soundly until the morning, thus affording Jeanne ample leisure to escape with such valuables and money as she could lay hands on.

But why, it was asked, had the fury of this terrible woman vented itself chiefly upon the younger brother, who was known to be impoverished, in fact, almost penniless?

For this a sufficient motive was forthcoming. Jeanne Lagache was the mother of a young daughter, a girl of fifteen, who until a fortnight ago had lived at the farm, helped her mother in her work, shared her room, and hardly ever been allowed out of her sight. And yet, in spite of all this care, Carline had disappeared, and Jeanne had been as one mad with rage and pain.

The girl had vanished suddenly and utterly,

leaving no trace, and Jeanne had accused Charles Labarette of having a hand in the affair, for no better reason than that he had once or twice bid the child a civil good-day in passing through the kitchen.

The story of Jeanne herself in some measure corroborated that of her master, in some measure contradicted it. She owned to having searched the desk of Charles Labarette in the hope of obtaining some trace of her daughter, but strenuously denied all thought or intention of poison. She had believed her master to be sleeping quietly from the effects of the *tisane*. As to the time of her being locked in her garret, there was a discrepancy; she stated that she had left the room of Charles Labarette at half-past three; Philippe declared that it was half-past four; and, moreover, the news of the affair had not been conveyed to the police until half-past five.

A discrepancy, truly; but not one that materially affected the evidence against Jeanne Lagache in the minds of the jury, for on one other all-important point she was proved to have lied. She swore that she had no poisons or drugs in her possession, yet a jar containing a white powder, and labelled "powdered sugar," was found in a small cupboard in the kitchen; and the white powder proved to be arsenic.

It was, however, when Jeanne was finally questioned by the judge that she made the statement which, although felt to be startling at the time, was subsequently regarded as a proof of a disordered mind. After once more protesting her innocence, she raised her hand, and pointing at Philippe Labarette, cried loudly:—

"I am not guilty of poisoning Charles Labarette, for he is alive, and stands here among you! It is Philippe who is dead—but not by my hand—and Charles, having stolen my daughter, is driving me to ruin and to death."

All eyes turned to follow the direction of the prisoner's pointing hand. Bah! surely the woman was mad. The image of the man she had slain was ever before her mind until she believed she saw him with bodily eyes; did not everyone know Philippe Labarette, just as he sat there now, with drooping jaw and vacant stare, as though hardly hearing or comprehending the woman's words—the look almost of an idiot upon his well-featured face? Beyond doubt it was poor Charles, bright-eyed, light-hearted, gay, who lay in his grave.

Jeanne was found guilty; but in view of

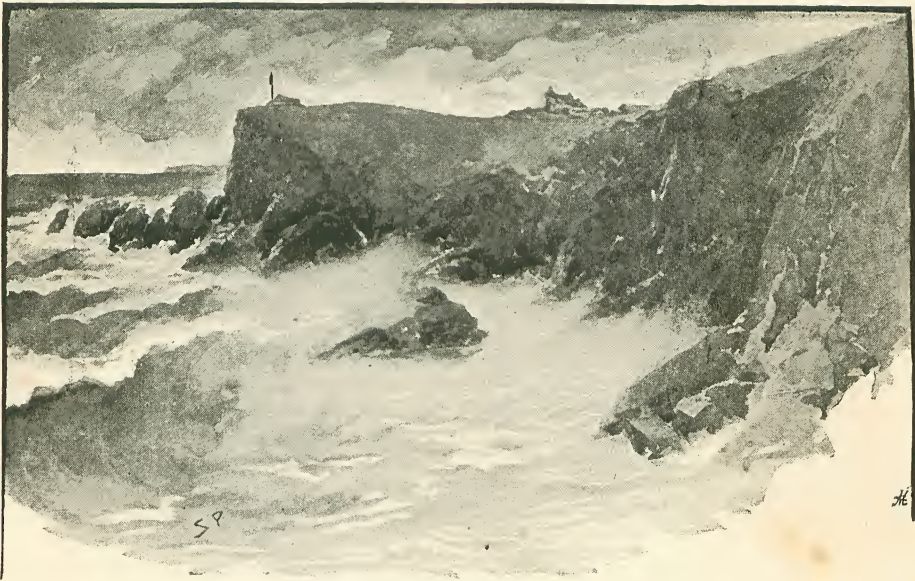


the suffering entailed through the loss of her daughter, and the apparent weakness of intellect which had ensued, the clause of extenuating circumstances was added to the verdict, and the sentence of death ultimately commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

Ten years of the sentence of Jeanne Lagache had passed away, and from the *travaux forcés*, she had been transferred to the care of "*Les Bonnes Chrétiennes*," a confraternity of devoted women, who occupied themselves with the rescue of the most depraved and hopeless of their sex, and had more than one house in which they received female prisoners who, for good conduct, were allowed to pass from the public prisons to

glare. Before a storm, heralding its approach, a mighty swell swept in, in long, unbroken rollers, rising to a height of many feet, to fall and rise again with increased volume and force, until they hurled themselves upon the rocks or against the almost perpendicular cliff sides, shrouding the whole scene in a mist of spray and flying scud. Beneath the cliffs, the water, rushing into the unseen caves, found its way up again to light and air, impelled by the violence of concussion through blow-holes worn in the rock, and the spray-showers shot upwards with a force and beauty the like of which no cunning of man ever knew how to contrive, and fell again—a salt and blinding shower.

Then flocks of seagulls followed in the



'SINNERS' POINT.

their care, although still under sentence of rigorous confinement.

The house to which Jeanne Lagache had been consigned stood upon a wild and barren promontory of the western coast, the only building near it, for miles across the long, flat cliff, being a signal station, which crowned the point of dangerous rocks that jutted far out into the sea. The coast was eminently dangerous and dreary, well known and dreaded by the mariners who navigated those waters.

In calm weather the sea lay a dead level of shining blue, meeting the dead level of yellow land that crowned the cliff, with only the white walls of the convent and the signal station to break the monotony and add to the

wake of the rollers, darkening the air with their mass, flying in broken columns. And, strangely enough, blending with the salt and the spray, and the seaweed and the ozone, crept, all around, the scent of wild thyme. The cliff top must have been covered with it, and perhaps it grew in the convent garden, rescued by the toil of the prisoners from the waste.

And to this solitude, to complete her sentence, was sent Jeanne Lagache. What hope could she have here of ever gaining tidings of the child whose fate still lay the heaviest sorrow at her breast, or of the man who, she still maintained, had doubly wronged her? She would sooner have remained where people came and went more fre-



quently ; where news from the outer world occasionally crept in.

Still, being hard-working, civil-spoken, and patient, no one had cause for complaint against her. She had acquired an influence over the more unruly of her fellow-sufferers which turned to her and their advantage, and little marks of confidence were shown her by the gentle nuns who were her present gaolers, which lightened her captivity and softened her fate. Her large, powerful features, in spite of an expression of intense sadness, wore a look of peace—the peace of a soul that has accepted the worst that life can bring, and yet has hope in death.

It has been said that the nuns regarded her kindly ; and this was true of all, save the Superior of the establishment, "*La Mère*," as she was usually called. To her, in virtue of her office, was known the history of every prisoner under her charge, and in every case she seemed to find room for hope, patience, and love, save in the case of *Jeanne Lagache*.

From the first, although *Mère Angélique* manifestly strove to be just towards this poor woman, she appeared to shrink from her with involuntary unconquerable repugnance, and the consciousness of this feeling was a daily cross to *Jeanne*, who entertained a deep devotion for the stately, beautiful woman, whose word ruled the little colony, who came among the poor creatures she governed as one of God's own angels : awe-inspiring, gentle, passionless, and firm, robed in the white serge gown of her order, which seemed an emblem to their darkened souls of her distant, unstained purity. But the tenderness extended to the most reprobate was withheld from *Jeanne Lagache*.

The chief events which occurred to break the monotony of life at "*Sinners' Point*," as the place was called, were the storms which occasionally swept over it, and the wrecks which these entailed, and it was in the second year of *Jeanne's* residence that a hurricane occurred such as none then living in the convent could remember. The out-buildings of the signal-house were blown down ; the spray of the breakers rose high above the cliffs against which they burst, and mingled with that from the blow-holes and with the flying scud ; the outlines of the shore were lost, and the water ran in channels up to the very convent doors.

The gale continuing through the night with unabated fury, fears were entertained in the morning for the safety of the convent itself. The chapel towers fell with a crash, the walls both of the chapel and the main

building were felt to rock ; it was known that, owing to the small depth of soil which covered the cliff, the foundations were not too secure ; the creaking and groaning of rafters, strained and splitting, the falling of stones and slates, the crashing of windows, were heard on every side, mingling with the roar of the storm.

The women were becoming terrified and unmanageable, and about noon the Mother Superior summoned a conclave of the sisters, and it was decided that the whole community should avail themselves of a means of safety, which the foresight of some such danger as the present had caused to be provided. From the interior of the convent a stairway had been cut in the cliff, down from the cellars, leading to a subterranean passage which opened into a cave. The entrance to this cave from the shore was at the end of a cove—never, within the memory of anyone then living, swamped by the highest tide. Here they would be safe until the tempest was over ; here, also, they could store such furniture and valuables as they could remove, should the occasion arise.

The orders were given, and early in the afternoon the whole community, numbering in all nearly one hundred women, were sheltered within the cave. Old *Pierre*, the factotum of the establishment, who acted as carpenter, engineer, and gardener in chief, had reported that the building might last through the day if the storm did not increase in violence, and might even be saved if the wind fell before night. In the meantime he remained above, ready to go for help to the nearest town, about five miles away, if absolutely necessary.

And now, from the narrow opening of the cave, could be seen, through blinding mists of spray and scud and foam, the wild, tossing sea ; tossing in a seeming agony of desire to wreak vengeance and destruction upon every opposing agency within its reach.

And behold, in a break of the flying storm, the women pressing to the entrance of the cave, with eager faces, and heads peering one above the other, saw lashed by the waves, and enfolded and tossed aloft, a poor, unhappy ship, shortly, beyond doubt, to be dashed upon the rocks, like a child's plaything that has served its turn.

Perhaps the storm appealed to passions in those fierce natures and strong, gaunt frames, long silenced by the force of monotonous restraint and round of preaching ; at any rate, the coarsened visages lit up with a wild excitement that seemed to claim kindred

with the elements that tossed and raved at the chains of Omnipotent Law never to be broken—but, as they saw a faintly outlined figure or two clinging to the bending masts, that now appeared rocking on the crest of a breaker, a softened look crept over the rugged faces.

They, too, were outcast—wrecked by the more cruel sea of ignorance and passion; they had sinned and had been punished; they owned the kinship of suffering.

And behind them and in their midst the nuns, their keepers, crossed their breasts and prayed for the souls whom, it seemed, no human aid could reach.

The end came, and the good ship lay prone upon the rocks. A rocket had been shot from the station-house, but either the apparatus was faulty or the poor, drenched humanities out there, meeting their doom, were ignorant of the use of it. One clinging figure after another was washed from mast and rigging—at one moment they caught sight of the captain on the bridge; the next, he was gone. Now they could see the almost helpless figures in the foam and surf, struggling to swim or to gain a hold upon a rock, only to be seized and tossed afresh by the seething, angry waves, or dashed and hurled to a more cruel death upon the jagged points from which they had been dragged.

Then Jeanne Lagache spoke, with tears in her eyes, which made themselves felt in the deep tones of her voice.

"Mes sœurs, I can bear this no longer. We are strong—we women, and our lives of

no great matter. Some of those poor fellows out there may have wives and children at home. It is a French vessel, you see, and they are our compatriots, those men. Let us give them a chance. We could make a long chain, hand joining hand. I am willing to go first. We shall be strong, even against the waves, and the Holy Mother of God will protect us, only we must hold fast till death."

A faint light shone upon the woman's face as she spoke; she stepped forward out on to the sand from the sheltering cave, and extended her strong, toil-worn hand.

A woman from behind, perhaps even taller and broader than Jeanne, a woman of a record to make one shiver, sprang forward and clasped it in a palm that had done strange work in its day; then another followed, and another: it was the first issue of these women of crime from darkness into day. And as the long, living chain waded into the surf, the sisters within the cave knelt and chanted the Litanies.

*Pater de cœlis Deus,  
Miserere nobis;  
Sancta Maria, Ora  
pro nobis,  
Agnus Dei, Misere  
nobis parce nobis  
Domine.*

Three sailors

had been rescued by the devoted band of women, and dragged in safety to the shore, when, at the fourth venture, Jeanne Lagache saw a man, who belonged, apparently, to a different grade of life, brought close within the reach of her strong arm, in the swish and swirl of receding waters. It was but for a moment that her eyes rested upon the white, impassive face, agonized with fear, before swept into unconsciousness, but that moment was enough for the recognition



"PRESSING TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE."



of features indelibly impressed upon her memory.

And then? She had but to stay her hand, for a single second, for the drawing of a breath, and the man who was responsible for her life's misery would have gone to his eternal doom. Could it be done? Before the thought was consummated, before she could realize the possible influence of his preservation upon her own fate, she had seized the helpless form; the signal was given; and both she and her burden were being drawn towards the shore.

She was conscious only of having felt that it was impossible to surrender him, living or dead, to the sea.

As the afternoon closed in, the storm showed signs of abating; seven men in all had been saved by the efforts of the women, and now there seemed no more to rescue. With deep thankfulness the nuns learned that their convent would still afford them secure shelter, though much damage had been done, and that they might venture to return.

Of the rescued men, five were common sailors, and these had been carried to the station-house; the two remaining, of whom one proved to be a passenger and the other the captain of the vessel, were taken to the cottage of old Pierre, which, as it had been sheltered by the larger buildings, had suffered comparatively little damage. The captain had received severe injuries in the water before his rescue, and there were reasons to fear concussion of the brain from a blow on the side of the head; but the passenger had recovered consciousness, and seemed suffering from nothing worse than exhaustion.

Night fell, and once more the convent was under the rule of silence and routine.

Complinè with a *Te Deum* for their deliverance had been sung in the chapel; the women had retired to their cells; the nuns were assembled in the community room for the evening hour of recreation.

But the Mother Superior was not among them. Against all established custom at this hour, she was giving audience to one of the prisoners—Jeanne Lagache.

The two women were in the little room reserved for such interviews; the Superior sat beside the wooden table on which stood the large bronze crucifix; the stone floor was partially covered with a square of matting, a lamp was suspended before a statue of the Madonna; except a second chair, there was no other furniture. The nun was in shadow, Jeanne Lagache stood near

the lamp. The hands of the *religieuse* lay folded in her lap, decently covered by the long sleeves of her habit; if now and again they moved convulsively, their nervous action could not be seen.

The hands of the convict, which that day had dragged seven men from the jaws of death, were clasped and wrung together, her rugged face was alive and quivering with emotion, with the passion of motherhood re-awakened with the touch of hope.

"*Ma mère*, for myself I ask nothing, but—my little Carline! I will remain a prisoner for ever, if he will but tell me the fate of my little daughter. She may be still alive. And who knows? Of the mercy of God and your goodness, she might find a shelter here, and I should see her sometimes. Ah! *Ma mère*, if you were not a holy *religieuse*, if in the world you had loved and suffered, as some poor women love and suffer, you would know what it means to think you may see again, after a separation of death, the child of your heart, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh. But if—*mon Dieu*—if I hear that she is dead!—then I shall know that she is at rest. Then I ask nothing but to live out my life of penance, and—to die."

The Superior sat motionless; only the thin, white hands—hands powerful in their way as those of Jeanne Lagache—clutched convulsively at the linings of the long sleeves.

At last she spoke, but without turning her face towards the convict.

"Jeanne, you have suffered long and cruelly, also, it appears, undeservedly. I will try to assist you; justice to you shall be rendered. Return now to your cell—I will see you in the morning."

The absolute chill and repression of manner which accompanied the words froze all reply, all expression of gratitude upon the lips of the woman to whom they were addressed.

Silently she made her obeisance and left the room; the matron was waiting outside to conduct her to her cell, and see her safely locked in for the night.

On two pallet beds in the front room of the cottage of old Pierre lay the two rescued men: the captain, still unconscious, and breathing stertorously; the passenger, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Suddenly old Pierre, who was arranging things for the night, was startled by a knock at the outer door, still more startled, on opening it, to find standing there the Mother Superior. She made a sign of silence and entered. Pierre recovered; after all, it was not so strange that the Rev. Mother should visit the



sick ; she regarded all who belonged to the little colony as her children.

Within the room she said : " I have come to relieve your watch, Pierre, for an hour—you must be weary—you have toiled hard to-day. You can lie in the inner room within call."

The old man obeyed, nothing loth. It was like the charity of the Mother, he thought, to take the watch herself that an old man might rest. Ten minutes later, he was snoring peacefully in the little closet room adjoining.

But the nun was kneeling beside the pallet bed on which the passenger lay.

He was a handsome man, and in this deep sleep of exhaustion looked singularly youthful ; the Superior was a woman of perhaps five-and-fifty years of age, but her skin was free from wrinkles, and the contour of her cheek softly rounded. It was not difficult to trace a likeness between the face, quiet in a sleep almost as profound as death, and that which gazed down upon it, white and motionless as though carved in stone.

Suddenly he stirred in his sleep and seemed to dream ; his lips moved, and he moaned and muttered indistinctly.

The face of the nun quivered and grew alight, as though a flame had been kindled at her heart, which shone through her eyes and upon her lips, a flame of passionate, transcendent love. Then she stooped, and with her transparent fingers moved the covering at his throat. The flesh was marked indelibly with a small blue mark in the form of a cross.

For a moment, the Superior of the Bonnes Chrétiennes quivered from head to foot—for a moment, her arms stretched out with the action of a mother who would take her child to her bosom—then they fell helpless and empty.

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" Charles Labarette ! " The voice sounded strangely ; there was an evident effort to make it stern and hard, yet through it echoed the longing of intense desire, pathetic, pitiful.

The sleeping man stirred once more.

" Charles—my son ! " The eyes opened upon hers, blue, wide, wondering, as when he had lain a babe upon her breast.

It was an hour later at least that old Pierre awoke with an idea of feeling an extra gust of the wind that was still fresh, and a sound in his ears like the shutting of a door.

He started to his feet and hurried to the front room. The captain still breathed stertorously ; the Mother Superior was gone ; so also was the passenger.



" HER ARMS STRETCHED OUT WITH THE ACTION OF A MOTHER."

Old Pierre went to the door and shouted, but no one replied ; he ruffled his few grey hairs in much perplexity. Why had not the Rev. Mother called him before she left ? Had the poor man who had been sleeping there awoke, delirious and alone, and wandered out into the night, to meet a death more dreadful than that which he had escaped ? He would certainly fall over the cliff in the darkness.

Pierre took his lantern and searched carefully ; but no sign of human being stirring in any direction was to be found. Save for



the solitary gleam of the altar lamp from the chapel window, the convent was dark and silent as the grave.

The next morning, so soon as the office had been sung in the chapel, the Superior sent for Jeanne Lagache.

When the convict entered the little audience-room, a visible tremor of excitement shook her gaunt frame; the Superior was quite composed, but her face in the morning light was the colour of the stone floor; she drew her veil across it as Jeanne knocked at the door.

"Jeanne Lagache," she said, in a voice that sounded like a broken flute, "I have obtained for you the information you desire; also a full confession of guilt, the guilt for which you have unjustly suffered, from Charles Labarette. It is here, in this paper, signed and sealed—and I am ready to attest to the identity of Charles Labarette, that he was alive last night and wrote this paper—for—I am—his mother!" Something of the agony of its grief broke from the strong nature, and revealed itself in the harsh crescendo of the last word. Jeanne Lagache uttered a half articulate cry of astonishment and horror.

The full meaning of the situation was beyond the immediate grasp of her mind. Naturally, it had never occurred to her to associate the Madame Labarette, of whom she had heard—the widow who, so soon as her two sons reached the age of maturity, had forsaken the world for the seclusion of a convent—with the Superior of the Bonnes Chrétiennes.

Before she could recover herself, or find words for the thoughts that were surging in wild bewilderment through her brain, the Superior continued: "I trust that there will be no difficulty in establishing your innocence; but I hear this morning from Pierre, that during the night—the—the true criminal has escaped; there may be some difficulty yet, there-

fore, in bringing him to justice. Perhaps, however, you will bear this with more patience, when I tell you that he really loved your daughter Carline—as much, it appears, as it was in his nature to love—that she is, in fact, his wife. He was on his way to join her in England when he was wrecked. Her address is there, in the paper."

Her voice seemed growing weaker, failing her altogether. With a sign of her arm she signified that she wished to be alone, and Jeanne Lagache, trembling, at once joyful and bewildered, uncertain and sorrowful, turned in silence to obey. The simple nature of the woman longed to find some expression for the tumultuous sympathy that mingled with her own freshly kindled hopes; but all words within human utterance would have seemed an insult to the grief of that white, stately figure that demanded only the respect of silence, the relief of solitude, as a shelter from pity.

But the feeling, which words would have coarsened and violated, found expression in silent action.

Jeanne knelt, and raised the rim of the white serge habit to her lips.

Reverence, compassion, gratitude, eternal as life, a profound respect, all were in that salutation of her who, for twelve years, had been a convict and counted a murderess, to her who had been her gaoler, and who was



"JEANNE KNELT, AND RAISED THE RIM OF THE WHITE SERGE HABIT TO HER LIPS."

the mother of the man who had wronged her. A shiver, as though she felt in the touch only a fresh wound, ran through the figure of the Superior. She bowed forward, and sank her head into her muffled hands. Presently the door closed, and she knew that she was alone.

Then she rose and, kneeling at the foot of the little altar, prayed long and fervently, as women do pray who are torn between natural affection and heavenly desire.

But the ordered self-restraint of years was upon her even in her moment of utmost self-abandonment and solitude with God. She permitted herself no extravagant expressions of grief, no wild entreaties; as she lived, she prayed: a calm, still, intense woman, conscious of brave intent and of deep cause for atonement; perhaps, also, questioning now, all too late, with bitter self-introspect, the spirit which had led her to withdraw her influence from the lives of her sons. And Jeanne Lagache, in her cell, spelt over the written words which held her justification, and trembled and thanked God. That Carline should be the wife of Charles Labarette was the most perplexing point of the whole strange history. His confession was ample and unreserved. He told how he had killed his brother Philippe for the sake of the wealth which had been his, Charles's inheritance, gained, he discovered, by his brother through cunning. For years Philippe had been stealthily carrying out his plan of ruining him. Charles's suspicions were at last aroused, and he had assured himself of the facts by successfully assuming his brother's personality, and in his character meeting the men employed to induce him, Charles, to drink and gamble. He had not allowed the knowledge to make any apparent difference in his conduct: he had simply bided his time.

On the night of Philippe's death he had contrived, during Jeanne's absence from the kitchen, to introduce arsenic into the cup of coffee which she had prepared for her master. He had then retired to bed, where, shortly after, she brought him the harmless *tisane* of violets. After he had drunk it, he put a few grains of the arsenic into the dregs remaining in the cup.

He had lain awake and seen her enter his room and search his *escritoire*, supposing him to be asleep; when she left, he had risen and followed her, and locked her in the garret.

He had merely regarded her action in this particular as an assistance towards his

plan of throwing upon her the suspicion of murder.

Upon his return from the *grenier* he had gone to Philippe's room, and found, as he expected, that he had breathed his last; also, that the muscular contortion which had distinguished him in life had completely disappeared in the anguish of death. He had then removed the body to his own room, and changed any clothes that might have led to detection. He had thrown away the remains of the poisoned coffee, and substituted some which he had drugged, thus to complete the chain of evidence against Jeanne. Experience had proved to him that he could assume his brother's character, manner, and appearance successfully, up to a certain point. Everything now depended upon his being able to continue the deception to the end. He owned that the strain had been enormous, but with deliberate self-analysis, added that he believed a lack of emotionalism or sensibility, which had always underlaid his careless good temper, had enabled him to carry out his programme, rather than native cruelty or roused passion. As a last precaution, he had placed the remains of the arsenic in the sugar-jar in Jeanne's cupboard. His arrangements completed, he had, in Philippe's character, summoned the police.

As for Carline—she had been the weak spot of his life. After luring her away, he had placed her for a time in such seclusion that she heard absolutely nothing of what had occurred. He represented to her that her mother had finally cast her off, on account of her desertion, and as at that time she read even printed matter slowly, and never thought of looking at, or asking for, a newspaper, the task of keeping her in ignorance had not been difficult. She was virtually imprisoned in a farm-house with people who were in his pay. Later on, having sold the farm Labarette, he had made her his wife, and taken her with him to America.

He had also used his utmost influence to obtain the commutation of the sentence of death against Jeanne Lagache; he had no desire to be the executioner of the mother of Carline, although it suited his purpose to keep her out of the way. He added that since his great crime he had lived honestly, and to the best of his power had been a good husband and father. Association with Carline had aroused within him feelings of pure affection and a sense of the awfulness of his crime.

He had suffered the most bitter remorse, and his inner life had been one of torture.



Long ago he must have confessed his sin, and delivered himself up to justice, but for the misery and suffering such a course would have entailed upon his wife.

The confession of Charles Labarette, together with the attestation of his mother to his identity, were submitted to the Government; and, after some delay, Jeanne Lagache received a free pardon for the offence she had never committed. No trace of the murderer from the hour of his departure from the cottage of old Pierre was ever again discovered.

It was strange, however, that as time passed on, a sort of legendary report was circulated through the neighbourhood, for many miles round Sinners' Point, to the effect that the caves and shore were haunted; the story was said to have originated with the men at the signal station, who swore that they had seen a strange figure moving in the cove or beneath the cliff at night—who disappeared suddenly into the darkness, none knew how or whither. One account represented the figure as being the likeness and wearing the dress of the cloistered nuns, who never left the precincts of the convent, and suggested that the ghost of a departed sister of the Bonnes Chrétiennes, who had broken the rule in life, had found herself after a lapse of years forced to repent the offence in the spirit, and to wander restlessly over the scene of her misdeeds. Others said that the form was that of a man wrapped in a long cloak, with hair that fell unkempt and ragged about his shoulders.

Old Pierre shook his head, with fast-sealed lips, and some thought he knew more about the ghost of the caves than those who talked.

But these whispers led to nothing, and in time died away.

Jeanne Lagache remained in the convent and became a lay sister. Her experience

among the convicts rendered her invaluable in the work of the Order.

Two of the Bonnes Chrétiennes, belonging to a branch house in London, called upon Carline. They found her a simple-hearted, innocent woman, young still, and retaining much of her girlish beauty, totally unsuspecting the terrible secret which had overshadowed her life.

She was told only that her husband had been shipwrecked near the convent in which her mother lived, and that, although she might see him no more, her mother longed to receive and comfort her.

In her grief and loneliness, her heart yearned for the love which had sheltered her childhood; as soon as possible, she started with her two children for the Convent of the Bonnes Chrétiennes at Sinners' Point, and ultimately inhabited a small château about three miles distant. Charles Labarette had left her well-provided for.

Several years passed away in uneventful calm; Jeanne in her old age looked a happy woman, for sometimes she saw Carline; and sometimes Carline's children played in the convent garden, to the great delight of old Pierre.

Then suddenly the ghost stories, which had at one time haunted the place, received a curious, though temporary, revival. It was said at the signal-house that lights and muffled forms had been seen moving over the cliff, and that the convent chapel bell had tolled at midnight. Whatever the truth of this story, it is certain that shortly after, although no one had died within the convent walls, a cross bearing neither name nor superscription marked a spot of newly-turned earth in the little cemetery belonging to the Order, and for many a month the voices of the nuns might frequently be heard within the chapel, chanting at midnight the solemn office for the dead.

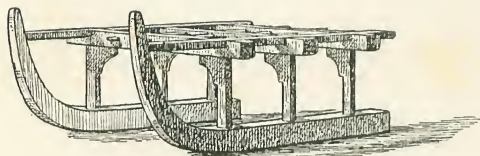
## *Tobogganing in the Engadine.*

BY CELIA LOVEJOY.



WHEN the enthusiastic tobogganer from the Engadine speaks on his return to England of his winter experiences as serious sport, his utterances are usually received with smiles of tolerant incredulity. This is because those English who are not personally acquainted with Alpine tobogganing seem to imagine it to be something after the style of the play that has lately been seen on the cliffs of Dover and the hills of Hampstead. This is a mistake.

Two things go to make up the charm of



SWISS TOBOGGAN.

tobogganing in the Engadine: the sport itself, and the climatic conditions under which the sport is enjoyed. It is quite impossible to give in words any adequate idea of either; experience only can do this. At a height of 6,000ft. above the sea-level, in an atmosphere so pure that distances of miles seem little

more than yards, so dry that a temperature of 20deg. or 30deg. of frost seems quite comfortably cold; under a sky, of which the blue is unclouded for three months at a

stretch; in the midst of sunshine that transcends anything we ever experience in England, depression flees, the spirits rise, and unexpected capacities for enjoyment reveal themselves. It is the invigorating air and the exhilarating sunshine that bring people to St. Moritz, so while the sun is up everyone is out of doors. This has led to the development of all such open-air sports as are suited to an Alpine climate, and of these tobogganing is pre-eminent. The fascination of the sport

rests in the rapid motion through the keen, bright, frosty air, and the dash of danger that attends it.

Tobogganing, as a sport, is in its youth. As a means of travelling down a steep incline, it may be close on two thousand years old; for did not Cæsar's legions slide down the Julier Pass upon their shields, steering with their spears? The first efforts to turn it into a sport were made in 1882 at Davos, by Mr. John Addington Symonds and others. Thirteen years have seen great developments, and the tobogganing of to-day does, indeed, call for the exercise of every quality that goes to make a true sportsman.

Before English-speaking people took to tobogganing, the Swiss handschlitten was the only machine known. This was a light, wooden skeleton with flat, iron runners, and was used by the natives to convey goods across the snow—they themselves occasionally mounting beside their goods to come down a slope. It was an American who, in 1887, invented the new type—a long, low, solid, heavy machine, with round spring runners of steel. The first one, named "America," was 4ft. 10in. long, 13in. wide, 4½in. high, and the runners were 5-8ths of an inch in diameter, with a spring of half an inch in the middle. For some time

there was a prejudice against the new invention, but when it was discovered that in races no other machine stood any chance against it, it was taken up and im-

mediately entirely superseded the Swiss, the use of which only survives amongst visitors, because Mr. John Addington Symonds founded an annual race to prevent its disappearance.

In the winter of 1888, Mr. W. H. Bulpett brought out an improvement on the



"AMERICA" TOBOGGAN.



SKELETON SPRING-RUNNER TOBOGGAN.



"America" in the form of the skeleton spring runner, but it was not until 1890 that this new toboggan was got to work satisfactorily. Now, no races are run on anything else. It consists of steel skeleton runners, which support a breast-plank of wood. The runners do not shrink or warp as wooden ones do, and can be constructed with perfect accuracy, so the machine is quite reliable; the spring obviates jars, so greater speed at greater personal comfort is obtained. Some riders have their runners

grooved, in order that they may the better bite the ice and prevent the machine skidding on awkward corners. The expert has a different type of machine for each run, for a toboggan that will do rapid work on ice will behave quite differently on snow.

The position of the rider has passed through various phases. First, everyone sat the toboggans as the Swiss do. Then the sideways, reclining attitude of the Canadians, with the left foot tucked underneath the right leg, which works backwards and forwards for steering purposes, was tried. To-day, amongst men, the head foremost position is universal. In this, the rider is flat on his face on his machine, the total length of which measures about from his chin to his knee. His body rests upon the



From a]

THE VILLAGE RUN

[Photograph.

board, which is covered with a thin cushion, his head and shoulders, as a rule, projecting beyond it. He grasps the top bar of the steel runner with his hands, and steers and brakes with his feet, which are shod at the toes with stout steel rakes. For delicate steering, the hand or even a turn of the head suffices; but at sharp turns it may be necessary to swing round the whole of the body, and the machine with it, and to use, as well, one or both feet. Some riders at critical points slip back from their machine in order to raise its head, leaping forward again immediately they have achieved what they desire. In the sitting position the heels are held close to either side of the head of the machine, ready to be dropped to the ground if needed to steer or brake. Iron-shod pegs are held in the

hands and used for the same purpose. The head-furthest position is a long way the safest. There is more control over the movements of the machine, the hold on it is more secure, a fall from it is easier, and, above all, there is a much smaller surface of the body exposed to the resistance of the air, and so a greater pace is obtained. Other things being equal, which they are not, a lady sitting would have no chance in a race against a man lying.

At Davos, road-tobog-



From a]

THE VILLAGE RUN—THE START,

[Photograph.





From a] THE VILLAGE RUN—LORD WILLIAM MANNERS [Photograph.  
AND THE HON. HARRY GIBSON ON ROCKING-HORSE TOBOGGANS.

ganning is much practised, but there are no suitable roads at St. Moritz, so the pioneers of the sport began the construction of artificial ice-runs; now there is little or no riding upon anything else. The first riding of the season is on the Village Run, a public road, which leads down from the village on the hill-side to the lake at the bottom of the valley. It is about 700 yds. in length, and has a drop of 150 ft. Until three seasons ago, it was a snow run on an open road, so there was always a chance, though it rarely occurred, of meeting an unsuspected horse and sleigh as you turned an awkward corner. Now the Kurverein has taken the run in hand, and it has banked corners and an iced surface, and horses and sleighs find the upper road more to their liking. It has a winding course with two good corners, and affords excellent practice for the more difficult run which is built later in the season. A corner

is a sharp turn which must be banked as a turn in a cycling track is banked, to enable the toboggan to get round it. Caspar's Corner is the most interesting point in this run. It is a very sharp turn, and calls for a good deal of skill and discretion on the part of the rider. The biggest failures and the biggest successes are scored here, and there is always a little crowd of expectant spectators.

Only one rider goes down at a time. People stand at the top of the run, and start in turn, allowing a short interval to elapse between each start. A rider's pace soon gets known, so a slow rider will start almost immediately after a quick one, but a quick one will allow time for a slow one to get a good way ahead, before he begins his own course. In 1894 two enterprising young gentlemen, attired in pink, raced simultaneously down the Village Run on rocking-horse toboggans. But there were collisions at the corners, and one, and the same, rider fell in each heat. This is probably the only side-by-side race that has taken place on a St. Moritz run.

The interest of tobogganing in St. Moritz is centred on the Cresta Run, which is



From a]

THE VILLAGE RUN—CASPAR'S CORNER.

[Photograph.



acknowledged to be the most interesting and difficult in the world. The length is three-quarters of a mile, the drop is 500ft. It starts considerably above the level of the village, in a natural gully, which cuts the hill-side round which the main road winds between St. Moritz and the neighbouring village of Cresta, crosses the same main road, and ends some way down in the valley below it. Standing on the time-keeper's mound at the head of the run, one can see it twisting the whole of its serpentine course down the valley, such a bewildering combination of leaps, and corners, and straights as might well make the most courageous rider pause and consider. If the sun is on it, its sloping ice walls shine like silver, and one wonders how any machine in the world can hold on to them. If it is in the shade, its audacious sweeps, as forbidding as steel in the greyness of their hue and the hardness of their surface, are even more alarming. It is purposely made as difficult and as fast as possible, so that riding it may demand the sportsman's qualities: courage, nerve, resource, resolution, quickness of eye, coolness of judgment, and alertness of every sense. Riding on it never degenerates into a routine, for on no two days is its condition

years of devoted labour on the part of Mr. W. H. Bulpett has led to several important improvements, brought about by the removal of some awkward rocks, the slight alteration of the course of a stream, and the modification of the shapes of certain banks. The result, in the shape of the present run, is a masterpiece of engineering. The run is marked out with sticks before the snow comes. When enough snow has fallen, at least a foot, the work of making the run begins; operations start from the bottom upwards, and as soon as certain portions are completed, they are open for practice. A gang of native workmen, under the direction of the engineer, marches up and down the course, trampling a way through the freshly-fallen snow. Snow banks are thrown up and trampled into shape. And so a rough plan is obtained. Next, the corner banks round the turns are marked out, so that they appear correct as far as the eye can judge. As each bank has a relation to its successor, it is very necessary that the curves should be quite true; if they are, one bank will throw the toboggan on to the next, that on to the next, and so on. It not infrequently happens that an unskilful rider, who has come to grief, may, on picking himself up, have the



From a]

THE CRESTA RUN, ST. MORITZ—THE START.

[Photograph.

the same. The surface varies with the smallest change of temperature, and riding varies accordingly.

The Cresta Run of 1885 was a less daring conception than the run of 1895. The natural conformation of the land determined the course, but the experience gained by ten

mortification of watching his runaway machine do the whole of the course in the most perfect style, and without a fault. This is owing to the scientific construction of the run. There is a theory for every corner, but as practice is ever superior to theory, each corner is tested experimentally. The engi-



From a)

THE CRESTA RUN--ONE TREE LEAP AND TERRACE  
CROW'S-NEST FOR TIME-KEEPER.

[Photograph.]

Yet he was not afraid. But another, and he an athlete, frankly admitted that he would not do the Cresta for a thousand pounds down then and there. There are few who do not, after their first runs, dream at night that they are shooting up and down perpendicular walls of ice, which inclose a gloomy gulf. When your turn to start comes, you wonder in an impersonal kind of way whether you will arrive at the finish at all, and, if so, whether whole or in fragments. But once

neer, on his toboggan, tries every portion again and again to see if the curves are right. When all inaccuracies have been rectified, the run is watered, beaten down flat, and left to freeze. A smooth surface of hardest ice is the result.

The Cresta starts, as has been said, at the head of the gully. Almost immediately comes the first sudden descent, One Tree Leap, the impetus thus given sending the machine down the level stretch of the Terrace to the famous Church Leap at such a pace that, unless precautions are taken, it shoots through the air at the bend of the slope and comes down with a most unpleasant jar. But this can be prevented if the brake is applied with sufficient strength. To a stranger this bit of the run looks truly terrible; but let it here be said that it is neither as dangerous nor as difficult as it appears. What difficulty there is does not lie in the leap itself, but in the sharp corner which immediately follows, and which is turned by means of three high banks, the first, on the right, measuring 22ft., the second, on the left, 18ft., and the third, on the right, 14ft. The great height of the banks is necessitated by the extreme abruptness of the turn. Until you are on intimate terms with the Cresta, your sensations on approaching Church Leap are very complex. There is too much of the excitement of anticipation and expectation for them to be denominated *fear*, yet your heart is very near your mouth. A very plucky young man, and a good rider, once confessed that he never went down without first offering up a little prayer.

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off, you have no time to think. All your powers of mind and body must be concentrated on taking the first bank at the proper angle, because on that the whole course, practically, depends. If you take the first bank rightly, that is, in the manner that will



From a)

THE CRESTA RUN--CHURCH LEAP. [Photograph.]





From a]

THE CRESTA RUN—SECOND BANK AFTER CHURCH LEAP.

[Photograph.

enable a rider of your weight to get up the most pace, the other banks will do the work themselves, and you will come down on to the very gently curving *straight* that follows at a pace which will carry you up the slight rise and on to the critical corners, Battledore and Shuttlecock. These are two enormous sweeps with low banks, and are considered by some to be the most difficult portion of the run. They must be ridden with the utmost discretion and with complete certainty. If either

on again to Bulpett's Corner, an awkward curve on the left. A slight turn on the right follows, then the descent of Cresta Leap, and a rush up into the snow to the finish. The pace at the end is a little, if any, short of eighty miles an hour, and riders, on rushing up the incline which succeeds the leap, have been known to shoot 40ft. through the air into the soft snow at the top.

Throughout the whole of the course all the mental energies must be intent on the

is taken at too great an angle, the rider simply shoots straight over the bank into several feet of snow. You do not often get hurt, but you find it a terrible business to haul up your machine from its soft bed. Stream Corner is an easier turn, on the same side as Battledore; after it comes a long piece of straight, down which the machine rushes at a terrific pace, and which, crossing the high road, where workmen are stationed to stop untimely sleighs, goes



From a]

THE CRESTA RUN—BATTLEDORE CORNER.

[Photograph.



From a]

THE CRESTA RUN—STREAM CORNER.

[Photograph.

point of the run for which you are making. A glance right or left, an unnecessary movement of any part of the body, may change the course of your machine, slacken its speed, and so spoil your run. A nod to an acquaintance on the footpath has turned a toboggan awry, caused it to rush over the bank, and to deposit its rider head first in the snow.

The run is usually closed before mid-day, because by that time the sun gets round to it, and the friction of the runners under the influence of the powerful rays of an Alpine sun cuts up the surface. A stout canvas screen has been built for the protection of Battledore Corner, which gets the most sun. If it answers, another may be put up at Bulpett's Corner.

The race of the year is the Grand National, a time race run in three heats. The moment the tobog-

gan touches the timing-line the watch is started. As the competitor passes the winning-post, the flagman stationed there drops his flag as a signal to the timekeeper at the top to stop the watch. This year's Grand National was run on Saturday, March 9th, and won by Mr. H. W. Topham, who did the



From a]

THE CRESTA RUN—CRESTA LEAP AND FINISH.

[Photograph.



three heats in 3min. 37 2-5sec., the individual times being 1min. 12 4-5sec., 1min. 12 2-5sec., 1min. 12 1-5sec. Mr. Topham was the winner of the Grand National in 1892 and in 1894, and of the International Symonds Shield race at Davos in 1892. On the day of this year's race the run was in splendid condition and very fast, and the times beat anything that has yet been done either in this or in previous years. A new record was made by Mr. R. Bird and the Hon. Harry

Bobsleigh is a machine about 12ft. in length, fitted with two pairs of runners, the front pair fixed on a pivot so that it can be moved from side to side at the will of the steersman, who sits in front. The brakeman sits behind, and works, by means of levers, the brake—a board studded with iron nails. He also plays a bugle or horn, and plays it very badly. The whole crew, which more often than not is mixed, may consist of as few as four, or as many as ten. Bob-



From a]

BOBSLEIGH TURNING A CORNER ON THE HIGH ROAD.

[Photograph.

Gibson, who were tied in the third heat, of 1min. 11 4-5sec. This gives a speed of over 37½ miles an hour over the whole course.

Any mention of tobogganing at St. Moritz would be very incomplete without a reference to Bobsleighbing, a form of amusement adopted by the more frivolous riders. A

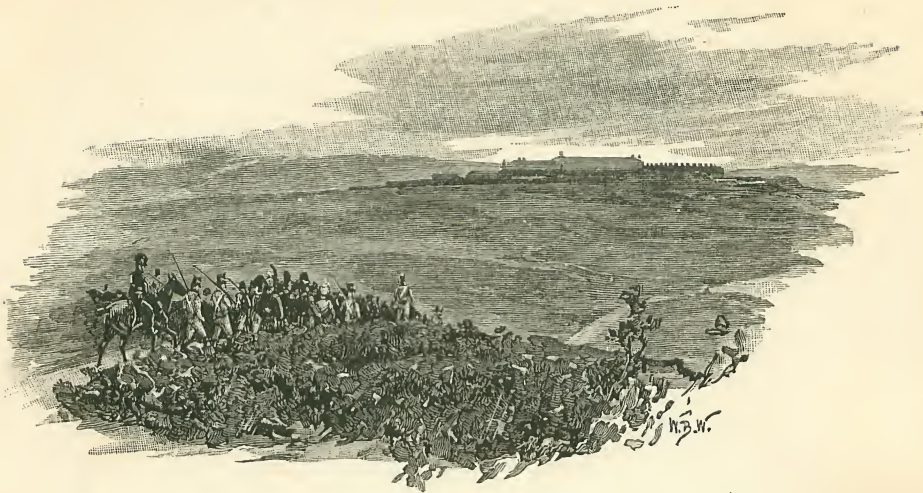
sleighbing is indulged in on the roads or down mountain passes. Such a machine could not be ridden on a winding ice-run. Even upon the road sometimes—

With wildest impetus  
We rush into the frozen bank and stand upon our  
heads—  
And so an end.

# *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.*

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

## II.—HOW THE KING HELD THE BRIGADIER.



THE PRISON AT DARTMOOR.

**M**URAT was undoubtedly an excellent cavalry officer, but he had too much swagger, which spoils many a good soldier. Lasalle, too, was a very dashing leader, but he ruined himself with wine and folly. Now I, Etienne Gerard, was always totally devoid of swagger, and at the same time I was very abstemious, except, maybe, at the end of a campaign, or when I met an old comrade-in-arms. For these reasons I might, perhaps, had it not been for a certain diffidence, have claimed to be the most valuable officer in my own branch of the Service. It is true that I never rose to be more than a chief of brigade, but then, as everyone knows, no one had a chance of rising to the top unless he had the good fortune to be with the Emperor in his early campaigns. Except Lasalle, and Lobau, and Drouet, I can hardly remember any one of the generals who had not already made his name before the Egyptian business. Even I, with all my brilliant qualities, could only attain the head of my brigade, and also the special medal of honour, which I received from the Emperor himself, and which I keep at home in a leathern pouch. But though I never rose higher than this, my qualities were very well known by those who had served with me, and also by the English. After they had captured me in the way which I

described to you the other night, they kept a very good guard over me at Oporto, and I promise you that they did not give such a formidable opponent a chance of slipping through their fingers. It was on the 10th of August that I was escorted on board the transport which was to take us to England, and behold me before the end of the month in the great prison which had been built for us at Dartmoor! "L'hôtel Français, et Pension," we used to call it, for you understand that we were all brave men there, and that we did not lose our spirits because we were in adversity.

It was only those officers who refused to give their parole who were confined at Dartmoor, and most of the prisoners were seamen, or from the ranks. You ask me, perhaps, why it was that I did not give this parole, and so enjoy the same good treatment as most of my brother officers. Well, I had two reasons, and both of them were sufficiently strong.

In the first place, I had so much confidence in myself, that I was quite convinced that I could escape. In the second, my family, though of good repute, has never been wealthy, and I could not bring myself to take anything from the small income of my mother. On the other hand, it would never do for a man like me to be outshone by the bourgeois society of an English country town, or to be with-



out the means of showing courtesies and attentions to those ladies whom I should attract. It was for these reasons that I preferred to be buried in the dreadful prison of Dartmoor. I wish now to tell you of my adventures in England, and of how far Milor Wellington's words were true when he said that his king would hold me.

And first of all I may say that if it were not that I have set off to tell you about what befell myself, I could keep you here until morning with my stories about Dartmoor itself, and about the singular things which occurred there. It was one of the very strangest places in the whole world, for there, in the middle of that great desolate waste, were herded together seven or eight thousand men—warriors you understand, men of experience and courage. Around there were a double wall and a ditch, and warders and soldiers, but, my faith! you could not coop men like that up like rabbits in a hutch! They would escape by twos and tens and twenties, and then the cannon would boom, and the search parties run, and we, who were left behind, would laugh and dance and shout "Vive l'Empereur," until the warders would turn their muskets upon us in their passion. And then we would have our little mutinies too, and up would come the infantry and the guns from Plymouth, and that would set us yelling "Vive l'Empereur" once more, as though we wished them to hear us in Paris. We had lively moments at Dartmoor, and we contrived that those who were about us should be lively also.

You must know that the prisoners there had their own Courts of Justice, in which they tried their own cases, and inflicted their own punishments. Stealing and quarrelling were punished—but most of all treachery. When I came there first there was a man, Meunier, from Rheims, who had given information of some plot to escape. Well, that night, owing to some form or other which had to be gone through, they did not take him out from among the other prisoners, and though he wept and screamed, and grovelled upon the ground, they left him there amongst the comrades whom he had betrayed. That night there was a trial with a whispered accusation and a whispered defence, a gagged prisoner, and a judge whom none could see. In the morning, when they came for their man with papers for his release, there was not as much of him left as you could put upon your thumb nail. They were ingenious people, these prisoners, and they had their own way of managing.

We officers, however, lived in a separate wing, and a very singular group of people we were. They had left us our uniforms, so that there was hardly a corps which had served under Victor, or Massena, or Ney, which was not represented there, and some had been there from the time when Junot was beaten at Viniera. We had chasseurs in their green tunics, and hussars, like myself, and blue-coated dragoons, and white-fronted lancers, and voltigeurs, and grenadiers, and men of the artillery and engineers. But the greater part were naval officers, for the English had had the better of us upon the seas. I could never understand this until I journeyed myself from Oporto to Plymouth, when I lay for seven days upon my back, and could not have stirred had I seen the eagle of the regiment carried off before my eyes. It was in perfidious weather like this that Nelson took advantage of us.

I had no sooner got into Dartmoor than I began to plan to get out again, and you can readily believe that with wits sharpened by twelve years of warfare, it was not very long before I saw my way.

You must know, in the first place, that I had a very great advantage in having some knowledge of the English language. I learned it during the months that I spent before Danzig, from Adjutant Obriant, of the Regiment Irlandais, who was sprung from the ancient kings of the country. I was quickly able to speak it with some facility, for I do not take long to master anything to which I set my mind. In three months I could not only express my meaning, but I could use the idioms of the people. It was Obriant who taught me to say "Be jabbers," just as we might say "Ma foi"; and also "The curse of Crummle!" which means "Ventre bleu!" Many a time I have seen the English smile with pleasure when they have heard me speak so much like one of themselves.

We officers were put two in a cell, which was very little to my taste, for my room-mate was a tall, silent man named Beaumont, of the Flying Artillery, who had been taken by the English cavalry at Astorga.

It is seldom I meet a man of whom I cannot make a friend, for my disposition and manners are—as you know them. But this fellow had never a smile for my jests, nor an ear for my sorrows, but would sit looking at me with his sullen eyes, until sometimes I thought that his two years of captivity had driven him crazy. Ah, how I longed that old Bouvet, or any of my comrades of the



hussars, was there, instead of this mummy of a man. But such as he was I had to make the best of him, and it was very evident that no escape could be made unless he were my partner in it, for what could I possibly do without his observing me? I hinted at it, therefore, and then by degrees I spoke more plainly, until it seemed to me that I had prevailed upon him to share my lot.

I tried the walls, and I tried the floor, and I tried the ceiling, but though I tapped and probed, they all appeared to be very thick and solid. The door was of iron, shutting with a spring lock, and provided with a small grating, through which a warder looked twice in every night. Within there were two beds, two stools, two washstands—nothing more. It was enough for my wants, for when had I had as much during those twelve years spent in camps? But how was I to get out? Night after night I thought of my five hundred hussars, and had dreadful nightmares, in which I fancied that the whole regiment needed shoeing, or that my horses were all bloated with green fodder, or that they were fondered from bogland, or that six squadrons were clubbed in the presence of the Emperor. Then I would awake in a cold

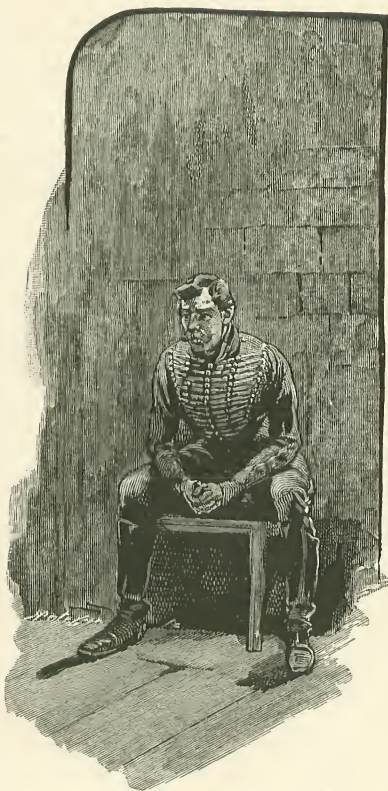
sweat, and set to work picking and tapping at the walls once more; for I knew very well that there is no difficulty which cannot be overcome by a ready brain and a pair of cunning hands.

There was a single window in our cell, which was too small to admit a child. It was further defended by a thick iron bar in the centre. It was not a very promising point of escape, as you will allow, but I became more and more convinced that our efforts must be directed towards it. To make matters worse, it only led out into the exercise yard, which was surrounded by two high walls. Still, as I said to my sullen comrade, it is time to talk of the Vistula when you are over the Rhine. I got a small piece of iron, therefore, from the fit-

tings of my bed, and I set to work to loosen the plaster at the top and the bottom of the bar. Three hours I would work, and then leap into my bed upon the sound of the warder's step. Then another three hours, and then very often another yet, for I found that Beaumont was so slow and clumsy at it that it was on myself only that I could rely. I pictured to myself my

Third of Hussars waiting just outside that window, with kettledrums and standards and leopard-skin schabraques all complete. Then I would work and work like a madman, until my iron was crusted with my blood, as if with rust. And so, night by night, I loosened that stony plaster, and hid it away in the stuffing of my pillow, until the hour came when the iron shook; and then with one good wrench it came off in my hand, and my first step had been made towards freedom.

You will ask me what better off I was, since, as I have said, a child could not have fitted through the opening. I will tell you. I had gained two things—a tool and a weapon. With the one I might loosen the stone which flanked the window. With the other I might defend myself when I had scrambled through. So now I turned



"BEAUMONT."

my attention to that stone, and I picked and picked with the sharpened end of my bar until I had worked out the mortar all round. You understand, of course, that during the day I replaced everything in its position, and that the warder was never permitted to see a speck upon the floor. At the end of three weeks I had separated the stone, and had the rapture of drawing it through, and seeing a hole left with ten stars shining through it, where there had been but four before. All was ready for us now, and I replaced the stone, smearing the edges of it round with a little fat and soot, so as to hide the cracks where the mortar should have been. In three nights the moon would be gone, and that seemed the best time for our attempt.



I had now no doubt at all about getting into the yard, but I had very considerable misgivings as to how I was to get out again. It would be too humiliating, after trying here, and trying there, to have to go back to my hole again in despair, or to be arrested by the guards outside, and thrown into those damp underground cells which are reserved for prisoners who are caught in escaping. I set to work, therefore, to plan what I should do. I have never, as you know, had the chance of showing what I could do as a general. Sometimes, after a glass or two of wine, I have found myself capable of thinking out surprising combinations, and have felt that if Napoleon had intrusted me with an army corps, things might have gone differently with him. But however that may be, there is no doubt that in the small stratagems of war, and in that quickness of invention which is so necessary for an officer of light cavalry, I could hold my own against anyone. It was now that I had need of it, and I felt sure that it would not fail me.

The inner wall which I had to scale was built of bricks, 12ft. high, with a row of iron spikes, three inches apart, upon the top. The outer I had only caught a glimpse of once or twice, when the gate of the exercise yard was open. It appeared to be about the same height, and was also spiked at the top. The space between the walls was over twenty feet, and I had reason to believe that there were no sentries there, except at the gates. On the other hand, I knew that there was a line of soldiers outside. Behold the little nut, my friends, which I had to open with no crackers, save these two hands.

One thing upon which I relied was the height of my comrade Beaumont. I have already said that he was a very tall man, six feet at least, and it seemed to me that if I could mount upon his shoulders, and get my hands upon the spikes, I could easily scale the wall. Could I pull my big companion up after me? That was the question, for when I set forth with a comrade, even though it be one for whom I bear no affection, nothing on earth would make me abandon him. If I climbed the wall and he could not follow me, I should be compelled to return to him. He did not seem to concern himself much about it, however, so I hoped that he had confidence in his own activity.

Then another very important matter was the choice of the sentry who should be on duty in front of my window at the time of our attempt. They were changed every two hours to insure their vigilance, but I, who

watched them closely each night out of my window, knew that there was a great difference between them. There were some who were so keen that a rat could not cross the yard unseen, while others thought only of their own ease, and could sleep as soundly leaning upon a musket as if they were at home upon a feather bed. There was one especially, a fat, heavy man, who would retire into the shadow of the wall and doze so comfortably during his two hours, that I have dropped pieces of plaster from my window at his very feet, without his observing it. By good luck, this fellow's watch was due from twelve to two upon the night which we had fixed upon for our enterprise.

As the last day passed, I was so filled with nervous agitation that I could not control myself, but ran ceaselessly about my cell, like a mouse in a cage. Every moment I thought that the warder would detect the looseness of the bar, or that the sentry would observe the unmortared stone, which I could not conceal outside, as I did within. As for my companion, he sat brooding upon the end of his bed, looking at me in a sidelong fashion from time to time, and biting his nails like one who is deep in thought.

"Courage, my friend!" I cried, slapping him upon the shoulder. "You will see your guns before another month be past."

"That is very well," said he. "But whither will you fly when you get free?"

"To the coast," I answered. "All comes right for a brave man, and I shall make straight for my regiment."

"You are more likely to make straight for the underground cells, or for the Portsmouth hulks," said he.

"A soldier takes his chances," I remarked. "It is only the poltroon who reckons always upon the worst."

I raised a flush in each of his sallow cheeks at that, and I was glad of it, for it was the first sign of spirit which I had ever observed in him. For a moment he put his hand out towards his water jug, as though he would have hurled it at me, but then he shrugged his shoulders and sat in silence once more, biting his nails, and scowling down at the floor. I could not but think, as I looked at him, that perhaps I was doing the Flying Artillery a very bad service by bringing him back to them.

I never in my life have known an evening pass as slowly as that one. Towards night-fall a wind sprang up, and as the darkness deepened it blew harder and harder, until a terrible gale was whistling over the moor. As



I looked out of my window I could not catch a glimpse of a star, and the black clouds were flying low across the heavens. The rain was pouring down, and what with its hissing and splashing, and the howling and screaming of the wind, it was impossible for me to hear the steps of the sentinels. "If I cannot hear them," thought I, "then it is unlikely that they can hear me"; and I waited with the utmost impatience until the time when the inspector should have come round for his nightly peep through our grating. Then having peered through the darkness, and seen nothing of the sentry, who was doubtless crouching in some corner out of the rain, I felt that the moment was come. I removed the bar, pulled out the stone, and motioned to my companion to pass through.

"After you, colonel," said he.

"Will you not go first?" I asked.

"I had rather you showed me the way."

"Come after me, then, but come silently, as you value your life."

In the darkness I could hear the fellow's teeth chattering, and I wondered whether a man ever had such a partner in a desperate enterprise. I seized the bar, however, and mounting upon my stool, I thrust my head and shoulders into the hole. I had wriggled through as far as my waist, when my companion seized me suddenly by the knees, and yelled at the top of his voice: "Help! Help! A prisoner is escaping!"

Ah, my friends, what did I not feel at that

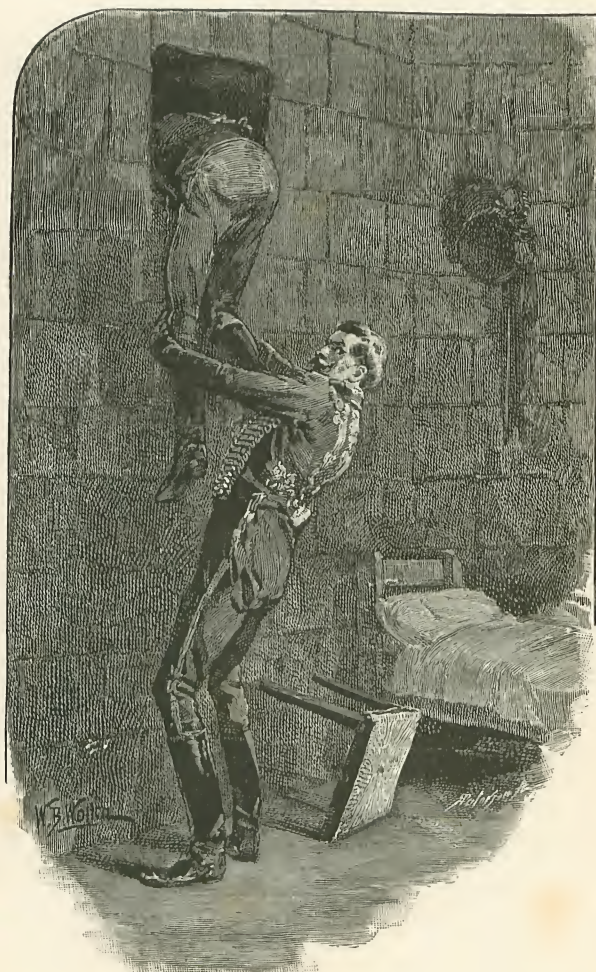
moment! Of course, I saw in an instant the game of this vile creature. Why should he risk his skin in climbing walls when he might be sure of a free pardon from the English for having prevented the escape of one so much more distinguished than himself? I had recognised him as a poltroon and a sneak, but I had not understood the depth of baseness to which he could descend. One who has spent his life among gentlemen and men of honour does not think of such things until they happen.

The blockhead did not seem to understand that he was lost more certainly than I. I writhed back in the darkness, and seizing

him by the throat I struck him twice with my iron bar. At the first blow he yelped as a little cur does when you tread upon its paw. At the second, down he fell with a groan upon the floor. Then I seated myself upon my bed, and waited resignedly for whatever punishment my gaolers might inflict upon me.

But a minute passed and yet another, with no sound save the heavy, snoring, breathing of the senseless wretch upon the floor. Was it possible, then, that amid the fury of the storm his warning cries had passed unheeded? At first it was but a tiny hope, another minute and it was probable, another

and it was certain. There was no sound in the corridor, none in the courtyard. I wiped the cold sweat from my brow, and asked myself what I should do next.



"HELP! HELP! A PRISONER IS ESCAPING."



One thing seemed certain. The man on the floor must die. If I left him I could not tell how short a time it might be before he gave the alarm. I dare not strike a light, so I felt about in the darkness until my hand came upon something wet, which I knew to be his head. I raised my iron bar, but there was something, my friends, which prevented me from bringing it down. In the heat of fight I have slain many men—men of honour too, who had done me no injury. Yet here was this wretch, a creature too foul to live, who had tried to work me so great a mischief, and yet I could not bring myself to crush his skull in. Such deeds are very well for a Spanish partida—or for that matter a *sans-culotte* of the Faubourg St. Antoine—but not for a soldier and a gentleman like me.

However, the heavy breathing of the fellow made me hope that it might be a very long time before he recovered his senses. I gagged him therefore, and bound him with strips of blanket to the bed, so that in his weakened condition there was good reason to think that, in any case, he might not get free before the next visit of the warder. But now again I was faced with new difficulties, for you will remember that I had relied upon his height to help me over the walls. I could have sat down and shed tears of despair had not the thought of my mother and of the Emperor come to sustain me. "Courage!" said I. "If it were anyone but Etienne Gerard he would be in a bad fix now; that is a young man who is not so easily caught."

I set to work therefore upon Beaumont's sheet as well as my own, and by tearing them into strips and then plaiting them together, I made a very excellent rope. This I tied securely to the centre of my iron bar, which was a little over a foot in length. Then I slipped out into the yard, where the rain was pouring and the wind screaming louder than ever. I kept in the shadow of the prison wall, but it was as black as the ace of spades, and I could not see my own hand in front of me. Unless I walked into the sentinel I felt that I had nothing to fear from him. When I had come under the wall I threw up my bar, and to my joy it stuck the very first time between the spikes

at the top. I climbed up my rope, pulled it after me, and dropped down on the other side. Then I scaled the second wall, and was sitting astride among the spikes upon the top, when I saw something twinkle in the darkness beneath me. It was the bayonet of the sentinel below, and so close was it (the second wall being rather lower than the first) that I could easily, by leaning over, have unscrewed it from its socket. There he was, humming a tune to himself, and cuddling up against the wall to keep himself warm, little thinking that a desperate man within a few feet of him was within an ace of stabbing him to the heart with his own weapon. I was already bracing myself for the spring when



"IT WAS THE BAYONET OF THE SENTINEL."

the fellow, with an oath, shouldered his musket, and I heard his steps squelching through the mud as he resumed his beat. I slipped down my rope, and, leaving it hanging, I ran at the top of my speed across the moor.



Heavens, how I ran! The wind buffeted my face and buzzed in my nostrils. The rain pringled upon my skin and hissed past my ears. I stumbled into holes. I tripped over bushes. I fell among brambles. I was torn and breathless and bleeding. My tongue was like leather, my feet like lead, and my heart beating like a kettle-drum. Still I ran, and I ran, and I ran.

But I had not lost my head, my friends. Everything was done with a purpose. Our fugitives always made for the coast. I was determined to go inland, and the more so as I had told Beaumont the opposite. I would fly to the north, and they would seek me in the south. Perhaps you will ask me how I could tell which was which on such a night. I answer that it was by the wind. I had observed in the prison that it came from the north, and so, as long as I kept my face to it, I was going in the right direction.

Well, I was rushing along in this fashion when, suddenly, I saw two yellow lights shining out of the darkness in front of me. I paused for a moment, uncertain what I should do. I was still in my hussar uniform, you understand, and it seemed to me that the very first thing that I should aim at was to get some dress which should not betray me. If these lights came from a cottage, it was probable enough that I might find what I wanted there. I approached therefore, feeling very sorry that I had left my iron bar behind; for I was determined to fight to the death before I should be retaken.

But very soon I found that there was no cottage there. The lights were two lamps hung upon each side of a carriage, and by their glare I saw that a broad road lay in front of me. Crouching among the bushes, I observed that there were two horses to the equipage, that a small post-boy was standing at their heads, and that one of the wheels was lying in the road beside him. I can see them now, my friends: the steaming creatures, the stunted lad with his hands to their bits, and the big, black coach, all shining with the rain, and balanced upon its three wheels. As I looked, the window was lowered, and a pretty little face under a bonnet peeped out from it.

"What shall I do?" the lady cried to the post-boy, in a voice of despair. "Sir Charles is certainly lost, and I shall have to spend the night upon the moor."

"Perhaps I can be of some assistance to madame," said I, scrambling out from among the bushes into the glare of the lamps. A woman in distress is a sacred thing to me,

and this one was beautiful. You must not forget that, although I was a colonel, I was only eight-and-twenty years of age.

My word, how she screamed, and how the post-boy stared! You will understand that after that long race in the darkness, with my shako broken in, my face smeared with dirt, and my uniform all stained and torn with brambles, I was not entirely the sort of gentleman whom one would choose to meet in the middle of a lonely moor. Still, after the first surprise, she soon understood that I was her very humble servant, and I could even read in her pretty eyes that my manner and bearing had not failed to produce an impression upon her.

"I am sorry to have startled you, madame," said I. "I chanced to overhear your remark, and I could not refrain from offering you my assistance." I bowed as I spoke. You know my bow, and can realize what its effect was upon the lady.

"I am much indebted to you, sir," said she. "We have had a terrible journey since we left Tavistock. Finally, one of our wheels came off, and here we are helpless in the middle of the moor. My husband, Sir Charles, has gone on to get help, and I much fear that he must have lost his way."

I was about to attempt some consolation, when I saw beside the lady a black travelling coat, faced with astrakhan, which her companion must have left behind him. It was exactly what I needed to conceal my uniform. It is true that I felt very much like a highway robber, but then, what would you have? Necessity has no law, and I was in an enemy's country.

"I presume, madame, that this is your husband's coat," I remarked. "You will, I am sure, forgive me, if I am compelled to——" I pulled it through the window as I spoke.

I could not bear to see the look of surprise and fear and disgust which came over her face.

"Oh, I have been mistaken in you!" she cried. "You came to rob me, then, and not to help me. You have the bearing of a gentleman, and yet you steal my husband's coat."

"Madame," said I, "I beg that you will not condemn me until you know everything. It is quite necessary that I should take this coat, but if you will have the goodness to tell me who it is who is fortunate enough to be your husband, I shall see that the coat is sent back to him."

Her face softened a little, though she still tried to look severe. "My husband," she



answered, "is Sir Charles Meredith, and he is travelling to Dartmoor Prison, upon important Government business. I only ask you, sir, to go upon your way, and to take nothing which belongs to him."

"There is only one thing which belongs to him that I covet," said I.

"And you have taken it from the carriage," she cried.

"No," I answered. "It still remains there." She laughed in her frank English way.

"If, instead of paying me compliments, you were to return my husband's coat——" she began.

"Madame," I answered, "what you ask is quite impossible. If you will allow me to come into the carriage, I will explain to you how necessary this coat is to me."

Heaven knows into what foolishness I might have plunged myself had we not, at this instant, heard a faint hallo in the distance, which was answered by a shout from the little post-boy. In the rain and the darkness I

an admirable pretence of being offended at my presumption. Then, as the lantern was quite close to me, and the post-boy seemed inclined to interfere with my flight, I tucked my precious overcoat under my arm, and dashed off into the darkness.

And now I set myself to the task of putting as broad a stretch of moor between the prison and myself as the remaining hours of darkness would allow. Setting my face to the wind once more, I ran until I fell from exhaustion. Then, after five minutes of panting among the heather, I made another start, until again my knees gave way beneath me. I was young and hard, with muscles of steel, and a frame which had been toughened by twelve years of camp and field. Thus I was able to keep up this wild flight for another three hours, during which I still guided myself, you understand, by keeping the wind in my face. At the end of that time I calculated that I had put nearly twenty miles between the prison and myself.



"I VENTURED TO SALUTE THE LADY'S HAND."

saw a lantern some distance from us, but approaching rapidly.

"I am sorry, madame, that I am forced to leave you," said I. "You can assure your husband that I shall take every care of his coat." Hurried as I was, I ventured to pause a moment to salute the lady's hand, which she snatched through the window with

Day was about to break, so I crouched down among the heather upon the top of one of those small hills which abound in that country, with the intention of hiding myself until nightfall. It was no new thing for me to sleep in the wind and the rain, so, wrapping myself up in my thick warm cloak, I soon sank into a doze.

But it was not a refreshing slumber. I tossed and tumbled amid a series of vile dreams, in which everything seemed to go wrong with me. At last, I remember, I was charging an unshaken square of Hungarian Grenadiers, with a single squadron upon spent horses, just as I did at Elchingen. I stood in my stirrups to shout "Vive l'Empereur!" and as I did so, there came the answering roar from my hussars, "Vive l'Empereur!" I sprang from my rough bed, with the words still ringing in my ears, and then, as I rubbed my eyes, and wondered if I were mad, the same cry came again, five thousand voices in one long-drawn yell. I looked out from my screen of brambles, and saw in the clear light of morning the very last thing that I should have either expected or chosen.

It was Dartmoor Prison! There it stretched, grim and hideous, within a furlong of me. Had I run on for a few more minutes in the dark, I should have butted my shako against the wall. I was so taken aback at the sight, that I could scarcely realize what had happened. Then it all became clear to me, and I struck my head with my hands in my despair. The wind had veered from north to south during the night, and I, keeping my face always towards it, had run ten miles out, and ten miles in, winding up where I had started. When I thought of my hurry, my falls, my mad rushing and jumping, all ending in this, it seemed so absurd, that my grief changed suddenly to amusement, and I fell among the brambles, and laughed, and laughed, until my sides were sore. Then I rolled myself up in my cloak, and considered seriously what I should do.

One lesson which I have learned in my roaming life, my friends, is never to call anything a misfortune until you have seen the end of it. Is not every hour a fresh point of view? In this case I soon perceived that accident had done for me as much as the most profound cunning. My guards naturally commenced their search from the place where I had taken Sir Charles Meredith's coat, and from my hiding-place I could see them hurrying along the road to that point. Not one of them ever dreamed that I could have doubled back from there, and I lay quite undisturbed in the little bush-covered cup at the summit of my knoll. The prisoners had, of course, learned of my escape, and all day exultant yells, like that which had aroused me in the morning, resounded over the moor, bearing a welcome message of sympathy and

companionship to my ears. How little did they dream that on the top of that very mound, which they could see from their windows, was lying the comrade whose escape they were celebrating. As for me—I could look down upon this poor herd of idle warriors, as they paced about the great exercise yard, or gathered in little groups, gesticulating joyfully over my success. Once I heard a howl of execration, and I saw Beaumont, his head all covered with bandages, being led across the yard by two of the warders. I cannot tell you the pleasure which this sight gave me, for it proved that I had not killed him, and also that the others knew the true story of what had passed. They had all known me too well to think that I could have abandoned him.

All that long day I lay behind my screen of bushes, listening to the bells which struck the hours below.

My pockets were filled with bread which I had saved out of my allowance, and on searching my borrowed overcoat I came upon a silver flask, full of excellent brandy and water, so that I was able to get through the day without hardship. The only other things in the pockets were a red silk handkerchief, a tortoise-shell snuff-box, and a blue envelope, with a red seal, addressed to the Governor of Dartmoor Prison. As to the first two, I determined to send them back when I should return the coat itself. The letter caused me more perplexity, for the Governor had always shown me every courtesy, and it offended my sense of honour that I should interfere with his correspondence. I had almost made up my mind to leave it under a stone upon the roadway within musket-shot of the gate. This would guide them in their search for me, however, and so, on the whole, I saw no better way than just to carry the letter with me in the hope that I might find some means of sending it back to him. Meanwhile I packed it safely away in my innermost pocket.

There was a warm sun to dry my clothes, and when night fell I was ready for my journey. I promise you that there were no mistakes this time. I took the stars for my guides, as every hussar should be taught to do, and I put eight good leagues between myself and the prison. My plan now was to obtain a complete suit of clothes from the first person whom I could waylay, and I should then find my way to the north coast, where there were many smugglers and fishermen who would be ready to earn the reward which was paid by the Emperor to those who



brought escaping prisoners across the Channel. I had taken the panache from my shako so that it might escape notice, but even with my fine overcoat I feared that sooner or later my uniform would betray me. My first care must be to provide myself with a complete disguise.

When day broke, I saw a river upon my right and a small town upon my left—the blue smoke reeking up above the moor. I should have liked well to have entered it, because it would have interested me to see something of the customs of the English, which differ very much from those of other nations. Much as I should have wished, however, to have seen them eat their raw meat and sell their wives, it would have been dangerous until I had got rid of my uniform. My cap, my moustache, and my speech would all help to betray me. I continued to travel towards the north therefore, looking about me continually, but never catching a glimpse of my pursuers.

About mid-day I came to where, in a secluded valley, there stood a single small cottage without any other building in sight. It was a neat little house, with a rustic porch and a small garden in front of it, with a swarm of cocks and hens. I lay down among the ferns and watched it, for it seemed to be exactly the kind of place where I might obtain what I wanted. My bread was finished, and I was exceedingly hungry after my long journey; I determined, therefore, to make a short reconnaissance, and then to march up to this cottage, summon it to surrender, and help myself to all that I needed. It could, at least, provide me with a chicken and with an omelette. My mouth watered at the thought.

As I lay there, wondering who could live in this lonely place, a brisk little fellow came out through the porch, accompanied by another older man, who

carried two large clubs in his hands. These he handed to his young companion, who swung them up and down, and round and round, with extraordinary swiftness. The other, standing beside him, appeared to watch him with great attention, and occasionally to advise him. Finally he took a rope, and began skipping like a girl, the other still gravely observing him. As you may think, I was utterly puzzled as to what these people could be, and could only surmise that the one was a doctor, and the other a patient who had submitted himself to some singular method of treatment.

Well, as I lay watching and wondering, the older man brought out a greatcoat, and held it while the other put it on and buttoned it to his chin. The day was a warmish one, so that this proceeding amazed me even more than the other. "At least," thought I, "it is evident that his exercise is over"; but, far from this being so, the man began to run, in spite of his heavy coat, and as it chanced, he came right over the moor in my direction. His companion had re-entered the house, so that this arrangement suited me admirably. I would take the small man's clothing, and hurry on to some village where I could buy provisions. The chickens were certainly tempting, but still there were at least two men in the house, so perhaps it would be wiser for me, since I had no arms, to keep away from it.

I lay quietly then among the ferns. Pre-



"EXCUSE ME, SIR!"



sently I heard the steps of the runner, and there he was quite close to me, with his huge coat, and the perspiration running down his face. He seemed to be a very solid man—but small—so small that I feared that his clothes might be of little use to me. When I jumped out upon him he stopped running, and looked at me in the greatest astonishment.

"Blow my dickey," said he, "give it a name, guv'nor! Is it a circus, or what?" That was how he talked, though I cannot pretend to tell you what he meant by it.

"You will excuse me, sir," said I, "but I am under the necessity of asking you to give me your clothes."

"Give you what?" he cried.

"Your clothes."

"Well, if this don't lick cock-fighting!" said he. "What am I to give you my clothes for?"

"Because I need them."

"And suppose I won't?"

"Be jabbers," said I, "I shall have no choice but to take them."

He stood with his hands in the pockets of his greatcoat, and a most amused smile upon his square-jawed, clean-shaven face.

"You'll take them, will you?" said he. "You're

a very leery cove, by the look of you, but I can tell you that you've got the wrong sow by the ear this time. I know who you are. You're a runaway Frenchy, from the prison yonder, as anyone could tell with half an eye. But you don't know who I am, else you wouldn't try such a plant as that. Why, man, I'm the Bristol Bustler, nine stone champion, and them's my training quarters down yonder."

He stared at me as if this announcement of his would have crushed me to the earth,

but I smiled at him in my turn, and looked him up and down, with a twirl of my moustache.

"You may be a very brave man, sir," said I, "but when I tell you that you are opposed to Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the Hussars of Conflans, you will see the necessity of giving up your clothes without further parley."

"Look here, mounseer, drop it!" he cried; "this'll end by your getting pepper."

"Your clothes, sir, this instant!" I shouted, advancing fiercely upon him.

For answer he threw off his heavy greatcoat, and stood in a singular attitude, with one arm out, and the other across his chest, looking at me with a curious smile. For myself, I knew nothing of the methods of fighting which these people have, but on horse or on foot, with arms or without them, I am always ready to take my own part. You understand that a soldier cannot always choose his own methods, and that it is time to howl when you are living among wolves. I rushed at him, therefore, with a warlike shout, and kicked him with both my feet. At the same moment my heels flew into the air, I

saw as many flashēes as at Austerlitz, and the back of my head came down with a crash upon a stone. After that I can remember nothing more.

When I came to myself I was lying upon a truckle-bed, in a bare, half-furnished room. My head was ringing like a bell, and when I put up my hand, there was a lump like a walnut over one of my eyes. My nose was full of a pungent smell, and I soon found that a strip of paper soaked in vinegar was fastened across my brow. At the other end of the room this terrible little man was sitting



"I SAW AS MANY FLASHES AS AT AUSTERLITZ."



with his knee bare, and his elderly companion was rubbing it with some liniment. The latter seemed to be in the worst of tempers, and he kept up a continual scolding, which the other listened to with a gloomy face.

"Never heard tell of such a thing in my life," he was saying. "In training for a month with all the weight of it on my shoulders, and then when I get you as fit as a trout, and within two days of fighting the likeliest man on the list, you let yourself into a by-battle with a foreigner."

"There, there! Stow your gab!" said the other, sulkily. "You're a very good trainer, Jim, but you'd be better with less jaw."

"I should think it was time to jaw," the elderly man answered. "If this knee don't get well before Wednesday, they'll have it that you fought a cross, and a pretty job you'll have next time you look for a backer."

"Fought a cross!" growled the other. "I've won nineteen battles, and no man ever so much as dared to say the word 'cross' in my hearin'. How the deuce was I to get out of it when the cove wanted the very clothes off my back?"

"Tut, man, you knew that the beak and the guards were within a mile of you. You could have set them on to him as well then as now. You'd have got your clothes back again all right."

"Well, strike me!" said the Bustler, "I don't often break my trainin', but when it comes to givin' up my clothes to a Frenchy who couldn't hit a dint in a pat o' butter, why, it's more than I can swaller."

"Pooh, man, what are the clothes worth? D'you know that Lord Rufton alone has five thousand pounds on you? When you jump the ropes on Wednesday, you'll carry every penny of fifty thousand into the ring. A pretty thing to turn up with a swollen knee and a story about a Frenchman!"

"I never thought he'd ha' kicked," said the Bustler.

"I suppose you expected he'd fight Broughton's rules, and strict P.R.? Why, you silly, they don't know what fighting is in France."

"My friends," said I, sitting up on my bed, "I do not understand very much of what you say, but when you speak like that it is foolishness. We know so much about fighting in France, that we have paid our little visit to nearly every capital in Europe, and very soon we are coming to London. But we fight like soldiers, you understand, and not like gamins in the gutter. You strike me on the head. I kick you on the knee.

It is child's play. But if you will give me a sword, and take another one, I will show you how we fight over the water."

They both stared at me in their solid, English way.

"Well, I'm glad you're not dead, mounseer," said the elder one at last. "There wasn't much sign of life in you when the Bustler and me carried you down. That head of yours ain't thick enough to stop the crook of the hardest hitter in Bristol."

"He's a game cove, too, and he came for me like a bantam," said the other, still rubbing his knee. "I got my old left-right in, and he went over as if he had been pole-axed. It wasn't my fault, mounseer. I told you you'd get pepper if you went on."

"Well, it's something to say all your life, that you've been handled by the finest light-weight in England," said the older man, looking at me with an expression of congratulation upon his face. "You've had him at his best, too—in the pink of condition, and trained by Jim Hunter."

"I am used to hard knocks," said I, unbuttoning my tunic, and showing my two musket wounds. Then I bared my ankle also, and showed the place in my eye where the guerilla had stabbed me.

"He can take his gruel," said the Bustler.

"What a glutton he'd have made for the middle-weights," remarked the trainer; "with six months' coaching he'd astonish the fancy. It's a pity he's got to go back to prison."

I did not like that last remark at all. I buttoned up my coat and rose from the bed.

"I must ask you to let me continue my journey," said I.

"There's no help for it, mounseer," the trainer answered. "It's a hard thing to send such a man as you back to such a place, but business is business, and there's a twenty pound reward. They were here this morning, looking for you, and I expect they'll be round again."

His words turned my heart to lead.

"Surely, you would not betray me," I cried. "I will send you twice twenty pounds on the day that I set foot upon France. I swear it upon the honour of a French gentleman."

But I only got head-shakes for a reply. I pleaded, I argued, I spoke of the English hospitality and the fellowship of brave men, but I might as well have been addressing the two great wooden clubs which stood balanced upon the floor in front of me.



I SHOWED THE PLACE IN MY EYE.

There was no sign of sympathy upon their bull-faces.

"Business is business, mounseer," the old trainer repeated. "Besides, how am I to put the Bustler into the ring on Wednesday if he's jugged by the beak for aidin' and abettin' a prisoner of war? I've got to look after the Bustler, and I take no risks."

This, then, was the end of all my struggles and strivings. I was to be led back again like a poor silly sheep who has broken through the hurdles. They little knew me who could fancy that I should submit to such a fate. I had heard enough to tell me where the weak point of these two men was, and I showed, as I have often showed before, that Etienne Gerard is never so terrible as when all hope seems to have deserted him. With a single spring I seized one of the clubs and swung it over the head of the Bustler.

"Come what may," I cried, "*you* shall be spoiled for Wednesday."

The fellow growled out an oath, and would have sprung at me, but the other flung his arms round him and pinned him to the chair.

"Not if I know it, Bustler," he screamed. "None of your games while I am by. Get away out of this, Frenchy. We only want to see your back. Run away, run away, or he'll get loose!"

It was good advice, I thought, and I ran to the door, but as I came out into the open air my head swam round and I had to lean against the porch to save myself from falling. Consider all that I had been through, the

anxiety of my escape, the long, useless flight in the storm, the day spent amid wet ferns, with only bread for food, the second journey by night, and now the injuries which I had received in attempting to deprive the little man of his clothes. Was it wonderful that even I should reach the limits of my endurance? I stood there in my heavy coat and my poor battered shako, my chin upon my chest, and my eyelids over my eyes. I had done my best, and I could do no more. It was the sound of horses' hoofs which made me at last raise my head, and there was the grey-moustached Governor of Dartmoor Prison not ten paces in front of me, with six mounted warders behind him.

"So, Colonel," said he, with a bitter smile, "we have found you once more."

When a brave man has done his utmost, and has failed, he shows his breeding by the manner in which he accepts his defeat. For me, I took the letter which I had in my pocket, and stepping forward, I handed it with such grace of manner as I could summon to the Governor.

"It has been my misfortune, sir, to detain one of your letters," said I.

He looked at me in amazement, and beckoned to the warders to arrest me. Then he broke the seal of the letter. I saw a curious expression come over his face as he read it.

"This must be the letter which Sir Charles Meredith lost," said he.

"It was in the pocket of his coat."





## *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

XXI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE  
LATE  
SPEAKER.

IN the history of Parliament it has rarely happened that, within the space of fourteen months, the House of Commons has, in swift succession, been deprived of the presence of two of its foremost men. Little more than a year after Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership, and practically withdrew from Parliamentary life, Mr. Peel stepped out of the Chair, and the House has lost an appreciable portion of its stateliness. It is eleven years on the 26th February last since Mr. Whitbread moved that "Mr. Arthur Peel take the Chair of this House as Speaker." When the member for Leamington rose to make acknowledgment of the honour done him there was some cheering from the Liberal benches. But it was unmistakably a perfunctory business. The truth is, the Speaker-elect was a personality unfamiliar even by sight to the majority of members. His brother they knew; burly, sometimes boisterous, Sir Robert. But who was Arthur that he should be made Speaker?

Yet at this date he had very nearly served his majority as a member of the Assembly which presently he was to adorn with unrivalled, unsuspected gifts. July next would, if he were still with us, see the thirtieth year he has sat in the House, uninterruptedly representing Warwick, with which, by the latest Reform Bill, passed whilst he was Speaker, Leamington was, for Parliamentary purposes, bracketed. He had held minor office, being successively Secretary to the Poor Law Board, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, Whip (for a few months whilst the House was not sitting), and Under Secretary of State for Home Affairs through the Session of 1880. In December of that year, finding the duties of an Under Secretaryship too exhausting for his strength, he retired, as it seemed, from Ministerial and official life, obscurity from which, four years later, he

emerged into the fierce light that beats on the Speaker's Chair.

From the moment Mr. Peel stood up to advance to the Chair his personality seemed to undergo a miraculous change. The quiet, retiring, silent member suddenly revealed himself to the astonished House as a man of commanding presence, resolute will, and rare gifts of oratory. I have heard many notable speeches in the House of Commons through more than a score of years, but never one which created such a sensation as the brief speech of Mr. Arthur Peel, as he stood by the corner seat below the gangway in the dress of a private member, acknowledging his unanimous election to the position of First Commoner of England. That is a proud, ancient, unique title. Mr. Peel

has not only borne it untarnished, but has distinctly added to its lustre. There are few men in the House of Commons who can say with Mr. Gladstone that they have sat under six Speakers. It does not need that opportunity of experience in order to form an estimate of Mr. Peel's position in the long, illustrious roll. It would simply be impossible to name any point on which improvement in manner, bearing, or any of the more solid qualities that go to make up a successful Speaker, might have been achieved by Mr. Peel, more especially through the



SIR ROBERT PEEL AND MR. ARTHUR PEEL.

later years of his Speakership.

One quality that might in others have proved a fatal defect was with him the crown of the perfect edifice. Constitutionally, he is a man not slow to anger, rather subject to gusts of impetuous passion. The House will remember more than one occasion when the lightning has suddenly flashed forth from the stately figure standing by the Chair, and the thunder has rolled under the canopy. It has been magnificent, and it has also been war. No man, not even Mr. Biggar in his adaman-



tine days, withstood the wrath of the outraged majesty of the late Speaker.

Mr. Peel is probably surprised at AN IDEAL his own endurance in being able SPEAKER. to retain the Speakership through eleven years. As early as the Session of 1888, the state of his health was such that there were circumstantial reports of his imminent retirement. Exactly a year ago these were repeated with definite assurance. Writing to me under date 3rd May, 1894, Mr. Peel said: "I do not know how the rumours originated and acquired such a specific character. I have not entertained the idea of resignation, which must of course depend upon the state of my health and upon my powers of endurance, which have undoubtedly been shaken by a recent attack of influenza and by its consequences." From time to time his pale face showed at what personal cost he persisted in taking the Chair. As with his illustrious father, a sense of public duty was ever paramount with Mr. Peel, and in view of opportunity of serving his country and the House of Commons, which he loved, he risked his life as directly and as fearlessly as a soldier stakes his on the field of battle. It is not exaggeration to say that there is no occupation open to man which makes supreamer calls on capacity than does that

of Speaker of the House of Commons. The Assembly is a team of exceedingly kittle cattle, which sharply resents any appearance of being driven, but secretly likes to know there is a strong hand guiding it, and is prone openly to resent proof to the contrary.

Against the Speaker's decision there is the ultimate Court of Appeal of the House itself. But it is rarely invoked. Practically, the Speaker wields autocratic power. A difficulty peculiar to his semi-judicial office is the uncertainty of everything in the House of Commons. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the slumbrous depths may be stirred by sharp tumult, and the Speaker called upon forthwith to decide a knotty point. The very fact of his unchallengeable position would make a mistake fatal. I have a vague idea that upon one occasion Mr. Peel gave a

judgment recognised by the House, and admitted by subsequent events, to be mistaken. But I really forget what it was about. What dwells with sharper touch on the memory is the reiterated occasions when the sonorous voice, ringing through the suddenly silenced chamber, has brought order out of chaos, and has comforted the House with the assurance that its highest interests, its dignity, and its noblest traditions were worthily represented, and would never fail to be vindicated, by the Speaker.

THE  
STRATEGIC  
MOVEMENT  
TO THE  
REAR.

It was one of the penalties of prominent position that Mr. Chamberlain's escapade in the division lobby on the night Sir Henry James moved against the import of cotton duties in India for a while engrossed public attention. The incident is by no means uncommon. It is sometimes detected, but, there is reason to believe, oftener than not it passes without notice being taken. In Mr. Chamberlain's case there was every detail contributory to dramatic effect. When the House met on Thursday, the 21st of February, there appeared certain prospect of a crisis that would result in the resignation of the Ministry. On the Address they had been attacked again and again under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Balfour. Now, the

other wing of the Unionist Party had put the battle in array. It was known that the Lancashire Liberal members, under pressure from their constituents, were resolved at any cost to resist a proposal on which Ministers had staked their existence. If these votes could be captured the Government were doomed.

It happened on this particular night that Mr. Arthur Balfour was detained at home in company with the influenza fiend. This naturally brought Mr. Chamberlain into fuller prominence, and promised to make his personal triumph the more complete. In due course came Mr. Henry Fowler's famous speech, before which opposition melted like snowflakes on the river. Long before midnight it was clear that not only would the Government not be turned out, but that they

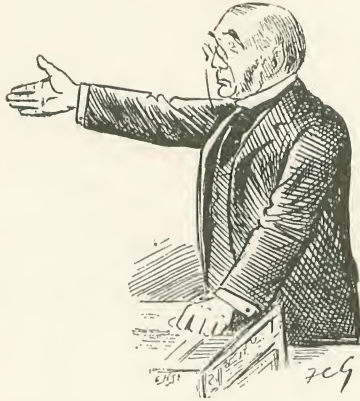


THE SPEAKER (MR. PEELE).

would have a rattling majority; whilst to those who, after the Secretary for India's speech, supported Sir Henry James would attach the odium of sacrificing to personal business interests the welfare of India.

It is easy enough after the event to perceive that Mr. Chamberlain would have done better to follow the ordinary course and back up his colleague in the division lobby. Decision had to be taken amid the bustle of the House being cleared for the division at the close of a debate that had taken a surprising turn. Mr. Chamberlain hesitated and was lost. His appeal to the Serjeant-at-Arms for means of escape by the locked door, his return to the Ministerial lobby, the only avenue open to him, and his final disappearance through what the Speaker slyly described as "one of those means of escape known to everybody" were narrowly watched, graphically reported, and irresistibly appealed to the popular sense of humour.

It was for the time embarrassing and hurtful, since here, scarcely less than in France, it is ridicule that kills. But in a sense, also, it was complimentary, as had the incident



MR. FOWLER: "WE ARE ALL MEMBERS FOR INDIA."

Nothing is commoner than to find members straying into the wrong lobby. In one of the divisions on the Address, immediately preceding Mr. Chamberlain's adventure, Mr. Labouchere found himself in the lobby with the Conservatives. He had just time to turn and flee before the door was locked, his escape being accompanied by a hilarious cheer, plainly heard in the emptied House. What makes the situation difficult is that approach to the separate lobbies is obtained from opposite ends of the

House. If a member inadvertently walks into the wrong lobby anywhere near the tail of the procession, he has barely time to withdraw, rush the full length of the House, and gain the other door before it is locked. The feat is sometimes accomplished, ladies in the gallery being appalled at the discovery of a father, a husband, or a brother flying up or down the floor of the House at a speed scarcely exceeded by Tam O'Shanter when, on a memorable night, he crossed the brig.

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"SHUT IN."

befallen a member of less interesting personality, it would have been laughed at and straightway forgotten.



"THE ESCAPE."

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When the process of clearing the THE HOUSE House is nearly accomplished, DIVIDING. the Serjeant-at-Arms stands by the locked door leading into the outer lobby. Messengers are appointed to side doors leading into either lobby. They hold up their hand in signal that the door is locked and the House cleared. Whereupon the Serjeant-at-Arms unlocks the outer door, and the stream which has passed the wicket where the clerks stand ticking off names surges into the outer lobby.

Up to a very recent date this lobby was also kept locked, members being cooped up there till the tellers had completed their task and handed in the figures at the Table. At the beginning of last Session the Speaker authorized the unlocking of the central lobby door simultaneously with the appearance of the head of the stream issuing from the division lobby. Whilst convenient for members, this is an arrangement that considerably increases the difficulties of the Whips, and may some day affect the destiny of a Ministry. It not infrequently happens that a critical division on the main question is immediately followed by one on a side issue or a formal point. Under the old order of things, the Whips had their men in hand ready to return to the House if a second division were challenged. Now they stream forth like school-boys at the stroke of noon, and are competing for cabs in Palace Yard at the moment when the bell is ringing for another division.

CATCHING  
A WEASEL  
ASLEEP.

Beside the danger of inadvertently straying into the wrong lobby, there is the risk of being caught napping in the lobbies when the division unexpectedly takes place. Such was the fate of Sir Walter Barttelot. One night, during the height of the Parnellite obstruction, the Irish members trooping into the lobby, against the united force of Liberals and Conservatives, found Sir Walter fast asleep. Suddenly awakened he tried to escape, but was captured, brought to the Table, and obliged to tell his sad story. Another case was that of an esteemed Liberal member, whom the division bell surprised, locked up in one of the lavatories. It was the wrong lobby for him, so he proposed to stop there. He also was brought up to the Table and invited to state where he was when the question was put.

"In there—in there!" he said, spasmodically pointing finger and thumb at an imaginary recess under the gallery behind the Treasury Bench.

The capture of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar under similar circumstances was an event that for the Conservatives gilded a whole week of hard fighting with the Irishry. The member for Cavan, worn out with all-night sittings, one evening retired to the division lobby, and, stretching himself on a couch, fell into peaceful slumber. It was broken in upon by the roar of delight with which the Conservatives, coming in for a division challenged by Mr. O'Donnell, found the member for Cavan within their lines. Joseph, like Major Bagstock, who bore his Christian name, was "sly, dev'lish sly." He affected to make light of the incident. One more added to the Ministerial majority against the Irish members would, he said, be neither here nor there. The Ministerialists thought he was wisely endeavouring to minimize an awkward incident, and went on passing through the wicket, chuckling at the notion that the division list of the next day would contain the name of Mr. Biggar catalogued with the gentlemen of England in opposition to his esteemed colleagues under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Hart-Dyke (not yet knighted) was the Ministerial teller in this lobby, and kept a sharp look-out for Joseph Gillis. When the last member had passed through it was known that the member for Cavan had not voted, and yet the lobby was tenantless. A hunt was merrily organized, and one of the lavatory doors was discovered to be shut and locked.

"Very well," said Mr. Hart-Dyke, in a voice designed to penetrate the closed door, "we will wait till he comes out. I sha'n't hand the figures in to the clerk till the last man has voted."



"TELLERS."

There was no help for it, and after a brief time, Joseph Gillis blushing came forth, passed the wicket, and had the satisfaction of recording his vote on behalf of Her Majesty's Government against his comrades from Ireland.

When obstruction is in full force the process of taking divisions is regularly and effectively used.

Like much else in the same direction, opportunity was discovered by the Irish members in the early stages of the fight for Home Rule. British members systematically declined to play the Parnellite game by extending the debate. The Irish members talked as long as they could, and when physical exhaustion set in they just took a division. When the House is full and the numbers pretty equally divided, a division occupies from ten to fifteen minutes. When the minority is small and the majority muster in large numbers the time is increased, since the bulk of members are passing through one gallery instead of simultaneously deploying in two detachments.

In addition to taking up so much time there is, for those engaged in the conflict, a pleasant and healthful change of occupation. Whilst they rest from the labour of talking, they stretch their legs in a stroll round the lobby and come back refreshed. When they are tired they can do it again, with the certainty that the majority of this potent Assembly are at their mercy.

An attempt was made in revising the Rules of Procedure to grapple with this tyranny, by empowering the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees either to refuse to put a challenge for a division when he regards it as frivolous and vexatious, or, short of that, to call upon members clamouring for a division to stand up in their places and be counted. It is fresh evidence of the innate Conservatism of the House of Commons where its procedure is concerned that these regulations have

practically become a dead letter. I remember only one occasion when a small faction, insisting on a hopeless division, were called upon to stand up in their places. The object in view, the saving of time, is only partially effected. What follows upon the episode is that the Committee clerks are called in, bringing their printed list of names with them. Standing at the bar they tick off the names of the members upstanding, and these are recorded in the division lists the next day as if they had voted. The effect was certainly deterrent, inasmuch as ordinary members shrank from the ridicule of the situation. To stand up like naughty boys placed on a stool at school whilst their companions audibly chuckled is not an envious position for a possibly elderly gentleman, something in the City, or in professional courts. The practice was not pursued, though there were many occasions, notably in Committee on the Home Rule Bill of 1893, when action of the Chairman in this direction seemed irresistibly invited.

THE LAST  
OF THE  
SMOLLETTES.

A paragraph has appeared in the papers announcing that Mr. Patrick Boyle Smollett, the last of the Smolletts of Bonhill, a descendant of Tobias Smollett, novelist and historian, died in his ninety-second year at the family residence, Cameron House, Dumbartonshire. Few men in the present House of Commons will recognise in connection with this record a member who acquired some notoriety in the Parliament of twenty years ago. He then sat for Cambridge, coming in with the flood of the tide that swept away the Liberals and

placed Mr. Disraeli in power. It was not his first acquaintance with the House, since he had represented his native county of Dumbarton from 1859 to 1868. He came back after long retirement, an odd fossil, with manners that ruffled the equanimity of a modern Parliament that had not yet seen the growth of Mr. Biggar.



"CONSTITUTIONAL EXERCISE."



Mr. Smollett took the earliest opportunity on his return to the House to step to the front. He brought forward an amendment on going into Committee of Supply with the object of calling attention to "the abrupt dissolution of the late Parliament." The performance might have passed without notice, only it chanced that Mr. Gladstone was making one of his then fitful appearances on the Front Opposition Bench. On him Mr. Smollett fastened, one hand in his trousers pocket, the other shaking a truculent forefinger at the statesman whom he accused of indulging in "sharp practice more likely to have come from an attorney's office than from a Cabinet of English gentlemen." "The stratagem," he added, "recoiled on the head of the trickster," this with another gesture towards Mr. Gladstone, but just stepped down from high estate, not yet accustomed to these personal vituperations. He was magnificently angry, trampling on Smollett as a lion, raging through a jungle, crushes smaller things.

The member for Cambridge, though by nature pachydermatous, did not soon get over this mauling. He recovered in time, and occasionally amused the House by his gruff speech, attacking people from whom he differed as if he were literally butting at them with his bullet head. He was very proud of his descent from Tobias Smollett. In copies of *Dod* of the day will be found a note, contributed by him, stating that he was "the great-grand-nephew of the celebrated historian and novelist." That he tried to live up to his ideal of his kinsman was evident in his Parliamentary manner.

Effect was lent to his home-thrusts by the Dumbartonshire accent in which they were delivered. This peculiarity once led him and the House into a difficulty. Speaking in the course of debate on India, Mr. Smollett made a remark which drew from old Sir George Balfour one of those tearful, plaintive cries of "Hear, hear!" with which he was wont to express approval of a passing remark. Mr. Smollett turned upon him, his red face seeming to blaze with fury, his sparse hair standing straight up in uncontrollable wrath.

"The gallant gentleman cheers," he said, "and I will admit to the fool——"

A shudder ran through the House. Sir George Balfour never succeeded in maintaining at Westminster the reputation he had earned at Calcutta. Still, this was going a little too far even for a chartered libertine of debate like the member for Cambridge. Several members sprang to their feet with evident intention of appealing to the Speaker on the point of order. Mr. Smollett, taking them all in in one comprehensive glare, continued: "I will admit to the fool all that has been said about these unjustifiable annexations."

Then the House saw that "fool" was Dumbartonshire for "full."

NEW CONTINENTS. Mr. Acland has a good story, not yet collated into the interesting accounts from time to time published by school inspectors, of the eccentricities of examinations. At a Board school in Central London a class

was under examination in geography. The exercise had been preceded by lessons in grammar, where one of the scholars had mastered the great truth that "the vowels are five in number—a, e, i, o, u, sometimes w and y."

"How many quarters are there in the globe?" asked the inspector, turning to a fresh subject.

"Four, sir," answered a smart boy.

"Name them."

"Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, sometimes w and y."

A NEW ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE. Mr. Swift MacNeill omits from his account of the monotonously undesirable origin of

peers who, having obtained their peerage in Ireland, voted

against the Home Rule Bill, a story which lingers to this day in Dublin as to the genesis of a well-known peerage. At the time of the Rebellion of '98, the founder of the family was a second-hand bookseller in Dublin. After a moderately long career behind the counter he retired from business, bought an estate near Dublin, set up as a country gentleman, and established a family, which, growing in influence and affluence, were at length admitted to the English peerage.



MR. ARTHUR ACLAND.

The people of Dublin could not believe that any man could make a fortune out of selling second-hand books, certainly not a fortune sufficiently large to justify the style in which the retired tradesman lived. In this dilemma the story got about, and was firmly believed in Dublin, that the money was forthcoming from discovery of bank-notes in the books bought in the libraries of the Irish gentry when their establishments were broken up. In the troublesome times preceding and following upon '98, well-to-do people were afraid to put their money in banks that seemed tottering to a fall. They accordingly (so rumour ran) discreetly disposed of them between the leaves of their books, stowed these away in their libraries, and either forgot or lost trace of them. The old bookseller, falling by chance upon such treasure-trove, thereafter carefully examined books coming into his possession, and so made his fortune. This fairy tale was told me by a member of the present House of Commons, whose family has long been associated with Dublin.

Last Session saw a departure A FADING from ancient practice which did CUSTOM. not meet with the amount of notice its importance justified. Up to very recent times it was the custom of the Leader of the Opposition to have a field night on the occasion of the second reading of the Appropriation Bill. The course of the Session was reviewed, the action of members criticised, and in promising circumstances a hostile amendment was moved and divided upon. The House would as soon have thought of proroguing without at least one long night's debate on the Appropriation Bill, as it would of going off for the recess without shaking hands with the Speaker.

The second reading of the Appropriation



MR. SWIFT MACNEILL ON THE IRISH PEERAGE.

Bill is an opportunity provided by a perhaps too beneficent assembly for discussion of miscellaneous questions. Nothing is too good or too bad, too important or too trivial, to be talked round at length whilst the Appropriation Bill is being carried through its successive stages. The Irish members banded together as the Home Rule Party early discovered this opportunity and made the most of it. They were equal to spending the whole week, more or less pleasantly and usefully, in talking about a succession of topics introduced under the broad wing of the Appropriation Bill. Probably it was this graft upon an old custom that finally brought it into desuetude. The Leaders of the Opposition shrank from

being parties to a hollow game entered upon at a period of the Session when withers had long been wrung. They withdrew from the field, leaving the Irish members in possession.

It happens just now that, being in close alliance with the Government of the day, the Irish members have no temptation to make themselves finally disagreeable at the close of a Session. Thus it came to pass that last year the Appropriation Bill was run through without semblance of debate, only Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton clutching at the fluttering robe of the departing Speaker with inquiry whether in Committee on the Bill he might not discuss affairs in Uganda. The Speaker declined to anticipate the judgment of the Chairman of Committees, which in due course was given with great promptitude. Mr. Morton again putting his question, Mr. Mellor sternly answered, "Certainly not," and before Mr. Morton quite knew where he was, the Appropriation Bill was through Committee, and all was ready for the prorogation.



## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



AGE 12.

From a Photo. by Union Photograph Rooms, Philadelphia.

### MISS ESTHER PALLISER.

**M**ISS ESTHER PALLISER was born in Philadelphia. She comes of a musical family, her father, Mr. B.

Frank Wallers, being a high-class instructor of singing and a thorough musician; her mother was a soprano concert singer. At fourteen Esther Palliser used to lead the chant in several of the Philadelphia churches. Then she was sent to Paris and studied with Mesdames La Grengé and Viardot, Monsieur Plaque and Madame Marchesi, in

the French and Italian Opera. After a period of three years, her début took place at Rouen, where she appeared as *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust," under the name of Mlle. Sylvanie, and since then has

adopted the name of Miss Palliser. She came to England, where she took the part of *Gianetta* in the "Gondoliers," at the Savoy Theatre.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 23.

[Alfred Ellis.

She also appeared in "Ivanhoe," and in "La Basoche" as *Marie*, and made a great success.

She is an accomplished pianist, and is also proficient in painting and drawing.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 17.

[Otta, Paris.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [H. S. Mendelssohn.



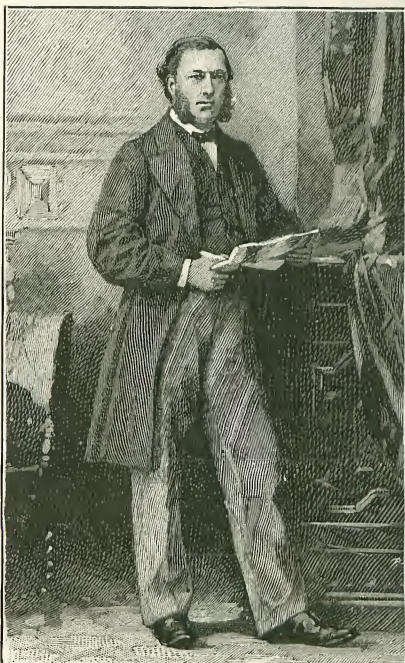


From a] AGE 16. [Painting.

THE HON. SIR JAMES  
CHARLES MATHEW.

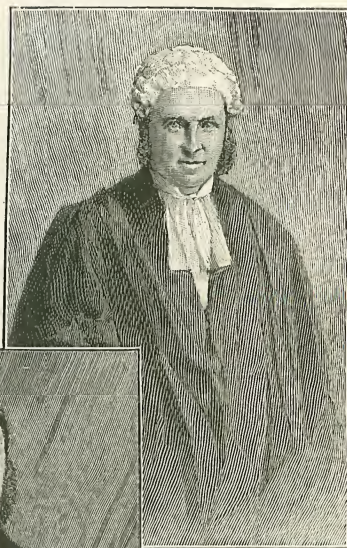
BORN 1830.

**T**HE HON. SIR JAMES CHARLES MATHEW was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1854, having previously obtained an open studentship. Mr. Mathew was a member of the South-Eastern circuit when, in March, 1881, he was appointed by the



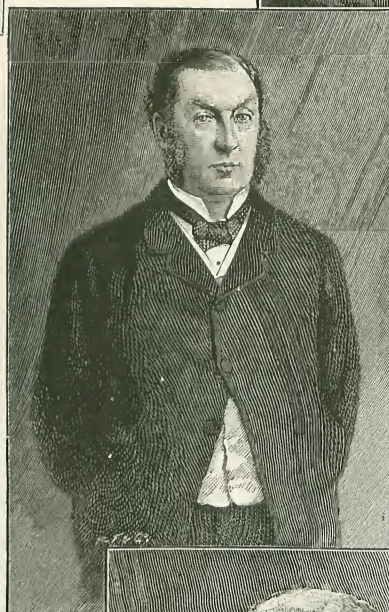
From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [C. Silvy, Baywater.

Crown a Judge in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Shortly before that time he had acted as a member on the Committee on the subject of Costs of Legal Proceedings. His appointment to the Bench is one of the few instances of a member of the Junior Bar being elevated. He was knighted on his promotion, and was created LL.D. *honoris causâ* by the Uni-



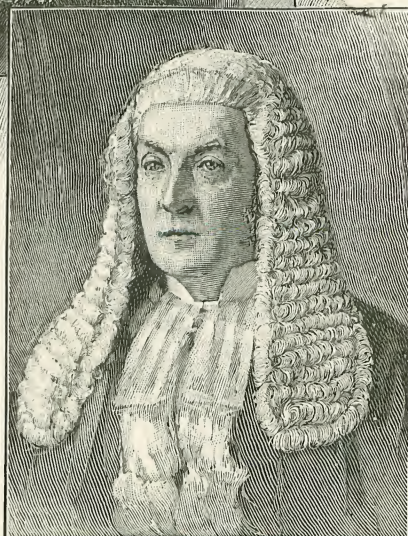
AGE 42.  
From a Photo. by  
Herbert Watkins &  
Haigh, 213, Regent St.

versity of Dublin. Sir Chas. Mathew married, in 1861, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edwin Biron, vicar of Lympne, Kent.



AGE 52.

From a  
Photo. by  
Alexander  
Bassano.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Russell & Sons.





AGE 11.

*From a Painting by Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.*

### THE LATE MR. WALLER H. PATON, R.S.A.

1828-1895.



HE LATE MR. WALLER H. PATON, R.S.A., R.S.W., F.S.A.Scot., whose death was recorded only a short time ago, was born in Fifeshire. In 1851 he adopted landscape painting as a profession. His first work was exhibited in Glasgow in



*From a Photo. by]*

AGE 30.

*[John Drummond.*

1848. He was elected an Associate of the R.S.A. in 1857, an Academician in 1865, and a Fellow of the Antiquaries of Scotland in 1869; an honorary member of the Liverpool Society of Water-colour Painters in 1872, and a member of the Royal Scottish Society of Water-colour Painters in 1878. Mr. Waller Paton chiefly aimed, and with



AGE 39.

*From a Photo. by W. Toddie, Dunfermline.*

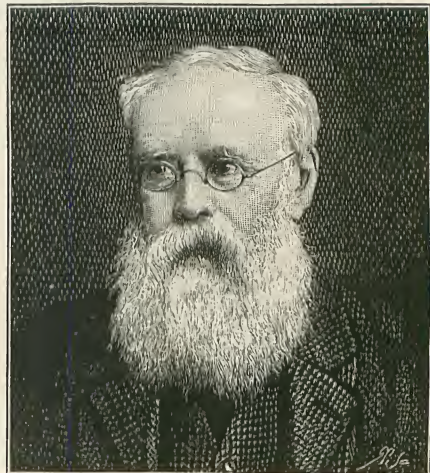


*From a Photo. by]*

AGE 55.

*[J. Moffat, Edinburgh.*

great success, at painting the peaceful and beautiful in Nature, especially sunsets.



*From a Photo. by]*

AGE 66.

*[J. S. Watson, Edinburgh.*





AGE 5.

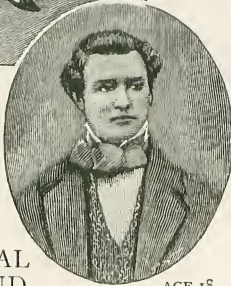
From a Drawing by A. Burt.

SIR EDMUND  
FREDERICK  
DU CANE.

BORN 1830.



MAJOR-GENERAL  
SIR EDMUND  
FREDERICK DU CANE was  
educated at the Military Academy,  
Woolwich; he obtained his com-  
mission as second lieutenant in the Royal  
Engineers, December 19th, 1848. He was



AGE 18.



From a]

AGE 21. [Crayon Drawing.

made a first lieutenant in 1854 and a second  
captain in 1868. In 1869 Captain Du Cane

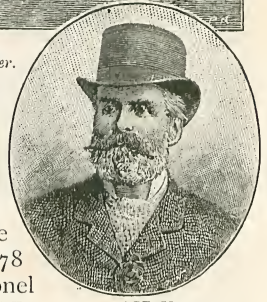
was made Chairman of Directors of Convict  
Prisons, Surveyor-General of Prisons, and  
Inspector-General of Military Prisons. In July,



AGE 33.

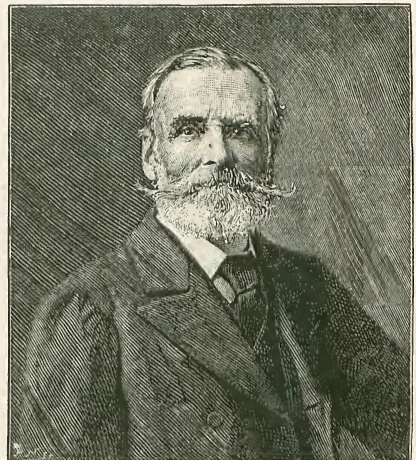
From a Photo. by G. B. Walker.

1872, he was pro-  
moted to be major,  
and in 1873 to be  
lieutenant-colonel,  
having also been  
made a C.B. in the  
same year. In 1878  
he was made a colonel  
and created a K.C.B.  
He retired in 1886 from  
the effective list, and was made a major-general.



AGE 55.

From a Photo. by  
T. H. Voigt, Hamburg.



From a Photo. of] PRESENT DAY, [W. & D. Downey.



## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XL.—SARAH BERNHARDT.

By EDWARD JOHN HART.



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDIO.

[Reutlinger, Paris.

“**N**OT *adieu, mon ami*; but *au revoir!* Never *adieu!*”—the parting admonition received from Madame Bernhardt when I last bade her farewell at the Savoy Hotel in London, came into my mind the other day as I entered the studio in her well-remembered Paris home on the Boulevard Péreire.

The appositeness of this correction may appear from the fact that I—forgetting that we generally again meet with those whom we wish to meet—had prematurely bidden Madame Bernhardt *adieu* (as the French understand it, an almost final expression of good-bye) twice in Melbourne, once in Sydney, twice in London, and three times in Paris.

To find Madame Bernhardt at home is one thing; to find her at home alone is quite another. But a friendship of years' standing had steeled me against any surprises in this direction, and though I had called

upon her by previous arrangement for a special purpose, I was in no wise disconcerted to find her surrounded by a throng of visitors, while yet other callers crowded on one another's heels in the ante-rooms.

A warm greeting from my hostess, and an intimation that we could have our long chat later, was all-sufficing, and I disposed myself to watch and wait—the latter a process which all who care to see much of Madame Bernhardt, more especially when she is in Paris, have to learn.

An Ambassador (now dead), representing one of the greatest of European Powers, used to cheerfully wait through whole afternoons for a chat with the actress, on her return from a drive or from fulfilling some engagement; and if waiting in this interesting mansion was tolerable under such circumstances, it was even pleasurable while one's hostess was constantly in evidence, and afforded opportunities of studying a personality which is never commonplace.

Standing on the white bearskin in a



characteristic attitude, or moving from group to group—always displaying a sympathetic interest in what chiefly interested each visitor—she appeared like a Royal personage giving audience to her subjects. Some of those who surrounded her bore names well known in contemporary annals; while, among others, one noted dramatists submitting the scenarios of their plays, poets producing suspicious manuscripts from breast-pockets, artists opening portfolios of sketches, actresses who were there to congratulate and envy the greatest of their calling, writers and journalists of varying status and opinions, besides merely social friends and visiting acquaintances.

After the company, the chamber claimed attention. The large studio, almost too luxurious for work; the gilded cage, once inhabited by those tiger cubs which made so much capital for journalistic pens; portraits of the great actress; pictures and sketches by artists celebrated and obscure; paintings, busts, and statuettes, the work of her own hands; weapons, curios, and mementos from almost every land she had visited, spoke forcibly, though silently, of nearly every episode and era of Sarah Bernhardt's career.

Only, I failed to note any memento of the siege of Paris, when the Théâtre Français was turned into an ambulance, and Sarah

Bernhardt, who had not then reached the first height of her celebrity, worked as one of the nursing staff in attendance on the sick and wounded.

I had never succeeded in getting her to speak of that period but once out in Australia, when she indignantly refuted the suggestion of a visitor, that it was during that period she studied her death-bed effects. She admitted that she had studied death-beds in hospitals, "but," she continued, "when I was serving as a nurse in the Comédie ambulance during the siege of Paris, I had no thought of making my experiences in any way subservient to my future work. It was not possible to me, because, first of all, I only met men there, and besides, the scenes at which I was present were so awful, that I had something else to think of besides art. Believe me, an ambulance, where you see your countrymen suffering and dying, is not a place in which to study art. I was in Paris during the whole time of the siege and the Commune, and yes, it is true, I was awarded a gold medal by the Government."

The throng of visitors was fast dwindling, and by their manner of addressing and taking leave of their hostess, it was easy to determine the degree of her intimacy with each. To the world in general she is



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[La Photographie Nouvelle, Paris.



Sarah Bernhardt; to her acquaintances she is Madame Bernhardt, while her intimate friends invariably address her as Madame Sarah.

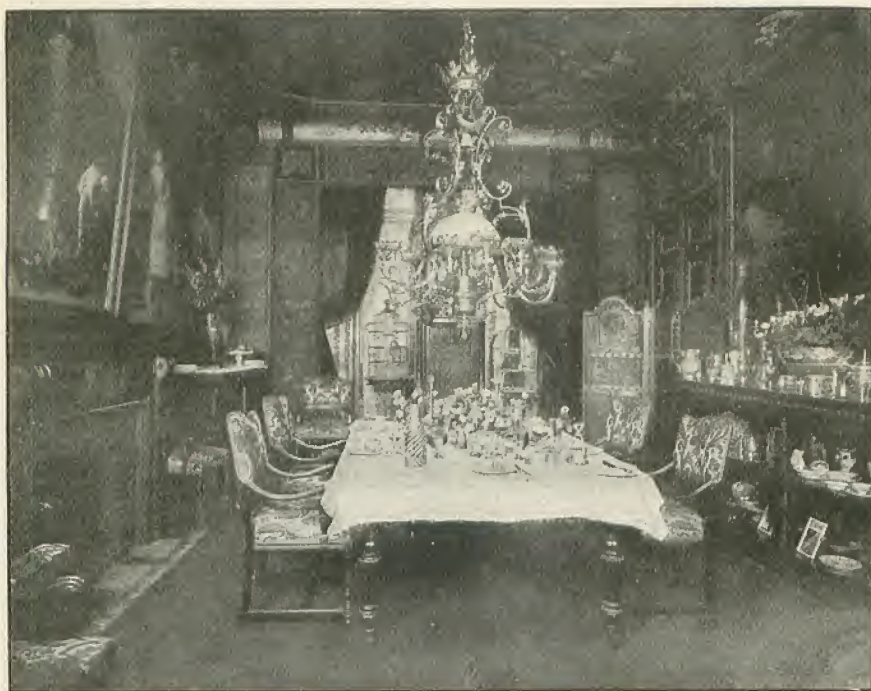
When we were at last alone we discussed—as usual on meeting after an interval—mutual reminiscences of Australia: the genuine and wild enthusiasm of her audiences, and of the crowds who mobbed her whenever she appeared in the streets; the scenes on her arrival and departure, and her long excursions into “the bush,” for it was her pleasure—more particularly while playing in Melbourne—to go off in a drag to the country on the termination of her Saturday night’s

truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!”

“Where shall I begin?”

“At the beginning.”

“No, I will not go farther back than my schooldays—that is quite far enough. You know very well I was born in Paris, and that on my mother’s side I am of Dutch-Jewish descent—I was baptized—and that my father occupied a good position in the *Magistrature*. I was educated at the Convent Grand Champ of Versailles, where I had as a fellow-pupil one whom I afterwards met as a fellow-actress at the *Théâtre Français*—Sophie Croizette, who afterwards became Madame Stern. I



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[La Photographie Nouvelle, Paris.

performance, and camp out, shooting, fishing, and exploring, till it was time for her to return on Monday evening, which meant, usually, an arrival in town only an hour before the curtain drew up.

“And now, Madame Sarah,” said I, “I have come to take your life. Not,” I hastened to add, as she assumed an expression of demure horror, “not to cut short your actual existence, but to take an account of it from your lips, for the further enlightenment of the thousands of readers of *THE STRAND*, who desire to know you better. And, remember, to your biographer, as to your lawyer and your doctor, you must tell the

was a very nervous child, and had even then a craving for the theatre. When leaving the convent, at the age of fourteen, I remember I said: ‘I shall be either a nun or an actress,’ and a year later, on the 29th November, 1859, I entered the Conservatoire. Before entering the Conservatoire I had to pass the usual examination, and at this I recited a fable out of *La Fontaine* with much success. When I was asked to recite something else, I broke down and cried, but they found me so *gentille* that I won their esteem and was admitted, notwithstanding my failure. At the Conservatoire I studied under Samson and Provost



—Provost, you know, was Rachel's master—and gained the second prize for tragedy in 1861, and the following year the second prize for comedy; and this led to my engagement at the Français. There I appeared for the first time in 'Iphigénie,' but no one noticed my *début*. I was only a little *ingénue* whom no one remarked—whose future no one thought of. Then I left the Français—the formal atmosphere of the place seemed to oppress me; and then the director of the Gymnase—Montigny—who had seen me play,

engaged me for parts of *ingénues*. I was given a part in 'Deslandes'—a *comédie bouffe* of Labiche and Raymond, and in this I had little else to do but to continually burst into laughter. You can understand that this did not suit me very well. I knew I could do more than laugh, so at the end of the first performance I left the Gymnase, and never went back to it."

In connection with this abrupt departure the following story is told. The morning after Madame Sarah had left the Gymnase, M. Victorien Sardou was breakfasting with Montigny at Passy, when a letter was brought to the director of the Gymnase, which he read through and cast away in a fit of temper.

"What is it that annoys you?" asked Sardou.

"Oh, nothing," replied the director. "Only a silly girl throwing up her *rôle* at the second performance. You see in her one who will never do anything in the theatre!"

A fresh exemplification of the truth of the saying: "You should never prophesy before you know."

"And what did you do, Madame Sarah, after you left the Gymnase?"

"Oh, in about 1866, I was acting at the Porte Saint Martin in 'La Biche aux Bois.'

Vol. ix--68.



From a Photo. by]

THE TIGER CUBS.

[La Photographie Nouvelle, Paris.

The actress who played the part of the Princess failed to appear at the last moment, and the *Kégissuer* knowing me, and knowing that I was weary of being out of an engagement, offered me the part, and I accepted it. My family would not have permitted this had they known of it, and they had never consoled themselves for my leaving the Théâtre Français; so in order to get away to play my part of the Princess, I used to say I was going to study the plays at the Français. But on the fourth evening a friend recognised me on the stage of the Porte Saint Martin, and told my family, and after that I was not allowed to continue."

"And then you went to the Odéon? Was it not so?"

"Yes, it is true. M. Camille Doucet, superintendent of theatres, interested himself for me, and recommended me to MM. de Chilly and Duquesnel, the directors of the Odéon—the second theatre of France. M. Duquesnel felt that I had talent, and wished immediately to sign an engagement with me, but De Chilly refused absolutely—do you know for what? Because he considered me 'too thin!' Yes, it was extraordinary, but that was his objection, and the associates maintained their several opinions, and disputed hotly as to whether I should be



engaged or no, till at last M. Duquesnel finished the discussion by engaging me for a year at his own cost."

This was really the commencement of Sarah Bernhardt's dramatic career, which may roughly be divided into three periods, viz.: The six years from 1866 to 1872, when she played the parts of *ingénues* on the stage of the Odéon. The period of eight years, 1872-80, at the Comédie Française, during which she played not only *ingénue* parts and the princesses of classical and romantic plays, but created or re-created the rôles of several heroines. And the last fourteen years, when, having attained to a knowledge and command of the full powers of her genius, she has made not only Paris, but the whole civilized world ring with her fame and re-echo to her golden voice in the chief rôles of dramas written purposely for her.

"And what part did you play at the Odéon, Madame Sarah?"

"Oh, I played in a great number of diverse pieces. Amongst them you may mention *Armande* in the 'Femmes Savantes'; *Anna Danby* of Keane, in which my acting greatly impressed Dumas père; *Cordelia* in 'Lear' (translated by Jules Lacroix), in which I made a great success; 'L'Autre,' by Georges Sand, and *Zanetto* in 'Passant,' by François Coppé.

"This rôle, *Zanetto*, was a great thing for me, as it was said I played the part with a delightful originality; but when I played in 'Ruy Blas'—the date?—19th February, 1872—my reputation was so greatly increased, that an engagement was offered to me by M. Perrin, the administrator of the Comédie."

"Which you accepted?"

"Yes; because at the Odéon I was then only receiving 1,000 francs a month. I asked M. Duquesnel to increase it to 1,500 francs, which he refused, though later on he paid me that sum for a single night's performance during hundreds and hundreds of representations at the Porte Saint Martin.

"At the Comédie I played *Aricie*, until by chance an opportunity presented itself of playing the heroine of heroines—*Phédre*, in Racine's immortal tragedy. Mademoiselle Rousseil, whose part it was, refused to play at the last moment. In this, as you know, my success was instantaneous and decisive."

"Now, can you give me the names and the dates when you first appeared in some of your most famous rôles at the Comédie?" is my next question.

"I played *Andromaque* on the 30th August, 1877; *Donna Sol*, 'Hernani,' 21st November, 1877; on the 2nd April, 1878, *Alcimène*, in 'Amphytrion'; *Zaïre*, 30th May, 1878; *Le Sphinx*, 20th October, 1878; and *The Queen*, in 'Ruy Blas,' 4th April, 1879. Then, also, I played *Miss Clarkson*, in 'L'Etrangère'; *Posthumea*, in 'Rome Vaincue'; *Chérubin*, in 'Mariage de Figaro' and 'La Fille de Roland.'"

"Can you remember any other English pieces in which you have played, besides those mentioned?"

"Yes; in 1869, the 16th of April, I played *Lena*, in 'As in a Looking-Glass.' It was translated into French by M. Pierre Berton and Madame Van de Velde."

"When was your first American engagement?"

"June, 1879. Yes, for leaving the Comédie Française, I had to pay a fine of 45,000 francs, and 100,000 francs damages."



From a Photo. by]

"PHÉDRE"—(Phédre).

[Nadar, Paris.

"But you have earned far larger sums as the result of a single tour—is it not so?"

"When I returned from one American tour on the 31st July, 1887, I brought with me 800,000 francs clear profit; 800,000 francs—and a tiger cat!" is the answer.

But in spite of her enormous earnings, Madame Bernhardt is far too open-handed, generous, and charitable to be a really wealthy woman.

"Yes, I am very fond of animals; but of those you remember I got in Australia—my St. Bernard, 'Auckland,' the opossums, the 'native bear,' and others, but few long survived the change of climate."

As all the world knows, Madame Bernhardt was married to M. Damala, in London, in the spring of 1882.

"I love travelling," she says, after a pause, and we have started on another topic, and, indeed, during the past fourteen years, the number of journeys she has taken is almost fabulous. Just to give one instance: after an exhaustive tour through the United States in 1891, she went on to Australia; acted through the three leading Colonies; returned *via* America, acting all along the route; landed at Havre on the 1st of May, 1892; and, after a few days' rest, opened her season in London; on the conclusion of which, without the slightest intermission, she commenced a professional tour of the whole Continent of Europe. Small wonder that her countrymen called her "*Juive Errante!*"

"Do many of the enthusiastic receptions you met with in foreign lands live in your memory, Madame Sarah?"

"Ah, yes, all of them!" she answers, with

animation. "The one, perhaps, I remember with the greatest pleasure was in Hungary, where, as you know, the French are exceedingly popular. I was most heartily welcomed there by the Tchèques, who turned out in great numbers in their splendid national costumes to meet me. I was welcomed as a Frenchwoman, not only as an artiste—and that always touches me. What pleased and affected me most in my reception at Melbourne was the audience singing 'La Marseillaise' on the first night, before the curtain rose."

I remembered the incident perfectly. Some youngsters started it in the gallery, whereupon the whole audience joined in the National Hymn of France with a will—an instance of spontaneous enthusiasm, the like of which I believe an Australian theatre had never before witnessed.

On another occasion, in Sydney, the writer was accompanying Madame Bernhardt from a theatrical performance, a few nights after the conclusion of her own season. The crowd in the street rushed to the carriage in order to shake

hands with the great actress, and seized her hand with such good-will, but misplaced energy, that on arrival at her hotel it was swollen almost beyond recognition. "But at Montreal," she says, "I once had to be carried over the heads of a crowd in order to be put in my carriage."

But we have not yet completed the list of Sarah Bernhardt's creations and performances, and have strayed from the subject.

Besides the names of pieces already given, she has, by turns, at the Vaudeville, Porte



From a Photo. by

"DONNA SOL"—(*Hernani*).

[Nadar, Paris.]





"THE QUEEN"—(Ruy Blas).  
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

Saint Martin, Variétés, and Renaissance theatres, and on tour, appeared in "La Dame aux Camélias," "Phédre," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Nana Sahib," "Macbeth," "Frou-Frou," "Francillon," "Fédora," "Théodora," "La Tosca"—produced for the first time at the Porte Saint Martin, 24th November, 1887—"Jeanne d'Arc," "Cleopâtre," "Pauline Blanchard," "Leah," "Izéïl," "La Femme du Claude," and "Gismonda."

"I think that about completes the list, Madame Sarah. And now, can you tell me anything about your methods of study? How you succeed in getting your effects and in identifying yourself with the personality you wish to portray?"

"First of all I study the intellectual composition of my rôle. I read every analysis and criticism of the character I can get hold of. If the character is historical, I read all the memoirs and biographies—every scrap of anecdote—all the legends of the poets. I saturate myself with the literature—the atmosphere of the epoch—until I feel that I am of it. I have a great gift of assimilation and intuition. If the artiste cannot experience in actuality the sensations of the character she is portraying—be it

sorrow, despair, or the pangs of agony or of death—she can give out the effect that the study of any or all these have had on her intelligence and sensibility; and by the degree of her sensibility is determined the greatness of her representation. The Latin orator was right, 'It is the heart and the vivacity of intelligence that render eloquent'; and from me," she goes on to say, "extends an influence of sensibility which on the fiftieth—the hundredth night of one of my rôles communicates to the spectators *un frisson particulier*. Sometimes the situation may exalt me, or the state of my nerves—or some personal souvenir of remembrance—may cause me to rise to a still greater height, or predispose me to a more intense sincerity. But, you have seen me playing to audiences knowing but little French; yet, wherever I go, the public always understand me. Then, I am always studying character. Everyone I meet is a new study. I am always studying people!"

On more than one occasion the writer has seen Madame Bernhardt, when about to perform in the rôle of *Phédre*, sit in her dressing-room for an hour before she was due on the stage, absorbed in the contemplation of the tragedy in which she was about to perform. Sitting ready dressed for her



"FÉDORA"—(Fédora).  
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

part, by some curious system of introspection and mental concentration on the pathos of her rôle, she had so wrought upon her nerves and emotions that silent tears coursed down her cheeks involuntarily, and it is seldom that she can get through the evening of this most exacting play without fainting more than once.

"I am always nervous," she says in answer to a question, "because I am always afraid of falling below my previous standard of acting. Yes; I have met with unsympathetic audiences in my time, but I don't know that an unsympathetic audience has much effect on me. I am not sure that I don't rather enjoy it for a change, for it is then a battle between me and them, and I always win.

"In France I would rather play in the poetic drama; but in foreign countries where the French language is spoken either very little or not at all, I prefer playing in prose works."

"You have very definite opinions about stage accessories, and about dress, Madame Sarah, have you not?"

"Ah, yes, very definite," she replies, readily and almost excitedly.

"I have a great horror of shams on the stage—of what will not bear close inspection—of what is not real. I never use spangles, tinsel, and cheap theatrical glitter—it offends my artistic sense. I always employ hand embroideries in bullion and silk, and will have nothing to do with the generally used appliqué embroideries on the stage, and I have found that what *is* best always has the best effect, whether looked at from a distance or near at hand. My freedom of movement, the lightness of my step, the suppleness and flexibility of my body, I

attribute to having definitely abandoned the corset, for an actress should wear nothing that is calculated to hamper and impede her movements."

"Your wardrobe is reputed to be a veritable museum of Royal costumes," I next suggest, "and that in the number of your dresses you surpass our English Queen Elizabeth, who was credited with the possession of a fabulous number. What can you do with such a quantity?"

"It is not possible for you to know how many dresses are necessary for an actress with a large répertoire. My wardrobe is worth about half a million francs—and, yes, I keep it here in my hotel, installed in an upper story."

Then, as only a woman can, she waxes eloquent over the costly velvets and furs, and the silk-embroidered stuffs, all of which are of the rarest quality obtainable; and of the brocades and tissues of gold and silver, all woven for herself and after her own designs.

"But while speaking of dress," she continues, "I may tell you that my *couturier* is not alone the author of my costumes,

for I myself have much to do with the making of them. I select the design and then give orders as to the form and general arrangements. The modelling and draping I do for myself, and then I take a great pair of scissors and make all the alterations that appear to me requisite. Sometimes I wear a new costume for a number of rehearsals with the material only pinned together, and will not allow a stitch to be put in it until it falls softly and becomes quite moulded to the lines of my figure."



From a Photo. by]

"THÉODORA"—(Théodora).

[Nadar, Paris.



We left the subject of dress, wherein I felt painfully "at sea," and commenced speaking about the innumerable calls on her time and the division of her day, in connection with which is told the following true story:—

Sarah Bernhardt wished to learn English, a knowledge of which would prove useful in her long journeys across America and Australia. She was recommended to a teacher of English, who possessed a great reputation for the rapidity and excellence of his methods, and who, on meeting her, said, "I have many pupils, and my time is much occupied. Will you receive me at nine in the morning?" "No, that is not possible," she replied, "for at that time I am resting or studying my *rôle*." "Do you prefer the afternoon?" asked the professor. "Then I am rehearsing—and in the evening I play." "When shall it be, then?" "Oh, half an hour will do for me.



"LA TOSCA"—(La Tosca).  
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.



From a Photo. by]

"IZEÏL"—(IzeÏl).

[Nadar, Paris.

Will you give me from two till half-past in the morning?"

"From Friday till Monday during the fêtes," she goes on to tell me, "it has often happened that I have played seven times—or twice a day—pieces that rest entirely on my personality. In one day this would be my programme. In the morning I would play 'Phédre,' not a verse of which but must be given at the cost of some vital wear and tear to the artiste in the title *rôle*, and of which at least three acts make the most exacting demands on one's store of nervous energy; and then, in the evening, I would play 'La Dame aux Camélias.'"

"She is still able to write a book, write a play, sculp, and paint," says Jules Claretie, in writing about Sarah Bernhardt. "She has spent ten fortunes and the existences of twenty women. A robust circus girl would long ago have died of *anæmia*! With Sarah, on the contrary, the nerves communicate to the whole body a



kind of electric activity. Repose seems to her like another death. That which is not paroxysm, seems to her lethargy."

"Yes, it is quite true," says Madame Sarah, as I read her the passage. "If it hadn't been for my determination I should have died long ago!"

During Madame Sarah's last season but one in London, I was privileged to see much of her home life at her house in Alpha Road, Regent's Park, and I never knew which to wonder at most—Sarah Bernhardt at work, or Sarah Bernhardt at play. I have seen her finish a game of croquet, but half-played out, through a drenching shower of rain, and she played the game with as much earnestness and concentration of purpose as if her professional reputation were at stake. For choice she was always surrounded by young people, but she herself was the youngest of us all. Amongst other simple pastimes, that of "dressing up" seemed to afford her great amusement, and I remember one afternoon when, our hostess having been suddenly called indoors, we were all rather surprised to see a shabby-looking woman strolling towards us across the lawn. Her face was partly hidden by a black veil, and she wore a musty-looking, black gown and carried a bag; her whole appearance, carriage, and demeanour being suggestive of a free distribution of tracts.

She came up to us and stood still, without the slightest show of embarrassment on her part, though there was much on ours, for we resented the intrusion and waited, with much impatience, for our hostess to reappear and send this unpleasant female to the right-about. Thus we remained silently staring at one another for some ten minutes, when a silvery laugh from behind the veil discovered to our astonishment its wearer to be Madame Sarah herself—but as far as it went, and in every detail, the deception was perfect. In her amusements, as in her work, Sarah Bernhardt must always be thorough.

We now commenced chatting about her



"GISMONDA"—(Gismonda).  
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

own theatre; and the great actress tells me of the improvements she has effected since its management has come under her hands. "Amongst other things," she says, "I have suppressed the *claque*. It never saved a piece yet, and it is an unfair attempt to lead the opinion of the audience. I have, also, suppressed the *surtaxe* on tickets—the extra prices charged for booking seats in advance—and I have done away with the *ouvreuses*, those too-officious women attendants to whom foreigners object so strongly. In a word, I have formed the Théâtre Renaissance on the

best English models."

"And the new play, 'Gismonda'? Are you pleased with it?"

"Ah, yes, it is splendid, as you will say when you have seen it! It gives me great opportunities, and it ought to have as prolonged a vogue as 'La Tosca.' My rôle is *Gismonda*, widow of Nério, the second Duke



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.  
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.



of Athens—and she is an historical personage. The scene is laid in Athens in 1451, just prior to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. It is all but an unknown epoch, and the drama is most curious—most interesting. Most people associate Athens with classical times and traditions, but this represents it in the intermediate period, between the classic and the modern. It takes a Sardou to conjure up a Greece of the Middle Ages, and the drama is thoroughly after Sardou at his best—nervous and concise—and the action is extremely rapid, *vive* and *entraînante*. I wear some very splendid costumes in the play, and—ah! yes—certainly I shall play it during my forthcoming London season!”

“Have you not written a play, and, besides other literary work, did you not publish a book in 1878?” is my next question.

“Yes, ‘Dans les Nuages, Impressions d’une Chaise,’ was its full title. It was an account of an aerial journey I had taken in a balloon—and the chair—that was myself! My play, ‘L’Aveu,’ was produced at the Odéon, on the 27th March, 1888. It was a prose drama in one act, and was played by MM. Paul Mounet and Marquet, and by Mesdames R. Sisos and Marie Sumary. It is an episode of married life, and while some thought it too melodramatic, others were much pleased with it, and M. Amand Silvestre said, ‘It is a work interesting through a true knowledge of the stage, expressed in eloquent and vivid sobriety of language.’ Then, also, I once wrote a criticism on the Salon for ‘Le Globe.’

“Yes,” she admits, after I had prompted her memory, “I drew the frontispiece of an album of autographs of the members of the Comédie Française, which my comrades of the Théâtre had the idea of offering to the Prince of Wales. My design was the Spirit of Glory crowning the busts of Shakespeare and Molière, and I wrote beneath it: ‘*L’être intelligent fait de l’égoïsme une vertu, l’imbécile en fait un vice.*’”



My best  
 wishes to the  
 Strand Magazine  
 Sarah Bernhardt  
 15 18/95

WRITTEN BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT FOR "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

“And now, Madame Sarah, have you nothing else you can tell me?”

“My friend, it is not possible! One version at least of everything I do or have done is known and written about. Everyone who interviews me asks more or less the same questions. I go over the same ground repeatedly, and what answers I don’t give they invent for themselves. The moment I intend producing a new play, all the French papers want to know about it.

“You know, I must reserve a few secrets for my memoirs, which I am bringing out shortly. In them I shall simply content myself with telling the story of my life, clearing up what is obscure, and setting right much that has been written and said about me, and which was not worth while contradicting in detail, or which at the time I had no opportunity of refuting, and so it has become a tradition I have not at this moment the leisure to rectify.”

This concluded our long interview, and I took my leave of unquestionably the greatest actress of the day, and one of the kindest-hearted and most extraordinary women of our time.

## Anno Domini 1795.

BY ALFRED WHITMAN.

**T**HIS is an age of centenary celebrations; and most of us are interested in the accounts of events of a hundred years ago. In the present article an endeavour is made to portray some of the leading features of the year of grace 1795—Royal, political, social, and domestic.

First, a few words as to the weather. When January opened it was bitterly cold, the River Thames being frozen over so that people could walk about on it without mishap. In February came a sudden thaw, causing floods which did immense damage, and at Kingston boats plied about the streets, and the people were driven upstairs and supplied with necessaries by means of boats at their windows. In May the weather was of a kind rarely experienced. One day no place could be found cool enough, and the next greatcoats and coal fires were in a state of requisition, while on the 20th June there was a heavy fall of snow, causing thousands of newly-shorn sheep to perish in different parts of the country. Hot weather and thunderstorms prevailed during the next month, followed in August by brilliant sunshine which brought about a most abundant harvest, and the year closed with an earthquake in the Midlands, several stacks of chimneys being thrown down at Nottingham.

The failure of the European wheat crop of

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1794 caused a great scarcity of flour in 1795, and bread was very dear. The price of the quartern loaf, which was 1s. in July, rose to 1s. 1½d. in December, notwithstanding the harvest. Meat also was at famine price, and not only did the poor suffer great privation, but on December 17th "the Directors of the Bank of England voted a gratuity of £10 to each of their clerks on account of the dearth of the necessities of life." Coal, too, was very scarce, and the price reached as high as 70s. a chaldron.

London, in 1795, extended from Limehouse and Deptford on the east to Millbank and Vauxhall on the west—a distance of about seven miles, and its greatest extent from north to south was three miles. In this area the population did not exceed 600,000. One London improvement is worth remembering. In this year an Act of Parliament was passed

for facilitating the passage through the Strand by removing the block of buildings known as Butcher Row, which stood between St. Clement Danes Church and Temple Bar, and obstructed the thoroughfare in the same way that the block of buildings between that church and St. Mary-le-Strand Church does to the present day.

On the next page we reproduce a ticket of admission to the ball at the Mansion House on April 6th.

We will next take a glance down the social scale, beginning with the King and Royal Family. On June 4th,



BUTCHER ROW, STRAND, 1795.  
From an Old Print.





FACSIMILE OF TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE MANSION HOUSE BALL,  
APRIL 6TH, 1795.

1795, George III. was fifty-seven years of age. The Queen's birthday was on May 20th, and this is how it was spent. There were excursions for air and exercise during the morning, and early in the afternoon dinner was served. At seven o'clock the Royal party walked into Windsor Castle to drink tea, at nine a concert was given—the King and the two elder Princesses arranging the programme—and the day's events were brought to a close with a supper in St. George's Hall. The summer holiday of the Royal Family is interesting. It was arranged to spend six weeks at Weymouth. While the Royal visitors were there the newspapers, as nowadays, published accounts of their trivial doings. "August 21. This morning His Majesty bathed a little after six; and

three of the Princesses were in the bathing-machine by seven." Again—"October 2. This morning His Majesty has bathed very early for the last time this season, as have some of the Princesses. They depart to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock." As a fact, they started a quarter of an hour earlier, and reversing the order of the outward journey, arrived at Windsor by six.

An event occurred on October 29th which calls for com-

ment. As the King was proceeding through St. James's Park, on his way to open Parliament, an infuriated mob attacked the procession and attempted violence upon His Majesty. Fortunately, although in manifest danger, no personal injury was inflicted; but as the empty carriage was returning to the mews all the glass panels were destroyed, and an attempt was made to wreck the vehicle,



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GEORGE III., OCTOBER 29TH, 1795.  
From an Old Print.





From an

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, APRIL 8TH, 1795.

[Old Print.]

which was only prevented by the arrival of a company of soldiers.

The great event of the year to the Prince of Wales was his marriage. The preliminary arrangements, coming in the previous year, we will pass over. Princess Caroline of Brunswick left her home on the 24th March, and after some dodging, on account of the Continental war, reached the sea coast. Little was known in this country of her movements, but by March 30th the *Times* ventured to predict that "The Princess may now be expected every hour in England." A few days later her vessel was sighted off the East Coast, and as the people did not know her place of debarkation, and the boat came so close to shore off Ipswich, the inhabitants became excited and called out the Volunteers to line the streets, expecting the Princess would sail up the river and pass through the town. Crowds thronged the streets for several hours, while all the time the Princess was coming south to the Thames. The

VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1795.  
From an Old Print.





"LEAVING OFF POWDER; OR, A FRUGAL FAMILY SAVING THE GUINEA."  
From an Old Print.

ship arrived at Greenwich, and Caroline landed on Sunday, April 5th, and, after a brief rest, the procession set out for London by road, reaching St. James's rather late in the afternoon. Some time previously the Royal couple had exchanged miniatures, and at their first meeting they were attired in the costumes depicted in the portraits, so that they might be more familiar to one another. No time was lost with the final preparations, and the marriage was solemnized at St. James's, on Wednesday evening, April 8th, as shown in our illustration.

The *Times* tells us that "on being asked 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' the Princess answered, with great emphasis, 'I will'"; and from the same source we learn that "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales wore a blue Genoa velvet coat and breeches, with a silver tissue waistcoat and coat cuffs richly embroidered with silver and spangles. The whole suit was covered with large and small spangles.

He looked uncommonly well."

In the House of Commons Pitt was Prime Minister, and Fox, his opponent, was member for Westminster. Burke was member for Malton, Sheridan for Stafford, and Wilberforce, the slaveabolitionist, for Yorkshire. We give a view of the House of Commons as it appeared a century ago. The transaction of business was speedy, and debates on ordinary Bills rarely exceeded one sitting. An impor-

tant Act of the year was the one known as the Hair Powder Tax, by which a guinea



"KNIVES, SCISSORS, AND RAZORS TO GRIND."  
Painted by Wheatley, and Published in 1795.



per annum was imposed on all wearers of hair powder. The penalty for infringing the Act was £20. The tax provoked a great amount of satire and ridicule, and the illustration on the previous page reproduces one of the caricatures of the day. The people who, in consequence of the tax, discontinued the use of powder and cut their hair were nicknamed "crops," and the users of powder were known as "guinea-pigs."

In art matters the home of the Royal Academy was at Somerset House, and Benjamin West was President. Hoppner was elected an R.A., and among the popular paintings of the year were Wheatley's well-known "Cries of London." These pictures were engraved, and a set of the prints realized £215 a few months ago. We reproduce one of the subjects, "Knives, Scissors, and Razors to Grind," and it may fairly represent the art of engraving for the year.

At the end of the last century the principal London newspapers were the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Morning Advertiser*, and *Morning Herald*. We reproduce the front page of the *Times* for January 1st, and it is a curiosity, for the printer, in error, called the year 1794, and had to rectify his mistake by hand. Upon a glance at a copy of the *Times*, as representing the best paper of the period, one thing of note to remark is the fulness of the Parliamentary reports. A speech by a leading politician sometimes occupied five or six columns, and the report of an important debate occasionally filled almost the entire sheet, which consisted of four pages. There is an absence of sensational headings, and in the reports of speeches one never comes across interpolations such as "cheers," "hear, hear!" or "ironical laughter," which are so prevalent nowadays.

The great political event was the trial of

## The

Times.

[illegible]

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE 'TIMES,'  
JANUARY 1ST, 1795.

Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of India, which lasted altogether seven years two months and eleven days, and on April 23rd, 1795, was brought to a conclusion by acquitting Hastings on all the counts of the impeachment. The illustrations on the following page give the scene of the trial in Westminster Hall, and a reproduction of the ticket of admission to the proceedings on the 104th day. As a sequel to the verdict, the India Company granted an indemnification to Hastings of £70,000 for the expenses of his defence, and an annuity of £5,000.

As to the postal arrangements, the General Post Office was situated in Lombard Street, and there were two Postmasters-General.





From an]

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS, CONCLUDED APRIL 23RD, 1795.

[Old Print.

The rates of postage for single letters were — for a distance of one mail-coach stage, 2d.; two stages, 3d.; and so on up to 150 miles for 5d. From London to Edinburgh cost 7d., and from London to Dublin, *via* Carlisle, 1s.

The system of telegraphing by semaphore was invented about 1795, and the cut on the next page represents the apparatus that was adopted by the Admiralty. In March a specimen of the instrument was exhibited in the Haymarket, and in August a telegraph was erected at Post-down Hill,



FACSIMILE OF ADMISSION TICKET TO HASTINGS' TRIAL, 104TH DAY.

near Portsmouth, and it was claimed that by using a series of them placed at convenient distances from one another, intelligence could be conveyed from Portsmouth to London in twenty minutes. In September a conversation by semaphore was held between two gentlemen, one on the Irish coast and the other on the Scotch, a distance of eighteen Irish miles; and in the same month three telegraphs were erected by order of the Admiralty Board — one at Wimbledon Park, another at Sydenham Common, and the third at Shooter's Hill;



while in December a chain of telegraphs was established from Shooter's Hill to Dover.

In reference to the seaside resorts, the *Times* gives us the following. July 3rd: "The Isle of Wight is now in its high beauty." September 3rd: "Margate continues to fill very rapidly. This morning about two o'clock, a hoy arrived full of passengers, many of whom were obliged to return on board the hoy to sleep." September 7th: "New South End, Essex. This celebrated bathing-place is rapidly rising in repute. The nobility and gentry who have this season honoured New South End with their company include the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Clive." September 16th: "Teignmouth and Sidmouth are overflowing with visitors." October 27th: "Southampton is literally overflowing. Lord and Lady Hood could only obtain a bed by prevailing upon the landlord at the Star and his wife to cede to them their own." Ilfracombe was then called Ilfordcombe, and Brighton, Bright-helmstone; and as the Prince and Princess of Wales spent the autumn at the latter place, it was crowded with fashionable folk.

In regard to amusements, Vauxhall Gardens were highly popular, but Ranelagh Gardens had seen their best days; though, on May 6th, a Grand Masquerade was held there, which was considered so important that a ball, which was to be given on that evening at Buckingham House (now Buckingham Palace), was postponed in order that members of the Royal Family might attend. The King's, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane Theatres were all newly opened buildings, their predecessors having been destroyed by fire; and Astley's Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge, which was burnt down in 1794, was rapidly rebuilt and opened on Easter Monday. The pantomime of the

year was "Merry Sherwood, or Harlequin Forester"; and it may be remembered that in this work the song of "The Friar of Orders Grey" appeared.

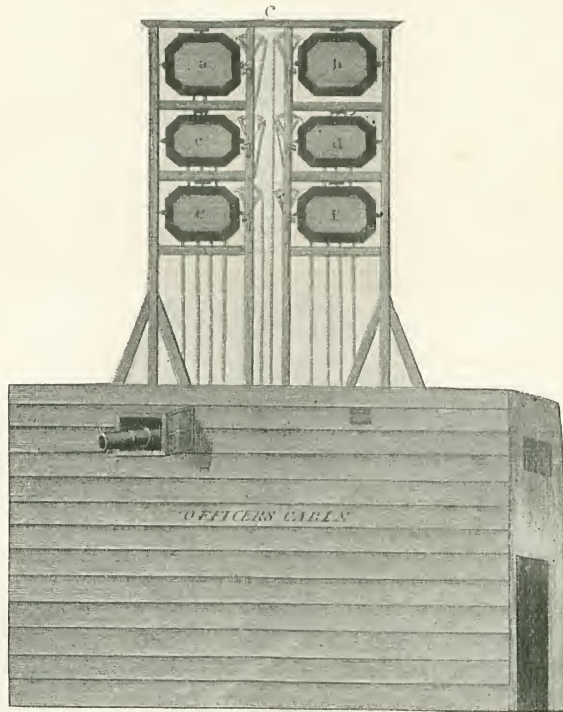
Debating societies existed at that time, and on July 28th the members of the Westminster Forum considered "Four Matrimonial Nuisances. Which would, to a woman of sense and accomplishments, prove the most intolerable companion in the Marriage state: a Spendthrift, a Miser, a Clown, or a Pop?"

Among the articles advertised for sale

during the year we find "Brunswick Royal Liquid Soap," "Patent Artificial Leg," "Composition Teeth," "Patent Steam Kitchen and Economic Cooking Machine," and "A New System of Shorthand." The following matrimonial advertisement will serve as a sample for many: "The advertiser, a young batchelor of thirty, of genteel person and address, of liberal sentiments, possessing an agreeable good temper, and an affable, cheerful disposition, would be happy to meet with a young lady

or widow, possessing nearly the same qualities, who is inclined to enter into that happy state, and can command, at least, £500."

We thought it something new when the Great Eastern Railway Company began to deliver sea water in London, but we find the same thing in 1795—"Sea Water Bathing at 21, George Street, York Buildings. A cargo of pure salt water is just up, and any quantity may be had, from a quart to a hogshead, on reasonable terms." The following is the way the clergy were catered for: "To be disposed of. Manuscript Sermons; rational and pathetic, on the newest plan, warranted original, never preached or printed, and of which no copies ever have or will be given. Not more than six or less than two



THE SEMAPHORE, INVENTED IN 1795.  
From an Old Print.



will be sold to any one person. Apply to Mr. Jones, No. 5, Bell's Buildings, Fleet Street."

One or two odds and ends must bring this article to a close. On the 27th May there was a "sale by candle," which reminds us of a method of selling then in vogue. Instead of the "Going, going, gone!" system, a candle was lighted, and the sale remained open while it burnt an inch, the purchaser being the person who offered most in that time. Speaking of candles reminds us of an amusing incident that happened in April. "At the Chelmsford Assizes a jury was enclosed at 10 o'clock at night upon a question on which there was some difference of opinion. Before they agreed upon their verdict the candle burnt out; and there being no fire in the room, they were obliged to sit all night in the dark till the return of day enabled them to settle their verdict." The pillory existed at Charing Cross, and in February, a man who was placed in it was "dreadfully pelted by the ladies from St. Giles." The fires of the year included the destruction of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as illustrated below, and

unfortunately, about a year before, the insurance in the Westminster Office for £10,000 had been allowed to lapse. Among the fire insurance offices in that year there were, besides the Westminster, the Royal Exchange, Sun, Hand-in-Hand, Union, and Phoenix, and among the brewers we find the names of Whitbread, Meux and Co., and Hanbury.

If it be thought that the avocation of the pavement artist is a modern one, the following may be of interest: "On September 21st, 1795, an accident occurred on Blackfriars Bridge, by which several persons were run over, in consequence of a crowd gathering round a poor cripple who is well known about town for his ingenious writing in chalk upon the pavement of the streets." And lastly, in the way of labour troubles, we find under the date July 16th: "The millwrights at London Bridge, who make from 30 shillings to 2 guineas a week, struck work, and entered into a combination for an increase of wages"; and under August 5th, "On Monday morning the coal porters throughout the Metropolis struck, and refused to work without an advance of wages."



BURNING OF ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1795.  
*From an Old Print.*

# Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

BY L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

## V.—THE RED BRACELET.



ONE morning, just at the close of my hours of consultation, my servant introduced into my consulting-room a tall, good-looking, middle-aged man. His name was Stafford. I had never seen him before. His face was slightly bronzed, and looked as if it had been much exposed to wind and weather. He had keen blue eyes, a frank expression of mouth, and a hearty manner which impressed me favourably. I motioned him to a chair and inquired what I could do for him. He looked at me for a moment or two without replying. I saw that he was taking my measure; I also noticed that there was considerable anxiety in his eyes. After a time he spoke abruptly.

"I fear I have come here on a wild-goose chase."

"Perhaps you will allow me to decide that," I answered, with a smile.

"Yes," he continued; "of course, you are the one to decide. I had better tell you what I want at once—I am not here on my own account—I have a daughter—" Here he broke off abruptly, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the moisture from his brow. As he did so he sighed.

"Your daughter is ill, and you want me to see her?" I interrogated.

"I want you to see her, certainly, but she is not ill," he answered, springing suddenly to his feet—"that is, not ill in the ordinary sense of the word. I don't suppose anything

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can be done—still, I have heard a great deal of you. You have a facility for helping people out of difficulties. The facts of the case are briefly these: My girl—she is my only child—is blind, she is affected with congenital blindness. I have taken her to the best oculists in Europe, and they all alike regard her case as hopeless."

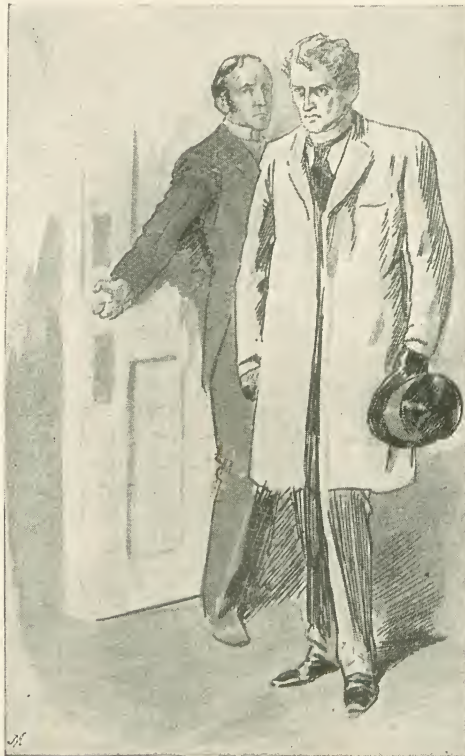
"I am sorry to say that I agree with them," I interrupted. "Congenital blindness is, as a rule, hopeless. It arises, in all probability, from some defect in the construction of the eye. The optic nerve, or some other important part of the wonderful mechanism of sight, is omitted. I shall be glad to help you, but in the first place I am not a specialist, and——"

"I have not come to ask you to help me in the matter of the blindness," said Mr. Stafford. "My daughter is so accustomed to this that she scarcely feels her defect. She has been splendidly trained, and can do almost every single thing that a person with full sight can attempt—she rides, she walks, she rows like any other girl; as to her music, it is wonderful. But, there, I must come to the point."

"Is your daughter in town?" I interrupted.

"No, she is in the country. We live in Yorkshire. Molly hates town. The atmosphere of a town has a particularly irritating effect upon her nerves. Her mother and I can seldom get her to visit London with us."

"What are her special symptoms?" I asked.



MR. STAFFORD.



"In the ordinary sense she is not ill at all. She sleeps well, eats well, and enjoys life to the full."

"What are you uneasy about, then?" I asked.

"What am I uneasy about? I'll tell you. You must know that our child is the heiress of great wealth. I am a rich man, and she inherits all I possess. About two months ago, a man who went by the name of Winchester took up his abode in our village. He stayed at the 'White Hart' and spent the greater part of his time fishing. No one knew anything about him. He was tall, good-looking, and about fifty years of age. On a near view his eyes repelled you—they were too close together, and had an ugly expression in them. In an evil moment my little girl made his acquaintance. He had the luck to save her life. You may think I ought to be grateful for this, but upon my honour, whatever he did in the first instance, I don't think I could feel a sense of gratitude towards that man. Well, I'll tell you how they came to know each other. I mentioned that the girl could ride—she can, as if she had the keenest sight under Heaven. She was fond of having a gallop across the moors on her mare, of course accompanied by someone.

"One afternoon, a little more than a month ago, the mare took fright and ran off with her. The brute made straight for the line of rail. I don't know what might have happened had not Winchester suddenly appeared and caught the mare by her bridle just as the groom came galloping up. Yes, I acknowledge that it was a brave act, and of course I had to thank the fellow, and to make his acquaintance. He called at our place, and from the very first I noticed that he had an extraordinary influence over my child. My belief is that he hypnotized her almost directly. To make a long story short, this fellow, old enough to be her father, has had the presumption to propose for my girl, and she is so desperately in love with him, that if I don't give my consent to the marriage her health, reason, or even perhaps her life itself, may be endangered."

"You use strong expressions," I answered. "May I ask what you expect me to do in the case?"

"I want you to open my child's mental eyes, in some way or other, in order that she may see this man as he really is. It is a craze—a regular craze—with the girl. Winchester hasn't a penny; he only wants the child for her money. Do you think he would

saddle himself with a blind wife if he didn't want her gold?"

"Perhaps not," I answered; "and yet I have known blind girls very attractive."

The father gave an impatient sigh.

"My child would be a lovely creature if her eyes were right. The sightless balls are well formed, the eyelashes black and long, and the eyelids well open; but the eyes are covered with a thick film, and this film gives to her face a peculiarly strange, and even startling, appearance. I know Winchester doesn't care a bit for her except for her gold, and I'm determined he sha'n't have her."

"I am truly sorry for you," I answered, "but I must frankly say I am puzzled to know how to help you. How is it possible for me to influence your daughter, when I don't even know her?"

Stafford gave me a hopeless gaze.

"I thought you might suggest something," he said. "I have heard of you from several friends. I tell you the man has hypnotized my girl, and what I want you to do is to hypnotize her in another direction. Now, can you, and will you?"

"I am afraid you ask for an impossibility," I replied. "You will forgive me for saying that I think the matter simple enough. It is plainly your duty to remove your daughter from the immediate vicinity of this man. You don't like him, you think his object in paying his addresses unworthy, you have but to be firm, to refuse your consent to the marriage, to take your child away, and the influence which Winchester exercises over her will be weakened and will gradually die out."

When I said this, Stafford shook his head—he walked across the room, turned his back on me, and gazed out of the window.

His manner annoyed me, and I spoke with some slight irritation.

"Surely you, as Miss Stafford's father, can forbid the union?" I said. "Surely you have trained your child to obey you?"

"I have, Dr. Halifax; a sweeter and more obedient child never lived until she met this fellow. I must tell you frankly, however, that now I have lost all power over her. Molly has told both her mother and me that she will marry Basil Winchester whether we wish it or not. Our wishes, our distress, have not the slightest power over her. We consider her, in short, scarcely responsible for her actions. The man's influence is the strangest thing I have ever seen. I believe he can hypnotize her even from a distance, and he is so clever that if we take her to the other end of the world, he will contrive to follow us."



"I WANT YOU TO HYPNOTIZE HER."

"Well," I said, "as you cannot influence Miss Stafford to yield to your wishes, had you not better try the other way round. You think that Winchester wants your daughter for her gold. Can you not inform him that if he marries her without your permission, you will cut her off with the proverbial shilling?"

Stafford shrugged his shoulders, and gave a grim smile.

"I might say so twenty times," he replied, "but Winchester would not believe me. He would know, what is a fact, that whatever the child did, I could not be unkind to her. The fact is, she is the apple of her mother's eye and mine. At the present moment she is simply lost to us: she is deaf to our entreaties. She thinks of nothing morning, noon, or night but this man, who has contrived to get such an appalling power over her. I tell you what it is, Dr. Halifax, I have such a dislike to the fellow that I would rather see my only child in her grave than his wife, and yet I feel that if something is not done at once he will contrive to accomplish the marriage."

"The case is a strange one," I said; "still——"

"You will do something for us, won't you?"

I have come up to London on purpose to consult you."

"You are very good, but you place more faith in me than I deserve."

"You do acknowledge that there is a power in hypnotism?" asked Stafford.

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, can't one hypnotist counter-balance the will of another, if he happens to have a stronger power?"

"Perhaps so," I replied. "To tell the truth, I have never gone thoroughly into this subject."

"Well, at least, will you do this? Will you come down to Yorkshire and see my girl?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I do. When can you come?"

"Towards the end of the present week, if that will suit you."

"Admirably. Come on Saturday and stay till Monday. We will speak of you to Molly as a friend, and not address you by your name of doctor."

"As you like," I replied.

"Very well, then—that is happily arranged. Our place is called Mount Stafford, and is situated about five miles out of York. If you will send a telegram to state the hour when you will leave town, I will meet you at York station. I am heartily obliged to you for giving me so much of your time."

On the appointed day I went down to Yorkshire. Stafford met me at the railway station. It only needed one glance at his face to see that something fresh had occurred.

"Thank God you have arrived," he said, taking my hand in his great grip. "Now come along to the carriage."

"Is anything the matter?" I asked, as we hurried across the platform.

"Yes, yes; but I won't wait to tell you here. What a relief it is to see your face. Here we are. Step in, Dr. Halifax. Home, Jenkins, as fast as you can."



The carriage door was opened by a footman in livery. Immediately afterwards a pair of spirited horses started forward at a quick pace. We had soon left the picturesque city of York behind us.

"What has happened?" I asked, turning to my host.

He took off his hat, and, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, wiped his overheated face.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed. "That scoundrel made an appointment no later than yesterday morning to run off with my child. To this last act of wicked folly had he brought the gentlest and most obedient creature that ever breathed. She waited for him in the pine wood at the back of our house for one hour—two hours. It rained—she was wet to the skin. By the merest accident I found her there—she looked like one in a trance. I touched her and called her name. She turned round quickly and told me what she meant to do, just as though it were the most natural thing in the world. I expressed some of my horror to her—I expostulated—I appealed to her old affectionate feelings—I might as well have spoken to a stone.

"I am going with him—I shall die without him," she reiterated over and over again.

"There was no shame in her—no sort of sense of guilt. I had finally to bring her back to the house by force. I left her with her mother and went off to the 'White Hart.' You can imagine my feelings. When I inquired for Winchester, I was told that he had left—gone off, bag and baggage, at an early hour that morning—left no address, and owed some debts in the neighbourhood. He has not since been heard of."

"He is a good riddance," I could not help exclaiming.

"Yes, yes; but, Halifax, the child is dying."

"Oh, come; it can't be so bad as that!" I exclaimed.

"But it is—I tell you it is. You don't know the power that man had over her. She

was the brightest creature you can possibly imagine; but, after all, she was not like other girls, and this love affair was not of the ordinary kind. I told you, of course, that it was in my opinion a case of hypnotism from first to last.

"Even in the short month of their intercourse she has changed from a hardy, healthy-looking girl to a mere shadow. Sleep and appetite have failed. The scoundrel won her heart by the most underhand means, and then deliberately forsook her."

"I sympathize with all your feelings with regard to that man," I answered; "but, under the circumstances, he



"SHE LOOKED LIKE ONE IN A TRANCE."

did the best thing he could when he left your daughter."

"You say so, because you have not seen her," replied Stafford. "She has touched no food since yesterday morning—her sleep is more like torpor than natural slumber. Her low moans would wring anyone's heart. In

short, she only takes consolation in one thing."

"What is that?" I asked.

"The fellow gave her a bracelet, which he told her he had hypnotized—it is made of red coral. He had the face to inform the child that when she wore it round her arm she would be able to ascertain his wishes—he said it was a link between her and him. Badly as he has treated her, her overpowering passion for him is beyond all reason—she clings to the bracelet as if it were her life. It is piteous to see her sitting apart from everyone worshipping this silly trinket, and imagining that the scoundrel is communicating with her through it."

"There is no doubt that Winchester's influence has affected Miss Stafford's mind for the time being," I replied. "We must see what can be done to get it into a healthy channel as quickly as possible. As to the bracelet, it is bad for her to have it, and, if possible, it ought to be taken from her."

"There is no use in thinking of that, Halifax. She would find it wherever we put it. Her mother managed to slip it from her arm last night while she slept. Mrs. Stafford took it from the room, and locked it in her own wardrobe. What do you think happened? Molly awoke, felt her arm, found that the bracelet was missing, and walked straight from her own room into ours, approached the wardrobe, placed her hand on the drawer which contained the bracelet, and asked her mother for the key."

"I want to get my bracelet out of that drawer, mother," she said.

"How can you possibly know it is there?" asked my wife, quite startled and thrown off her balance by the child's words.

"I see a light pointing to the red bracelet," she answered. "I shall go mad if I don't have it. Give it to me at once."

"There was nothing for it but to humour the child—her mother gave her back the bracelet, she pressed it to her lips, sighed with pleasure, and carried it off at once. Well, here we are. You shall see my daughter in a moment or two, Halifax. She knows you are coming. I have told her you are a friend of mine—I have not mentioned the fact of your being a physician. Try and get her confidence, if you can."

The carriage drew up before a tall portico. A footman ran down a flight of steps to open the door. The next moment we were in my friend's entrance-hall.

"Tell your mistress we have arrived," said Stafford, turning to the servant.

The man immediately left the hall, and in a moment Mrs. Stafford came hurrying out of one of the reception-rooms to meet us. She was a tall, dignified-looking woman with a pale face, and large, dark grey eyes. These eyes showed traces now of recent tears.

"How is Molly?" asked Stafford, when he had introduced me to his wife.

"Just the same," answered Mrs. Stafford, with a sigh.

"Have you tried to get her to eat anything?"

"I have, but it is useless," replied the mother. "She pushes all food aside with the extraordinary remark that her throat is closed. She is lying down at present, and when I left her room she had the red bracelet tightly pressed against her cheek. I think she sleeps just now. As I was leaving her room I heard her murmur that terrible man's name."

"Suppose I go up and see her while she sleeps?" I said. "I will be very careful not to arouse her."

Mrs. Stafford gazed at me fixedly.

"Perhaps you forget," she said, "that our poor darling is blind. All you have to do is not to speak. Molly has never seen anything in the whole course of her life. She will not know you are in the room if she does not hear your voice."

"Well, that is all the better," I answered, cheerfully. "I can watch her without her noticing me."

"She is very weak," answered the mother, as she took me upstairs and led me down a corridor to Miss Stafford's room. "Her failure of strength is most remarkable. It is now nearly thirty hours since that man disappeared. Each moment seems to take something from her vitality. I could never have believed that hypnotism was such an awful power if I did not witness its effects upon my child."

"It is a fearful and dangerous power," I replied. "The sooner your daughter is released from its spell, the better."

"Sometimes I fear that it may be necessary for us to find this Basil Winchester," said Mrs. Stafford. "He has exercised this spell over the child: he alone may be able to remove it."

"I hope we may relieve Miss Stafford by some other means," I answered. "The less she sees of Winchester in the future the better—but now let me see her. Is this her room?"

"Yes; let us tread softly—I should like the child to have her sleep out."



We entered a very dainty and prettily furnished girl's room. The last rays of the evening sun were streaming into the chamber, and one of them now fell right across the foot of the bed on which the recumbent figure of a very young and remarkably pretty girl lay. Thick dark lashes shaded the cheeks—the brows were delicate, finely pencilled, and perfectly black. The hair, which was thrown back over the pillows, was abundant, and of the luxurious and curly order. Its shade was of a rich tone of brown, with a slight admixture of red in it—the complexion was delicate—the features regular. As I looked for the first time at Molly Stafford, I could not help feeling a distinct pang at my heart. She was an only child—she was the one treasure of this rich and prosperous couple. Without her, of what avail to them would be their house, their lands, their gold? If ever a girl appeared ill unto death, this one did. There was a transparency about her complexion—a waxlike hue was spread all over her face, which showed me how serious was the drain on her system made by a mysterious and little understood power. I took one of her limp hands in mine, and felt her feeble, fluttering pulse. The other hand was pressed against her cheek. On the wrist of this small right hand I saw the bracelet—the red beads pressed the sleeper's soft cheek, making faint marks there. The mother came up and stood by my side as I gazed. Suddenly she bent forward and touched my arm.

"What do you think of her?" she asked, in a whisper of uncontrollable anxiety.

"Hush," I replied. "I will talk to you presently."

As I spoke I bent down over the child, and pushing back the hair from her brow, listened to her hurried breathing. When I did this she suddenly, and without the least warning, opened her eyes wide. The effect was so startling that I stepped back. While she slept I had forgotten the fact of her blindness—now it was abundantly manifest. The opened eyes made such a complete change in her whole appearance that her beauty vanished, giving place to positive ugliness—ugliness of an almost repellent

order. The sightless eyes themselves were well formed and of a good size. They were turned now full upon me, and the brows became slightly knit. I had never seen such eyes before. I can only describe them as all white. There was no cornea, no iris, no pupil. The entire eyeball was white, as is the outside margin of the ordinary eye.

"Who touched me?" said the girl, starting up in bed, and covering the wrist on which she wore the bracelet with her other hand. "There is an adverse influence in the room. I won't have anything to do with it. Mother, are you there?"

"I am close to you, my darling."

"But there is someone else in the room—someone who is against me. Who is it?"

"Tell her at once," I said to the mother; "there is no use in deceiving her."

"You can't deceive me even if you try," answered Miss Stafford. As she spoke she flung the bed-clothes aside and sprang out of bed—she had lain down in her dress—she came quickly up to where I was standing.

"Who are you? Tell me at once," she repeated.

"I am a friend of your father's," I answered, "and I hope also to be a friend of yours."



"WHO ARE YOU?"

Your father and mother have told me that you are in trouble."

"Yes, I am—I am in awful trouble," she answered.

"Well, as I am a doctor, I may be able to do something for you."

She laughed wildly.

"Of all people in the world, I wish least to see a doctor," she answered. "I am not ill—at least, in the ordinary sense. I am in trouble because—because my heart bleeds—but this comforts me. It is warm—it has life in it—some of his life."

Here she pressed the coral beads passionately to her lips.

"Listen to me," I said, in a firm voice. "You are at present under the influence——"

"Oh, you need not tell me," she interrupted. "I glory in being under Basil Winchester's influence."

"You are at present under the dangerous influence of hypnotism," I answered.

She started violently when I said these words; then, with a swift movement, infinitely touching, went straight up to her mother, and put her arms round her neck.

"Mother, darling, don't let that man say anything more to me," she whispered—"he is a stranger—his influence is adverse—I don't want to get under it—take him away from me, mother."

"You are mistaken, Molly," answered Mrs. Stafford; "this gentleman would not hurt you for the world: he is a friend of ours, Dr. Halifax."

"I don't wish to have anything to do with him. I know what he has come for—he wants to take my bracelet away."

"You are altogether mistaken," I said, coming near her as I spoke. "I faithfully promise not to touch your bracelet, if you will do something for me."

A look of great relief came over her face.

"I will do anything, if I may keep my bracelet."

"On one condition you may keep it."

"What is that?"

"That you eat something which I am going to order for you."

"I can't eat, my throat is closed."

"No, that is folly," I replied. "You are giving way to a feeling of hysteria. This is causing your father and mother great unhappiness. Your throat is not closed, you only imagine it. Mrs. Stafford, will you get your daughter to wash her face and hands and then bring her downstairs to one of the sitting-rooms? You will eat something, Miss Stafford, when I tell you to?" I finally added.

She made no reply, but detaching her arms from her mother's neck, she let them fall to her sides, and followed me with her queer, sightless eyes as I left the room. The terrible eyes seemed to watch me as if they could see. I went immediately downstairs, and in about ten minutes Mrs. Stafford appeared in one of the drawing-rooms, leading her daughter by the hand.

To my astonishment, the girl loosened her clasp of her mother's hand and came straight up to me, exactly as a person with sight would do.

"Here I am," she said. "I promise to obey you if I may keep my bracelet. Now, what am I to do?"

"Take this glass of port wine, and drink it off," I said.

I had asked Stafford to have wine and biscuits in readiness, and I now filled a glass with good old port, and put it into Miss Stafford's hand.

"Drink," I said; "you can do so if you wish."

She didn't even attempt to struggle against my stronger will. Taking the glass, she raised it to her lips and drained off the contents at one draught.

"That is capital," I answered, "now eat this biscuit."

She did so with a sort of queer, desperate haste. When she had finished the first, I gave her another, which was also devoured quickly.

"That will do," I said, when she had finished the second biscuit. "Now sit here—I want to have a talk with you."

"I may keep my bracelet?" she inquired.

"I have said so," I answered. "I hope, before long, that you will give it to me of your own free will, but until that time comes I, for one, will certainly not deprive you of it."

"I believe that you are speaking the truth—I believe that I can trust you," she answered, with a profound sigh of relief.

She sat down on a low seat. The coral bracelet was on her left wrist; she stroked the red beads tenderly with the fingers of her right hand. As she did so, pleased smiles began to flit across her worn, little face.

"I am better for my food," she said, after a pause.

"Of course you are," I answered. "It was very silly of you to refuse to eat. You must have another meal presently, but not just yet."

She raised her head and gave me one of her sightless gazes; alarm became manifest in her face.



"I don't believe I shall be able to eat any more," she said; "my throat is getting that dreadful closed feeling again."

"You won't feel your throat troubling you when I wish you to eat," I said.

"But, surely, doctor, you are not going to hypnotize me?"

"I am not," I answered.

"Then why do you suppose that I shall obey you?"

"Because I intend to exercise my strong will over yours—yours is just now weakened by sorrow."

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, "by terrible, maddening grief."

"You have parted for the time being with common-sense," I continued, taking no apparent notice of her anguish. "I mean to bring that precious possession back to you."

I spoke so far in the driest way, but then, seeing how weak she was, I allowed some of the sympathy which I really felt to get into my voice.

"I pity you sincerely," I said. "It is possible that I may be able to help you, if we can have a little talk alone. May I see Miss Stafford for a few moments by herself?" I continued, turning to the parents.

"Certainly," said Stafford. He and his wife had been watching us with the most intense anxiety. They now left the room. Molly took no notice of their departure. She sat huddled up near a fire, which was not unpleasant on this late autumn day. Her sightless eyes seemed to watch the flames as they flickered.

"Do you know that there is a fire in the grate?" I asked, suddenly.

"Yes," she replied.

"You doubtless feel the warmth?" I continued.

"I feel the warmth," she answered, "but that is not all. I have a sensation when my eyes are fixed on a fire, or on the sun, as if

at any moment I were going to understand the full meaning of light. I have had that strange sensation all my life. I daresay most blind people know it."

"Possibly," I replied; "you were born blind, were you not?"

"Yes, but pray don't talk about my blindness now, it is incurable; my eyes are not made the same way as other people's. That which gives sight has been denied them."

"So I have heard," I answered, briefly.

"Don't let us talk of it now. I don't miss what I never had; but, oh, my God, my God, I miss one thing *inexpressibly*."

Here she clasped her hands so tightly together, that the delicate blue veins started into view. She stood up and gave utterance to a low and bitter cry.

"You know what has happened?" she said,

turning swiftly round to me.

"The man I love has left me."

"I know," I answered—"your father has told me. You see, he is not a good man."

"What does that matter? He is necessary to me."

"Do you really love him?" I asked. My words evidently surprised her; she paused in thought.

"I can't tell you whether I love him or not," she said at last.

"I can only re-

peat that he is necessary to me. I have only known him for a little over a month, and during that short time he has become an essential part of my life. All the rest of the world may go, but if he remains, I shall be happy. He has gone, and the world is dark—dark as my sightless eyes. Oh, this agony will kill me. I feel as if my heart were bleeding inside—it will soon bleed itself to death."

The poor girl gave utterance to a terrible groan as she spoke—she sank back into a chair, her face looked ghastly.

"If this man were back with you, you would be happy?" I asked.



"SHE SAT HUDDLED UP NEAR A FIRE."

"My heart would stop bleeding."

"But, answer me, would you be happy?"

"I don't—quite—know." She brought out these words with startling distinctness.

"When people love, and are together, they are generally happy," I said.

"I have heard so," she replied. "I never thought that love—love of this sort—could come into the life of a blind girl. It came, but I don't think my sensations were ever those of happiness. I can't tell you what I really felt. An irresistible and great force surrounded me. I knew that I had no will apart from that of Basil Winchester's. Anything he told me, I did—even if he asked me to do wrong, I did it. My father and mother were opposed to our marriage, but I cared nothing for their opposition. I lived—I live—only for him. He has gone now, and—I am dying—it is as if the sun had set."

"You ought not to speak in that way—think of your parents."

She shook her head.

"It is useless," she murmured.

"They love you dearly."

"I know that, but the knowledge of their love doesn't affect me in any way."

"Don't you love them in return?"

"No, I don't think I love anyone. The only emotion my heart is capable of is of a great, passionate, starved yearning to be with Basil Winchester."

"Suppose you found out that Winchester was not a good man—that he was, in short, a scoundrel?"

"I should not care—he would still be Basil Winchester to me."

Beads of perspiration were standing out on her forehead. As she spoke, she panted. I saw that I must not question her further.

"Well," I said, in a soothing tone, "you have my promise not to take your bracelet from you—that is, if you will continue to eat when I think it necessary to give you food."

"I will do anything if you will leave me my bracelet. I am certain that, without it, I shall lose my senses."

She began again to stroke the beads with her thin fingers. As she did so, a look of calm returned to her face.

"This bracelet is part of the man I love," she said. "When I press it to my cheek, I experience a very strange sensation. I feel as if cords were drawing me to where my lover is. I feel as if I must arise, and go to him—then I seem to hear his voice telling me to stay where I am—I try to be patient—I endure—but the drops of blood come from my heart all the time. My starved

heart is dying. Dr. Halifax, can anything be done for me?"

"Certainly," I answered; "what you need more than anything else just at present is quiet sleep—you have talked quite enough. I am going to ask your mother to put you to bed, and then I will give you something to make you sleep."

"But my bracelet?"

"You have my promise that it shall not be touched. Now, I am going to speak to your mother."

I left the room—Mrs. Stafford was waiting for me in the ante-room.

"The strain and excitement are considerable," I said. "I can't conceal from you that the case is one of great anxiety. The hypnotist has exercised his wicked power to the full. I by no means despair, however, and the first thing necessary to be done, is to get your daughter to have a long, refreshing sleep. Will you see that she goes to bed at once, Mrs. Stafford? When she is comfortably in bed, I want to give her a composing draught."

Mrs. Stafford hurried off to obey my orders. In half an hour the exhausted girl was lying between the sheets. I took a draught which I had specially prepared to her bedside.

"Drink this at once," I said.

I was glad to find that my voice had already considerable power over her. The moment I spoke, she raised herself obediently on her elbow. I put the glass containing the medicine in her hand—she drained off the dose.

"Now you are certain to have a pleasant sleep," I said. "I am going to sit with you until I find that you are in refreshing slumber."

I took my seat by the bedside. Miss Stafford closed her eyes immediately. In less than ten minutes she was in the land of dreams.

The rest of the evening passed quietly. Soon after dinner Mrs. Stafford went up to her daughter's room. She was absent for nearly an hour; when she returned there was an excited, triumphant expression on her face.

"What has happened, Mary?" asked her husband.

"I think I have done a good thing," she replied. "I have got rid of the coral bracelet at last."

I started up in annoyance. "Have you really taken the bracelet from Miss Stafford's arm?" I said. "If so, I must ask you to put it back at once."

Mrs. Stafford gazed at me in astonishment.



"I don't understand you," she said. "The influence of that bracelet has been most pernicious—I removed it just now when the child was in such heavy sleep that she did not in the least notice what I was doing."

"I promised Miss Stafford that she might keep the bracelet," I repeated. "Will you kindly give it to me, and I will slip it back again?"

Mrs. Stafford looked startled and distressed.

"But I can't," she replied. "I was wondering where to hide it, for Molly's instinct about recovering it has been marvellous. As I was hurrying downstairs, one of the servants came to tell me that a gipsy woman, whom I know very well, was waiting in the lower hall to speak to me. It occurred to me that I would give her the bracelet. I did so; she slipped it on her baby's arm, and left Mount Stafford some minutes ago."

Mrs. Stafford had scarcely said these words, and I had no time to reply, when a slight noise near the door caused us all to turn our heads. To our astonishment and dismay, Molly Stafford, in her long white night-gown, entered the room. She was staring straight before her with her queer, sightless eyes. She walked across the room in the direction of an open window. One glance into her face showed me that she was walking in her sleep.

"Hush," I whispered to the parents, "we must not awaken her—let us follow her."

She stepped over the window-sill and went out into the starlit night. Straight up the avenue she went—her rich hair fell over her neck and shoulders—her feet were bare, and I wondered that the pain of walking on the

gravel did not awaken her. We all followed her at a little distance. Presently she paused at a wicket gate which led up to one of the lodges; she opened the gate quickly, and with a decided push; walked up the narrow path, and lifting the latch of the door entered. There was a bright light inside; the lodge-keeper and his wife were sitting over their supper, and in one corner I saw to my astonishment the dark face of a woman who evidently must have been a gipsy. A baby sat on her knee. On the baby's arm dangled the coral bracelet.

With a warning gesture Mr. and Mrs. Stafford enjoined silence on the amazed group. Miss Stafford walked quickly to the child, snatched the bracelet from its arm, slipped it on her own, and left the cottage as abruptly and noiselessly as she had entered. As quickly as she had left the house, she now returned to it, entered the drawing-room by the open window, crossed the room, and went straight upstairs to her own bedroom. She lay down in bed with a sigh of relief, folded the bed-clothes around her, and clasped her recovered treasure to her cheek.

The whole occurrence must have been a dream to her, and she would not in all probability know anything about it when she awoke.

"I should like to

watch by her for the present," I said to the mother.

"I will share your watch," she replied.

The sick girl slept far into the night. As the hours went by her condition satisfied me less and less. The sleeping draught I had given her had produced heavy slumber, but there was no doubt, from her restless movements and her heavy groans, that her mind



"STARING STRAIGHT BEFORE HER."

was awake and active. Few doctors believe in the well-known phrase, "a broken heart," but if anyone were likely to die of this malady, the girl over whom I was now watching would be the one. Her blindness and her peculiarly nervous and highly strung temperament would all conduce to this effect. Amongst the many victims of hypnotism, there would be no sadder case than that of Molly Stafford, unless I could devise some means for her relief. Up to that moment no light dawned upon me, but I waited in hope.

About three in the morning, the sick girl awoke. She opened her sightless eyes, and in her own peculiar fashion turned them immediately upon the person nearest to her. I happened to be that person. She looked at me without speaking—presently she put out the hand on which she wore the bracelet and touched my coat-sleeve.

"You are there?" she said, in a whisper.

"Yes," I answered.

"Why do you watch me?"

"Because you are ill," I replied. "Now, I am going to give you something to eat."

"My throat is closed," she began.

"I am not going to listen to that sort of nonsense," I answered. As I spoke I motioned to Mrs. Stafford—she approached the bedside with a cup of strong beef-tea. I took the cup in one hand, and putting my other hand under the girl's shoulder, raised her to a semi-sitting position.

"Drink this at once," I said.

For a moment she seemed to shrink into herself, but then, making an effort, she held up her lips obediently. I held the cup to them—she emptied the contents, lying back again on her pillow with a sigh.

"Now you are going to sleep again," I said. "Give me your hand."

"No," she answered, "you will hypnotize me; Basil used to hold my hand when he wanted me to do what he wished—I don't wish anyone else to hold my hand."

"I promise not to hypnotize you," I answered, "but I should like to hold your hand for a few moments, for I think it will help you to sleep."

"I want to rest," she answered, in a low voice—"I am tired—tired to death!"—as she spoke, she slipped her little hand into mine.

For the first few moments she was restless, then she quieted down; she had nearly dropped off to sleep, when she raised herself to say a few words.

"I don't feel the dreadful, drawing sensa-

tion so badly now," she whispered. Then her eyes closed in slumber.

When she was quite sound asleep, I motioned to Mrs. Stafford to take my place by the bedside, and softly left the room.

I had thought hard while she slept—an idea had come to me at last.

Stafford was waiting for me downstairs; he was far too anxious to go to bed.

"Well," he said, when he saw me, "what do you make of the case?"

"It is serious," I answered. "It would be wrong for me to tell you anything else, but I don't consider it hopeless."

"What do you mean? Can you do anything to counteract the terrible influence under which our child is lying?"

"At present I am not quite certain," I answered. "The right thing—the only thing to do will be, by some means or other, to divert your daughter's thoughts into a completely new channel. Her illness is due to a strange and overstrained condition of the imagination. All her thoughts are turned inwards. Her blindness adds much to this condition. If I could only give her back her sight!"

Stafford laughed, hoarsely.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "even doctors can't do impossibilities—remember, the child was born blind."

"I know," I answered. I did not add any more.

"Her mother and I have taken Molly to nearly every oculist in Europe," continued Stafford. "One and all pronounce the case hopeless. A glance ought to show you, Halifax, that the eyes are not properly formed—there is no coloured part—the entire eye is white."

"Yes," I answered again. I was silent for a few minutes, thinking deeply; then I spoke.

"With your permission, Mr. Stafford, I should like to examine your daughter's eyes very carefully by full daylight. I have doubtless no right to differ from my brother doctors, but I have noticed a strange peculiarity about your child, which I have never seen before in a blind person. She is stone blind, but she turns her eyes fully upon the person she is speaking to. She confessed to me also that in strong light, such as bright fire-light or the full rays of the sun, she has a sensation which she thinks must resemble the feelings of those who see light. I own that I have very little to go upon, but I shall not be satisfied with regard to the condition of your daughter's eyes until I have examined them for myself."



My words could scarcely fail to excite Stafford—his eyes sparkled, his voice shook.

"You speak in a strange way," he said, "and I am the last to put an obstacle in your

The day which was now about to dawn was Sunday.

Soon after eleven o'clock Miss Stafford softly entered the room where I was sitting.

I did not know that she was awake, and could not help starting when I saw her. She was dressed in white, and looked very young, beautiful, and child-like. A glance, however, at her sightless eyes changed the beauty into ugliness. Oh, that I could but remove the hideous veil which covered them. She came into the room with a gliding, graceful motion peculiarly her own, and as was her wont, came straight up to me as though she saw me. She put out her hand and spoke in a low, musical voice.

"I feel a little better," she said. "That last sleep refreshed me. You soothed me when you held my hand. I don't think any the less of Basil—the links between us are still complete, but I am less restless when you are by."

"That is right," I answered, in a cheerful tone. "Please remember what I told you yesterday—the man whom you call Basil Winchester has hypnotized you. I am not going to hypnotize you, but I am going to exercise my will over yours."

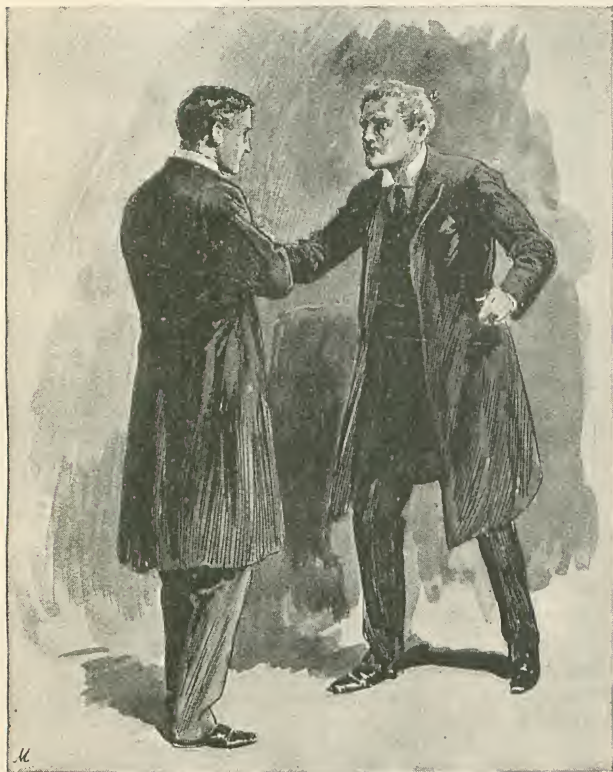
"You have done so already," she answered. "I eat when you tell me; I sleep when you wish me to; I don't feel wicked when I am with you. I even begin, just a little, a very little, to take an interest in my father and mother again. Basil used to make all the rest of the world a blank. He always stood himself in a wonderful light, but beyond him was darkness."

"You talk of light," I said, suddenly; "what do you know about it?"

A wave of colour rushed up to her pale cheeks.

"Nothing really," she replied, "and yet a great deal. I am always imagining what light is like. On a sunshiny day nothing gives me such pleasure as to go out and gaze directly up to where the great heat comes from. I seem to see light then. I know well it is only seeming, for I shall never see light, but I picture what it is like."

"I wish you would try to describe your picture," I said.



"'YOU SPEAK IN A STRANGE WAY,' HE SAID."

path, but for God's sake don't arouse a hope in that poor child which can never be realized."

"In her present condition, even the presence of such a hope for a few hours can be nothing but beneficial," I answered. "When I examine her eyes it will be necessary for me to ask her a few questions. If I am right—if there are really perfect eyes behind the curtains which now shroud them—I am firmly convinced that your girl will be completely cured from the strange infatuation under which she labours. The effect of hypnotism is overpowering to some natures. Your daughter was an easy victim. I can scarcely think of that scoundrel with patience, but if Miss Molly can get back her sight, I am convinced that all will be well with her."

"I should think so," exclaimed Stafford. "To think of Molly with eyes like other girls' is too great a hope to be realized quickly."

"Don't build on it," I answered, "but allow me to examine the eyes as soon and as thoroughly as possible."

"It is difficult," she answered, "for of course you know I have no knowledge of colour. I can best describe what I fancy light to be by telling you what noises are to me. Do you know the clashing sound of a full string band? Bright light seems somewhat to resemble that. Twilight is like the slow movement in one of Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,' and darkness resembles the 'Dead March.' Oh, I know I am talking nonsense."

"Not at all," I replied; "you describe your sensations wonderfully. Now come and stand in this sunshine, and tell me what you feel."

To my surprise, she went immediately and stood by the window. The noonday sun was pouring a great flood of light into the room.

"How did you guess that the sunshine was here?" I asked.

"I heard the noise of the string band," she answered; "now I feel the heat on my face. Oh, I have a rapturous moment—it is almost as if I must burst some veil at any instant, and really see."

"Stay still for an instant," I said; "I should like to look into your eyes."

"Don't, they are terrible to look at."

"They are peculiar; now stand perfectly still while I examine them."

She stood as motionless as a statue. The sightless balls were turned full upon me—I examined them carefully. The white sclerotic membrane completely covered the entire ball, but where the cornea ought to be in the ordinary eye, I noticed a very slight bulging. That was enough.

"Thank you, Miss Stafford," I said to her; "that will do for the present."

She replied, in a fretful tone.

"I wish you hadn't looked at my eyes," she said. "Many doctors have done so already. I have had many brief moments of hope, but they have always been extinguished in despair. You are not an oculist. Why did you raise hopes that can never be realized?"

"How do you know they can never be realized?" I said.

"How do I know?" she answered. "I have got no eyes in the ordinary sense."

"It would make you very happy to see like other people?" I continued, after a pause.

"Happy," she answered; "it is unkind of you even to speak of it."

She stood perfectly still, while large tears gathered in her sightless eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"I can't bear it," she said, after a pause; "no one knows what the longing for light has been to me. There have been moments, but that was before I knew Basil, when I even wished to die, because I believed that afterwards I should see."

"Come over here," I said, taking her hand. "Sit down, I have something to say. I have just looked at your eyes, and an idea which occurred to me last night has been very much strengthened. Now you must stay quite calm while I speak to you. Your blindness is of a very peculiar and uncommon type. I don't *know* that it can be cured."

"Cured," she exclaimed. "You speak as if there were a possibility. Oh, Dr. Halifax, do you dare to give me hope?"

"Yes," I answered, slowly, "I do. You are blind—you are afflicted with congenital blindness, but nevertheless I believe there is a chance of your sight being restored. Now I will tell you frankly what my idea is. I think—remember, it is only conjecture after all; but I am strongly inclined to believe that you possess perfect eyes under the thick membrane which now covers them. My reasons for this idea are twofold. First, you have a conception of light, which a totally blind person who has never seen does not as a rule possess. Second, your sensations are intensified when you look full up at the sun, or when you gaze at a very bright fire. This would be scarcely likely to be the case if the organs of vision were altogether absent. I have a third reason for my hope. Where the cornea ought to exist in the normal eye, you have a very slight bulging. In short, my hope with regard to your recovery of sight is sufficiently strong to induce me to ask you to consent to a slight operation. If, after all, my hopes are false, you will be no worse off than you are at present. If, on the other hand, I am right——"

"Yes, if you are right?" exclaimed Molly—she grasped my hand, holding it with the strength of iron. "If you are right?" she repeated.

"If I am right," I said, quietly, "you will see as well as any other person."

"Oh, merciful and kind God," she exclaimed—she covered her face with her trembling hands—"then I shall see Basil! Oh, I can scarcely dare to think of this rapture."

"I am going to speak to your parents now," I said; "stay quietly here until I return to you."

I left her and went to seek Stafford, who



was wandering restlessly about, evidently waiting for me.

"Well," he said, when he saw me—"well, did you examine her eyes?"

"I did—let us come into this room, I want to talk to you."

Stafford drew me into his smoking-room. Mrs. Stafford was there—she looked even more excited than her husband.

"My husband has told me all about your extraordinary thought, Dr. Halifax," she said. "Have you looked at our child's eyes? Is there a vestige of hope?"

"There is," I replied. "I have examined your daughter's eyes very carefully. Their condition is peculiar—the sclerotic membrane covers the entire eyeball. The present condition of the eyes points to hopeless congenital blindness; nevertheless, I am not without hope. In examination I noticed a bulging where the cornea ought to be. My hope is that there is a perfect eye behind the membrane which now completely covers the whole ball. I have told my hope to your daughter."

"You have told Molly? How cruel of you," exclaimed Mrs. Stafford.

"No," I answered, "if you saw Miss Stafford now, you would not think what I have done cruel. She is so excited—so lifted out of herself—that, for the time, at least, she has almost forgotten the strange craze which is over her. She will willingly submit to an operation."

"An operation? We ought not to risk it," said the mother.

"There is no risk," I answered. "At the worst the slight scar which I shall make will quickly heal, and the eye will be no worse than it is now. At the best—remember all that that includes—sight!"

"Oh, dare we think of anything so joyous?" said Mrs. Stafford.

"Allow me to perform the operation," I said, going up to her. "I am not a rash man; believe me, I would not advise this if I did not think there was a fair hope of success."

"Suppose you are wrong: the child will then be in a worse condition than ever."

"Even if I am wrong, that will not be the case," I replied. "The thread of her present thoughts will have been broken if only for a few hours. That fact alone will be greatly to her benefit. If I am the means of restoring her sight to her, I am fully convinced that the spell under which she now labours will vanish."

"You are right," said Stafford, who had not spoken a word up to this point. "Mary,

my dear, we will allow our good friend to have his way. If the operation is successful, we shall have our child as we never had her yet; remember, too, that if by any chance she is permitted to see Winchester's face, her love for him must vanish on the spot—those sinister eyes of his would repel anyone."

"She does not love him now," I interrupted. "What she feels is not love. She is hypnotized. The restoration of sight will make such a complete revolution in her whole being, that I doubt if the man could hypnotize her again even if he tried. She will soon forget this strange and terrible episode in her life. In short, I believe in the acquisition of sight as a complete cure."

"We will make up our minds to the operation," said Stafford. "Am I not right?" he added, turning to his wife.

"Yes, we will consent," she answered.

I looked at her when she spoke—her face was as white as a sheet, but her eyes blazed with light and colour. I noticed for the first time the strong likeness between mother and daughter. In the case of the mother, however, the eyes were of the deepest, clearest grey—scintillating eyes, full of light and expression. I thought of the blind girl's charming face, and wondered what it would look like if it could ever be lit up with eyes like her mother's. The thought cheered me, and strengthened my resolve to do my utmost for Miss Stafford.

"Very well," I said; "I have your consent to perform the operation. In order to get the necessary instruments, I will take the next train to London. I can return here at an early hour to-morrow, and will operate on one eye immediately."

"Will the operation be painful?" asked Mrs. Stafford. "Will it be necessary for you to use chloroform?"

"No; I shall put cocaine into the eye—don't be alarmed, Miss Stafford will feel no pain. I shall only operate on one eye at a time. A very slight incision will enable me to confirm my theory, or to see that it is hopeless. While I am absent, please talk frankly about the operation. Induce your daughter to eat and drink plenty; get her to bed early to-night; do everything to keep up her strength. I will go back to say a word to her now."

I re-entered the drawing-room. Miss Stafford was sitting just where I had left her—her hands were crossed on her lap—the right hand clasped the red bracelet, which encircled the left-hand wrist. She knew my

footstep, and looked up with a face of expectation.

"Well?" she said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Good news," I replied, cheerfully. "Your father and mother consent to the operation. I am going to town by the next train and will return with my instruments to-morrow. Keep up your courage—by this time to-morrow we shall know whether the precious gift of sight is to be yours or not."

"If you fail, I shall die," she answered, speaking in a low and intense voice.

"No," I replied, "even if I fail, you will be too brave, too good, deliberately to throw away your life. Try to think now of success, not failure—try to think of what life may be yours if you can see like other girls."

She sighed; there was hope, even joy, in that sigh. I hurriedly left her. The next day, at an early hour, I was back again at Mount Stafford. The operation which I meant to perform was quite simple in character, and I did not require any help. I suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Stafford that it would be best for me to be alone with my patient.

"She feels the presence of anyone so intensely," I said, "that she will be less nervous, and will keep more quiet, if I am alone with her."

The father and mother agreed to this suggestion, and decided to wait in the outer drawing-room. I placed Miss Stafford in a chair facing the window.

"Now, you must keep up your courage," I said. "I shall operate to-day on your right eye. You must keep perfectly quiet. This will be easy—for you won't feel the slightest pain."

"I could even bear pain with the great hope of sight before me," she answered.

I saw that she was in a state of tense and rapt excitement. She had strung herself up to bear anything.

"You will feel no pain," I said, taking her hand as I spoke.

Her pulse was fluttering, but not weak and fitful like yesterday. I supported her head with props, and then dropped the cocaine into the eye. After waiting until complete insensibility

was produced, I quickly began to operate. I carefully divided the sclerotic at the upper part of the eyeball, just where I had seen the bulging, such as there is at the edge of the cornea in the normal eye. After dividing the sclerotic, I made a small flap, which I raised. It did not need my patient's sudden exclamation to tell me that I was right in my conjecture, and that there was under the thick membrane a cornea intact and transparent. To dissect off the whole of the fibrous curtain which covered this cornea was but the work of a few minutes.

After her first cry, Miss Stafford did not utter a sound. But when I had finished she started up and looked wildly around her.

"I see," she exclaimed—"I see! How queer everything is—how confusing—I would almost rather be in the dark again. I feel as if mountains were surrounding me. I don't know where I am—all is hopeless confusion. I see—oh, I am glad, I am glad; but I can't use my sight. Now that I have it, I don't know what to do with it."

As she uttered these last words, she fell back in her chair in a semi-conscious state.

I applied restoratives, and then carefully bound up the wounded eye.

The shock and joy were almost too much for her in her weak state. I had her taken

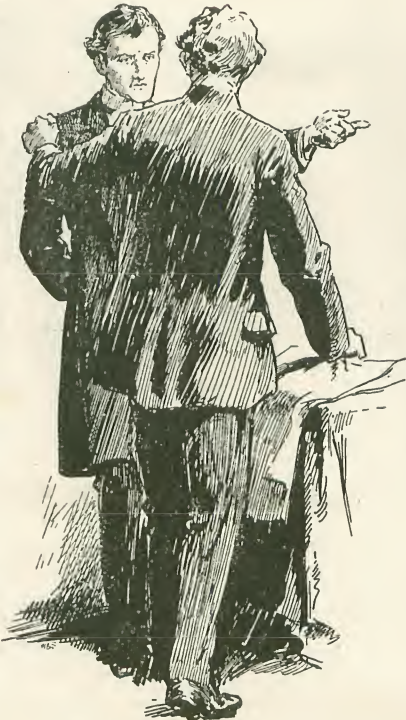
straight to bed. I gave her a composing draught, and she fell quickly asleep. Having seen her in a satisfactory slumber, I hurried downstairs to speak to her father.

"Your girl will have as beautiful and perfect eyes as anyone need care to possess," I said. "I will operate on the left eye in a week's time. For the present, the right eye must be kept bandaged, but the bandage may be removed in a day or two. She will then have to learn to see just as if she were an infant."

"What do you mean?" asked Stafford.

"What I say," I replied; "your daughter cannot focus at present. She has no idea of distance—she must learn to use her sight just as a baby does."

"But she possesses eyes," said the mother, who



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" ASKED STAFFORD.



had followed me into the room. "Oh, Dr. Halifax, how can we thank you?"

The second operation was performed as successfully as the first, and in a month's time from the date of the last operation, Molly Stafford could use her new possession with tolerable freedom. The eyes were beautiful: clear grey like the mother's, with black rims. They transformed her face, making it a specially lovely one.

A few weeks later, as I was about to leave my consulting-room after my morning's work, Stafford was announced. He came into the room in a hurry, and with signs of agitation on his face. He held in his hand a little box, which he laid on the table.

"How are you, Halifax?" he said, grasping my hand in his great grip. "I won't take up more than a moment or two of your valuable time. I have come with news."

"What is it?" I asked. "I hope nothing bad has happened. How is my patient?"

"How can I tell?" I said.

"Molly sees as perfectly as I do," said Stafford. "Her joy in her new possession is beyond all words. Since the date of the first operation she never once mentioned Winchester's name. Her mother and I hoped she had completely forgotten him, but we did not fail to remark that she still wore the coral bracelet."

"I should take no notice of that," I interrupted.

"Well, let me proceed. She wore the coral bracelet day and night, but she never spoke of the man. Yesterday she went out accompanied by a girl, who is a great friend of hers. This girl, Miss Henderson, is the daughter of our next-door neighbour. She told us exactly what occurred. They were walking in the pine wood, chatting, as girls will, when who should appear directly in their path but that scoundrel, Winchester! He came up to Molly and tried to take her hands.

"She started back in amazement.



"SHE STARTED BACK IN AMAZEMENT."

"In perfect and blooming health."

"Something has disturbed you, however," I continued, giving him a keen glance; "what is it?"

"Yes," continued Stafford, "I am both disturbed and relieved. I hurried up to town on purpose to tell you. What do you think happened yesterday?"

"Pray don't touch me," she said. "I don't know who you are."

He laughed and spoke in that confidently seductive voice of his.

"I am the man whom you love—Basil Winchester," he said. "I have come to explain why I could not meet you six weeks ago. Can I see you alone?"

"'You, Basil Winchester?' exclaimed Molly. She looked full at him with an expression of puzzled incredulity. Then her voice took a half frightened, half scornful tone. 'You must be mistaken,' she said. 'I could never, never at any moment have loved a man like you.'

"Before he could utter a word, she turned from him and fled back to the house. She rushed into her mother's presence, flung her arms round her neck, and burst into tears.

"'Mother,' she exclaimed, 'I met a dreadful man in the wood just now. He told me his name was Basil Winchester. He said that I—I loved him once.'

"'But you don't love him now, my darling,' said her mother, soothing and kissing her.

"'I could never have loved that man, mother,' said Molly. 'I have a dim remembrance of an awful time, when someone of the name had a terrible power over me; but it could not have been that man, mother. I looked in his face, and I saw his ugly soul.'

"Miss Henderson came in just then and gave us a full account of the interview.

The moment Molly fled from him, Winchester left the pine wood. Perhaps you think that is the end, but there is more to follow. Two hours afterwards the news reached us that the fellow had been arrested. The fact is the police had been wanting him for a couple of months. His reason for deserting Molly on that first occasion was fear of arrest. He ventured back hoping to secure his prize, the spell was broken, and he saw he could do nothing with the child. He was arrested on a grave charge of forgery, and is now in York Gaol awaiting his trial."

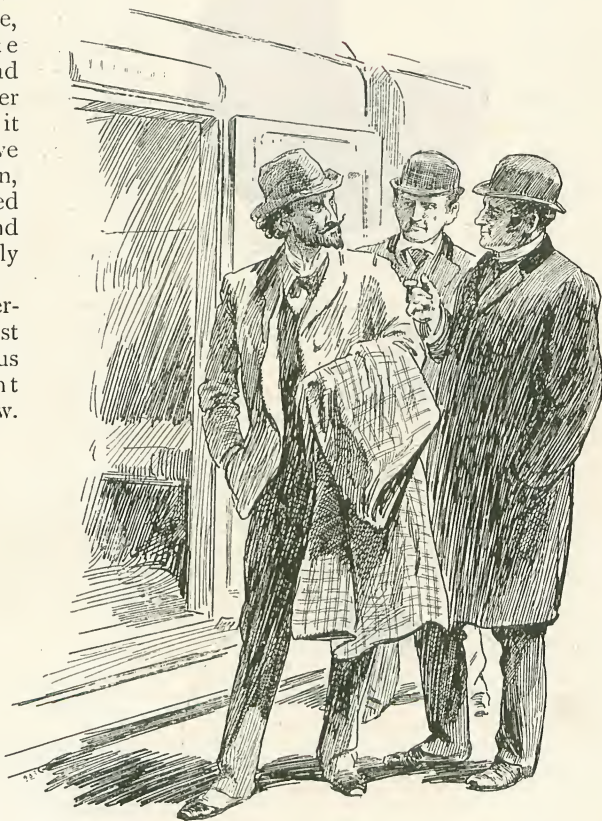
As Stafford said these last words, he sank back in a chair in manifest agitation.

"When I think of my child's narrow escape, I can't help shuddering, even now," he said.

"She has escaped, and now all is well," I answered.

"Yes, all is well. We have our child as we never thought to have her—beautiful, perfect, with eyes as lovely as her mother's. By the way, she told me to give you this."

When Stafford left me, I opened the little parcel. It contained—the red coral bracelet.



"ARRESTED."



# The Census Up To Date.

(April 6th, 1895.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)



WHEN we have a mass of observed facts relating to the past, we can often use those facts as a means to forecast future events of a similar nature, with a degree of approximation to truth that comes near to certainty. This is specially the case when we deal with so large a mass of facts as is afforded by the population of such a country as the United Kingdom. Unstable and elusive of calculation as are facts relating to the individual—nothing is perhaps more reliable as a working base for computing future events than is the aggregate of past individual facts. The “chances” that individuals meet in life are merged and disappear in the mass, and apparent disorder and erratic “chance” are lost in the harmonious order of human events which stands revealed when we view them *en masse*. And so we will see how we now number as a population, without taking the trouble to issue the six or seven millions of schedules required by a modern census of the United Kingdom.

Before we look at any of the results of our 1895 census, let me say that in every possible instance I have gone to the original facts of April 6th, 1891, and that in no single case has any deduction from these facts been accepted second-hand. Every calculation has been independently made, and has moreover been stringently checked by processes that are sufficiently familiar to the actuary or to the statistician—in fact, while we may perhaps see our results in a more graphic and interesting form than is usually adopted for statistical results, we may also feel assured that they have been as carefully prepared as if intended for an

audience of statisticians, instead of for the much larger and more varied audience who themselves form no inconsiderable part of the subject-matter of this paper.

In No. 1 we see a diagrammatic picture of the following figures:—

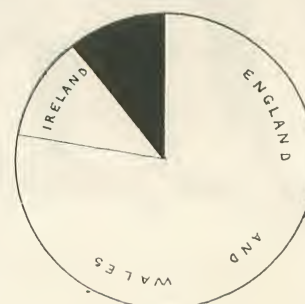
	Population, April 6th, 1895.	Per 1,000 of the Total Population.
England and Wales.....	30,270,817	— 778
Ireland .....	4,522,982	— 116
Scotland .....	4,142,471	— 106
United Kingdom .....	38,936,270	— 1,000



I.—England and Wales in black.



II.—Ireland in black.



III.—Scotland in black.

No. 1.—Each of the above circles represents the population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895. The black part of each circle represents the population of: I. England and Wales. II. Ireland. III. Scotland.

and, in stating the present population at nearly 39 millions, we are probably very near the truth, because the rate of growth which actually operated during 1881–1891 may be used to compute the population four years later than 1891, with a chance of serious error which is so small that, for practical purposes, it becomes inappreciable. As regards the splitting-up of the population, we see that more than three-quarters of the whole are inhabitants of England and Wales, and that less than one-quarter are inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland combined.

It is interesting to note in connection with these distribution-rates that in 1821, when the first complete census of the United Kingdom was taken, the figures were:—

	Per 1,000 of the total population.
England and Wales .....	574
Ireland .....	325
Scotland .....	100
United Kingdom ....	1,000

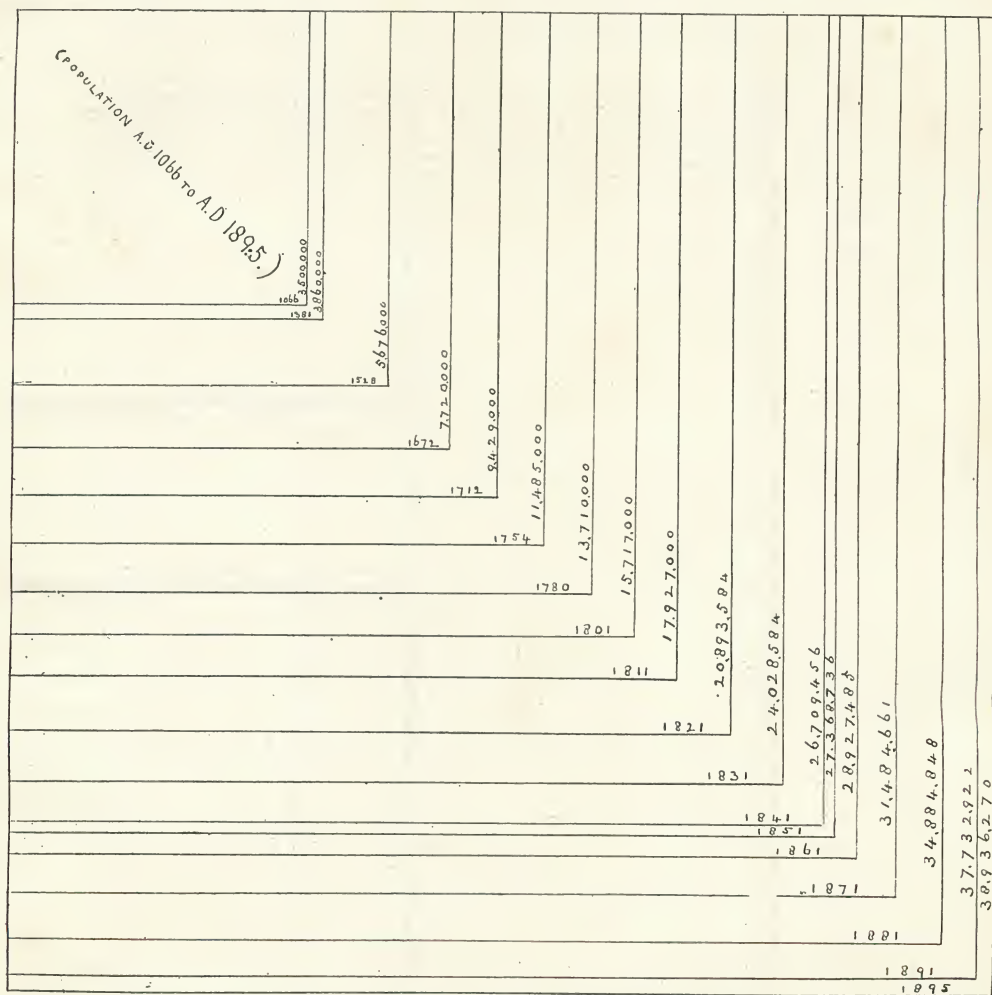
At each of the seven censuses since 1821 the percentage residing in England and Wales has increased, while the percentage residing in Ireland has continuously declined, the Scotch proportion remaining practically unchanged but for a slight tendency towards increase.

If we express the three black sectors of circles seen in No. 1 as parts of one hour on a clock-dial, we then find that the English and Welsh population equals 46 minutes 39 seconds; the Irish population 6 minutes 58 seconds; the Scotch, 6 minutes 23 seconds; *total, United Kingdom—one hour.* At no very distant date, *viz.*, in the year 1900, the inhabitants of Scotland will be as numerous as the inhabitants of Ireland, and so, at the next official census (1901), there will be recorded, for the first time in history, a numerical superiority of the Scotch over the Irish population.

The diagram No. 2 is a very carefully drawn series of squares, each of which represents by its area the total population of the countries which are now the United

Kingdom at various dates from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1895. The successively increasing squares give us a better idea of the growing population than do the actual numbers which are written at the corners of the squares, and which, for the most part, are the results of censuses, the earlier populations being the most reliable estimates which have been made as to our numbers in the early days of our history.

The *rate* at which we have increased during these eight centuries has varied considerably. From the Norman Conquest up to the time of Richard II., about three centuries, the ranks of the troubled people were thinned by disease, pestilence, and war, to nearly the same degree that they were increased by the birth of children in those hazardous days.



No. 2.—A diagram consisting of eighteen squares, which illustrate by their respective areas the growth of the population of the United Kingdom from A.D. 1066 to April 6th, 1895.



and so the population had but a slow and stunted growth, which, for every ten thousand persons living in the January of a year, could add at the December of that year only three persons to the ten thousand on a yearly balance of gain over loss of population. The people grew more quickly during the succeeding one and a half centuries, *i.e.*, from Richard II. to Henry VIII., and also during the years which bring our history up to the second Charles. The net rate of growth was then over two persons added to a thousand during one year. And this quicker growth of our population went up to more than five per 1,000 per annum during the eighteenth century. As regards the present century, the quickest growth of the population of the United Kingdom occurred during 1811-1821, when, on the average, nearly fifteen and a half persons were annually added to every 1,000 of the population: this rate was almost as high up to the year 1831, and then came a slower growth, which again quickened up to ten per 1,000 per annum during 1871-1881, and which is now somewhat less than eight persons added to a thousand during one year. Taking the whole period of 829 years from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1895, the average yearly rate of growth has been just under three persons increase for every one thousand. In other words, if we merge all variations in the rate of growth, the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions of population in the year 1066 would have increased to the 39 millions existing in 1895, by applying a uniform growth-rate of 2.9 persons per 1,000 per annum to the

population for each of the 829 years from 1066 to 1895.

No. 3 shows us pretty clearly in col. (1) the increasing numbers which, in later years than 1066, represented exactly one thousand persons living in that year. We see how the thousand became eleven hundred in the year 1381, over two thousand in 1672, nearly four thousand in 1780, more than eight thousand in 1861, and how, finally, there are now more than *eleven* thousand persons in our population for every *one* thousand existing at the time of the Norman Conquest. And in col. (2) of No. 3 this process is reversed, and it shows us the gradually decreasing numbers in years prior to 1895 which represented one thousand of our present population. Even so recently as 1871 there were only 809 persons for every thousand persons now inhabiting this country, and in 1801 we see that there were only 404 to every present

Showing for each year stated below :- (1) For every 1000 persons in A.D. 1066, the increased numbers in LATER YEARS (2) For every 1000 persons in A.D. 1895, the smaller numbers in EARLIER YEARS.			(3) The DOUBLING of the Population from A.D. 1066. (4) The HALVING of the Population from A.D. 1895. (5) The YEARS in which the Population numbered (or will number) exactly 5 MILLIONS, 10 MILLIONS, ETC., up to 40 MILLIONS.		
YEAR	(1)	(2)	YEAR	POPULATION	N <sup>o</sup> OF YEARS
1066	1,000	90	1066	3,500,000	560
1381	1,103	99	1626	7,000,000	157
1528	1,622	146	1783	14,000,000	72
1672	2,206	198	1855	28,000,000	86
1712	2,694	242	1941	56,000,000	
1754	3,281	295	1895	38,936,270	79
1780	3,917	352	1816	19,468,135	98
1801	4,491	404	1718	9,734,068	249
1811	5,122	460	1469	4,867,034	
1821	5,970	537	1066	3,500,000	413
1831	6,866	617	1479	5,000,000	245
1841	7,631	686	1724	10,000,000	69
1851	7,820	703	1793	15,000,000	25
1861	8,245	743	1818	20,000,000	16
1871	8,996	809	1834	25,000,000	31
1881	9,967	896	1865	30,000,000	16
1891	10,781	969	1881	35,000,000	17
1895	11,124	1,000	1898	40,000,000	

No. 3.—A condensed statement of the growth, etc., of the population of the United Kingdom from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1895.

thousand; and so we go back and back, as we read col. (2) from bottom to top, until we see that in the year 1066 there were only 90 persons for every thousand now living in the United Kingdom.

The other part of No. 3 contains some rather interesting results I have computed as to (1) *The Doubling of the Population from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1941*; (2) *The Halving of the Population from 1895, backwards*; and (3) *The Years in which the Population numbered exactly 5 millions, 10 millions, etc.*

One often comes across statements about our population doubling itself in "fifty years." So far as I have been able to trace this still existing notion, it was originated by the late Dr. William Farr, at one time superintendent of the statistical department of the Registrar-General's office, who, when commenting forty years ago on the 1851 census, said that the population of England and Wales would double itself in fifty-one years provided that the rate of growth for the first half of this century should be maintained during the second half. A correct statement, but which does not justify the prevailing idea as to the doubling of our population in fifty years. We can see from the right-hand column in No. 3 that our present numbers were exactly one-half in the year 1816, so that seventy-nine years have been required for the most recent doubling of the population of the United Kingdom. As regards England and Wales only, I find that their 1895 population was one-half in the year 1837; so that fifty-eight years have been the doubling period for England and Wales alone.

I may say with reference to (1) *the doubling of the population from A.D. 1066*, No. 3, that the result for A.D. 1941 is based upon the assumption of a future rate of growth equal to that which took place during 1881-1891. Although we may forecast the *near* future with considerable precision, we cannot expect the same degree of accuracy in our results when we make a forecast of nearly fifty years, as is the case here, so the statement of population for the year 1941 is not entitled to the same degree of credence that may safely be extended to the less distant future events with which we are dealing. The balance of existing probability points to the conclusion that the rate of growth in the distant future will be less than that which has operated in the near past, and, therefore, this 1941 estimate may, perhaps, be too high. But we shall turn the scale at forty millions in the year 1898—three years

from now—and, at that date, it will have taken just eighty years (1898 *minus* 1818) for the then population to have doubled itself. We numbered twenty millions in 1818—see the concluding section of No. 3.

Next to the numbering of a people should come some account of the land upon which they live, so here is a brief statement of the area of the United Kingdom. These areas include inland water; but not tidal water or foreshore:—

	Area in square miles.	Percentage of total area.	Persons to 1 square mile.
England and Wales .. ..	58,310	48	519
Ireland .. ..	32,353	27	140
Scotland .. ..	30,406	25	136
United Kingdom .. ..	121,069	100	322

If we divide the country equally among its population, and assume that each person is temporarily placed in the middle of his or her plot of land, we obtain by calculation the following somewhat interesting results:—

	Acres for each person.	Distance separating each person from his or her neighbours.
England and Wales .. ..	1½	83 yards.
Ireland .. ..	4½	160 "
Scotland .. ..	4½	162 "
United Kingdom .. ..	2	105½ "

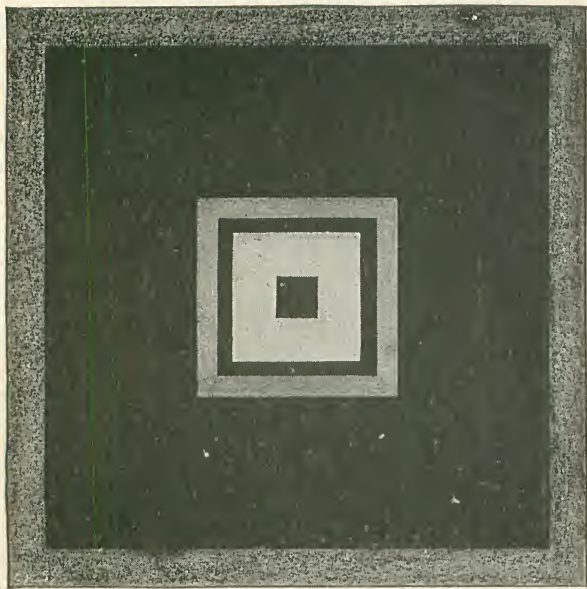
Thus, we must not offer "three acres" to everybody, as the land wouldn't go round: we must be content with only 1¼ acres apiece in England and Wales, and if we each sat down on a chair in the centre of our plot of ground, and so presented the pretty spectacle of equal distribution of the English and Welsh population, the chairs would be eighty-three yards apart in every surrounding direction all over the whole country. [Ingenuous readers can puzzle their brains a little in finding out how this distance between the chairs has been calculated.]

Illustration No. 4 helps to show us of what kind of land our 1¼ acres apiece consist. England and Wales are composed as follows, according to the most recent and authentic official statement:—

	Per cent. of whole area.
II. Land under crops, bare fallow, permanent grass, nursery grounds .. ..	75
III. Houses, streets, roads, waste ground, etc. ..	12
IV. Mountain and heath, used for grazing ..	7½
V. Woods, plantations .. ..	5
VI. Inland water .. ..	½
I. Whole area of England and Wales .. ..	100

In No. 4, the large shaded square, of which only the edges are visible, represents the whole area; the large black square, which occupies three-quarters of the whole, stands for "II. Land under crops," etc.; the third square—the small, lightly-shaded one—denotes "III. Houses, streets," etc.; the small black square placed upon this, and nearly covering it, represents "IV. Mountain and





No. 4.—Six superimposed squares. These illustrate, by their respective areas, the areas of the different kinds of land and water which make up the Area of England and Wales. See text for description.

heath"; the plain white square stands for "V. Woods, plantations"; and the little black square in the centre shows the proportion of "VI. Inland water" to the whole area of England and Wales.

We see from this diagram that 75 per cent. of us would have to be content with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  acres apiece of "crop-land," the more valuable "house-land" sufficing for only 12 out of every 100 persons.

Part I. of No. 5 shows how the people are distributed as regards their ages. From it we see that of the ten-year groups, the one at ages 5 to 14 contains the largest share of the population—228 out of every 1,000 being children of these ages. If we take all children under 15, we get 120 *plus* 228 = 348 per thousand, *i.e.*, more than *one-third* of the whole population are children under 15 years of age! If we consider the best period of life to be from ages 15 to 44, we can see that the best ages account for 456 persons out of every 1,000 of the population—a very satisfactory proportion, which may be still more increased if we include the *males* aged 45—54 under the head of "best" ages.

It is interesting to see how many persons there are to each male at the "working" ages 20 to 64. I find that the whole population is composed thus :—

Males aged 20 to 64 .....	9,273,842
All other persons .....	29,662,428
Total population .....	38,936,270

so that on the average each of these males—who for practical purposes may be considered as the workers of the country—has dependent upon him rather more than three other persons; he has to maintain four persons if we include himself.

Part II. of No. 5 gives a synopsis of the

I		II			III		
AGES	PERSONS	AGES	PERSONS	POPULATION	AGES	PERSONS	POPULATION
0 - 4	120	0-100	1000	1000	0 - 4	120	1000
5 - 14	228	5-100	880	1000	0 - 14	348	1000
15 - 24	196	15-100	652	1000	0 - 24	544	1000
25 - 34	147	25-100	456	1000	0 - 34	691	1000
35 - 44	113	35-100	309	1000	0 - 44	804	1000
45 - 54	87	45-100	196	1000	0 - 54	891	1000
55 - 64	59	55-100	109	1000	0 - 64	950	1000
65 - 74	35	65-100	50	1000	0 - 74	985	1000
75 - 84	13	75-100	15	1000	0 - 84	998	1000
85-100	2	85-100	2	1000	0-100	1000	1000
POPULATION = 1000							

No. 5.—A concise statement of the proportional age-distribution of the population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895. I., in individual groups of ages; II., in groups of ages which include the age specified and all older ages; III., in groups of ages which include the age specified and all younger ages.

age-distribution of the people in large groups of ages, which extend from the age stated right up to the end of life. It shows us, for example, that fewer than one-half of us (456 per 1,000) are aged 25 and older, that five in every 100 are old people aged 65 and older, etc. Part III. reverses the process given in Part II., and tells us, among other things, that more than one-half the population (544 per 1,000) are young people under 25 years of age.

It is no unusual thing to hear various random statements about the extra females in this country — such as “there are three women to every man,” etc. In No. 6 we have black and white representations of the actual facts as regards the sex-distribution of the population, and as they have been most carefully drawn, they are worth some attention.

If we compare females with males, and make no distribution as regards age—*i.e.*, if we simply split up the people into males and females in two big groups — we obtain the result shown in I. of No. 6, which is equivalent to saying that out of every 100 people,  $48\frac{1}{2}$  are males and  $51\frac{1}{2}$  are females — not a very alarming difference, although quite appreciable when taken in connection with a large population. Parts II. and III. of No. 6 show us the numerical relations of the sexes in two large groups of age, *viz.*, *ages under 20* and *ages 20 and older*. As regards the young ages, we see that there are nearly as many males as there are females, for the black portion of Part II. is almost equal to its white portion. Expressed in figures there are, at ages 0 to 19,  $49\frac{3}{4}$  males to  $50\frac{1}{4}$  females in every 100 of the population under 20 years of age—a difference so small that it is not of much practical account. Coming to the second group of ages, 20 and older, we see that here lies the greatest difference between the sexes, *viz.*,  $52\frac{1}{2}$  women to  $47\frac{1}{2}$  men in every 100 of



I.—All ages. Males in black.



II.—Ages under 20. Males in black.



III.—Ages 20 and older. Males in black.

No. 6.—This diagram illustrates the numerical proportion of Females to Males in the population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895. I. For all ages. II. For ages under 20. III. For ages 20 and older. White represents females; black represents males.

the adult population. But this excess of women is not nearly sufficient to justify the random statements to which I have just referred—and a very good thing it is that facts entirely contradict this popular and mistaken notion as to the vast numerical superiority of women over men: they are, we are told, really so superior in all other ways, that if their numbers were so great as is popularly supposed, the men — of no importance — would be completely eclipsed.

We may see in No. 7 to what extent females are relatively more numerous than males at the various ages therein stated, and also at the large groups of ages given in the second part of No. 7.

After ages 5 to 14, where there are more males than females, the gap between the two sexes widens nearly constantly right up to the end of life. We read this table thus: At ages 0-4 there are 1,002 female children to every 1,000 male children; at ages 25 to 34 there are 1,098 women to 1,000 men; while at the advanced ages of life the old women outnumber the old men to a degree that increases from 1,217 per 1,000 at the ages 65 to 74, to 1,706 old women aged 95 to 100, for every 1,000 old men of those ages.

Looking at the second part of No. 7, we see that for all ages combined (0 to 100) there are just 1,060 females per 1,000 males. For ages 25 and older there are 1,116 females to every 1,000 males; for ages 65 and older there are 1,246 females per 1,000 males, etc.

We have now been able to see how far women are relatively superior to men in point of numbers, and I give in No. 8 a concise statement of the actual numbers of “surplus” women from age 20 and upwards in the population of the United Kingdom. The total number of extra women is over one million, and more than one-quarter of the total excess is in respect of women aged



AGES	FEMALES	MALES	AGES	FEMALES	MALES
0-4	1002	1000	0-100	1060	1000
5-14	995	1000	5-100	1069	1000
15-24	1050	1000	15-100	1096	1000
25-34	1098	1000	25-100	1116	1000
35-44	1078	1000	35-100	1124	1000
45-54	1108	1000	45-100	1151	1000
55-64	1147	1000	55-100	1191	1000
65-74	1217	1000	65-100	1246	1000
75-84	1293	1000	75-100	1317	1000
85-94	1479	1000	85-100	1490	1000
95-100	1706	1000	95-100	1706	1000

No. 7.—A bird's-eye view of the proportional distribution of the sexes in the population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895. First, in individual groups of ages; second, in groups of ages which include the age specified and all older ages.

25 to 34, *viz.*, 268,291 surplus women at these ages. But it has occurred to me to make some test of quality as well as quantity, and I have gone carefully into the matter of the respective brain-weights of men and women. The results of several independent investigations by scientists go to show that, for practical purposes, we may say that the male brain weighs on the average 48 ounces and the female brain 43 ounces, giving an excess of five ounces of male brain. In the second part of No. 8 I show the results of applying these brain-weights to all the men and women aged 20 and older, and from these results we see that there is still a substantial predominance of male brain at the best period of life (20 to 54), despite the marked numerical excess of women at those same ages: in all, there are in the country 559 tons of male brain, at picked ages, in excess of female brain, and against this predominance of male brain there is only an excess of female brain at advanced ages amounting to 108 tons. Now, facts of this kind have really a good deal of significance attached to them, and until these 559 tons of extra male brain become very appreciably fewer, it is not at all probable that the possessors of the heavier brains will be able to fully indorse certain current opinions as to the equality of women and men—even if it were

desirable to bring to terms of equality personalities that are and must always remain essentially different and non-equal.

The occupation of the people is a matter worth looking into, and in No. 9 we have a diagram which bears on this point and which illustrates the following figures:—

Class.	Per 1,000 of the population.
II. Children, and Adults with no specified occupation .....	555
III. Industrial .....	239
IV. Agricultural and Fishing .....	67
V. Domestic .....	62
VI. Commercial .....	44
VII. Professional .....	33
I. Total population of the United Kingdom .....	1,000

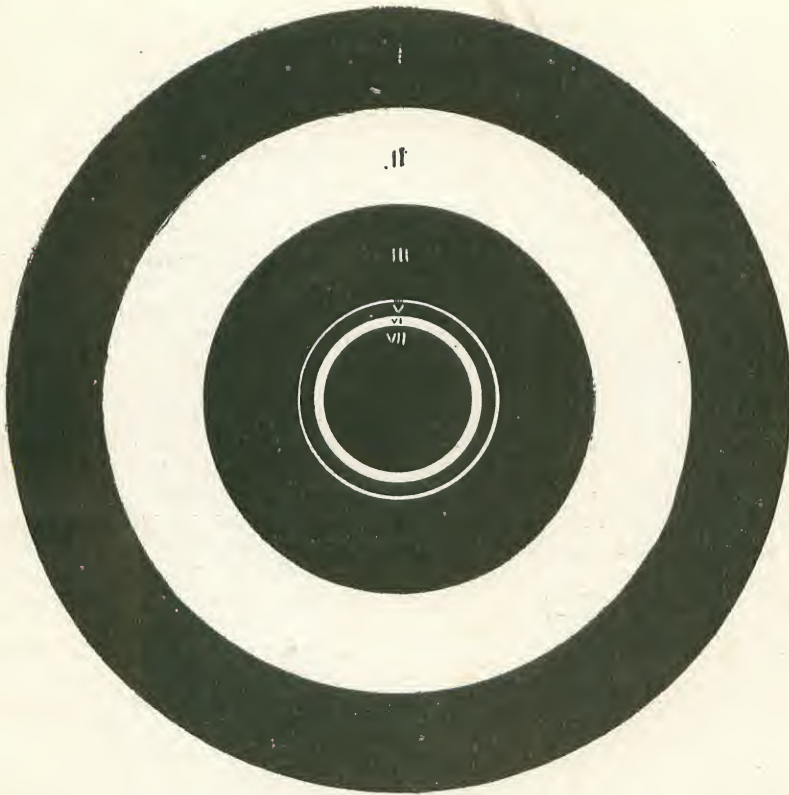
These are the proportions actually ascertained to exist in 1891, and we may use them now without much risk of any important error.

The discs in No. 9 are numbered I. to VII., and correspond with the above classes of occupation. We see that Class II., represented by the large white circle II., contains more than one-half of the population. It consists largely of children, and of women who have no occupation—who are for the most part dependent upon the exertions of the classes represented by the smaller circles.

The Industrial Class III. contains nearly one quarter of the population, and there remain only four relatively small classes, of which Agriculture and Fishing combined claim 67 per 1,000 of the total population.

AGES	NUMBER OF SURPLUS WOMEN	BRAIN-WEIGHT OF THE ADULT POPULATION			
		MALE BRAINS (TONS)	FEMALE BRAINS (TONS)	MALE BRAINS IN EXCESS (TONS)	FEMALE BRAINS IN EXCESS (TONS)
20-24	86,019	2,325	2,135	190	.
25-34	268,291	3,661	3,521	140	.
35-44	166,445	2,832	2,674	158	.
45-54	169,335	2,167	2,096	71	.
55-64	156,848	1,435	1,440	.	5
65-74	133,341	824	877	.	53
75-84	63,926	292	330	.	38
85-94	13,512	38	49	.	11
95-100	1,005	2	3	.	1
20-100	1,058,722	13,576	13,125	559	108

No. 8.—An unsugared pill for "advanced" women. The above statement illustrates the superiority of women over men as regards quantity, and—notwithstanding the inferior numbers of the males—the superiority of men over women as regards quality: taking the aggregate brain-weight of the two sexes as a broad criterion of quality. The facts relate to the adult population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895.



No. 9.—Seven superimposed discs, numbered I. to VII., four of which are black discs and three are white discs. These discs respectively represent, by the area of each, the proportional distribution on April 6th, 1895, of the population of the United Kingdom (I.) in six main classes of occupation (II. to VII.). For description see text.

The Domestic class numbers 62 per 1,000, and it consists almost entirely of servants and washerwomen. The Commercial class accounts for 44 out of every 1,000 of the population, and the Professional class for only 33 per 1,000. Under "Professional" are included the Civil Service, defence of the country, the clerical, legal, medical, and educational sections of the people, *plus* some miscellaneous professions. Members of four professions may be interested in the following figures:—

Profession.	Number of Persons to One Professional.			
	England & Wales.	Scot- land.	Ire- land.	United Kingdom.
Clergyman, Priest, Minister	788	812	750	786
Barrister, Solicitor .....	1,452	1,294	2,262	1,499
Physician, Surgeon, General Practitioner .....	1,523	1,551	2,052	1,577
Teacher .....	145	193	222	150

Taking the facts for the United Kingdom, there are 786 men, women, and children to occupy the attention of each clergyman, there are 1,499 clients for each lawyer, if we include juvenile clients, and 1,577 patients for every medical man, while the teachers would have

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an average of 156 scholars if they were to extend their teaching to adults as well as to children. As regards the very useful class of domestics, of whom there are now nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions, there would be rather more than sixteen persons for each to serve, if everybody had the services of a domestic, or rather of one-sixteenth part of a domestic.

The birthplaces of the present population can be estimated with considerable precision by means of the facts obtained in 1891. Thus, the 39 millions of persons stated at the commencement

of this article were born (approximately) as follows:—

74'39	per 100	were born in	England and Wales.
10'60	"	"	Scotland.
13'87	"	"	Ireland.
98'86	"	"	The United Kingdom.
0'44	"	"	Colonies and Dependencies.
0'69	"	"	Foreign Countries.
0'01	"	"	at Sea.

100'00

It by no means follows that all of the 0'69 per cent. who were born in foreign countries (268,660 persons) were not British subjects, although we cannot say exactly how many of these were foreigners by nation as well as by birth. The 1891 returns were defective in this respect, and thus we do not possess the necessary data upon which to work.

As regards England and Wales, we can make a fairly close estimate of the number of foreigners in the country—who are foreigners by nationality and by birth. There are now about 244 thousand persons in this country who were born in foreign States, and of these, 37 thousand are British subjects, leaving 207 thousand who are foreigners by



nationality and by birth. These estimates are probably rather below than above the actual numbers, but they are sufficiently reliable to give us a fairly good idea of the number of foreigners now living in England and Wales. The 207 thousand foreigners may be thus classed by their nationality:—

852 per 1,000 foreigners are natives of European States.			
133	"	"	America.
9	"	"	Asia.
5	"	"	Africa.
1	"	"	other parts.

1,000

Of the 133 per 1,000 foreigners who belong to America, no fewer than 100 of these 133 are natives of the United States, *i.e.*, one out of every ten foreigners in England is a native of "the States."

But the European foreigners have the most interest for us. Let us split up their numbers (approximately 176,420) into the European countries to which these figures belong:—

	(In England and Wales.)
Germans .....	52,875
Russians and Poles .....	47,106
French .....	21,735
Italians .....	10,356
Swiss .....	6,915
Dutch .....	6,636
Norwegians .....	6,550
Austrians and Hungarians .....	5,929
Swedes .....	4,832
Belgians .....	4,094
Danes .....	3,253
Spaniards .....	2,345
Other Europeans .....	3,794

April 6th, 1895. Total European Foreigners in England and Wales ..... 176,420

As the majority of these and other foreigners are here for business purposes, or as sailors on board ships trading with this country, we should expect to find the largest proportions of them in large towns and centres of industry, or in the ports.

And this is actually the case, for nearly one-half of the 207 thousand foreigners (of all kinds) are to be found in London, while Cardiff, South Shields, and Manchester all rank pretty high as regards the sprinkling of foreigners in their populations.

We are not so much over-run by foreigners as is popularly supposed, for even in London, where they are thickest, they number only about 23 in every 1,000 of the population. Taking the whole of England and Wales, there are

not quite 7 foreigners in every 1,000 of the population.

An interesting feature with which we may fitly end our present inter-censal enumeration of the population is the family nomenclature in England and Wales. For this purpose I shall use some rather surprising results, which have been obtained from the indexes of the registers of births, marriages, and deaths in the charge of the Registrar-General, who has informed me that the statistics in question are the most recent which have been extracted from the records in his department.

One of the most striking features shown by the indexes at Somerset House is the extraordinary number and variety of the surnames of *English* people. These names are derived from almost every imaginable object—from places, from trades, from personal peculiarities, from the Christian name of the father, from objects in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, from things animate and things inanimate—and their varied character is as remarkable as their singularity is often striking. Some of the names are so odd that it is difficult to assign any valid reason for their use in the first instance as family names, unless they were nicknames, which neither the first bearers nor their posterity could avoid. In Wales, however, the same variety is not shown, most of the Welsh surnames having been formed in a simple manner from the Christian or fore-name of the father in the genitive case, *son* being understood. Thus, Evan's son became Evans, John's son became Jones, etc. Others were derived from the father's name mingled with a form of the word *ap* or *hab* (son of), by which Hugh ap

1	Smith	18	Green	35	James
2	Jones	19	Lewis	36	Morgan
3	Williams	20	Edwards	37	King
4	Taylor	21	Thompson	38	Allen
5	Davies	22	White	39	Clarke
6	Brown	23	Jackson	40	Cook
7	Thomas	24	Turner	41	Moor
8	Evans	25	Hill	42	Parker
9	Roberts	26	Harris	43	Priest
10	Johnson	27	Clark	44	Phillips
11	Robinson	28	Cooper	45	Watson
12	Wilson	29	Harrison	46	Shaw
13	Wright	30	Davis	47	Lee
14	Wood	31	Ward	48	Bennett
15	Hall	32	Baker	49	Carter
16	Waller	33	Martin	50	Griffiths
17	Hughes	34	Morris		

No. 10.—Fifty of the most common surnames in England and Wales, arranged in the order of their numerical importance.

Howell became Powell, Evan ap Hugh became Pugh, and so on.

Concerning the number of *different* surnames in England and Wales, an estimate based on the entries in the registers gives the approximate result of *forty thousand* different names. This number includes such variations of a name as are illustrated by the name Clerk being spelt Clark and Clarke, or by the name Smith being entered in the registers as Smyth, Smythe, and even as Smijth. Therefore, if we disregard these variations of a name, our total number of forty thousand would be considerably reduced: *not* disregarding these variations, we obtain the following results for England and Wales at the 6th April, 1895:—

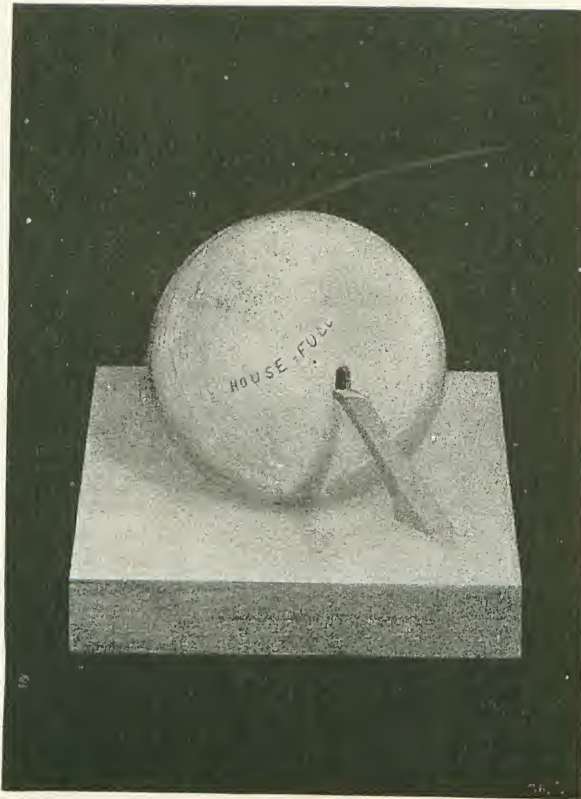
Population.	Different surnames.	Average number of persons to 1 surname.	Number of different surnames to every 10,000 persons.
30,270,817	40,000	757 (nearly)	13'2

But perhaps the most interesting information which the registers supply is that which tells us what are the most popular names amongst us: it is curious to notice the predominance of certain names which seem to have been preferentially adopted by large numbers of the people, and which now prevail in every county. I append in No. 10 a list of fifty of the most common surnames in England and Wales, arranged in the order of their numerical importance.

We see from this list that the popular idea is not correct which places Smith 1, Jones 2, Brown 3, Robinson 4; for the Browns come sixth instead of fourth, and Robinson is

certainly a bit of a fraud in having for so long a time occupied the fourth place in public estimation, when he is entitled to only the eleventh. The most remarkable thing in this list is the importance of Welsh names: the Jones family—who, by the way, are numerically nearly as important as the Smiths—are well backed up by the other Welsh names, Williams, Davies, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, etc. It is almost needless to say that all persons now bearing these Welsh names are not strictly Welsh people (because the whole population of Wales would not suffice to provide bearers for these prominent Welsh names), but it certainly does seem that Welshmen have somehow or other perpetuated their names in England to a surprisingly important degree. As regards the list generally, I may say that—on the average, and taking England and Wales—one person in 73 is a Smith, one in 76 a Jones, one in 115 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 162 a Davies, and one in 174 a Brown.

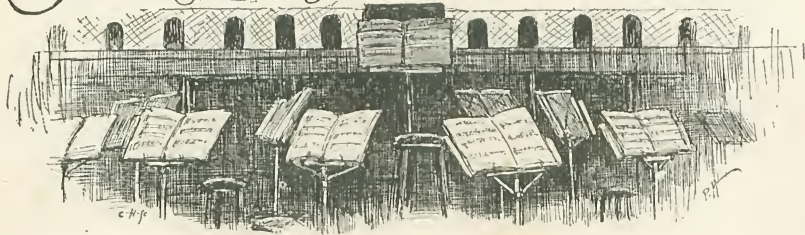
Now that we have numbered the population, inquired their ages, sorted out the women from the men, glanced at their various occupations, and made our name distinctions, we will take our leave of them—or shall we say of each other?—to meet again in the round-house shown in No. 11. This house, which is infinitesimally small in comparison with the size of the country, shows us what a lot of spare room still exists here, for it could easily contain every one of us—resident foreigners included.



NO. 11.—A Round-house, the inside diameter of which is only 421 yds., or less than a quarter of a mile: this house is nevertheless large enough to contain the entire population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895—each person having twenty-seven cubic feet of space.



# THE SECOND VIOLIN.



FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE VITU. BY ALYS HALLARD.



**W**HILST I was staying at W—— I never missed one single performance at the opera. There was a *chef-d'œuvre* given every night: "The Freischütz," "The Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," "Don Juan," "The Magic Flute," etc. All of these operas were well put on, great attention being paid to every detail, so that the whole result was all that could be desired.

I do not for a moment say that the artistes were irreproachable, and there were certainly not many good soloists in the large orchestra, but yet they all seemed to understand the thing they were performing, and to observe most scrupulously the lights and shades as the composer had meant them, and as, perhaps, only a German or an Italian orchestra ever does observe them. The baritone, for instance, did not attempt to drown the tenor, nor the tenor the prima-donna; so that the general effect was most satisfactory.

One evening when "The Huguenots" was being given, I set myself to follow the orchestra in the development of the piece. It is a most enjoyable occupation to analyze a piece and to study it note by note when one knows the score thoroughly. It always seems to me that in doing this, one has the same kind of pleasure as when, after riding on horseback through a forest, one returns to explore it more thoroughly, and to gather the flowers which one had not noticed the first time.

My place was in the first row of the orchestra stalls, so that I could lean on the

balustrade which separated me from the musicians, and when the contra-bass was played I could feel the vibration in my arms. To my left were the wind instruments, and just in front of me the second violins. Among the latter I had noticed the very first night a young man, whose happy-looking face caused me some surprise.

To my mind there is nothing more unsatisfactory than the part which the second violin takes. All the lovely melodies belong to the first violin, and then, as though out of compassion, every now and then the seconds are permitted to attempt a kind of imitation of the air, then some arpeggios, and the strings are pulled and almost beaten like a drum, whilst the melody itself is taken up by some other instrument. It seems to me, then, that the second violins, condemned thus to do all the filling in, all the servile work as it were, must get morose, taciturn and spiteful, and I came to the conclusion that this one in the orchestra of the theatre of W—— must be an exception to the rule.

He was young and handsome; he had an oval-shaped face; soft, light curly hair, and such happy-looking blue eyes. He appeared to play with the greatest ease, evidently knowing all by heart, as he only glanced every now and then carelessly at the score. His eyes, and evidently his thoughts too, were elsewhere.

Very soon I thought I had found out, at any rate, where his thoughts were. He was seated to the right of the stage, and, consequently, was exactly opposite the stage-box

on the left. He could see everything which went on in this box, and I noticed that he took advantage of his opportunities.

Of course there was a woman in the said box, and I observed that she was quite young and very beautiful. She was, perhaps, just a trifle over-dressed for anyone so young. The diamonds in her hair flashed every time she moved, and she appeared to be paying just about as much attention to the stage as the young violinist did to his score. Once I just happened to be looking at them when their eyes met, and I saw that her cheeks turned pale just as though all the blood in her veins had suddenly rushed to her heart, while a flush came over the young musician's pale face.

During the interval I overheard several snatches of conversation around me which enlightened me partially. Two young men, who were looking through their glasses into the box on the left of the stage, spoke of this beautiful girl as the Countess Ulrica von Hanzig, and I knew that that family was a branch of the reigning house of W—.

As I said, though, the information only partially enlightened me, for if the beautiful woman with her flashing diamonds were of such high birth, how was it that she could be so interested in a poor violinist? For interested she was, I felt sure of that from the glance I had seen pass between them.

I immediately began to build up in my own mind a little romance, with the Countess Ulrica and the second violin of the orchestra for my heroine and hero. Every time the curtain fell I noticed that my young friend, instead of going out with his fellow-musicians, simply put down his instrument, leaned back in his chair, and gazed up at his idol. This was certainly strange, especially considering that the Countess Ulrica was not alone in her box. There was an elderly man with her, probably either her father or her husband;

and he must surely have noticed the admiration expressed on the young violinist's face. It seemed to me once that the elderly man was smiling at him, but afterwards I thought that must surely have been my imagination. Anyhow, the whole affair seemed to me rather mysterious and very interesting to watch.

When the curtain rose, I became so absorbed in the opera, that I completely forgot the Countess Ulrica, but as luck would have it, when I went home that night I was doomed to see something else of the little comedy. I was walking leisurely down the wide staircase at the close of the opera, and as I was in no particular hurry, I had stepped aside two or three times to let some of the pushing, scrambling people get out, when I saw in front of me the Countess Ulrica. She was just getting into her carriage as I reached the door, and the elderly man took his seat beside



"COUNTESS ULRICA VON HANZIG."

her. The carriage-door was left open, and I noticed that the young Countess kept leaning forward as though looking out for someone.

Presently the violinist I had been watching during the opera appeared on the scene, carrying his instrument in its case under his arm. He stepped into the carriage, sat down opposite the young Countess, took both her hands in his, and then the carriage moved away.

After this, every night I used to watch this trio at the opera, and it seemed to me that the Countess and the violinist were evidently more and more in love with each other every evening, but, of course, I had no means of getting to the bottom of the mystery. One evening, I found that my usual place was occupied by a young officer, who appeared to be the centre of attraction to a little group of the most dandified men in W—. The officer was fair, and just the type of a Hanoverian. He looked half German, half



English, was very handsome, and had that high and mighty, rather consequential air which women adore, and which exasperates beyond endurance all other men.

I took the nearest seat I could get to my own, and I could not help overhearing the conversation of the little group. It was the usual kind of club talk: horses, women, and society gossip. I could gather from the young officer's questions that he had only arrived that day in W——, after being garrisoned in some other town. Without wishing it in the least, I thus became acquainted with all the gossip going amongst the *high life* of W——.

Just before the curtain rose, the door of the box on the left of the stage opened and the Countess Ulrica entered, with the elderly man, who appeared to follow her about like her shadow. She was more beautiful than ever that night, and I noticed that her appearance caused quite a sensation. I also observed that many people glanced from her to the young violinist, and several ladies put their fans up to hide their smiles. The officer who had taken my place seemed more surprised than anyone else. He put his eye-glass on, and then I heard him exclaim:—

"By Jove! if there isn't my cousin Ulrica! Let me pass, you fellows: I must go up and speak to her."

The fair-haired warrior went away with a most self-complacent expression on his handsome face, and a minute or two later he appeared in the box in question, evidently to the Countess Ulrica's surprise. He put on a most familiar, almost affectionate, manner, and appeared to be talking to her most confidentially. He had all his trouble for nothing, though, as she kept looking at her violinist. I happened to glance at him too, just as the officer was leaning forward and saying something to the young Countess in the most confidential manner. The violinist's face flushed, and he frowned ominously.

One of my friends who has a great fancy for chemistry said to me one day:—

"I do not know anything that has a stronger freezing power than a woman's disdain; in some instances, and under special circumstances, I am sure a woman could ice a bottle of champagne by only looking at it."

That night I had an example of the truth of what my friend asserted, for the refrigerating influence of the Countess Ulrica on the young officer was wonderful. I noticed that he seemed to lose his self-assurance and was reduced to fumbling with his gloves, and

when he left the box and came down again to his place he was stroking his moustache nervously.

"Stolberg has had the cold shoulder to-night!" remarked one of the dandies, just before the young officer returned; and the others nodded.

Stolberg, however, not knowing that he had just been the subject of remark, said, as he sat down:—

"Why, just think, my cousin Ulrica is married!"

"Ah!" said one of the other young men, half-condescendingly and in a half-jesting tone.

"She gave me the cold shoulder, quite, and I should like to know whether she is angry or whether it was just indifference!"

No one answered, but most of us glanced at the young musician, who was at that moment brandishing his bow over the strings with all the energy of a savage cutting his enemy's throat. There was an awkward pause, and then one of the young officer's friends remarked:—

"Then your beautiful cousin was by no means gushing just now, Stolberg?"

"No, indeed, Max, and it is all the more strange that she should behave in that way to *me*, as it is certainly the first time she has treated *me* coldly."

"Since her marriage, you mean?"

"Why, of course, considering that that event has taken place during my absence, and that I was not even informed of it. The question is: Was the marriage arranged for her against her will? I am inclined to think it was, although she did not tell me so."

The second violin at this moment introduced some chords into the "*Freischütz*" which would certainly have astonished Weber, and I could see that one or two of Stolberg's friends were on thorns, but they did not dare to say anything lest the whole affair should end in a scene.

The young officer looked furious, and it was easy to see that he was jealous of his cousin's husband.

"Do any of you know this famous Count von Hanzig?" he asked, presently, trying to appear to speak carelessly.

His friends glanced at each other, some of them annoyed at the turn the affair had taken, whilst the others were enjoying the idea of the forthcoming scandal.

"Ah! I see by your silence that he does not belong to our society, whoever he may be. Who on earth can have advised Ulrica to make such an insane sort of marriage?"

The young musician rose from his seat and advancing towards Stolberg said, very distinctly :—

"I am the Count von Hanzig."

There was a cry from someone in the box

then, without another word, he disappeared through the low orchestra door.

I glanced at the stage box and saw that they were carrying the Countess Ulrica out, for she had fainted.

It is three years ago since all this happened, and to this day I cannot tell what induced me to mix myself up in a quarrel which was certainly not my business at all. I was interested in the young violinist, indignant with his adversary, and then, too, I felt curious

to know more about this romantic marriage, so that all these motives together caused me to act on the impulse of the moment. I had put up in the Dorothea Strasse, and it was there that Count Albert von Hanzig came to call upon me the next morning at eight o'clock.

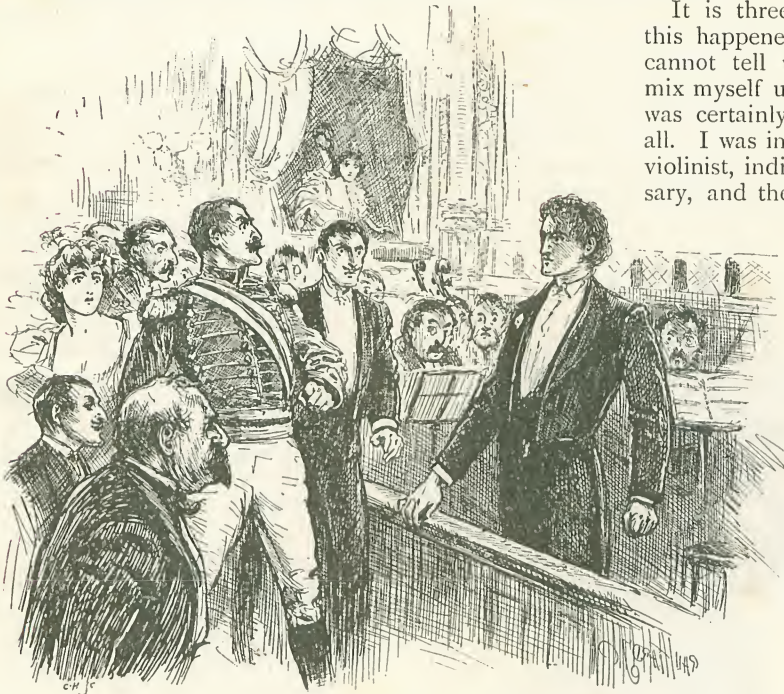
"I want to tell you something about myself," he said, as he took the chair I placed for him; "you

must forgive my abruptness, but my time now is so precious."

I was going to interrupt him, but he stopped me and said :—

"I understand that out of delicacy you want to tell me that it is not necessary for me to confide in you, but I should all the same prefer to do so. You have generously taken up the cudgels on my behalf, although I am a perfect stranger to you. It is only right that you should, at any rate, know something about the man whose part you have taken. It must certainly appear strange to you to find the Count von Hanzig acting as second violin in the theatre of W—— at a salary of a hundred florins, and I should like to explain the mystery to you.

"In the first place, I am not German, but Polish, and my family belong to the Grand Duchy of Posen. The House of Hanzig took its part nobly in the great national war of 1792, so that its name is written in letters of blood in the history of our country, whilst it has for generations stood high amongst



"I AM THE COUNT VON HANZIG."

on the left of the stage, the people in the orchestra stalls rose in confusion, and the opera was interrupted. There was such a buzz of voices that I could not catch all that passed between the two men, but I did gather that the violinist refused the offer of two or three of the young dandies who wished to act as his seconds.

"No, thank you, gentlemen," he said, proudly; "I do not care to have any of you who did not think it worth while to interfere before I was insulted, and especially as you doubtless consider that '*I do not belong to your society*,' as Herr von Stolberg said. No, I should prefer a poor musician like I am myself, and I would not refuse a perfect stranger who would offer me his hand loyally."

"Then will you take me?" I said, pushing my way past one or two of the young men. "I have overheard the whole of the affair."

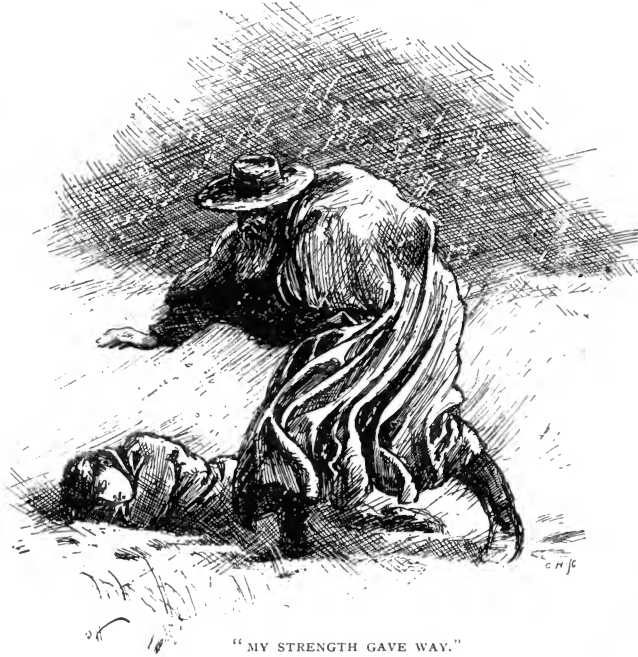
He grasped my hand and shook it cordially. I gave him my card with my address, and turning to Stolberg, he said :—

"We shall see each other to-morrow," and



the nobility of Poland. My father, brought up as he had been to honour the traditions of our country, could not remain deaf to the voice of his conscience, and in 1831 he took up arms and was one of the first victims at Warsaw.

"I was left an orphan, then, at the age of nine, and made my escape from the city, where I should certainly have been massacred. I had no idea in my flight where I was going, but kept hurrying on as straight as I could go, until at last my strength gave way, and I just lay down on a great plain all covered with snow.



"MY STRENGTH GAVE WAY."

"A well-known musician, who was emigrating after having fought valiantly, happened to find me, and he cared for me and gave me refreshments, and, when I could walk, took me on with him. We travelled through part of Germany on foot, the great composer earning our daily bread with his violin. He was on his way to France, where he was sure of a home with some friends, but he could not take me with him there.

"Some old friends of his in Germany interested themselves in me for his sake, and I was placed at the W—— Conservatorium to study music. At sixteen I was admitted to the orchestra of the opera as second violin.

"Later on I heard that my benefactor was dead: sorrow and exile had done their work, and neither the hospitality he met with in

France, nor yet the homage rendered to his genius, could make up to him for all he had suffered in losing his country. I have always felt deep gratitude towards him, as, if he had not taken pity on me, I might have had to beg my bread like so many of those of my poor compatriots who escaped the Russian guns had to do.

"Fortunately for me my tastes were simple, and there was nothing repugnant to me in the career which seemed to be my future lot in life. My only ambition was to become some day conductor of the orchestra in the theatre of the Grand Duchy. I was wrapped up in my work and musical studies, and had very little leisure time for thinking of anything else.

"One evening, however, at the opera there was to be a new work given, and the Grand Duke was to be present. All the important families of the Duchy were that evening in their boxes, and I glanced round at the house to see the general effect of the magnificent costumes and the flashing diamonds. I was in reality little interested in all these great people, for I felt myself separated from them by an insurmountable barrier. You see," he added, smiling bitterly, "the violinist's bow may ennoble the hand of an ordinary citizen provided he be talented, but it only degrades the hand of a fallen count.

"Well, on the evening in question, in a box just opposite to me, a lovely girl was sitting. I was indeed perfectly startled by her beauty, for never in my dreams had I imagined any woman so exquisitely graceful and fascinating. In my delight I know that I smiled, and it seemed to me that she looked down with interest at me. One of my comrades told me that it was the Countess Ulrica von Schaffembourg, the daughter of one of the Grand Duke's Chamberlains. The thought of my position at once flashed across me, and I felt humiliated to the very dust, and then almost angrily I seized my violin, and during the whole evening I carefully refrained from looking again at that box.

"Ulrica, however, came again several times to the opera, and it always seemed to me that there was the same look of interest

on her face whenever our eyes met. I did my utmost not to give way to the kind of magnetism which attracted my eyes to that box, but all in vain. For a whole month things went on like this, and then, as her father had to go abroad on political business, she was placed, in the meantime, at the convent of Meilen.

"I expect you wonder how I found out all these details. And to this day I hardly know myself how I managed to discover everything I wanted to know. One thing is sure, though, that, as far as anything concerning this girl was in question, I should certainly have found a way to baffle the most skilful diplomat in the world.

"Well, I went on thinking about her, dreaming of her, for two long years. I knew nothing of her character, except what I had read in her eyes. I would have given ten years of my life to have heard the sound of her voice. I began to work now in feverish earnest. I had hitherto looked on my violin as the means of earning my daily bread, but now it seemed to me that it must be more to me, and that I must earn distinction through it. I gave myself up entirely to my musical studies, and I got on so well that it seemed as though I had every chance of success.

"The next event in my life was the competition at the Conservatorium, which in Germany is, as you know, of considerable importance. I entered my name, and when the day came there was a large and attentive audience. If I could win distinction that day there was some chance for me. My competitors were heard one after the other, and my name happened to be called last.

"You must forgive me if I sound my own praises, but, inspired as I was by love, I played a theme of Handel's with such feeling that I saw tears in the eyes of some of my judges. My own eyes were moist, too, and I shall never forget the sensation of those few minutes. It was as though all my youth and all my strength were at last having a free course after all the long years that my feelings had been either lying dormant or stifled. I had only the last variation to perform, and my triumph seemed certain. It was a terrible passage, arpeggios, to be played with fearful rapidity from the lowest note to the very highest. It wanted a strong wrist and the lightest fingers. Oh! the accursed variation! But still I felt sure of it, and was going to attack it with perfect confidence. I lifted my bow proudly and then, alas! I suddenly saw Ulrica. The tears were in her eyes, but her face was radiant.

All my assurance went, my hand suddenly became feeble, and my fingers uncertain. I hesitated—and that was the end of it, for it was all over with me after that. The concert was over, and there was a murmur of disappointment all through the room, whilst I felt more dead than alive.

"The first prize was, of course, given to another competitor, but out of pity they gave me an accessit. All that did not move me, though; I had seen Ulrica turn pale with emotion; I felt, I knew, that she cared for me, and I thought to myself that is surely more than the first prize at the Conservatorium. Directly after, though, a feeling of despair came over me, and I reproached myself bitterly for my weakness. I had proved myself totally unworthy of her, and she was surely worthy of an emperor. And then, too, was it not, after all, a great misfortune, this unhappy love?—for there was no hope whatever for us. What was to become of me? Just as I was thinking moodily in this strain the Director of the Conservatorium sent for me.

"‘Albert,’ he said, ‘you will find a carriage at the door, which is to take you to the Palace of the Grand Duke.’

"My astonishment was extreme, but, notwithstanding, I went down and got into the carriage without staying a minute to reflect. A major-domo was waiting for me at the door of the palace. He begged me to follow him, and what was my astonishment soon, on finding myself face to face with the Count von Schaffenbourg—Ulrica's father.

"‘Are you Count Albert von Hanzig?’ he asked, coldly.

"Upon my reply in the affirmative, he continued:—

"‘I sent for you to ask you to give violin lessons to my daughter—the Countess Ulrica von Schaffenbourg.’

"I could not find a single word to say; I staggered, for I had suddenly turned giddy.

"‘You love her!’ he said, smiling.

"I did not answer, but I bowed my head, and how it was that I did not there and then lose my senses I have never been able to fathom, for he continued:—

"‘The son of my old friend Louis von Hanzig can marry the daughter of the Count von Schaffenbourg without its being by any means a *mésalliance*.’ Those were his very words, and it seems to me that I shall not forget them to my dying day.” The young Count stopped for a minute, too deeply moved by these recollections to be able to continue.

"Ulrica became my wife," he said, presently,



"and all the happiness which true love alone can give has been ours. I have been happier than I had thought possible in my very wildest dreams, and yet——" The young Count paused again, and his face clouded over when he continued his story. "Our days were just one long *fête*, and we had so much to say—so much always to tell each other. I told her all about my desolate childhood and then about my work and my struggles, and she told me of all her happy days and of her little schemes and plans in order to bring her father to consent to our union and, what was still more, to get him to send for me and to propose it. Oh! how gay and happy we were, and how we laughed at each other's stories.

"Our marriage had naturally caused a lot of gossip in W——, but as the Grand Duke himself approved of it, there was nothing further to be said. Gradually people became accustomed to seeing

us together in public, and so forgot the romance of it all. *We* had not forgotten, though, and my wife wanted to go again for the first time since our marriage to the opera, where we had first met. We went, and we sat in the box on the left of the stage, where you must have seen Ulrica yesterday evening. It was very strange to me at first to find myself up there instead of with my comrades in the orchestra. Ulrica looked down at the music-stand behind which she had always seen me, and I noticed that she seemed very absent-minded and did not pay any attention to the opera. Every time I looked at her, her eyes were fixed on my old place, and yet my successor did not resemble me much."

The Count smiled as he told me all these

details, which were evidently quite fresh in his memory.

"My successor," he continued, after a slight pause, "was a little, bald-headed old man, with a very long, red nose, on which rested a pair of enormous gold spectacles. We went constantly to the opera after that evening, and every time my wife was just the same, until at last I begged her to tell me what it was that was troubling her, and why she took no interest in the music.

"*'Albert,'* she exclaimed, 'you know I do not care what the world thinks or says. My one wish, my one desire, is to see you there again in your old place and to listen to you, just as I used to, and live over again those days. It would make me so happy. Oh! I wish that by some miracle it could be so!'

"I did not say anything to my wife, but the next day the little old man with the gold spectacles received his salary to the end of the season,

and I, after seeing my wife to her box, left her on some pretence, and then hurried downstairs and took my old place in the orchestra. It was not without a pang that I had decided to do this. I could not help feeling the difference, for I am certain that, no matter in what position in life I had met Ulrica, I should there and then have loved her, and now it seemed to me that if I were to hope to keep her love, I must have recourse to my poor Stradivarius. It was a woman's caprice, her love of the romantic, for now that she was my wife, perfect in every way as she is, I knew that it was from eight o'clock to eleven every night at the opera that I came up to her ideal, and that she loved me with all her soul."

This, then, was what Count von Hanzig



"WE HAD SO MUCH TO SAY."



had to tell me, and wildly improbable as so much of it sounded, I felt that he was telling me just exactly how matters stood. He was silent again when he had finished his story, and was looking moodily before him. I felt that time was precious, and that I must remind him of the unfortunate business which was now before us.

"And Herr von Stolberg?" I began.

"Ah! I had not spoken of him, because he has only crossed my path in life to bring me bad luck. I believe by some family arrangement it had been intended that he should marry Ulrica, and consequently through me, I suppose, he considered his future prospects blighted."

"Do you think that this duel is absolutely obligatory?"

"What do you think about it as my second?"

"Well, there was no irreparable insult."

"Ah! do not

let us waste our time discussing useless questions," interrupted the Count, impulsively. "You want, of course, to avoid if possible any bloodshed, but in reality you know as well as I do that there is no help for it. The world would never understand any sentimental explanations, and to the world if I, Albert von Hanzig, act as second violin in the orchestra of the opera, why, I am a disgrace to my name and to my rank. Now, if I am either killed by Lieutenant Stolberg in a duel or if I kill him, no one will dare to reproach me with my violin bow when I have shown that I can also wield a sword."

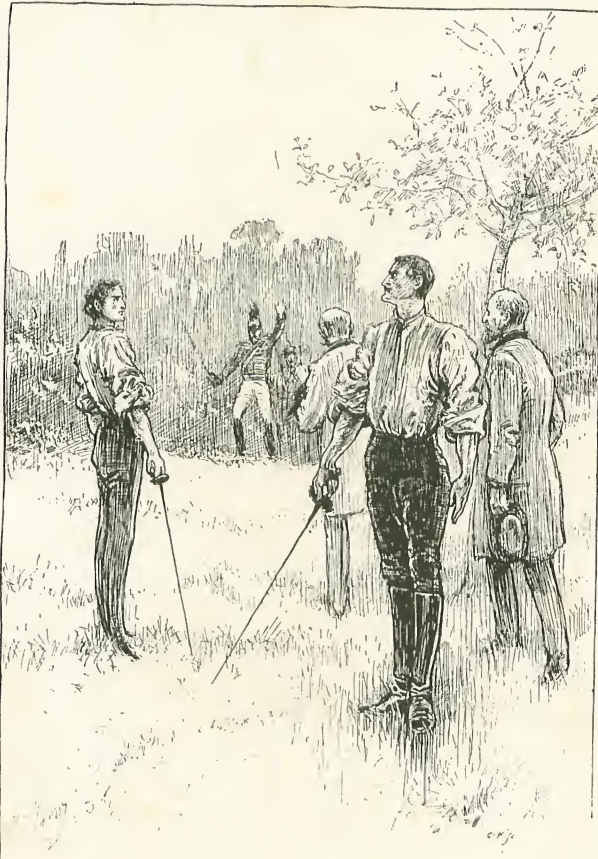
I had felt this myself before the Count had said it, and I knew really that there was no help for it all. We arranged then to take

for the other witness a soldier belonging to the Grand Duke's Guards. In the afternoon Herr von Stolberg's seconds came to call on me: the duel was fixed for the following morning, and the weapon chosen was the sword.

I have never yet come across the man who could be present at a duel and keep his *sang-*

*froid*. The two duellists themselves have their honour and their life at stake, and their moral courage, as a rule, keeps them up. The task of the seconds is a most painful one, and nearly always, on meeting the six men concerned in a duel on their way to the place fixed upon, you will find two of them calmer than the others, and, as a rule, those two are prepared to face death.

We had chosen a field where the light and shade were pretty equally distributed, and a ditch marked the limits. Count von Hanzig was calm and serious, but Herr von



"THE TWO ADVERSARIES."

Stolberg was just as haughty and contemptuous as the other night at the opera. He bowed, however, very politely, and the preliminaries were then arranged. The two adversaries were just about to commence, and there was dead silence, that terrible silence which makes itself felt when one knows that something tragic is about to take place.

Suddenly, at the other end of the field, the branches of the trees were pushed aside and an officer of high rank in the army made his appearance, followed by a detachment of infantry. As he approached we saw that it was an aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke.

"Follow me," he called out, "in the name of His Royal Highness!"

"Conrad," said Lieutenant Stolberg, turn-



ing to one of his seconds, "you'd better call for the fiddlers, the situation is amusing—extremely amusing."

Count von Hanzig did not speak, but his face turned livid with suppressed emotion, and I could see that his hands trembled too.

"I am executing the express order of His Highness, who will not suffer the law as regards duels to be violated in his realm."

"Conrad," said Stolberg again, "the situation is really dramatic: are you not a musician yourself?"

His friend turned his head away, annoyed at the bad taste displayed by Stolberg, but the latter continued:—

"I pride myself that I am no musician, but it seems to me that a violin duet would be perhaps more easily executed than a sword duet—even if the latter were between men of good blood."

"The Grand Duke has dishonoured me," said Count von Hanzig, bitterly, giving up his sword to the aide-de-camp; and there was something in the vibration of his voice as he uttered the words that made one feel that the insult was not to be forgotten so easily.

The aide-de-camp took Stolberg's sword too, and then, just as I was going to speak to my new friend and was trying to find something to say which might reconcile him, the officer turned to me and said:—

"The Grand Duke would be glad if you could make it convenient to hasten your departure. He desires me to say that he shall count on your being able to leave within twenty-four hours."

There was no choice left me in the matter. I glanced at Count von Hanzig, and our eyes met in a silent farewell. I then turned and went away, in obedience to the Grand Duke's commands.

A few months ago one of my friends at Constantinople got to know several Hungarian and Polish officers who had served under the command of Georgey, during the struggle taken up by the Magyars against the House of Austria. These refugees used frequently in their long conversations to relate the various romantic or terrible episodes which had come under their notice during that desperate war. One of these stories, which my friend told me after, aroused my attention. It seems that everyone had specially noticed in a volunteer corps commanded by Bern two young men, who were both very handsome, and who had displayed marvellous courage and boldness. The taller and older of the two was not only a good soldier but a wonderful musician, and he often charmed the others by playing Polish airs on a violin which he always had with him; the other one was so fair and delicate-looking that he might have been taken for a woman.

These two friends were both killed by a detachment of the enemy, which had taken them by surprise. When they died, the stronger one had thrown his arms round the other man, as though to protect him. There was a broken violin just near, and a pistol which had recently been fired; a scrap torn from a letter was there, too, and it had evidently served for loading the pistol. On this scrap of paper the name of Albert von Hanzig could just be read. This indication was, of course, not enough to establish the identity of the young man, and he was buried there where he fell, together with his companion. They both rest there under a grassy mound, which is covered every spring with violets and marguerites, and these simple flowers serve as their monument.



## Some Popular Hymns, and How They Were Written.

BY FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES.



IN no country are hymns more popular than in England, and yet it is the few who know the writers of them. This is to be attributed, I think, not so much to lack of interest on the part of the public, but to the plan adopted by many editors of excluding from the hymnals they compile the names of the various contributors. Particularly well is this plan carried out in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the most popular work of the kind in the language; for with the exception of the large and expensive musical editions, no names, either of composers or authors, are permitted to appear. Small wonder, then, if to the majority the names of the writers of even such favourites as "Thine for ever! God of Love," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Just as I am," and many others are as little known as the hymns themselves are familiar.

Happily, many compilers of Non-conformist and other hymnals are setting examples which other editors would do well to follow, for not only have they begun to print the name of the author below every hymn, but also the year in which it was written. This is an excellent plan, and one I should much like to see adopted by the publishers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." As it is, while the hymns themselves are remembered and treasured, the names of those whose thoughts they embody are lost sight of and forgotten.

It struck me many times how interesting would our "songs of praise" appear to us could we

but view them as they left the authors' hands, before conversion into prosaic print, as they were first conceived and written. The idea grew, and I determined to attempt the work of tracing the whereabouts of the original MSS. of some of our most well-known hymns. I have now been "hymn hunting" for some considerable time, and the present article is the result. It was surprising to me and somewhat damping to my natural enthusiasm to find, almost at the outset of my investigations, how very few MSS. had been preserved. This is to be accounted for, I think, by the fact that at the time of their composition many of our now most popular hymns were so little appreciated that the originals, soon after publication, were probably destroyed.

I have therefore gained access to comparatively few MSS., but though the list be small, it has one advantage: it contains no hymn which is not well known and sung throughout Christendom.

"Onward, Christian soldiers" is a hymn well known to even the small-

est child attending Sunday-school. In fact it was written for children, though many compilers of works on hymnody affirm that the author had *adults* in his mind when he wrote it. The hymn was written in a great hurry for the author's missions at Hisbury Bridge about the year 1865. Here the children had to march many a long mile to take part in what is dear to the heart of every true child—a school feast. Owing to the distance from the church to the scene of the festivities, an early start was necessary, and marching in

*Onward Christian soldiers  
Marching as for war  
With the cross of Jesus  
Girding on before.  
Christ the royal martyr  
Dead against the foe  
Forward into battle  
For his banner go.*

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."



REV. BARING-GOULD.  
(Author of "Onward, Christian soldiers.")  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

*S. Baring-Gould*



procession with banners waving, colours flying, and a cross preceding them, the little ones sang lustily all the way. It was sung to Gauntlet's tune, for Sullivan had not then

hymnody which can never be supplanted. It was written one summer evening during the year 1847, at Brixham, the historic and picturesque little fishing port on the shores

*abide with us for it is toward  
Evening and the day is far spent  
abide with me! Fast falls the Eventide;  
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!*

*Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see.  
O Thou who changeest not, abide with me!*

FACSIMILE OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "ABIDE WITH ME."

composed that stirring march which would have made his name a household word had he never penned another note. The composer informs me that the original MS. of the music was destroyed years ago, and a similar fate seems to have befallen that of the words also.

There is melancholy interest attached to the MS. of "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," which perhaps accounts for its having been preserved. It was the last hymn the author ever wrote. More often sung at evening service than even Keble's "Sun of my soul," it occupies a place in English



REV. H. F. LYTE.

(Author of "Abide with me.")

From a Painting. Photographed by Mr. G. F. Newman, Brixham.

of Torbay. Here the author, the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, had been vicar for many years, greatly beloved by the fisher-folk, among whom his influence was immense. Several members of Mr. Lyte's choir are still living, and by one I was informed that the famous hymn owes its origin in a great measure to the fact that a short while prior to its composition many Sunday-school teachers and other helpers in the parish (eight in all, I believe) suddenly left the church and went over to the Plymouth

*H. F. Lyte*

Brethren. To these deserters the author is said to allude in the first verse, where he writes, "When other helpers fail." Whether this were so or not, it is certain that the hymn was written at a time of great mental as well as bodily suffering. Owing to the state of his health, broken and lost in his devotion to his flock, the good vicar was obliged to seek the restoring influence of a warmer clime. During the evening previous to his departure for Nice he strolled, as was his custom, down by the sea-shore alone; on his return, he retired to his study, and an hour later presented his family with "Abide with me," accompanied by music, which he had also composed. The next day he left Brixham to return no more; dying a few months later at Nice, where he now lies buried.

The original music to the hymn is now seldom sung, having been supplanted by Dr. Monk's beautiful composition, "Eventide." In all, Dr. Monk contributed forty tunes to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and his manner of setting Mr. Lyte's hymn will serve as an example of the rapidity with which he could compose. Starting out one morning



CARDINAL NEWMAN.  
(Author of "Lead, kindly Light.")  
From a Photo. by Barraud.

*Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling  
gloom*

*Lead Thou me on!*

*The night is dark and I am far from home.*

*Lead Thou me on!*

*Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see*

*The distant scene - oh stay enough for me*

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

with the late Sir Henry Baker, his co-worker in the editing of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," he suddenly recollected that there was no tune to No. 27, "Abide with me." They returned to the house, and, undisturbed by a music lesson that was going on, the doctor sat down and wrote the exquisite and popular tune in ten minutes!

The original MS. of "Lead, kindly Light," owing to the circumstances under which it was composed, is one of the

most interesting in my collection. The hymn was written during the summer months of 1833, at a time of much mental distress, and the words are a very echo of the author's own loneliness. In his "Apologia pro vita sua," Cardinal Newman tells the story of how the hymn came to be written. While travelling on the

Continent he was attacked by a sudden illness, which necessitated a stay at Castro Giovanni. Here he lay weak and restless for nearly three weeks, the only friend at hand being his servant, who nursed him during his illness. This occurred early in May, and on the 27th of that month he was sufficiently recovered to attempt a journey to Palermo.

"Before starting from my inn," he wrote, "I sat down on my bed and began to sob



bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.' I was aching to get home; yet, for want of a vessel, I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, kindly Light,' which have since

when I read that sweet story of old," is now resident in the same town. Henry Bennet, another well-known writer of hymns, also resided at Newport, and there composed those lines which have now become so popular, "I have a home above."

Mrs. Maude's hymn, "Thine for ever! God of Love," has found acceptance in many lands, and is to be met with in almost all collections. Nor, alas, has it escaped "alteration" (with never a "by your leave") at the hands of various editors.

*Thine for ever! God of Love,  
Hear us from Thy Throne above;  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here, and in Eternity!*

*Thine for ever! oh how blest,  
They who find in Thee their rest;  
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.*

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "THINE FOR EVER."

become well known. I was writing verses nearly the whole time of my passage."

The MS. of the first verse, here reproduced, was written by the late Cardinal on March 9th, 1875, and sent with his "prayers and best wishes" to a friend. I believe there are several MS. copies of the first verse of "Lead, kindly Light" to be found among the autograph collections of private individuals, for Cardinal Newman, in reply to the inevitable and numerous requests for his autograph, thought (unlike most great men) so little of that which seemed to please his correspondents as to forward in return a verse of his well-known hymn.

The authoress of "Thine for ever! God of Love" is Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude, and the hymn was written for the confirmation candidates in her husband's parish, St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight, in 1847. It is not unworthy of note that, besides this hymn, Mr. Midlane's "There's a Friend for little children" was also written at Newport, while Mrs. Luke, the authoress of "I think



MRS. M. F. MAUDE.  
(Authoress of "Thine for ever.")  
From a Photo. by C. Hawkins, Brighton.

*Mary Fawler Maude*

As an example, in the fourth verse, the lines

Thine for ever ! *Shepherd* keep  
*These* Thy weak and trembling sheep

have been converted into

Thine for ever ! *Saviour* keep  
*Us* Thy frail and trembling sheep.

Now, the connection between "shepherd" and "sheep" (as written) is as apparent as

of St. Paul's. Whether the MS. is the original, or merely the "fair" copy, I am unable to say. It came into my hands through a dealer, and I value it very highly. By referring to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," it will be found under No. 279, and though not, perhaps, as popular as the same writer's "When our heads are bowed with woe," or "Ride on ! ride on in majesty," is,

*Hymn 2. 'O, help us, Lord*

*Oh help us Lord, each hour of need  
 Thy ready succour give,  
 Help us a thought and word and deed,  
 Each hour on earth we live.  
 Oh help us, when our spirits faint  
 In conflict against evil,  
 And when our hearts are cold and dead  
 Oh help us Lord ! We need.*

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "O, HELP US, LORD; EACH HOUR OF NEED."

the harshness of beginning a line of poetry with the word "us." Moreover, the *thought* of the verse is lost, for the first two lines are a prayer for the catechumens from the congregation; then the supplication reverts and embraces all present. This comment on the "ways" of editors is spontaneous, as I think the unprincipled mutilation of an otherwise poetic verse demands some explanation. It is to be regretted that a hymn so universally sung should not be allowed to appear as written by the author.

"O, help us, Lord; each hour of need," is a hymn by the late Dr. Henry H. Milman, Dean



DEAN MILMAN.

(Author of "O, help us, Lord.")

From a Photo. by Netterville Briggs, Leamington.

nevertheless, very well known, and frequently sung. The MSS. of these two last hymns, as well as those of many of his other contributions to hymnody, seem to have been destroyed. "I have never even seen a MS.," wrote Mr. Arthur Milman, "of my father, Dean Milman's hymns, and I greatly doubt whether any can have survived." As it chanced, I received the accompanying MS. only two days prior to the receipt of Mr. Milman's letter. Nearly all of Dean Milman's hymns were written for Bishop

*At the close*



Heber's collection, and are frequently referred to in his correspondence. Mr. Milman sends me the following interesting extracts from some letters written to his father by Heber, and which are now in his possession. Under date of May 11th, 1821, the Bishop writes to Milman:—

"I rejoice to hear so good an account of the progress which your saint" ["The Martyr

Heber's father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, was vicar. On Whit-Sunday of the above year Dr. Shipley was to preach, in Wrexham Church, a sermon in aid of the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and Reginald Heber, then vicar of Hodnet, happened to be staying at the vicarage at the time. On the Saturday before Whit-Sunday the Dean, Heber, and a

few friends were collected together in the library, when the Doctor asked his son-in-law to write "something for them to sing in the morning." Heber, readily consenting, retired to the farther end of the room for the purpose. A short while later, Dr. Shipley asked what he had written, and Heber replied by reading the first three verses which he had then com-

1. *From Greenland's Icy Mountains,*

*From India's Coral Strand,*

*Where Apries' sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;*

2. *From many an ancient river,*

*From many a pelmy plain,*

*They call us to deliver*

*Their land from error's chain!*

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

Photographed from the original in the British Museum by Mr. L. B. Fleming.

of Antioch"] "is making towards her crown, and feel really grateful for the kindness which enables you while so occupied to recollect my hymn-book. I have during the last month received some assistance from — which would once have pleased me much, but, alas, your Advent, Good Friday, and Palm Sunday hymns have spoilt me for all other attempts of the sort."

Again, December 28th, 1821, Heber writes: "You have, indeed, sent me a most powerful reinforcement to my projected hymn-book. A few more such, and I shall neither need nor wait for the aid of Scott and Southey. Most sincerely, I have not seen any hymns of the kind which more completely correspond to my ideas of what such compositions ought to be, or to the plan, the outline of which it has been my wish to fill up."

Perhaps Milman's best-known hymn, however, is the festival hymn taken from "The Martyr of Antioch," "Brother, thou art gone before us."

The most popular of all missionary hymns is, without doubt, "From Greenland's icy mountains," by Bishop Heber. It was written as far back as 1819, at Wrexham, where



BISHOP HEBER.

(Author of "From Greenland's icy mountains.")

From a Print in the British Museum. Photographed by Mr. L. B. Fleming, Hanwell.

*Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,  
 Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,  
 But Thou wast wrapt in quiet sleep,  
 Calm and still.*

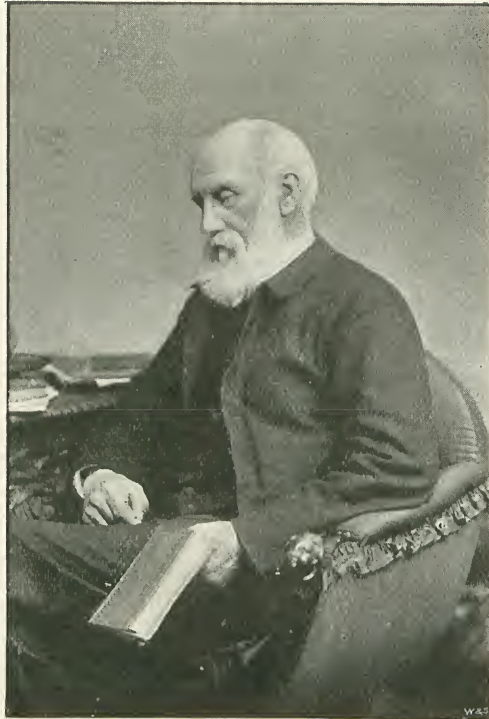
*'Save, Lord; we perish,' was their cry:  
 'Oh, save us in our agony!'  
 Thy word above the storm rose high,  
 'Peace, be still.'*

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "FIERCE RAGED THE TEMPEST."

posed. His listeners were delighted, and would have had the hymn remain without any addition, but Heber said, "No, no; the sense is not complete," and insisted on adding a fourth verse. He afterwards gave the hymn to the Dean, who turned a deaf ear to his subsequent requests to add other verses. The next morning it was, for the first time, sung in Wrexham Church.

The MS. here reproduced is taken from a collection of hymns made for the *Christian Year* by the late Bishop, and now in the British Museum. Included in this collection are many of his earlier hymns, notably, "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty," and "The Son of God goes forth to war." The original MS. of "From Greenland's icy mountains" was for many years in the possession of the late Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, himself a hymn-writer of some note.

Dr. Raffles was a most ardent collector of autographs, and three years ago his entire



REV. GODFREY THRING.  
 (Author of "Fierce raged the tempest.")  
 From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

*Godfrey Thring.*

first hymn, 'We all have sinned and gone astray,' was written in the same year for my mother, who wanted a hymn to a particular tune for which she wished to get an appropriate hymn."

collection, valued at many thousands of pounds, was offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheran and Co. Great interest was manifested when it became known that the Heber MS. was also to be included in the sale, and after a keen competition, it went for £42. I have not seen this MS., but I am informed that in it only one correction appears, viz., the substitution of the word "heathen" for "savage." It is the unanimous opinion of compilers of hymnals that every

hymn written by Heber is now in common use.

Among the hymns "for those in peril on the sea," Mr. Godfrey Thring's "Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep" takes a foremost place. It was one of Mr. Thring's first contributions to hymnody, and was written in 1861. "I think," wrote the author to me some time ago, "that this hymn took its origin from my having pictured to myself the scene on the lake of Gennesaret, and thinking it a good subject for a hymn, I thought I would try and put my ideas into a poetical form. I was about that time beginning to take a great interest in hymns and hymn-writing, but had never

written much. 'Fierce raged the tempest' was the third hymn I ever wrote; it was first published in 1861. My



*"Come unto Me, ye weary  
 And I will give you rest"  
 O blessed voice of Jesus,  
 which comes to the meek oppressed!  
 It tells of benediction,  
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
 Of that truth no ending,  
 Of love which cannot cease.*

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY."

Another well-known hymn by this writer is "Saviour, blessed Saviour." Mr. Thring was born in 1823, and was for many years rector of Alford-with-Hornblotton, in Somerset. This living, however, he resigned some little time ago, and now resides at Guildford. Mr. Thring has written many fine hymns, and has also edited the "Church of England Hymn Book," which contains no fewer than fifty-nine contributions from his pen.

It would be difficult to say which of the two somewhat similar hymns, "I heard the voice of Jesus say" and "Come unto Me, ye weary," is the most beautiful and popular. The thought in both

is the same; the manner of expression not dissimilar; while the composer of the exquisite tune to each is the late Dr. J. B. Dykes, vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham. Probably if a consensus were taken it would be found that one hymn is as often sung as the other.

Mr. W. Chatterton Dix, the author of "Come unto Me, ye weary," "As with gladness men of old," and other well-known hymns, is, happily, one of our living hymnists, and at present

resides in Clifton. Mr. Dix was born in 1837, and began writing hymns at a very early age. "Come unto Me, ye weary," which I have chosen for reproduction here, and which the author kindly sent me for the purpose, was written about the year 1867.

The hymn has not altogether escaped alteration at the editor's hands, though in a lesser degree than the compositions of many other contributors to hymnody. Mr. Chatterton Dix informs me that there is no particular story connected with the writing of the hymn, save that he was ill and depressed at the time.



MR. W. CHATTERTON DIX.  
 (Author of "Come unto Me, ye weary.")  
 From a Photo. by Lardon Hall, Clifton.

*W. Chatterton Dix*

## *The Strange Case at St. Alban's.*

BY WINIFRED SMITH.



WE were very busy at St. Alban's Hospital. Nurses and doctors were hard at work from morning till night, and from night till morning again. The severe winter was bringing its usual accompaniments of starvation and sickness. Hard times and bad living were working havoc among the poor; the hospital was full to overflowing. An unusual number of casualties, at the same time, brought stretcher after stretcher to the accident room.

The great clock over the entrance was just striking six as I threw my shawl round me and hastened off across the grounds to the dispensary. Running quickly through the snow, I soon arrived at the door, and was greeted by the customary growl which awaited late comers.

"I am sorry I am late in coming for the stimulants," I said, as soon as I could get my breath. "I could not leave the ward before. Let me see, six ounces of brandy for No. 20 and little No. 16's port wine: that is all, I think."

"Anything fresh this afternoon, Nurse Deaton?" inquired the dispenser, as I busily packed the bottles into my apron pocket, in order to leave my hands free for my shawl.

"Nothing for us," I answered. "A bad case has just gone up to 'Mary' Ward. A

poor young fellow was brought in this afternoon, found dead in the snow—good evening," and I set off again across the white ground.

"Off duty at six," I said to myself, as I went. "I would not go off, only I am so tired, and Sister says I must."

At the ward door I encountered Nurse

Flemming, my chum and fellow-nurse, just emerging from the ward, accompanied by two women, one of whom was weeping bitterly.

"Oh, dearie," exclaimed Nurse as soon as she saw me, "I am so glad you are come. This is the wife of poor No. 12, who died this morning; she wishes to see him. I know you are off duty, dear, but do you mind taking her? I've just got a fracture in, and Mr. Hooper is waiting to attend to it; thank you." I nodded a cheerful acquiescence, and she turned back to attend to her many duties.

Taking the women with me,

I went to the room of the porter, who kept the mortuary keys. With many growls he lighted his lantern and prepared to accompany us, as he was in duty bound to do. He was one of the many male officials of St. Alban's who considered it right to be as disagreeable as possible to the nurses whenever they required his services, so I took no notice of his murmurings, but devoted my attention to the poor woman at my side. While she



"RUNNING QUICKLY THROUGH THE SNOW."



was telling me of the many virtues of her late husband, and of the dark future in store for herself and her eight children, we arrived at the door of the mortuary. Leaving us standing there, under a lamp which projected from the wall and which the porter lit from the flame of his lantern, the man entered alone, in order that he might bring forward from the large mortuary the particular body we wished to see; presently he opened the door again to admit us.

The door by which we entered led into a tiny chapel. It was here that the relatives of the deceased looked their last upon the pale, set faces of their departed friends. The body about to be visited was wheeled on a light trolley into the chapel, which was kept very clean, and daily redecked with white flowers.

As we entered, the porter stepped outside to do something to the lamp, which did not burn properly, while I went forward with the women, and gently turned back the sheet from the poor, dead face.

The two women were too much absorbed—the one with her grief, and the other with her sympathy—to take any notice of me; so I, remembering a poor little waif who had died in my arms a day or two before, and thinking I should like to see him again, for I had grown to love the little, motherless creature, picked up the lantern from the floor, and went in search of my little patient. It was some time before I found him, and after imprinting a kiss on the small, pitiful face, I went to look at the new post-mortem room, which had lately been finished and which I had not seen. I was walking round,

the light of the lantern gleaming weirdly on the white tiles which lined the walls and floor, when I suddenly heard a door bang. Without knowing exactly what had happened, I shivered with apprehension and my flesh crept uneasily. In a moment I had flown through the mortuary and into the chapel. Too late! The door was shut, and all was in darkness!

In a moment I knew what had happened: the porter, supposing that I had gone and left the visitors to him, had turned out the gas, locked the door, and gone away with them. Oh, it was too horrible! I beat on

the door with both my fists! I raised my voice in a fearful scream, but that was worse than the awful silence, for the hollow walls took up the sound, and the mocking echo came back to me, as if the dead were shrieking in their places! I sank on my knees on the damp stones and covered my face with my hands.

The building stood far away from any other; the blustering wind would prevent my voice being heard even had I the courage to shout again,

which I had not; no one would be in the grounds in such weather as this; I should not be missed. In the ward I should be supposed, being off duty, to be in my own room. Nurse Flemming, missing me from the supper-table, would imagine that I had gone to bed, and would probably retire without, as she thought, disturbing me. What should I do? What *could* I do? To remain there all night seemed impossible, yet how much more impossible to get away. I had always being accounted among my fellow-



"GENTLY TURNED BACK THE SHEET."

nurses as the most courageous, and I fear I had been wont to boast that nothing could frighten me, but I had never dreamed of anything like this. To sit among friendly faces in the daylight, or beside a cheery fire, was one thing. To be forced to spend a night alone with the dead, was another.

At length I gathered sufficient courage to turn round and try to realize my position. Oh, how I envied those fortunate mortals who, in moments of danger and dread, can quietly faint away into calm unconsciousness, to recover their senses only when the horror is past. If I could only lie down on that cold floor and sleep. Aye! even if it was the sleep that knows no waking, how gladly would I have done so. Anything rather than remain terror-stricken with these dreadful companions. I glanced at the lantern: how long would it burn? Could I depend on its light lasting till dawn? I looked at the trolly, with its cold, still burden, then, with a mighty effort, I crossed the chapel, and, seizing the end of the ghastly carriage, whirled it quickly into the large mortuary. With as much strength as my arms still possessed, I sent it into the darkness, and flew back into the dimly-lighted chapel, closing the door behind me.

Now at least I was alone, with nothing more unearthly than white flowers, and a large ebony cross which hung against the wall. Sinking down into the corner most remote from the inner door, wrapping my shawl closely round my shivering shoulders, I placed the lantern beside me,

and strove vainly to think of pleasant things. I tried to think of the ward, with its cheerful fire and rows of beds with their cosy red rugs; of the fun we had had at Christmas with the children and the Christmas tree; of home, with the dear faces I hoped to see when the summer came, and with it the long-anticipated holiday. But all in vain! My eyes *would* keep glancing round at the horrible door. My ears *would* strain themselves to listen for sounds from that silent room. Oh! I should go mad! I could not bear it! How wicked! how cruel! that no one came to seek me! What was that? The great clock at the entrance was striking. One! two! — but, no, seven! eight! then silence. Only eight o'clock! Only two hours since I ran through the garden to fetch the stimulants!

Almost involuntarily I slipped my hand into my apron pocket. Yes, there were the two bottles, carefully wrapped round with my handkerchief, as I had put them.

For a moment a ray of hope darted across

my mind: surely, when the bottles were missed from their place, inquiry would be made, and I should be sought for. But a moment's reflection brought back the old despair. It was not an unheard-of thing in those busy times for the dispenser to be forgotten until the door was locked and the dispenser gone. Mixtures and medicines would be left on the little shelf outside, but not the stimulants—and Sister, with a sigh at the forgetfulness of her nurses, would serve the patients from the stock bottles, and no thought would be directed to me.



"I WAS FEARFULLY COLD AND CRAMPED."



Whether I fell asleep or not I have never since been able to determine, but when I roused from the semi-consciousness into which I had fallen, several hours appeared to have elapsed. Instead of the dim light of the lantern at my side, the chapel was flooded with silver moonlight. In spite of my thick shawl, I was fearfully cold and cramped with leaning so long against the chilly stones. I was aware that something had roused me; something besides moonlight and discomfort. A glance at the skylight overhead showed me the moon sailing calmly through the dark, blue vault of heaven, surrounded by fleecy clouds; and, even as I looked and listened, the great clock struck two! For nearly six hours I had lain unconscious in that awful place. The fact did not tend to bring me comfort; I felt sick and ill, my limbs ached; the black cross, touched by the moonbeams, loomed dark and awful against the white wall. Oh, to die and forget everything! What was that? A sound!—a groan! Oh, Heaven!

corner. For a few moments silence, then it came again. I listened—a low, long moan—but to my confused brain it was not the hollow, unearthly groan of the stage ghost such as we are wont to associate with rattling chains and lurid blue fire, but rather the groan of a human creature in pain. As soon as this idea took possession of my weakened mind, my courage returned. All my nurse-like instincts came to my aid.

The thought that a living human being was near, much more a fellow-creature who needed help, filled me with new energy, and I rose and took up my lantern. What I expected to find I hardly know: perhaps some workman who had been assisting with the new building had fallen asleep, or been overcome with drink, and shut in, like myself, through misadventure. How improbable a theory this was did not, fortunately, occur to me until long afterwards, and I opened the door and looked into the dark interior. At the sound of the opening door the groan-



"A LONG, THIN HAND PUSHED ITSELF FROM BENEATH."

coming from the other side of that inner door!

I had risen to my feet, but now I sank back, frozen with horror, into the sheltering

ing ceased, and for awhile I stood uncertain which direction to take.

Presently a movement at the further end decided me, and I made my way slowly

round the stone ledges, casting the light of the lantern on the ground as I went. No sign of a human figure could I see. No British workman's recumbent form gladdened my eyes. I stood still, in perplexity. Oh, heavens! what was that? Close beside me, not yet placed in a shell, but lying on the stone slab, lay a long, still figure. Still! Oh, horror! As I looked, unable to stir, I saw the white sheet that covered it *move*—a long, thin hand pushed itself from beneath and almost touched me. All my former experience was nothing to this. In a moment the fingers had pulled the sheet from the face, and a pair of dark eyes gazed into mine!

How long I stood thus I shall never know. At length, a long, quivering sigh from the white lips called me to myself, and I gathered courage to bend over and touch the prostrate form. Enough! The spell was broken! I knew then that this was no time to hesitate—no time to give way to womanish fears. I took the cold hand in mine.

"Do not fear," I said, in as calm a voice as I could command, "I will do all I can for you"; and, taking the shawl from my shoulders, I folded it round the shivering form. Instinctively I remembered the bottles in my pocket, and, drawing them forth, dropped a little brandy between the chattering teeth. After a while the returning colour in the lips, the increasing warmth of the limbs, told me that my efforts had not been in vain. Oh, if I could only summon aid; but that was impossible! If I could keep life in my companion, my patient, until help arrived. Fortunately my shawl was a large, warm one; fortunately, old No. 20 had not got his brandy, but I had it safely here.

"Where am I?" asked the man, as he looked round the dim place, his face full of surprise—and no wonder, for his surroundings had, to say the least, an unusual appearance. I did not think it wise or necessary to explain matters more than to tell him he was in St. Alban's Hospital, and would soon doubtless be well. He told me

what I had already guessed, that in travelling on foot through the snow he had been overtaken by intense fatigue, and being unable to overcome the drowsiness he knew well might be fatal, he had fallen asleep. "It's a wonder I'm not dead," he concluded, and I made no answer.

I had been so absorbed in my work that I had taken no account of the hours as they went by, until now I heard the clock ring out six! Oh, the joy of that sound!

We kept early hours at St. Alban's, and at six o'clock we were expected to rise. I should be missed, sought for, and found!

I was shivering and sick. The man had fallen into a doze, from which I could not find it in my heart to rouse him, lonely and miserable as I felt. Oh, how cold it was! My thin cotton dress was scanty covering from the icy air. How long would it be before they found me?

Would they seek long before they thought of the mortuary? Would they think of the mortuary at all? How all these thoughts tormented me, chasing each other through my aching brain until, at last, a sound of a key turning in the lock—the voice of my dear nurse-companion saying, in bewildered tones, "She cannot be here, porter." Then the whole place spun round, and I saw and heard no more.

It was long before I returned to my work. Pneumonia set in, and for weeks I was too ill to leave my bed.

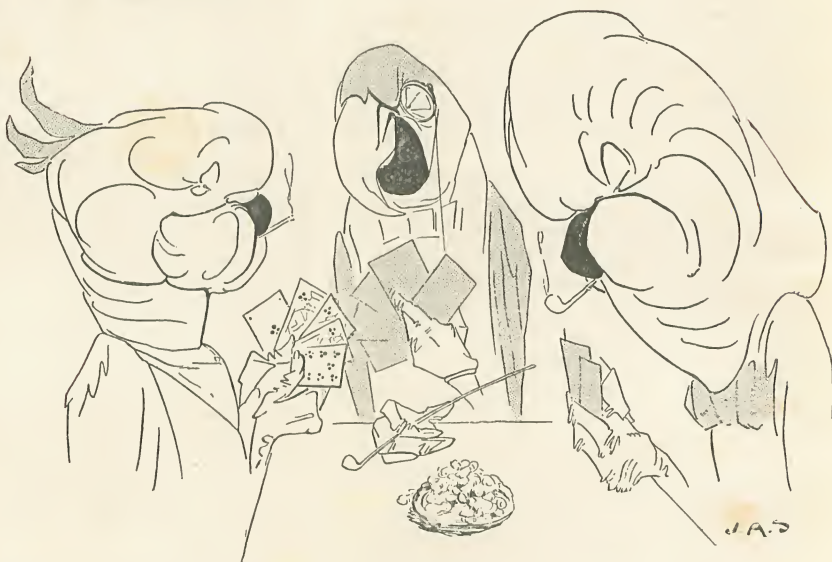
Tenderly was I nursed, and much was I praised for what they were pleased to call my bravery. My patient, I learned, had recovered and was full of gratitude for his strange rescue from an untimely end. The case of "suspended animation" was much talked of among the doctors, and the medical papers took it up with interest. "You saved his life, you know," said the nurses to me, apparently to console me for my unpleasant experiences; and the patient himself has told me the same thing a hundred times since that day, for I am now his wife.



Illustrated  
by  
J.A. Shepherd

ables

THE PARROT, THE CARDS,  
AND THE BEAK.



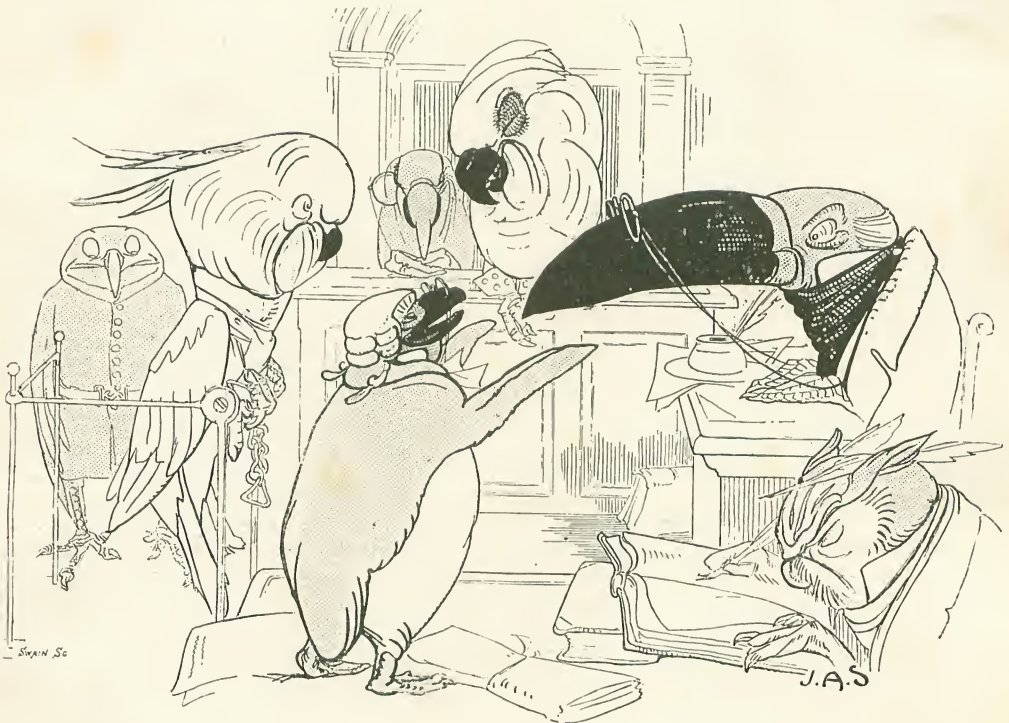
1.—A PARROT, HAVING A GOOD HAND AT CARDS—



2.—MADE QUITE SURE THAT THE STAKES WERE HIS, AND WAS, THEREFORE, ALL THE MORE PUT OUT AT FINDING THAT THERE HAD BEEN A MISDEAL.

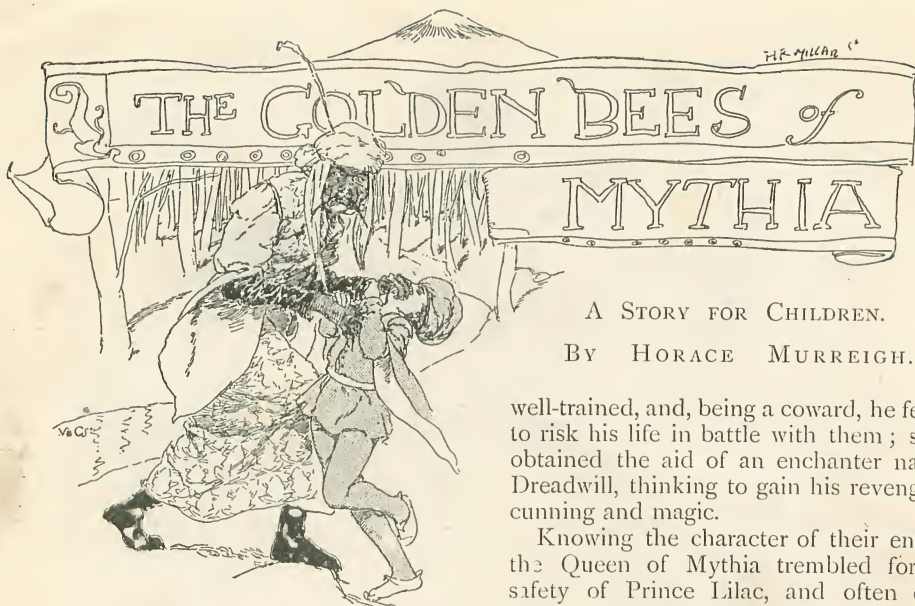


2.—HE LOST HIS TEMPER—



4.—WITH THE RESULT HERE DEPICTED





A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY HORACE MURREIGH.



ONCE, many, many years ago, there lived a King called Rulewell, who reigned over the country of Mythia. He was a good monarch, just and kind, and his people all loved him and his beautiful Queen, Ruwella. Throughout the wide dominion of the King his subjects were prosperous, loyal, and happy, for they lived under the best of laws, and were ruled by a Court the Sovereign of which set such an excellent example of virtue that all the people could not but admire and follow it. Robbery was unknown in the land, and one could walk through it by day or night without being in any way molested.

The King and Queen had one child, Prince Lilac, whom they loved dearly, and of whom they were very proud, for he was a bright, lovable little fellow, of a gentle disposition, and giving every promise of being a worthy successor of his good father.

Now, there was a country close by called Mystria, over which there ruled an evil King whose name was Blackbrow, who hated the good King of Mythia. Blackbrow was a cruel tyrant, and grievously ill-treated his subjects. So hateful was his rule that many of his people, from time to time, fled from the country, and took refuge in Mythia, where, of course, they were sure of protection; and because King Rulewell refused to give up these poor people, Blackbrow hated him, and was ever seeking to injure him. He was afraid to go to war with Mythia, for the soldiers of that country were many, brave and

well-trained, and, being a coward, he feared to risk his life in battle with them; so he obtained the aid of an enchanter named Dreadwill, thinking to gain his revenge by cunning and magic.

Knowing the character of their enemy, the Queen of Mythia trembled for the safety of Prince Lilac, and often commanded him never to quit the palace grounds, unless the King or some of his trusted attendants were with him.

It happened one day, when the Prince was about nine years old, that as he was fishing in a river that ran through the gardens, he hooked a big trout, one so large that the little fellow could not manage it, and away dashed the fish down the stream, followed by the Prince, who would not let go his prize. Before he realized how far he was going the trout had taken him into a dark wood, and then Prince Lilac dropped his line in a fright, and turned to go back. But just as he did so the fish leaped out of the water, and, to the terror of the boy, suddenly changed into the enchanter, Dreadwill, who caught him up quickly, and, stifling his cries, hurried away with him to the castle of Blackbrow.

Great was the grief of the King and Queen when it became known that their darling son had disappeared. Soldiers were sent out everywhere, who searched eagerly in all directions, but no trace of the missing Prince could be found, and his unhappy parents had at last to give up all hope of ever seeing him again.

One morning, about seven years after the loss of the Prince, as the Queen was walking in the garden, and thinking of her son, for it was his birthday, she grew very sorrowful, and cried out at last:—

"Oh! Lilac, Lilac. Will no kind fairy help me to find my boy?"

She had hardly spoken when she heard a low, sweet cry, like the whistle of a bird, only it seemed to say:—

"Come here, come here."

Ruwella started. Presently the cry was repeated :—

"Come here, come here."

The Queen walked up to a large lilac bush, in full flower, growing against a mossy bank, out of which the sound seemed to come. Peering in among the branches, she saw a tiny fairy standing on one of the boughs and beckoning. She was a dainty little creature, dressed in a lilac-coloured robe, over which she wore a green cloak. On her feet were tiny sandals laced up with twisted spiders' webs, and in her hand she carried a crystal wand.

"I am the lilac fairy, good Queen," she

Blackbrow, who is aided by the enchanter, Dreadwill, over whom I have no power."

Ruwella wrung her hands in grief, and cried out bitterly :—

"Alas ! my son, Lilac, what an evil fate has fallen upon you ! How can we deliver you from one so powerful ?"

"Do not despair," said the fairy, in a voice full of pity. "Your foes are strong and clever, but they are wrong-doers, and we have justice on our side. Remember that *right* in the end always triumphs over *wrong*. We cannot rescue Prince Lilac by force, but we may by cunning. It is true that I have no power over the enchanter at present, but



"THE LILAC FAIRY."

said, "and I am called Ima. I have seen your grief over the loss of your son, and I have longed to aid you, but could not do so because you did not ask me. We flower fairies cannot help mortals until they beg us to assist them."

"Oh, kind fairy," exclaimed the Queen, stretching out her hands beseechingly, "if you know anything of the fate of my boy, tell me how he is, and where I can find him."

"He lives, and is well," said Ima, "but he is a prisoner. Since you have now asked me to help you, I will do all I can to restore him to you. But it will be a difficult task to rescue him, for he is in the hands of the wicked

there is a way by which I may gain the mastery over him for a day, and that will be long enough a time for us. Anyone who eats a mouthful of honey gathered from the blossoms of the lilac becomes subject to my will for twenty-four hours. Dreadwill, I know, is fond of honey ; I will send my friends, the golden bees, to the garden of the castle where the Prince is confined. Aurea, their queen, will carry out my commands."

She seized a tiny silver bugle, which hung from her waist by a silken thread, and placing it to her lips blew two quick notes. In a few seconds the queen of the golden bees appeared at her side.



"Aurea," said the lilac fairy, "I have work for you to do. Know you Blackbrow's castle?"

The bee queen sighed as she replied:—

"Who does not know the abode of that evil King? Far and wide is he dreaded for his cruel deeds. Unhappy are they who fall into his hands, and ill would it have fared with poor Prince Lilac, had not you, oh! my mistress, watched over him. I know also the walled garden where he wanders day by day, guarded by the slaves of Dreadwill."

"Go to the castle, Aurea," said the fairy, "and set your bees to gather honey in the garden, but be careful to take it only from the flowers of the lilac bushes; none other must be mixed with it. When you have filled a comb, come again to me."

The queen of the golden bees joyfully undertook her task, for she loved the good lilac fairy, and was never so happy as when serving her in deeds of benevolence.

"And now," said Ima, turning to Queen Ruwella, "I must leave you, but be of good hope, for unless Dreadwill refuses the honey, which he is not likely to do, we shall soon have Prince Lilac back again with you. I go to see him now. To-morrow I will come again to you."

She turned and tapped the bank with her wand. Immediately a moss-covered door swung open, and Ima, drawing her green cloak around her, stepped into the opening, and closed the door behind her.

Filled with happiness at the news she had heard, Ruwella hastened to the King and told him of her strange meeting with the lilac fairy. Ruwella's joy was as great as his Queen's, and they both scarcely slept that night, so eagerly did they look forward to Ima's visit on the next day.

In the garden of Blackbrow's castle, shut in by lofty walls, the unhappy Prince Lilac wandered sadly. Wherever he went two black slaves of Dreadwill, armed with long spears, followed closely, ever watching him. It was a lovely day. Butterflies and bees sped from flower to flower. Birds twittered among the branches of the trees, and sang songs of love to each other. The captive Prince watched their unfettered movements with envy.

"Oh!" he thought, "if only I had your liberty, sweet songsters, with what haste would I fly from this hateful castle, back to the home of my dear parents in beloved Mythia. Most miserable of mortals am I, doomed to be a prisoner within these cruel walls at the mercy of the wicked King and his magician."

Just then a loud buzzing sounded in his ears, followed by a yell of terror from his guards. A swarm of bees had suddenly attacked the slaves, who, casting away their weapons, fled howling towards the castle door. The Prince was about to follow them, when a low, sweet voice, close to him, called out:—

"Stay, Prince Lilac. Do not fear the bees, they are my servants and will not hurt you."

Prince Lilac stared round him in surprise.

"I hear a voice," he cried, "but I can see no one. Who is it that speaks to me?"

The fairy threw back her cloak, and stepping out from a shrub, waved her crystal wand. The sunlight flashing from it caught the Prince's eye.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in delight, "beautiful little lady, who are you?"

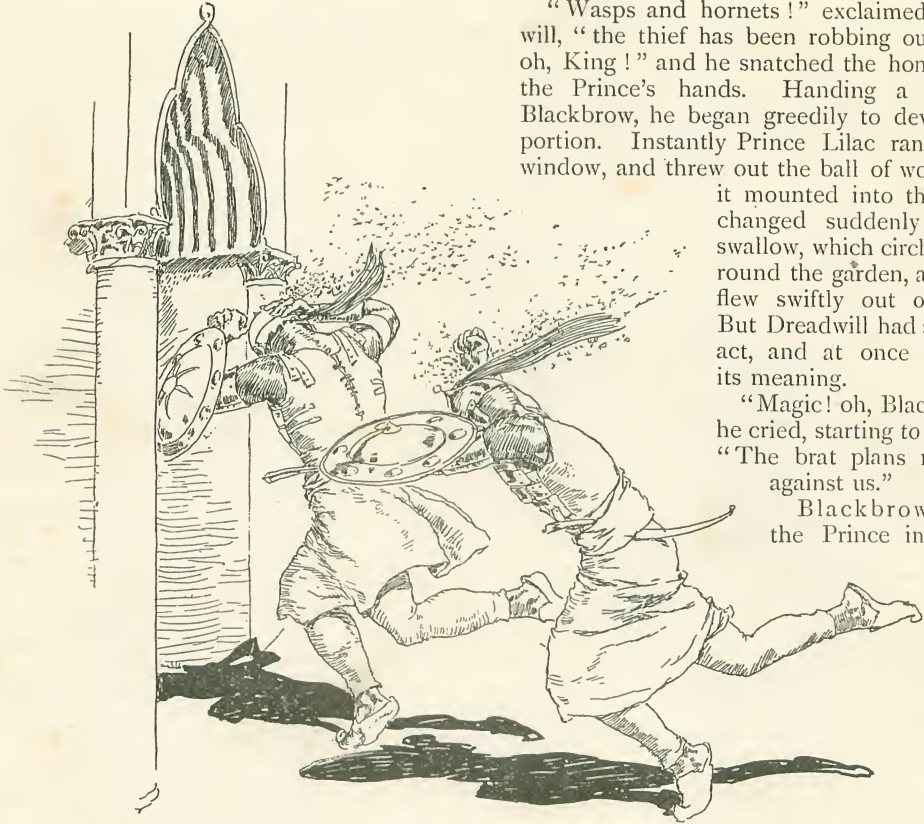
"I am the lilac fairy, Ima," she answered, smiling at him, "and I have come to help you to escape from Blackbrow. Your good father and mother have long mourned you as dead, but I have seen them, and promised to aid you to return to them. Listen carefully to me. In the hollow trunk of yonder apple-tree is a store of honey, of which you must take a comb to-morrow, and when Blackbrow sends for you, which he will be sure to do, carry it with you, and eat a piece before him and the magician. They will snatch the rest from you, and, as soon as they have tasted it, run to the window and throw this ball of wool into the air. Be silent and watchful, and above all, do not let them know you have seen anyone."

"Kindest and best of fairies," cried the Prince, "let us go now to the wicked King. Surely he can do nothing against one so good as you. Even Dreadwill, the magician, must give way to you."

"Alas! innocent boy," replied Ima, sadly. "Good and evil in the world are more evenly matched than you think. The powers of wickedness are to be overcome only by fighting; they will not yield to a *show* of force. Do, however, as I have told you, and all will be well. But see, your guards are returning, and I must go."

She stepped quickly back into the bush, and disappeared among its green leaves, while the Prince picked up the ball she had dropped at his feet, and putting it into his pocket, turned to meet the slaves.

The next morning, as the Prince was walking in the garden attended, as usual, by the slaves, he went up to the apple-tree shown him by the fairy. A few golden bees were flying in and out of the hollow trunk.



"THE SLAVES FLED HOWLING TOWARDS THE DOOR."

"Wasps and hornets!" exclaimed Dreadwill, "the thief has been robbing our hives, oh, King!" and he snatched the honey from the Prince's hands. Handing a part to Blackbrow, he began greedily to devour his portion. Instantly Prince Lilac ran to the window, and threw out the ball of wool. As

it mounted into the air, it changed suddenly into a swallow, which circled once round the garden, and then flew swiftly out of sight. But Dreadwill had seen the act, and at once guessed its meaning.

"Magic! oh, Blackbrow," he cried, starting to his feet. "The brat plans mischief against us."

Blackbrow seized the Prince in a grip

"See!" exclaimed the Prince, "there is a store of honey within this tree," and he boldly thrust his hand into the opening, and drew out a large piece of white honeycomb. He had scarcely done so, when a messenger ran hurriedly from the castle, and ordered him to come at once to Blackbrow. Carefully hiding the honey under his jacket, the Prince hastened to the presence of the King. When he arrived he found Blackbrow and the magician drinking and making merry, for they had caught a poor Mythian peasant who had lost his way, and after having cruelly tortured him, they had cut off his head, and brought it to the castle to make sport with before their prisoner.

"Ha! Prince Lilac," exclaimed the brutal tyrant, "your loving father has sent you a message. Behold Mythia's messenger!" He threw the gory head on to the table, and laughed aloud in savage glee, as he saw the look of disappointment and horror on the Prince's face. Lilac did not answer a word, but, drawing the honeycomb from under his jacket, he bit a piece out of it.

of iron, while the magician bent a savage look upon him, as he growled out:—

"Say by whose aid you have done this, or die."

The poor Prince now gave himself up as lost, but, mindful of the fairy's command, he did not reply.

"Slay him, slay him," panted the enchanter. As Blackbrow raised his iron club aloft, a loud, angry buzzing sound arose, and in through the window flew a large swarm of golden bees, which attacked the wicked King and the magician so fiercely that they had to release the Prince, and flee for their lives. But they were not to be easily beaten. Soon Dreadwill returned, and, by his magic, raised such a cloud of sulphurous smoke in the room that the bees had hastily to leave. In the meantime, Prince Lilac had run through the opposite door down into the garden. Reaching the bush where the fairy had appeared the day before, he cried out:—

"Oh! Ima, Ima, come to my aid now, or I shall, indeed, be lost."

The golden bees flew about him, their



angry hum filling the air. Presently the magician was seen approaching, walking in a cloud of poisonous smoke.

"Ah, my bantam!" he exclaimed, is he drew near to the poor Prince. "Now we shall see whose magic is the greater."

"Dreadwill," she cried, "you have wrought nothing but evil here, but your power is gone now. I can deal with you as I will. Begone!

If, after an hour, you are found within a mile of the castle, death shall be your fate!"

The baffled magician turned sulkily away, and the golden bees soon chased him from the garden, and drove him to a hasty flight.

Fairy Ima then entered the castle, and, opening all the dungeons, released the unfortunate prisoners they contained. Among them were many of the nobles of Mystria. Blackbrow was found, and delivered over to the chiefs he had wrongfully imprisoned. He was tried by them, and condemned to death for the many crimes he had committed.

Then the fairy ordered two horses to be brought from the castle stables, and, mounting Prince Lilac on one, she seated herself upon the other, and they set out for the palace of the King of Mythia.

The good King and Queen were overcome with joy on beholding their beloved child once more, and for days the Court and populace gave themselves up to rejoicings over the return of the Prince.

Everyone, from the happy parents to the lowliest peasant, was filled with gratitude to the lilac fairy, and poured forth their thanks to her. But the kind little fairy would not listen to any thanks.

"Good deeds repay themselves," she said, "and my best reward is to see the happiness I have brought to you all."

The King did not forget the services of the golden bees. A beautiful hive was built for them in the palace gardens, where, thenceforth, they gathered their sweet honey in peace, protected and loved by everyone.



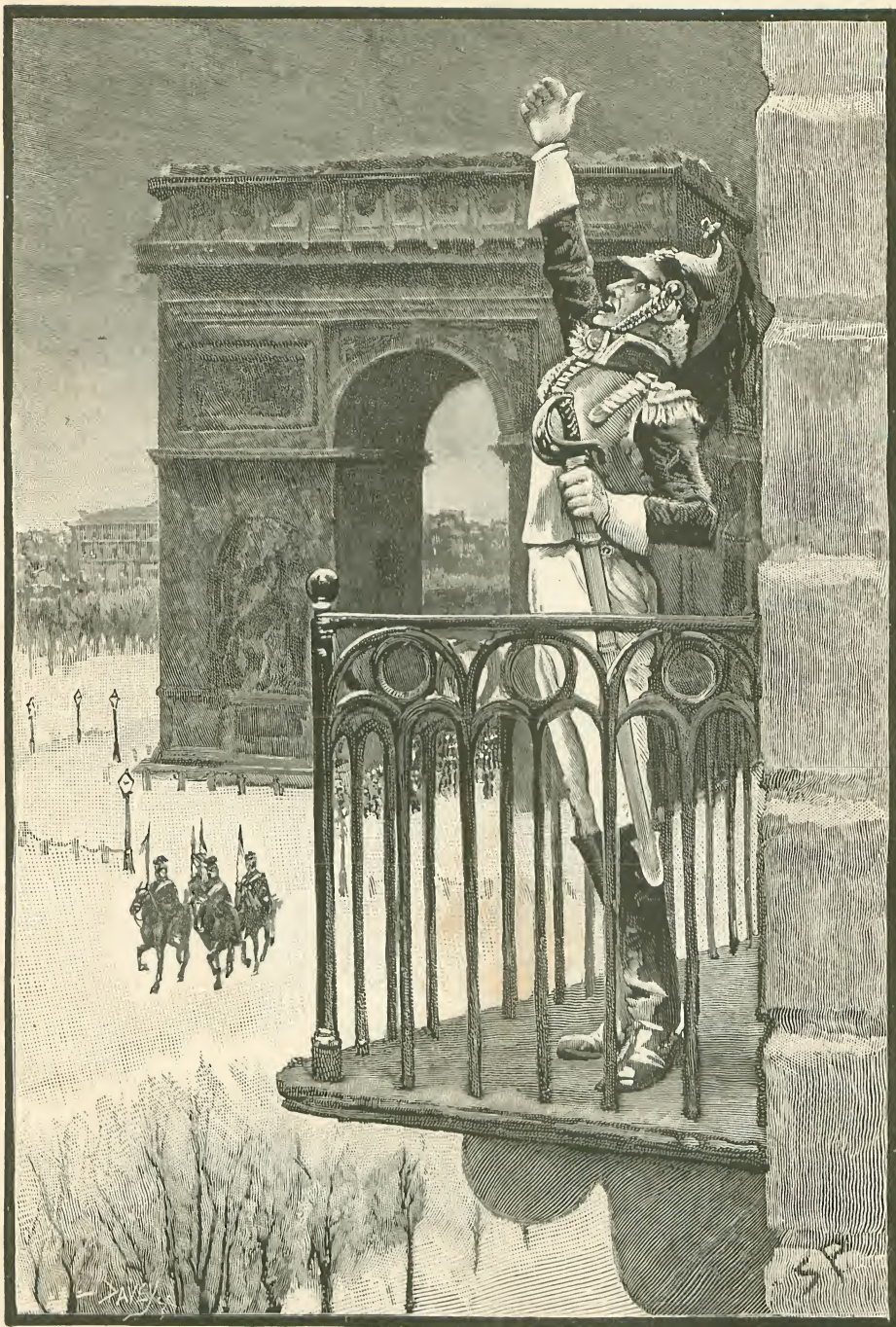
"'WASPS AND HORNETS!' EXCLAIMED DREADWILL."

"Mine," cried the clear voice of the lilac fairy, and she glided from the bush, waving her wand aloft. The cloud around Dreadwill melted rapidly away. The enchanter stood scowling at her for a moment, and then, in a voice hoarse with rage, he gabbled this charm:—

"Dust and powder, darkness and night. Powers of magic, strike her, strike her!"

"Silence!" commanded the fairy, in a tone of anger. Dreadwill recoiled before her stern gaze. His charm had failed, and he knew it. Then the lilac fairy spoke again.





"TO ARMS!—TO ARMS!—THE PRUSSIANS!"

(See page 606.)



## The Siege of Berlin.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.



WE were returning up the avenue of the Champs Elysées with Doctor V., asking him about the walls riddled with shells, the pavements torn up by grape-shot, in fact, the history of the Siege of Paris, when, just before we got to the Place de l'Etoile, the doctor stopped, and pointing out one of those handsome corner houses grouped around the Arc de Triomphe, said :—

“Do you see those four closed windows up there, over the balcony? In the early days of the month of August—that terrible August of the year '70—so charged with storms and disasters, I was called in there to a frightful case of apoplexy. It was to Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the First Empire, an old man infatuated with patriotic pride who, at the commencement of the war, had come to lodge in the Champs Elysées, in a balcony apartment. Guess why! To be present at the triumphant return of our troops! Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg came to him as he was rising from table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the foot of that bulletin of defeat, he fell thunderstruck.

“I found the old cuirassier stretched at full length on the carpet, his face bloody and lifeless, as if he had been struck a blow on the head with a club. Standing, he must have been very tall; lying, he looked immense. With beautiful features, superb teeth, and a fine head of curly white hair, though he was nearly eighty, he looked like sixty years old. Near him, on her knees, was his granddaughter. She so resembled him that, seeing them side by side, you would have been reminded of two beautiful Greek medals struck from the same stamp; only the one was old, dull, and rather indistinct in the outlines; the other was resplendent and clean cut, with all the brilliancy and smoothness of a new impression.

“The grief of this child touched me.

Vol. ix.—77.

Daughter and grand-daughter of soldiers, her father was at MacMahon's head-quarters, and the sight of this grand old man stretched before her brought another no less terrible image to her mind. I endeavoured to reassure her, but, in reality, I had little hope. We had to deal with a severe case of hemiplegy, and recovery was scarcely to be hoped for at eighty. For three days the patient remained in the same state of motionless stupor. In the midst of all this the news of Reischaffen arrived in Paris. You remember in what a strange fashion. Until evening we all believed in a great victory, 20,000 Prussians killed, and the Crown Prince a prisoner! I know not by what miracle, or by what magnetic current, an echo of the national joy penetrated to our poor deaf-mute, even to his paralyzed limbs; certain it is that, on approaching his bed that evening, I found him a different man. His eye was almost clear, his tongue less stiff. He had strength to smile, and to stammer twice, “Vic-to-ry!”



“THE OLD CUIRASSIER WAS STRETCHED AT FULL LENGTH.”

“‘Yes, Colonel, a grand victory!’

“And as I gave him details of MacMahon's brilliant success, I saw his features relax and his face light up. When I went out, the young girl was waiting for me, standing pale and sobbing at the door.

“‘But he is saved!’ said I, taking her hands.

"The unhappy child had scarcely courage to answer me. They had just posted up the true version of Reischaffen—MacMahon put to flight, the whole army crushed. We looked at each other in consternation. She was distressed in thinking of her father. I trembled for the old man. It was very certain he could not resist this new shock. And yet, what could we do? Leave him his joy—the illusions which had called him back to life? But then it would be necessary to lie!

"Very well, then, I shall lie," said the heroic girl, quickly drying her tears, and she returned radiant to her grandfather's room.

"She had set herself a hard task. The first few days were got through without much difficulty. The good man's head was weak, and he allowed himself to be deceived like a child. But with returning health, his ideas became clearer. We had to keep him acquainted with the movements of the armies and to draw up for him military bulletins. It was a sad pity to see that beautiful girl, night and day, over her maps of Germany, marking out the battles with little flags, and trying to invent a glorious campaign: Bazaine descending upon Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. For all this she asked my advice, and I helped her as much as I could, but it was the grandfather himself who served us best in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often under the First Empire! He knew all the moves beforehand: 'See, now they will go there, they will do that, and his forecasts were always realized, which did not fail to make him very proud.

"Unfortunately it was in vain that we took towns and gained battles; we never went fast enough for that insatiable old fellow! Every day, when I arrived, I heard of a new feat of arms.

"Doctor, we have taken Mayence," the young girl told me, coming towards me with a heart-breaking smile, and I heard, through the door, a delighted voice crying:—

"We're getting on! We're getting on! . . . In a week we shall enter Berlin."

"At that moment the Prussians were not more

than a week from Paris. . . . We asked ourselves at first whether it would not be better to remove him into the country; but, once outside, the state of France would have revealed everything to him, and I thought him still too weak, and too much stunned by the great shock he had already received, to know the truth. It was decided, therefore, to let him remain.

"On the first day that Paris was invested, I went up to their house, I remember, much moved with the anguish of heart that the closing of all the gates of Paris, the battle under the walls, and the changing of our villages into frontiers brought us. I found the old gentleman jubilant and proud.

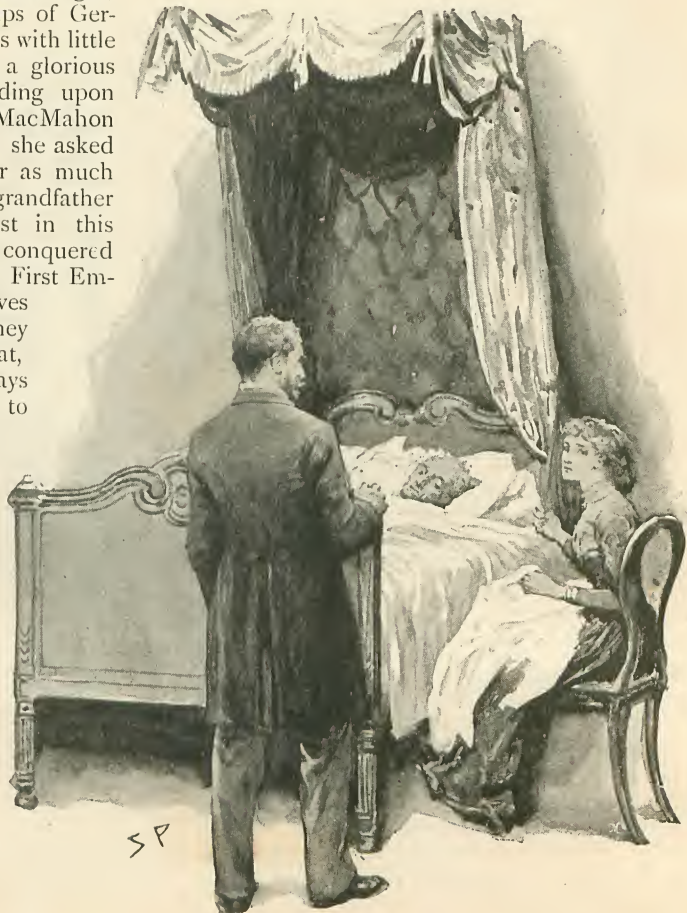
"Well," said he, 'here is the siege begun!'

"I looked at him in astonishment.

"What, Colonel, do you know—?'

"His grand-daughter turned to me:—

"Ah! yes, doctor. That is the great news. The Siege of Berlin has commenced."



"THE SIEGE OF BERLIN HAS COMMENCED."



"This she said, drawing out her needle with such a staid little air, and so tranquilly—how could he suspect anything?"

"The cannon from the forts! He could not hear them. This poor Paris, wretched and convulsed! He could not see it. What he *could* see from his bed was a bit of the Arc de Triomphe, and in his room was a whole curiosity shop of the First Empire, well calculated to maintain his illusions. Portraits of Marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in a baby's robe; then large stiff consoles, ornamented with copper trophies, laden with Imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a stone from St. Helena, under a shade, miniatures—all representing the same lady, becurled, in ball costume, in a yellow dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and bright eyes—it was all this, the atmosphere of victories and conquests, much more than anything we could tell him, that made the brave Colonel believe so naively in the Siege of Berlin.

"From that day our military operations were very much simplified. To take Berlin was now only an affair of patience. From time to time, when the old man became too impatient, a letter was read to him from his son—an imaginary letter, of course, since nothing could now get into Paris, and because, since Sedan, MacMahon's aide-de-camp had been drafted off to a German fortress. Imagine the despair of that poor child, without news of her father, knowing him a prisoner, deprived of every comfort, perhaps ill, and yet obliged to make him speak in those cheerful letters—they were rather short letters, as might be expected from a soldier in the field—of advancing steadily into the conquered country. Sometimes strength failed her, and, consequently, there were weeks without any news. But the old man got uneasy, and could not sleep. Then promptly came a letter from Germany, which she brought and read gaily to him at his bedside, keeping back her tears. The Colonel listened religiously, smiled with an intelligent air, approved, criticised, and explained to us the difficult passages. But where he was especially fine was in the answers he sent to his son: 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' said he. 'Be generous to those poor people. Do not make the invasion too heavy for them.' And then there were endless recommendations, adorable twaddle about respect for the proprieties, the politeness due to ladies—in fact, a complete code of military honour for the use of conquerors! He added also some general observations on politics, and the

conditions to be imposed on the conquered. On that point, I must say, he was not unreasonable.

"'A war indemnity, and nothing further. What is the good of taking their provinces? Can you make France out of Germany?'

"He dictated all this with a firm voice, and one felt there was so much candour in his words, such a fine, patriotic faith, that it was impossible to listen to him unmoved.

"All this time the siege was advancing—not that of Berlin, alas! It was a time of great cold, bombardments, epidemics, and famine. But, thanks to our care, our efforts, and the indefatigable tenderness which surrounded him, the serenity of the old man was never for an instant disturbed. Up to the end, I was able to get him white bread and fresh meat. There was only enough for him, and you can imagine nothing more touching than those breakfasts of the grandfather, so innocently selfish—the old man upon his bed, fresh and smiling, his serviette tucked under his chin; near him his granddaughter, a little pale from her privations, guiding his hands, giving him drink, helping him to all those forbidden good things. Then, revived by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, with the winter wind outside, and the snow whirling past his windows, the old cuirassier recalled his campaigns in the north, and related to us for the hundredth time that sad retreat from Russia, in which they had nothing to eat but frozen biscuit and horse-flesh.

"'Do you understand, little one? We used to eat horses.'

"She understood only too well. For two months she had eaten nothing else. From day to day, however, as convalescence progressed, our task beside the invalid became more difficult. That paralysis of his senses, and of all his limbs, which had served us so well up to this time, began to disappear. Two or three times already the terrible volleys from the Maillot Gate had made him start, and prick up his ears like a greyhound; we were obliged to invent a last victory for Bazaine, under Berlin, and salvos fired in his honour at the Invalides. Another day his bed had been moved to the window—it was, I believe, the Thursday of Rezonville—and he saw the National Guards massed together on the Avenue of the Grande Armée.

"'What are those troops doing there?' he demanded; and we heard him mutter between his teeth: 'Bad form! bad form!'



"NEAR HIM HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER."

"Nothing else happened; but we understood that, in future, we must take great precautions. Unhappily, we were not cautious enough.

"One evening when I arrived the child came to me full of trouble.

"'It is to-morrow they enter,' she said.

"Was the grandfather's door open? The fact is, that in thinking over it afterwards, I remembered that his face had, on that evening, an extraordinary expression. It is probable that he heard us. Only *we* spoke of the Prussians, while *he* thought of the French, in that triumphal entry which he had so long expected—MacMahon coming down the avenue in the midst of flowers and the flourish of trumpets, his son beside the Marshal, and he, the old father, upon his balcony, in full uniform, as at Lutzen, saluting the torn flags and the eagles blackened with powder.

"Poor father Jouve! He doubtless

fancied that we wished to prevent him from being present at this march-past of the troops to avoid too great an excitement for him. He took care to speak to no one; but the next day, at the very hour in which the Prussians were timidly entering on the long road leading from the Maillot Gate to the Tuileries, the window just above there opened softly, and the Colonel appeared on the balcony, with his helmet, his big cavalry sword, and all the glorious equipment of a Milhaud cuirassier. I still ask myself what effort of will, what fresh spring of life, could have thus placed him again on his feet, and in harness! Be that as it may, there he was, standing behind the railing, wondering to find the avenues so wide, so silent; the shutters of the houses closed;

Paris dismal as a lazaretto; flags everywhere, but so strange, all white with red crosses, and no crowd running before our soldiers.

"For a moment, he may possibly have thought he was mistaken—

"But, no! Yonder, behind the Arc de Triomphe, was a confused noise, a black line advancing in the growing daylight. . . . Then, gradually, the peaks of the helmets shone, the little drums of Jena began to beat, and under the Arc de l'Etoile, accompanied by the heavy rhythmic steps of the troops, and by the clash of sabres, burst forth Schubert's Triumphal March.

"Then, in the mournful silence of the place, rang out a cry, a terrible cry: 'To arms!—to arms!—the Prussians!' And the four Uhlans forming the advanced guard saw yonder on the balcony a tall, old man wave his arms, totter, and fall, rigid.

"This time Colonel Jouve was really dead."



## How Games are Made.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



F M. Paul Blouet and our other Continental critics—would they were all as fair as genial “Max O’Rell”—were to speak of us as a nation of sportsmen, instead of shopkeepers, the comment would be at once more appropriate and more to our liking. For it has passed into universal tradition that where-soever two or three Britons are gathered together, there also is played one or other of our national games. Quite recently we learned that golf-links had been established at Newchwang, in remote Manchuria, to the dismay of the Taotai of the district, who suspected that the evolutions of the players were part of a subtle plot designed to hasten the dismemberment of the Celestial Empire; and the Earl of Sheffield himself assures me that he was bowled out by Alfred Shaw in a cricket match played on the ice fjord at Spitzbergen, by the weird light of the midnight sun. I would have reproduced a photograph of the bat Lord Sheffield used on this interesting occasion, were it not that the question arose: In what wise, externally, does it differ from its fellows? Truly this was something of a poser, even for a writer in search of pictorial curios; so I prudently let it alone.

Croaking pessimists who from time to time lift up their voices and bewail (usually through the columns of a daily paper) the decadence of the national vigour, should repair without delay to the vast establishment of Mr. F. H. Ayres, in Aldersgate Street. Here one finds workshops covering three or four acres of priceless land, and a staff of nearly six hundred hands, who share between them in wages some £40,000 a year. The annual wood bill alone is more than £15,000; and very strange and fearful are the names of a few

of the rarer woods. Think of amboyna, cocobola, cocus, and cog; king, lance, myall, partridge, pimento, quira, sabicu, thuya, yamaquay, zericote, and zebra-wood!

My first visit to this hive of industry was not a success; I defy any man to receive and digest a mass of technical information while circular saws are screeching, and chips from embryonic bats are falling like leaves in autumn. The first illustration given here depicts one of the wood-yards on the roof, where as many as 50,000 “clefts,” or rough bat blades, are stored at one time; before being taken down to the workshops, these clefts are left to season for a year or two.

The timber expert, seen on the right in the photograph, buys the willows growing. Persons who have trees to sell write to the firm, and occasionally a “parcel” of a hundred willows is purchased at one time, the average price of each being three or four pounds; the expert judges the tree by the leaf and the bark. Was there a record tree? There was. This arboreal treasure was found at East Dereham, in Norfolk, about three years ago; it was about sixty years old, and was 15ft. in circumference. Having arrived at the place, the foreman engaged four or five men to fell the giant willow—a task involving two days’ hard labour. The record price of £60 was paid for this tree, but what of that? Notwithstanding its great size, the grain of the wood was perfect, and no fewer than 405



ROUGHING OUT BAT-BLADES.

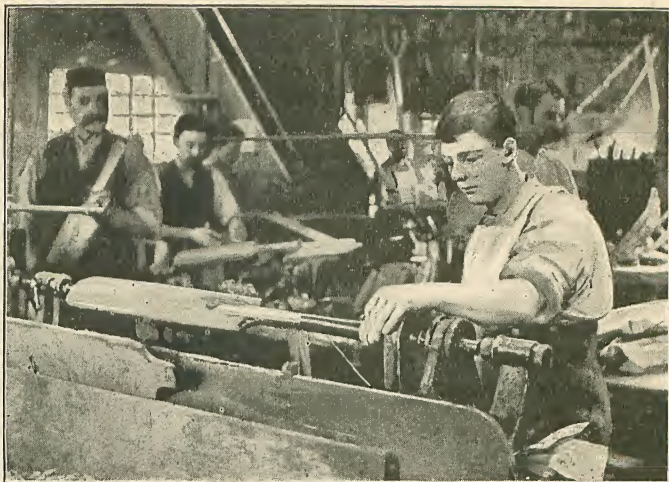


guinea bats were cut from this willow. The Australian players, Turner and Giffen, ordered three dozen of these same bats, and took them from London with them.

When the rough bat-clefts are thoroughly seasoned, they are drawn out into shape, planed, pressed, handled, strung, sand-papered, and oiled. Some of these processes are shown in the next picture. The handle of a first-rate bat, by the way, is made up of sixteen pieces of cane glued together; and in this one department twenty tons of East Indian cane, worth

£30 a ton, are used every year, together with its complementary quota of more than half a ton of the finest Scotch glue. The string used on bat handles is Dutch flax, which is purchased in large quantities in 11b. reels. One pound of this twine will string two dozen bats. A whole reelful is boiled in a gipsy pot with pitch, oil, and resin, so that it may become of a dark-brown hue, and the string is automatically cleaned with felt as it leaves the pot.

The mode of stringing is extremely simple, as may, perhaps, be inferred from the accompanying illustration. The operator simply takes a finished bat, fixes it between two spindles, and causes it to revolve swiftly,



BAT-STRINGING.

while he himself pays out the twine with never-failing judgment. Altogether the annual output of bats from this house ranges from 23,000 to 30,000, including the exports to Australia and South Africa.

Having traced the evolution of the perfect bat from its parent tree, I then turned my attention to the ball. Here is a corner of a big workshop, wherein a number of men are engaged in the manufacture of regulation five-and-a-half-ounce cricket balls, of which many hundreds a week are produced. The cores are of cork and worsted, and each ball passes through the hands of seven men, reckoning from the preparation of the raw cowhide. This hide is stained

red, and then cut and stitched into hemispherical caps, two of which are forced together round a composition core placed in a mould beneath a press, such as is seen in the illustration. The seam is afterwards stitched, and the unsightly and somewhat flattened ball is then pressed into shape and greased.

It occurred to my inquiring mind to ask why cricket balls are



MAKING BATS.





SEWING AND PRESSING CRICKET BALLS.

no little peril, he seems to be a critical and interested spectator. The original of this picture is an oil-painting by Hayman, which hangs in one of the spacious rooms of the grand pavilion at Lord's. The figures are portraits; the quaint-looking wicket-keeper being none other than the great Hogarth himself.

In one of the yards before the big warehouses at Ayres' may be seen piles of ash logs

invariably red; this, it appears, is based upon sound scientific observation, for red can be seen on grass much better than any other colour. "We have sent a few green balls to the Cape," remarked the foreman of this department, "but they were for use on a cocoa-nut-matting pitch."

I reproduce here a very interesting old print depicting a cricket match in 1741. To the scientific batsman of to-day this may appear cricket *pour rire*, but it is evident that the players were very much in earnest. Look at the man intrusted with the scoring: he marks the runs by means of notches cut in a stick, and though his position is apparently one of

for making tennis rackets. These logs, each five or six feet long, come from the eastern and southern counties; from them are cut slender rods, or racket sticks, which are steamed for half an hour or so, and then bent about an iron frame—an operation requiring the nicest judgment. Freshly bent shapes are sent at once to one of the seasoning yards, nearly roof-top above the busy city; and here one beholds with curiosity long vistas of what appear to be dog-kennels, but with no sides, and each containing a few rows of racket frames. Nearly 20,000 frames are stocked in this one yard, and they make no further progress till they are about nine



From the Painting]  
Vol. ix.—78

CRICKET IN 1741.

[by Hayman.





THE GREAT RACKET-ROOM.

months old. In due time, however, the frame is taken down to the great racket-room here depicted, and is fitted with a cedar handle. Holes are then drilled in it, after which it passes into the stringing-room. Here the racket receives about 36ft. of gut, and is then ready for sale. The gut used will stand a strain of 2,000lb., and costs 3s. 6d. per hank of 18ft. (wholesale price, of course). The huge quantity of 96,000ft. per week is sent from the store-room to the workshops, and last

season the firm made upwards of 54,000 rackets. The next illustration given shows the interior of the football-room. Hides for football cases are bought already dressed, and are cut into the required sections by the men. In a Rugby ball there are but four sections, but there are eight in one of the best Association balls, which are now completely sewn up, and not laced as formerly; the output during the season is fifty-six dozen a week.

The making of boxing-gloves, and the covering of cricket and football leg-guards are carried on entirely by girls. Every week ten or twelve skins of chamois or tanned cape, each skin a yard square, are cut up according to zinc patterns and sewn by machinery or by hand. Thirteen girls are employed on this work, and each can finish three sets of boxing-gloves in a day. The horsehair for stuffing sometimes costs 8d. per lb., but is purchased in immense bales when it happens to be cheaper.

Considered as a fashionable sport, archery is far from being inexpensive. Colonel



STRINGING TENNIS RACKETS.



Walrond, of the Royal Toxophilite Society, assures me that many of his fellow-members possess half-a-dozen bows which cost from ten to twenty guineas each, not to mention various sets of arrows at two guineas a dozen. The bows are made of yew, lance, beef, partridge, and snake woods; some are made in two or



SEWING FOOTBALL CASES.

was slowly increasing in diameter, and proceeded to give a few details. It takes him four or five hours to make a 48in. target, which weighs 16lb.; and he uses eighteen trusses of straw every week. The canvas is supplied to him in pieces measuring twelve yards by six; and besides cutting it out, he has to paint

MAKING GUARDS AND BOXING GLOVES.

three pieces. A "self-yew" bow, however—that is, a bow made of one piece of choice yew—may retail at thirty guineas; the string used is specially-prepared Flemish cord.

I give here a reproduction from a photograph of the target-making room, in which are stacked bales of rye straw and rolls of canvas. When it was hinted that the place was dangerous by reason of its liability to fire and the temptation to sleep away the hours of labour, the industrious target-maker pointed out that the stock of straw in the room was strictly limited to half a ton; and as regards my other insinuation, why, he was only paid for what he did. The target man then put down his work, which



THE TARGET-ROOM.





TURNING CROQUET BALLS.

the coloured circles and golden centre with the scrupulous care of a Royal Academician. Of course, he uses compasses, and is altogether a bit of a scientist in his way.

As I roamed helplessly about these immense workshops, I wondered dimly what became of all the shavings and sawdust. Far below are the two great boilers, more than 20ft. long and 7ft. high; and these are incessantly fed with chips, which are either collected hourly by special men, or are shot down from all parts through a protected opening. The stoker estimates that he shovels away two tons of chips and shavings every day. The sawdust is contracted for, and is produced at the rate of four or five tons a week.

In another building are the engineers' shops, where five gross of cast steel golf-irons are turned out every week, and nearly 800 gross of croquet arches in the season between February and September. Photography was out of the question in this strange place; but it certainly was most interesting to watch the turners finishing golf-irons, which, by the way, undergo four processes and have seven different angles. These men wore curious and cumbersome spectacles in order to protect their eyes from the metallic dust and the streams of fiery sparks that flowed from the implement in hand. Croquet, I am told, is fast regaining favour.

Nothing can be more astonishing than the celerity with which the man in our next picture transforms a block of box-wood, measuring 6in. by  $4\frac{1}{4}$ in., into a perfectly spherical croquet ball; he measures the wood from time to time with a pair of calipers. A stock of 150 tons of box-wood is always kept; and fresh supplies are imported from Asiatic Russia in logs 3ft. 6in. long. Perhaps, the most important branch of work carried on in the immense turners' shop is the making of chess, which is shown in our photograph. Sets of chess are made of box-wood, rose-wood, ebony, bone, and animal and vegetable ivory; they range in price up to £20, and are sent to all classes in every part of the world, from Oriental monarchs to lonely Canadian settlers. In the manufacture of chess and draughts, twenty men are regularly employed; and I stayed for a few moments to watch one of these who was carving heads. The first tool he used was a circular saw; and with this he cut little bits from a big piece of rough ebony. He then mounted a toothed wheel  $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, set it revolving swiftly, and held one of the bits of ebony to it.

Gradually one could see that by deft manipulation the familiar head was growing under the turner's hand; another and smaller wheel was presently mounted, and so



MAKING CHESS-MEN.



on until the last circular saw had no greater diameter than the head of an average pin. There were seventeen changes of tools, but the entire process took no more than a quarter of an hour. An expert man can produce four dozen heads per day.

Lest any of my readers should marvel at the mention of vegetable ivory, I hasten to explain that it is a sort of solid Brazil nut, which is bought in sacks by the ton.

My next visit was to Goodall's enormous factory at Camden Town, where over 2,000,000 packs of playing-cards are produced every year. The staff here also numbers hundreds of men, and there are five or six artists whose sole duty is the designing of the backs. No fewer than twenty distinct qualities of playing-cards are manufactured on the premises, the retail price ranging from 9d. to 3s. 6d. per pack. Of course, there are hundreds of different designs and patterns. The first thing I noticed, on the occasion of my visit,



PASTING MACHINES AT WORK.

was the vast quantity of paper: it was there in thousands and thousands of reams, for there is literally no end to the making of playing-cards.

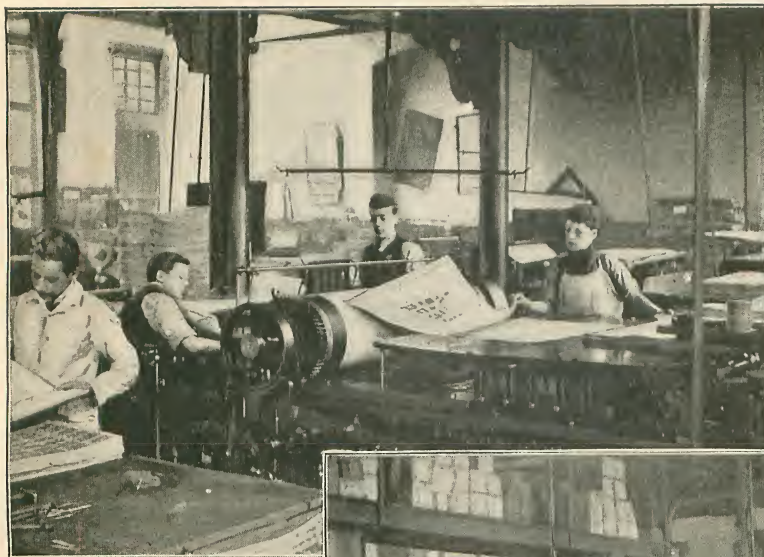
I was then conducted into the paste-making department, a view of which I reproduce. The big copper at the far end holds 100 gallons; and every week the astonishing quantity of 4,000 gallons of paste is made, in which countless sacks of the finest flour are consumed. My cicerone was courtesy personified, but he gently refused to work out how many packs of cards equalled a quartern loaf in point of flour used. The next illustration shows the pasting-machines at work. In this department the sheets of paper are pasted together and subsequently squeezed in a hydraulic press to remove the superfluous paste. These sheets are then taken to the drying-room, which is heated according to the state of the atmosphere; the drying has to be most carefully looked after, for if the temperature is too high the board begins to curl.

When thoroughly dry, the rough boards are ready for the rolling-machines, and after having been rolled they are enamelled and printed on the faces. Common cards require but two printings, but the best require five. The backs are subsequently printed in a spacious room crowded with intricate machinery; and then, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph, the big boards are stacked in piles, each sheet being a complete pack of cards. In this state they are left for some little time in order that the ink may become perfectly dry. At length they are ready for glazing and finishing, and



THE PASTE ROOM.





THE PRINTING-ROOM.

when this is done the boards are cut transversely by an ingenious bladed machine, and swept aside by a little girl who manipulates a lever. Both these processes are shown in the illustration.

The long sections are then passed on to another girl, whose machine stamps out the single cards of identical denomination



LAYING OUT PACKS.



CARD-CUTTING.

with marvellous rapidity. Yet another girl is intrusted with the "laying out" of the cards. She takes the piles of newly-cut cards and sorts them on a counter into their various denominations, keeping a sharp look-out meanwhile for marked or damaged cards. When all

the piles contain fifty-two of the same card, they are again "laid out," but this time each pile gradually becomes a complete pack. If for home use, the packs are then wrapped in the Government seal, the present duty being 3d. on each pack.

I have not included bicycles in this article; had I done so, I might have been led on to yachts and race-horses, and then my subject would have





MAKING BILLIARD-TABLES.

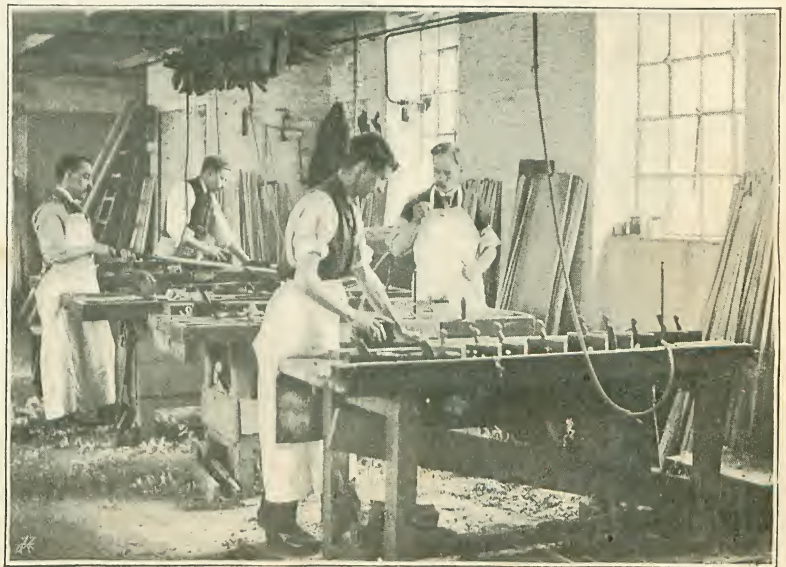
become rather unwieldy. This would indeed be an incomplete article, though, without some little account of the making of billiard-tables and their accessories; therefore it was that I sought out Mr. James Burroughes, of the firm of Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, who employ 420 hands and turn out 700 tables every year.

Mr. Burroughes will sometimes stroll down to the East and West India Docks for the purpose of buying in a little "parcel" of timber for £5,000 or so. As a rule, the parcel consists of a ship-load of square mahogany logs from Honduras, Cuba, or Mexico; and when the expert has satisfied himself as to the quality of the wood by plunging a gouge into one of the logs, he concludes the purchase, and sends the timber by barge to his own mills, where it is sawn into planks of various sizes, and then stacked for from four to six years before being used. The illustration shows the interior of the

frame-room, where skilled workmen are busy finding the level of a table. Carving the legs of billiard tables is a separate branch of the business; it is done by outside master carvers, each of whom employs his own staff. For the most part, the design is furnished by the firm, but occasionally it is sent in by the customer's own architect. The romance of trade is nowhere more fully exemplified than in this parti-

cular branch. The slate quarries of Wales have to be blasted to supply the bed; for every billiard-table contains five slabs, each weighing 4cwt. The almost impenetrable wilds of Africa must be searched to find ivory, which is getting scarcer every day; and even when the tusks are in the hands of the turner, it requires the experience of many years to be able to pick out with confidence the part which alone will make a perfect ball.

In the hills and plains of Saxony only are found the flocks whose fleeces are sufficiently



THE CUE-ROOM—SHOWING PLANES.

fine to weave the cloth ; and the rubber for the cushions is made from the isolated caoutchouc trees of malarious Para, near the mouth of the Amazon.

The next view shown is the interior of the cue-room ; the cues are of ash, spliced into ebony handles. This reminds me that great billiard champions form strange attachments to favourite cues. Peall once showed me his pet cue, and pointed out that it had been repaired so many times that it was not a little difficult to find even a small section of the original wood. In the illustration, all the planes used in making a cue are shown on the bench.

The firm's average sale of billiard-balls is 950 per month, which is equal to the produce of ninety-five elephants ; about ten balls are cut from each pair of tusks. At the works one may see a little closet wherein is stored the standing stock of 20,000 balls, valued at £16,000.

Mr. Burroughes buys his ivory at the periodical sales that are held in the London Docks, when parcels of 100 tons or so are put up for sale ; and I may mention that the quantity of ivory imported into this country alone last year was 11,757cwt., which means 60,000 tusks. Forty years ago one could buy a first-rate set of billiard-balls for eighteen shillings ; at the present day such a set could not be had for less than five guineas.

In the accompanying illustration the billiard-

ball turners are seen at work. "There are thousands of turners in the kingdom," says Mr. Burroughes, "but not one in a hundred will turn a billiard-ball so as to produce an absolutely perfect sphere." Each ball is carefully tested to insure accuracy ; but besides the size, the weight also must be exact, for this is essential to the correct playing of the game of billiards. A set of match balls weighs 14oz. Billiard-balls are finally polished with whiting and water.

A certain proportion of our supplies of ivory comes from Asia, but the greater part, and that the best, comes from Africa. In fact, a large quantity of what is nominally East Indian is really African, for it is sent from Zanzibar and Mozambique to Bombay, and such parts as are not required for bangles and carved work are then shipped to England. More or less comes from Burmah, Siam, Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java, the Siamese being the best of the Asiatic, which is apt to discolour. My informant reckons that fifty years hence there will be practically no ivory at all, the present annual mortality of African elephants, for ivory export, being about 65,000. Besides this, the chiefs in the interior keep the choicest tusks for the decoration of their temples, houses, and graves. Civilization is making such strides in the Dark Continent to-day that it is high time some ingenious person devised a really perfect substitute for ivory.



TURNING BILLIARD-BALLS.





BY THORNTON STEWART.



**O**VERHEAD a blazing sun ; around, as far as the eye could see, the desolate, parched waste of the Australian scrub, a plain broken only by a belt of trees to the south-east. To emphasize the loneliness of the scene, one solitary living creature—a man making his way towards the belt of trees.

The figure of the man was in thorough keeping with the scene. The bowed shoulders, drooping head, and slouching gait expressed nothing but despondency or weariness, or both. And appearances were not deceptive, for Jim Leyland—so the man was named—had walked twenty miles under that blazing sun, and had tasted neither food nor drink since he started.

But it was not to hunger and thirst that his dejected appearance was due. He was unconscious of the burning heat, the monotonous plain, and of everything else except the feelings that rankled in his breast. For Jim was realizing for the first time that he was a failure ; and more than that, he was madly in love with a girl who treated him as hardly on a level with the cattle he had lately had under his charge. Therefore it was that he was heedless of all physical discomfort, and that, if he was making his way towards the shelter of the trees, it was with no settled purpose, but merely with the instinct characteristic of all creatures which have lived some years in the bush.

Jim Leyland was a younger son without even a younger son's portion. After leaving school he had lived at home, enjoying all the pleasures of a country life. He had hunted, and fished, and shot, apparently regardless of the possibility of such a state of things coming to an end, until, when he was twenty-four years of age, his father was killed by a fall in the hunting-field. His death was

followed by the disclosure of the fact that a succession of losses had swept away the provision he had made for his younger son. Jim had been his favourite, and in order to increase the amount he had set apart for him, he had speculated—with the usual result.

The heir to the estates, which were entailed, was a dissipated man about town, without a spark of generosity in his nature, and he declined to give Jim a penny. An uncle had paid his passage to Australia and, in addition, had placed in his hands the magnificent sum of £50 to commence life with there.

Naturally, Jim made his way to the diggings, but ill-luck pursued him, and after four years spent in a vain pursuit of gold, he decided to try something else. He left the gold-fields and set out for the coast. On his way he came to a farm, held by a man named James Thompson, and, finding him in want of another "hand," offered his services, which were accepted.

For some months Jim worked on the farm quite contentedly. Of a buoyant disposition, and ever inclined to look at the bright side of things, he did not feel his position as in any sense degrading. But the arrival of Maud Devereux changed all this. She was the daughter of Thompson's only sister and Philip Devereux, and on the death of her parents within a few months of each other, had decided to come out to her uncle, and make trial, at any rate for a time, of life in the bush. At the time of her arrival she was twenty-one years of age and exceedingly handsome, and Jim had promptly fallen in love with her.

Now, Miss Devereux, though possessing many lovable characteristics, was imbued with a considerable amount of pride, which had been increased doubtless by the insulting manner in which her father's family had

treated her mother. She had not been long at the farm before she had learnt something of Jim's antecedents, and being new to colonial life, felt nothing but contempt for a man who, having been brought up as a gentleman, could be content with the position of a farm servant. Her treatment of him was more galling than open insult would have been, for while sufficiently friendly to the other hands, she seemed absolutely to ignore his existence.

Unfortunately there were several circumstances which seemed to some extent to justify this contempt. On two or three occasions, cattle which were under Jim's especial charge had been lost, and not recovered. Now, after the first loss he had exercised more than ordinary care, and, consequently, he was considerably puzzled and annoyed when the loss was repeated. At first he thought the cattle had simply strayed away, but after a time his suspicions were aroused, and eventually fastened on one of the hands named Hudson, who lived in a hut at some distance from the farm, and who had charge of the cattle on a tract of land immediately beyond that for which Jim was responsible. He had on several occasions observed a stranger in Hudson's company, and he began to suspect that this stranger had something to do with the disappearance of the cattle.

He had, however, been unable to find anything to verify his suspicions, and finally, after the third loss, Thompson had sent for him and told him that he had better seek employment elsewhere. This had occurred on the morning of the day on which our story opens, and what had added to Jim's feelings of grief and humiliation was the fact that Miss Devereux had been present at his dismissal. Jim had thereupon left the farm with the intention of proceeding to the nearest town; but in his despair at leaving the neighbourhood of Miss Devereux under such circumstances, he had neglected to provide himself with anything in the shape of food or drink, and hence it is that we find him in such straits.

To resume our story: Jim eventually reached the belt of trees, and, having found a

convenient sheltered thicket, threw himself on the ground, and, in spite of his bitter thoughts, fell asleep. His grief and weariness had exhausted him and his sleep lasted several hours, and might have lasted longer had not the silence around him been broken by the sound of men's voices. On opening his eyes he found it was almost dark. Then, gradually realizing the presence of others near him, he cautiously rose, and, peering through the bushes, he saw a number of men, who had just dismounted, and were engaged in tethering their horses to the trees at the edge of the wood. On counting them he found they were ten in number. Notwithstanding his intense need of food and water, the appearance of the men was so evil that he decided at any rate to observe them a little before disclosing his presence, for he knew that bushrangers were still to be found, though none had appeared of late in that neighbourhood.

After picketing their horses, the men looked about for a suitable camping-ground, and, as chance would have it, chose a place about ten yards from where Jim was lying.



"THEY FELL TO SERIOUS CONVERSATION."



They then lit a fire and proceeded to roast some slices of meat and boil water to make tea. Jim began to feel a keen sympathy with the poor little wretches he had sometimes seen in London peering hungrily through the windows of cook-shops, and the hour the strangers spent in preparing and eating their suppers seemed to him the longest he had ever known. At length, however, they finished, and having lit their pipes they fell to serious conversation, and Jim was soon able to appreciate the wisdom of his caution.

Without being able to hear all that was said, he gathered from their talk that they were bushrangers, and that they contemplated an attack on Mr. Thompson's farm on the following day, in conjunction with the mysterious stranger and Hudson, from whom they had learnt that the farmer on that day intended to scour the country round in search of the missing cattle. For this purpose he would take all his men with him, and Miss Devereux and the one maid of the establishment would be left quite alone. The remarks of the scoundrels *à propos* of the two women were such that Jim had great difficulty in restraining himself from rushing out there and then. Fortunately, he did refrain, however, and the bushrangers having settled this business, prepared to pass the night, and Jim lay down to wait till they should be asleep, for till they were it was impossible for him to get away without being discovered.

At length, after an hour or so of anxious waiting, he thought he might venture to move. He would dearly have liked to try and procure from the camp the means of satisfying his hunger and thirst, and also to take one of the horses, but the risk was too great, and there was nothing for it but to retrace on foot the weary miles he had come that day. Creeping out of the wood, he advanced cautiously for about a mile, availing himself of whatever shelter there was, and then, striking the track, he hurried on as fast as his weakened condition would allow him. His sufferings during that march were terrible, and many times he was on the point of giving up the attempt, but the thought of Miss Devereux's danger spurred him on, and eventually he reached the farm, but not in time to prevent Thompson from setting out in search of his cattle. Just as he came up to the door of the farm, he saw two men, in whom he recognised Hudson and his friend, come riding up towards the farm from the right. Seeing him they checked their horses for a moment, and then, changing their direction somewhat, proceeded till they had

struck the track along which Jim had just come, about a mile from the house. There they waited, keeping watch on the farm.

Jim, entering the house without ceremony, shut and barred the door, and then turning, confronted Miss Devereux and the maid, whom the noise had brought out into the passage.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed the former as soon as she recognised Jim.

"Water!" was all he could reply. At first Miss Devereux merely looked contemptuously at him, but seeing that he was evidently suffering, she signed to the maid to bring some. As soon as he had satisfied his thirst, she resumed, angrily:—

"And now, what is the meaning of this? Why are you here?"

"Bushrangers," answered Jim, who still found it difficult to use his tongue.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Devereux, laughing scornfully, "unless you are one."

Jim made no reply, but proceeded to shut and bolt the back door, while the two women looked on amazed.

Having done this he turned again to Miss Devereux.

"Did your uncle leave any men about, this morning?" he asked.

"No!" she replied.

"Will you have the kindness to look out of one of the front windows?"

Somewhat against her will she complied, and saw the two men who had approached to within half a mile of the farm, and had then halted, waiting apparently for their comrades.

"There are two men there," said Miss Devereux, when she returned, "who look like two of my uncle's hands; but what of that?"

"Miss Devereux," Jim replied, "they will shortly be joined by ten others. I have walked twenty miles during this past night to save you if possible from these men. Whether you believe me or not, will you collect all the firearms in the house? If necessary you can use them against myself; but now I am going to make this place as secure as possible." And Jim thereupon proceeded to put up the thick wooden shutters which protected the windows.

His grave tones were not without their effect on Miss Devereux, and she carried out his directions so far as to collect all the firearms that could be found into the kitchen.

Before proceeding further, a short description of the house will not be out of place. It was a one-storied building, strongly constructed of wood, with a wide passage running from front

to back, with the rooms, three on each side, opening out of it. All the walls had loopholes, which could be kept open or shut according to the temperature. None of the outbuildings were within a hundred yards, so that they would not afford too much shelter to an attacking party. Altogether it was well adapted for purposes of defence, and Jim felt little doubt that he could keep the robbers in check, at least as long as daylight lasted.

When Jim had completed his preparations for defence he approached the kitchen, without however entering, and said :—

"I don't know whether you believe me yet, Miss Devereux, but, at any rate, you will run no risk in allowing Jane" (the maid) "to bring me some food, for I've had nothing to eat since I left this place yesterday morning. And," he could not help adding, "while you have all the arms there, you can hardly consider me dangerous."

Miss Devereux bit her lip, but her self-confidence was somewhat shaken, and she even went so far as to help Jane prepare some food. While they were thus engaged Jim made use of Mr. Thompson's bedroom to make himself somewhat more presentable, and then sat down to enjoy the food he so much needed, Jane in the meantime keeping watch at the front door. He had just finished his meal when the latter excitedly announced that a number of men had appeared, and that

had shown herself conscious that he had a name—"I—beg—your—pardon."

There was a certain proud humility in the way she said these words that touched Jim infinitely, and he responded, cheerfully :—

"There is no need for apology, Miss Devereux. I can well believe that I looked a suspicious character, especially considering the circumstances under which I left yesterday. But we must lose no time in preparing our defence. What arms have we?"

Miss Devereux led the way to the kitchen, and showed him two double-barrelled guns and a six-chambered revolver. These he immediately loaded, and having ascertained that she could use it, he gave the revolver to Miss Devereux, and asked her to post herself at the back door, while he guarded the front. Jane's work was to load the guns and to keep watch at intervals at the sides of the house.

On looking out again, Jim saw that the men had advanced to within half a mile of the house, and were already preparing to surround it, two riding off to the right and two to the left. The other eight then commenced riding straight for the house, as though they expected no resistance. Jim, however, recognising the men he had seen the night before, and thinking it useless to wait for them to commence hostilities, no sooner found them within range than he emptied successively



"THE ADVANCE."

the two already there were riding to meet them.

Miss Devereux, hearing this, looked out herself, and then coming slowly up to Jim, and looking him the while steadily in the face, said :—

"Mr. Leyland!"—it was the first time she

his four barrels into their midst, with the result that two men were at least disabled, while a third was thrown, his horse having been shot in the head.

This warm reception checked the advance, and the robbers retreated out of range, being shortly rejoined by the other four. After a



short deliberation they divided into three parties, one going to the rear of the house, and one to each of the sides. Then at a given signal they commenced riding for the house at full speed, keeping some distance apart, and not advancing in a direct line, but swerving constantly to one side or the other, so as to make it more difficult to aim at them. Jim, who had taken up his position on the left side of the house, succeeded, notwithstanding, in wounding another man, while Miss Devereux shot one of the horses. Jane, who been posted on the right side with one of the guns, had fired both barrels without result, but as Jim had placed her there merely with the intention of giving the robbers the idea that the house was well garrisoned, he was not disappointed. At any rate, he had apparently succeeded in his object, for the bushrangers again retreated, uttering curses and threats of vengeance.

Jim hoped that after such a repulse they would give up the attack and take their departure, but they had evidently no such intention, for, after riding out of range, they dismounted and picketed their horses. He concluded from this that they intended to wait for darkness, either to renew the attack, or to rescue their wounded comrades, two of whom had been left insensible. In the meantime, the respite was very welcome to the little garrison; and Jim, having rejoined Miss Devereux, who had gone to the front sitting-room, took down one of the shutters, that they might keep the robbers in sight without inconvenience to themselves. Jane was called in, and Miss Devereux, who was looking pale, but resolute, asked:—

"What do you suppose they will do now, Mr. Leyland?"

"Well," answered Jim, "they will probably wait till dark and then attack us again, and if they do not succeed in effecting an entry, rather than lose their revenge, they may try to burn us out. But I hope your uncle may return in time to prevent such a catastrophe. Have you any idea when he expected to get back?"

"He said he would probably be away all night, but that there was a slight chance he might return this evening."

"Let us hope that he will. But, now, Miss Devereux, it is time that you and Jane had something to eat."

Miss Devereux assenting, Jane laid the table in the room in which they were, and after a meal which was quite cheerful, having regard to the blot in the landscape before them, they considered the best means of

defence and the possibility of escape. Jim knew there would, in all probability, be two or three horses in the stables, and it was eventually decided that, as soon as it was dusk, they should make an attempt to get away before the bushrangers again attacked them.

It was weary work waiting for the darkness, but at length the long afternoon passed, and as soon as it was dusk, Jim opened the back door and, creeping on hands and knees, they all three managed to reach the stables without being discovered. On examination Jim found that there were only two horses left, and these such sorry-looking animals, that it was quite out of the question that either of them should carry a double burden. Miss Devereux at first refused absolutely to leave Jim behind, and was for returning to the house, but he had already made up his mind as to his course of action, and eventually she was obliged to give way.

The two women having mounted, he directed them to ride quietly to a shed a few hundred yards distant, and which was so situated that the farm buildings lay between it and their enemies. As soon as they heard a shot fired they were to ride as fast as they could in the direction of Mr. Hughes's ranch, which was about twelve miles away.

As soon as he saw them reach the shed, Jim, taking one of the guns, proceeded to reconnoitre. He could see through the gloom that the robbers had advanced to within two hundred yards of the house and were dismounting, evidently intending to attack on foot. There was no time to be lost, and without paying any further attention to their movements Jim made a short *détour*, and took his way as quickly as was consistent with caution towards their horses. He succeeded in reaching them without being discovered, and having cut the cords by which they were tethered, mounted the last, and then, having fired a shot to frighten the others and give the signal to the two women, dashed off himself at full speed. But his career was soon stopped. A shot brought his horse down, and Jim flew over his head. He was not hurt, however, and was on his feet again in a moment, running for dear life. But fate was against him, and after a course of about fifty yards Jim fell with a bullet in his shoulder and another in his thigh, and rapidly lost all consciousness.

When Jim recovered consciousness, he found himself lying in bed in a darkened room. He gazed round with some surprise

—not much, he was too weak for strong emotions—but after a little the room began to seem in some way familiar to him. Where and when had he seen it? Oh! he remembered now. It was Mr. Thompson's room, where he had had a wash—was it yesterday, or was it quite a long time ago? He could not tell, and he was not strong enough to think about it, so he gave up the problem and lay quite quiescent, feeling very comfortable and with a happy indifference to everything else.

After a time someone entered the room. Through his half-closed eyelids Jim saw Miss Devereux—not the Miss Devereux he had known, but a softened and subdued edition of that young lady. He felt no surprise at seeing her; it seemed quite natural somehow, and he did not want to talk, so he closed his eyes with a feeling of absolute content. Miss Devereux advanced to the bedside, and laying her cool hand on his forehead, sighed a little, and then went and sat by the window. Jim having assured himself by a glance that she was still in the room, soon fell into a peaceful sleep.

When he awoke again Miss Devereux was still there, or rather was there again, for Jim had slept about ten hours since he saw her there before. Feeling this time stronger, and more interest in extraneous affairs, he said, in a weak voice:—

"Miss Devereux!"

She was at his side in a moment with a glad light in her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, gently brushing the hair from his forehead.

"How long have I been here?"

"Three weeks," she answered, "and we have been very anxious about you; but you are not to talk yet: I will tell you all about it when you are stronger."

A few days later Jim was rapidly recovering, and had his first connected conversation with Miss Devereux. She told him how she and Jane had soon met her uncle and his men returning, and how they reached the



"JIM FELL WITH A BULLET IN HIS SHOULDER."

house in time to prevent any of the bushrangers from escaping, and then how they had found him apparently left for dead, and carried him to the farm, where he had been ever since.

"And you have nursed me through it all?" he said, gratefully.

"Well, you see," she answered in a light tone, to disguise her feelings; "I thought I owed you something. I know all you went through on that day you came back to the farm."

"You know it? How?"

"Oh! you told me all about it when you were unconscious."

"Did I talk much?"

Jim asked, a little anxiously.

"You did talk a good deal. You were always tramping, tramping through the scrub, and

sometimes you cried for water, and always you were praying that you might reach the farm in time to save—it."

"My darling," was the term that Jim had always used, but Miss Devereux perhaps thought it was an Australian term for farm, so did not mention it.

"And you have sat there day after day listening to my ravings! How can I ever repay you?" He took her hand, which was resting on the bed, and kissed it gratefully. Miss Devereux blushed slightly, but did not offer any objection, though Jim showed no immediate intention of relinquishing the hand, now that he had gained possession of it.

"There is nothing to repay," she answered, softly. "Nothing that I can do will requite you for what you have undergone for me. But now I think you have talked enough, and you must have a sleep."

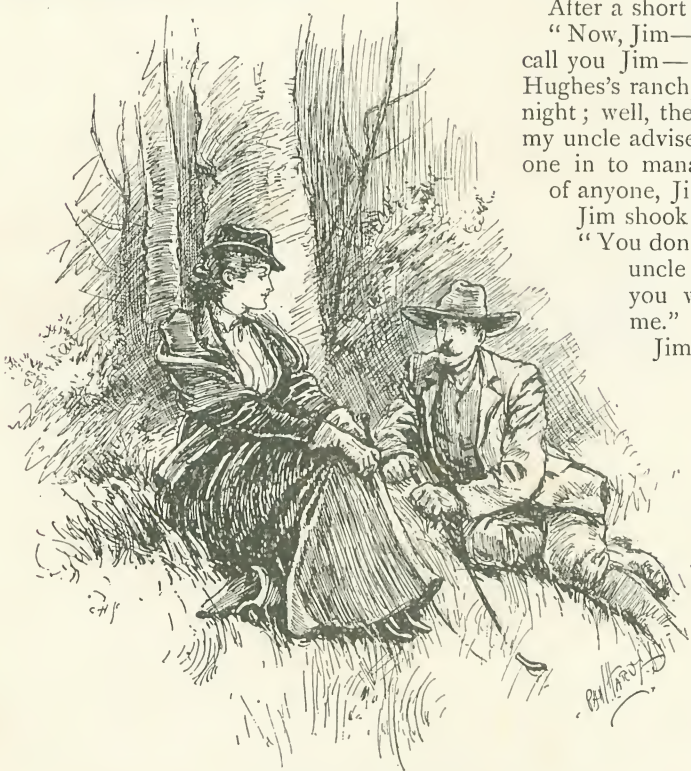
Jim remonstrated, but Miss Devereux was firm, and to enforce obedience, left the room.

Then ensued for the patient a most delightful time. In a few days he was able to get up and sit in the garden, and by degrees recovered sufficient strength to go for drives and walks, always accompanied by Miss Devereux; Mr. Thompson, who had



learned to love Jim, looking on with a pleased anticipation of what the result would be.

For a time the latter resolutely put from him all unpleasant thoughts, and gave himself up to enjoyment of his present good fortune, but at length the time came when he felt he must face the future. He could not stay on for ever as Mr. Thompson's guest, and one day when he was out riding with Miss Devereux, he determined to tell her of his intention to go. They had reached a group of trees, which was rather a favourite halting-place of theirs, when Jim suggested that they should dismount and rest awhile. His companion assented, and after they had made fast the horses, sat down on the grass, and Jim lay down at her side.



"SAT DOWN ON THE GRASS."

Jim looked the very picture of unhappiness, but Miss Devereux, though rather anticipating what was coming, looked serenely content. She watched him furtively, and seemingly rather amused than otherwise by his lugubrious air, and waited for him to speak.

At length he began, abruptly :—

"Miss Devereux, I must go."

"Go! Where?" she asked, innocently.

"Go away," he said, sadly. "Heaven knows how happy I have been here, but I can't stay longer."

"But why not?"

"Oh, Maud!" he burst out, "don't you know that I love you, and that I haven't a penny in the world?" Then, more gently, "Oh, my dear! I have loved you from the first moment I saw you, and it's death to me to go away and leave you. But I must go, if only to try and win for myself a position I could ask you to share. Even then I couldn't ask you to wait—it might be years first."

"No," said Maud, cheerfully, "I shouldn't like to wait all that time."

Jim thought she was treating him rather cruelly, and was silent.

After a short pause Maud resumed :—

"Now, Jim—as it's for the last time, I may call you Jim—listen to me. You know the Hughes's ranch, to which I was to escape that night; well, they are going to give it up, and my uncle advises me to buy it, and put someone in to manage it for me. Do you know of anyone, Jim, who would undertake it?"

Jim shook his head.

"You don't? I mention it because my uncle thought—that—perhaps—you would take charge of it for me."

Jim looked up amazed, and gasped, but said nothing.

"There is one little difficulty however," she continued, with a critical air, and wrinkling up her pretty forehead, as though considering whether there were any possible solution of the difficulty, "and that is, that whoever takes the farm will have to—take—me—along with it."

Jim was on his knees in a moment, holding her hands and saying, "Oh Maud, do you mean it?"

A glance from her eyes was enough, and in an instant his arms were round her, and he was kissing her as though he never meant to leave off. When at length she could speak, Maud said :—

"Jim, dear! do you know you are dreadfully stupid. You might have seen long ago that I—loved you, and not have left it to me to propose."

## *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

XXII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

OTHER DAYS AN old Parliamentary hand, who has known the House of Commons for thirty years, had OTHER MANNERS. Ministerial connection with one side and enjoyed intimate personal acquaintance with leading personages on the other, laments to me the lack of possibilities of leadership, either in the Cabinet or in the House of Commons. It has come to pass, he says, that under existing circumstances the so-called Leader does not drive but is driven. He recalls the time when Mr. Disraeli, yet far off the supreme height of his power, was, for a brief while, Leader of the House of Commons. This was from mid-summer, 1866, till the General Election of 1868, which brought Mr. Gladstone in with a rush. Through the Session of 1868 Disraeli was not only Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House, but Premier. Still, though nominally in power, he was actually in a minority. But he would hold office on no other consideration than that, being Leader, he should lead and the party should follow.

There were young bloods amongst the Conservatives in those days. On one occasion, two who have since come prominently to the front gave notice of opposition to a proposal made by Mr. Gladstone which the Ministerial Party were enthusiastically inclined to support. Disraeli thought it would be a mistake in tactics, and decided that the amendment should not be moved. He sent for his two young friends (my informant was one of them), spoke to them with fatherly approval of their political acumen, extolled their amendment regarded as an abstract proposition, and finished by saying it would not do in the practical politics of the moment.

"And there," said the now grey-haired statesman, "was an end of the matter. We

were highly flattered by the attention paid to us by the Prime Minister. Nothing could be more gracious than his manner, or, I may add, more inflexible. We thought no more of arguing with him than we would with the head master at Eton. Still less did we contemplate disobeying his injunction. We just tore up the draft of the amendment. But imagine such a case arising to-day, and it is not difficult, for it occasionally presents itself at three or four turns of an important debate. Suppose two, or even one, of the gentlemen on the benches below the gangway thought they knew better than

Harcourt how to manage a particular turn in the stream of events. The first intimation he would have of the pother would come either by hearing notice given of an amendment, or by finding it on his copy of the Orders when he opened it in the morning. As for hope that at a private interview the mutineers would be brought to toe the line, you might as well try to check the flow of the tide in the Thames by jumping into the river off this Terrace.

"It is better on our side, but Arthur Balfour is not wholly free from the malign influence of insubordination.

The crises are not so acute, partly because he is in a stronger position, being free from the responsibilities of office, and largely because with us habits of discipline are more deeply ingrained.

"Beyond this personal attitude of individual members, there underlies the situation the new disturbing element of factions or sections of party who are up for sale. When I began political life, there were two parties, Liberals and Conservatives, and we had stand-up fights round big principles. Now you never quite know where you are to-day, and dare not guess where you may be to-morrow. If a Leader of either party



'DRIVEN.'



attempts to walk straight along the ordered path, he is either assailed by a section of his own followers, who want to go down some by-path, or is allured by the prospect of gaining over, even temporarily, a section of the other side if he will only change his step. There is no more leadership. It is all opportunism. I remember what Harcourt said in summing up the debate on the Address in February after we, the Constitutional party, had gone wandering round all points of the compass in search of a hole in which we might drop the Government. 'Why can't you fight under your old colours?' he asked. 'What has become of the old blue flag?' There seems to be no true blue left. There is a kind of mixture, I don't know how to describe it. There is the faded yellow of Birmingham' (that was Chamberlain's amendment). 'There is a little touch of green from Waterford' (that's John Redmond's), 'and there's a little splotch of red from West Ham.' That refers to our appropriation of Keir Hardie's amendment on the unemployed.

"It's true and was well put. But it is true even in fuller degree of the position of Lord Rosebery and Harcourt, in virtual command of a motley host in an ever-simmering condition of mutiny. It's a new turn of things when you come to think of it. Some day there may arise amongst us a leader strong enough to combat circumstances and really lead. But I think it is highly improbable. It is more likely that the present condition of things will become increasingly prevalent."

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATE. It is an old tradition of the House of Commons that when a division is imminent the House is cleared of strangers. This admission of knowledge of the presence of strangers is in itself a comparatively modern innovation. According to statutes, the House of Commons at this day conducts its business in privacy. There is still unrepealed a standing order forbidding the presence of strangers at debates. Up to the year 1875 any member casually observing "I spy strangers," would lead to peremptory clearing of the galleries. In the Session of that year happened Mr. Biggar's famous escape, when, observing the Prince of

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Wales in the gallery over the clock, he "spied strangers," and the Heir Apparent, the nobility in the gallery by his side, and the gentry on the benches behind, were straightway driven forth. Shortly after the standing order was amended, and strangers are no longer at the mercy of an individual member.

At a time when strangers were formally prohibited from attendance on debates, a compromise was effected whereby, whilst their presence was winked at, they were obliged to quit when the House was cleared for a division. This also, in course of time, became modified, till the application of the order was confined to the few strangers who obtained the privileged seats under the gallery on the floor of the House. When the Speaker puts the question and a division is challenged, he, up to Easter in the present Session, wound up the formula with the command, "Strangers will withdraw." Thereupon the strangers under the gallery trooped out, and were conducted across the lobby into the corridor beyond, where they waited till the division was over. As on critical occasions the division is the most picturesque and dramatic feature of a debate, the advantage of the seats under the gallery was considerably handicapped.

The reason for the injunction was plain enough. Strangers seated in this part of the House might easily, whether by accident or design, join the throng of members trooping into the division lobby. What would happen when they reached the wicket where the clerks stand ticking off names can only be surmised, since there is no record of such catastrophe having happened. But I have personal recollection of at least two instances where strangers, admitted past the doorkeepers with orders for seats under the gallery, have strayed into the House itself. In one case, during debate on a liquor traffic Bill, two gentlemen connected with the Trade, armed with orders for seats under the gallery, instead of turning to the right or left when they had passed the doorkeepers, pressed straight forward, entered by the glass door, and took their seats below the gangway, almost under the nose of the Serjeant-at-Arms. There they sat, and listened to the debate with great comfort. They might have sat it out but for the accident of a division.



"A Splotch of Red from West Ham."

They did not know exactly what to do when, on the question being put, members began to troop off to the right or left. Their hesitation betrayed them, and they were bundled out with alarming precipitancy.

Another case happened in the Session of 1889, during debate on the Tithe Rent-charge Bill, in charge of Mr. Henry Matthews, then Home Secretary. A stranger under the gallery, much interested in the subject, found a difficulty in catching all the Home Secretary's remarks. Immediately before him was a half-empty cushioned bench, in many ways more convenient than the one to which he had been conducted. He accordingly climbed over the rail before him, stepped down into the House itself, and was proceeding to take his seat before he had taken the oath and without the preliminary of election. His manner of approach attracted attention. A messenger seized him and ran him out. Brought before the Serjeant-at-Arms, he explained that, never having been in the House before, he was ignorant of the division of localities. He wanted to hear Mr. Matthews, and finding a difficulty where he sat, thought he would just step down and take a seat a little nearer.

A PEER ON THE TREASURY BENCH. A member of the present Cabinet tells me he remembers an occasion when a stranger was discovered seated on the Treasury Bench itself. He had walked boldly in, strolled up the floor, and settled himself in the corner seat by the gangway at the end of the Treasury Bench. (Here is the upright post against which Lord Kingsborough, when he was still with us as Lord Advocate, used to lean his back, and, so the ribald rumour went, invoke blessings on the head of the Duke of Argyll.) After sitting for a while, listening to the member on his legs, he leaned over to the Minister close on his left hand, and in a loud whisper said: "When is Derby going to speak?"

It turned out that he was a peer of the United Kingdom, who had never visited Westminster since he succeeded to the peerage. Hearing that Lord Derby, at the time

leading the Opposition in the Lords, was expected to make a big speech, he thought he would just look in. Following the stream he, being in the octagon hall, turned to the left instead of the right, and so entered the inner lobby of the House of Commons. Mention of his name to the doorkeeper would pass him on the supposition that he was going to the Peers' Gallery. With the glass door before him giving access to the floor of the House, the rest was easy.



"AWAY WITH HIM."

ANOTHER  
PROP OF  
THE CON-  
STITUTION  
WITH-  
DRAWN.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who in other matters besides those relating to the Parks is pos-  
sessed of most

unofficial notions as to the right of the public to consideration, lent a sympathetic ear to complaints of the inconvenience of strangers turned out from below the gallery whenever a division was called. Possibly representations on the subject were the more potent by reason of the fact that this is the part of the House where seats are found for the private secretaries of Ministers and the heads of departments concerned in debates going forward. However it be, the First

Commissioner had the seats fenced off from the House by a high rail, and then moved the repeal of the standing order which requires strangers to withdraw from these seats when the House is cleared for a division.

MR. BRIGHT'S COURT DRESS. "Dear Mr. Lucy," writes Mr. John A. Bright, "I see you say in THE STRAND MAGAZINE that my father wore a Windsor, or Ministerial, uniform, but not a sword. He never wore a uniform, but was allowed by the Queen to wear a plain velvet suit with black buttons, which I now have."

To the vulgar mind it is, save as a matter of taste and suitability, a very small matter whether a man wears a Windsor uniform or a velvet suit. But this concession, a grave matter at a Court still dominated by German ideas of the sanctity of uniform, testifies to the kindly thoughtfulness of the Queen, and to her personal admiration for a statesman who, through a long period of his life, was anathema to good Conservatives.



Incidentally it placed the President of the Board of Trade of 1868 at a considerable advantage over his colleagues. The ordinary Ministerial dress, a semi-military uniform, the origin of which tradition assigns to the late Prince Consort, is exceedingly uncomfortable on hot summer nights. The velvet suit, which in modified form Mr. Bright wore, is built on the lines of the dress of the well-born Englishmen about the time of Sir Roger de Coverley. No handsomer dress is permitted to Englishmen than this velvet suit, with its ruffles at the wrist and front, its knee-breeches, its silk stockings, and its shoes with silver buckles.

Amongst Ministers it is still worn by the Attorney-General, and pertains on State occasions to learned gentlemen who have filled that high office. Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General in the late Government, has the further advantage of wearing with his Court suit the Ribbon and Order of the K.C.M.G., bestowed upon him in recognition of his services at the Behring Sea Arbitration. The Ribbon, Saxon blue with a scarlet stripe, is particularly effective over the black velvet, whilst the motto of the Order, *Auspiciis melioris ævi*, comforts an ex-Minister as he paces the wilderness of Opposition.

Looking, the other day, over some old letters, I came upon a curious incident mentioned in a letter from Dr. Lyon Playfair, now Lord Playfair. It is dated July, 1882, at which time he was Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons. He mentions that he is "much engaged upon the highly respectable journal of 'Ways and Means,' into which a grower of champagne asks me to insert a commendatory notice of his vintage." This communication was probably accompanied by a proposal to furnish the Chairman of Committees with opportunities of personally verifying the excellence of the

brand. On that point there is no testimony forthcoming. But the incident is instructive, as showing the view taken in foreign parts of our Parliamentary customs.

If he has kept them, Lord Playfair must have a rare selection of quaint letters addressed to him in his varied public capacities. About six years ago he delivered in various parts of the country a series of valuable lectures on some bearings of Free Trade. These lectures brought him many letters from the unemployed. Some of the writers were convinced that their lamentable condition was directly due to the wide employment of machinery. One proposed that the armies of Europe might well be used for the purpose of a universal smashing up of machinery. Another suggested to Sir Lyon the organization of a European association for the destruction of machinery, of which he was to be the president.

The picture of Lord Playfair, probably on a coal-black charger, leading the armies of Europe in a raid upon miscellaneous machinery, appeals to the imagination with winning force.



SIR RICHARD WEBSTER.



LORD PLAYFAIR.

A YOUNG  
PARLIAMEN-  
TARY  
HAND.

It is fortunate for the House of Commons that the withdrawal from its precincts of Mr. Gladstone sees the growth and advance to prominence of Mr.

Arthur Balfour. Mr. Gladstone, among his many claims to the esteem of the House of Commons, did more than anyone else to maintain its antique tone of personal courtesy and high breeding. Mr. Balfour is not much more than half the age Mr. Gladstone had reached at the time of his retirement from the Parliamentary scene, yet he has, in degree not possessed by any other member, that graceful and dignified manner, that instinctive reverence for the old traditions of the House of Commons, which marked Mr. Gladstone from first to last. This is a precious possession the House of Commons cherishes as something quite apart from politics. The peculiar gift is undefinable, but men who know the House of Commons intimately will recognise its inheritance by Mr. Balfour, and will possibly be able to name more than one prominent quarter in which otherwise supreme Parliamentary talents are marred by its conspicuous lack.

THE OLD  
PARLIAM-  
ENTARY  
HAND.

Mr. Gladstone, whilst he was yet with us, carried his reverence for the traditions of the House of Commons to extreme lengths, even in small matters. A few Sessions ago, he being at the time Prime Minister, a by-election was won in circumstances that created much jubilation in the Liberal camp. The new member, approaching to take the oath and his seat, was hailed with boisterous cheers. When he passed between the Treasury Bench and the table on which the roll of Parliament lay, one or two members effusively shook hands with him.

Mr. Gladstone made no sign, but took an early opportunity after the new member had taken his seat privately to express to the Speaker his regret that the new comer should, with whatever kindly intent, have been waylaid on his progress towards the Chair. His view was that till a new member has been presented to the Speaker, and has by him been welcomed, it is indecorous for anyone to interpose with friendly shake of hand. It is probable that hint of this matter was passed along the Treasury Bench, for a practice that at one time seemed established is intermitted, and to-day Ministers refrain from shaking hands with a new recruit on his way to be presented to the Speaker.

Once upon a time there used to be published at the close of each Parliamentary Session a volume setting forth in detail the attendances of members upon divisions. The Buff Book, as it was called from the colour of its binding, was much in use at contested

elections, where it was possible to show that a member offering himself for re-election was in respect of attendance on his duties no better than he should be. The Buff Book did not turn out a financial success, and to the secret relief of many members its publication was discontinued.

For Her Majesty's Ministers such a record is to this day diligently kept. Every week occupants of the Treasury Bench receive from the Whip's office a statement showing the number of times they have been present at divisions, the number of their absences, and the exact relative position in which they stand on the roll of honour or of dishonour. There are cases in which a Minister, usually one of the Whips, has taken part in every division of a Session. Several come within measurable distance of achieving this high distinction. On the whole, the weekly return acts as an incentive. But there are cases where its effect is deterrent. When a Minister, through illness or accident, gets altogether out of the running, he is prone to assume an attitude of desperation and withdraw from the competition.

Cardinal Vaughan has visited the lobby of the House of Commons CARDINALS. once or twice this Session, but is by no means so constant in his

attendance as was his predecessor's wont. More especially during the height of the Irish fight under the captaincy of Mr. Parnell, the spare figure of Cardinal Manning, with his pinched, bloodless, intellectual features, was as familiar in the lobby as that of the average member. Standing apart, usually in the neighbourhood of the passage by the Bill Office, he held earnest conversation with a succession of Irish members. I remember the sensation created one night in the crowded lobby when a burly, devout Irish member, now no more, popped down on one knee and kissed the ring on the hand extended to him with quite other intent by the Cardinal.



CARDINAL VAUGHAN.



In personal appearance Cardinal Vaughan is wholly different from Mr. Gladstone's college companion of more than sixty years ago. One never saw Cardinal Manning without recalling a remark dropped by the Cardinal in *Lothair*. "I never eat and I never drink," said the prelate, for whose characteristics Mr. Disraeli was understood to have drawn upon a study at hand in London. Cardinal Vaughan does not look at all of that way of thinking.

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is never permitted to leave the island even for a day until certain dignitaries, including the Lord Chancellor, are solemnly sworn in to act in commission during his absence. This is a detail of constitutional law familiar to the public, since the swearing-in of the commission is regularly recorded in the Dublin papers. The Lord High Chancellor of England has patiently to bear even a harder lot without assurance of the silent sympathy of the nation. During his term of office he is not permitted to leave the kingdom. If he makes holiday, he must choose a locality somewhere within the boundaries of the island.

THE GREAT SEAL. The reason for this restriction is that whenever the Lord Chancellor goes he must carry with him the Great Seal, and that is not to be trusted out of the country. This precious insignia of authority really consists of a pair of dies made in silver. When necessity arises for affixing the Great Seal of England to any document the dies are closed, melted wax is poured in,



THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

and, opened in due season, the Great Seal is found ready for attachment. It is six inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick. The pair of dies now in use date from the accession of Her Majesty. On her death they will be cut into pieces and deposited with a long list of others in the Tower.

One Great Seal is lacking to the collection. It belonged to the reign of James II. That estimable monarch, fleeing before the thunder of the Great Revolution, dropped the Seal into the Thames. Another original Great Seal missing is that which, in the reign of George III, was temporarily in the custody of Lord Thurlow. The Lord Chancellor of those days lived in the now unaristocratic quarter of Great Ormond Street. On the 24th of March, 1784, thieves broke in upon the Lord Chancellor's house and stole away the Great Seal. It probably went into the melting-pot. Certainly, it was never seen again. It so happened that Parliament had to be dissolved on the next day, which made the incident peculiarly embarrassing. The silversmith was promptly put to work, and the dies of a new Great Seal were made in time for use in connection with the ceremony of Dissolution.

HOME SECRETARY: OLD TYPE AND NEW.

Amongst more substantial claims to distinction the late Lord Aberdare was, in the matter of family name, endowed with embarrassment of riches. His father passed a long life apparently in a state of uncertainty as to whether he should continue under the name he happened to bear at the moment, or whether he should look for another. When he was born, his patronymic was Knight. When he came to man's estate, Mr. Knight changed his name to Bruce. Thirty-two years later he called himself Pryce, and at the time of his death was known as Mr. John Bruce Pryce. When his second son, Henry, was in a position to choose his own name, he called himself plain Bruce. The family peculiarity was more happily developed in his case, since



A PRISONER OF STATE.

he worked his way up to a peerage and died Lord Aberdare.

To recall the time when Mr. Bruce was Home Secretary, and roused the man in the street against Mr. Gladstone's Government by his introduction of the Licensing Acts, seems a page of history almost as remote as a chapter of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Mr. Bruce, if he now sat in the House of Commons for Renfrewshire or elsewhere, would have no more chance of being made Home Secretary than he would of being nominated for the Primacy. The type is changed from Henry Austin Bruce to that of Herbert Henry Asquith. Yet it is only twenty-seven years come the 9th of December that Mr. Gladstone, then in the prime of manhood, as age is reckoned with him, attended Her Majesty in Privy Council and was sworn in First Lord of the Treasury.

The room to-day is haunted by the ghosts of the majority who were on that occasion assembled. Lord Granville received the seals of office as Secretary for the Colonies; Lord Clarendon was Foreign Secretary; Mr. Cardwell was Secretary of State for War; Mr. Bruce, Home Secretary; Mr. Forster, Vice-President of the Council; Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Layard was First Commissioner of Works, and Sir William Page Wood, afterwards Lord Hatherley, was Lord Chancellor. Mr. Bright, overcoming his repugnance to office, became, at Mr. Gladstone's urgent request, President of the Board of Trade. All, all are gone, the once familiar faces. Of

others present at this historic gathering only three in addition to the Chief are with us to-day, and for each a great deal has happened since then. On this 9th of December, 1868, the Duke of Argyll was handed the seals of the India Office, Lord Hartington became Postmaster-General, and Mr. Childers First Lord of the Admiralty.

A  
HAUNTED  
MAN.

"How oft to-night," said Friar Laurence, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "have my old feet stumbled at graves." Mr. Gladstone, having lived longer than most men, and had a wider range of acquaintance than any, can hardly move through the passages of a day without his feet stumbling at the grave of a friend. If all the men he has personally known before and since Henry Newman were gathered, say, in Westminster Abbey—if, indeed, the

fullest limits of its walls would hold the multitude—what a varied and illustrious throng the ancient rafters would cover! Some of them even now sleep beneath the storied pavement. These and others of the glorious crowd being dead, yet speak through written records, in which they convey the impression created in their minds by Mr. Gladstone, they having known him at various phases of his life from the age of twenty to that of seventy. Monthly, almost weekly, the printing press pours forth autobiographies, recollections, remains, or biographies of more or less eminent men of the half century. Turning over the pages, Mr. Gladstone rarely fails to find himself for a moment face to face with his dead self at various stages of his long career—his self portrayed with the frankness with which we are all discussed behind our backs.



HOME SECRETARIES: PAST AND PRESENT.



## *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

### III.—HOW THE BRIGADIER SLEW THE BROTHERS OF AJACCIO.



WHEN I told you some little time ago how it was that I won the special medal for valour, I finished, as you will doubtless remember, by repeating the saying of the Emperor that I had the stoutest heart in all his armies. In making that remark, Napoleon was showing the insight for which he was so famous. He disfigured his sentence, however, by adding something about the thickness of my head. We will pass that over. It is ungenerous to dwell upon the weaker moments of a great man. I will only say this, that when the Emperor needed an agent he was always very ready to do me the honour of recalling the name of Etienne Gerard, though it occasionally escaped him when rewards were to be distributed. Still, I was a colonel at twenty-eight, and the chief of a brigade at thirty-one, so that I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my career. Had the wars lasted another two or three years I might have grasped my bâton, and the man who had his hand upon that was only one stride from a throne. Murat had changed his hussar's cap for a crown, and another light cavalry man might have done as much. However, all those dreams were driven away by Waterloo, and, although I was not able to write my name upon history, it is sufficiently well known by all who served with me in the great wars of the Empire.

What I want to tell you to-night is about the very singular affair which first started me upon my rapid upward course, and which had the effect of establishing a secret bond between the Emperor and myself. There is just one little word of warning which I must give you before I begin. When you hear me speak, you must always bear in mind that you are listening to one who has seen history from the inside. I am talking about what my ears have heard and my eyes have seen, so you must not try to confute me by quoting the opinions of some student or man of the pen, who has written a book of history or memoirs. There is much which is unknown by such people, and much which never will be known by the world. For my

own part, I could tell you some very surprising things were it discreet to do so. The facts which I am about to relate to you to-night were kept secret by me during the Emperor's lifetime, because I gave him my promise that it should be so, but I do not think that there can be any harm now in my telling the remarkable part which I played.

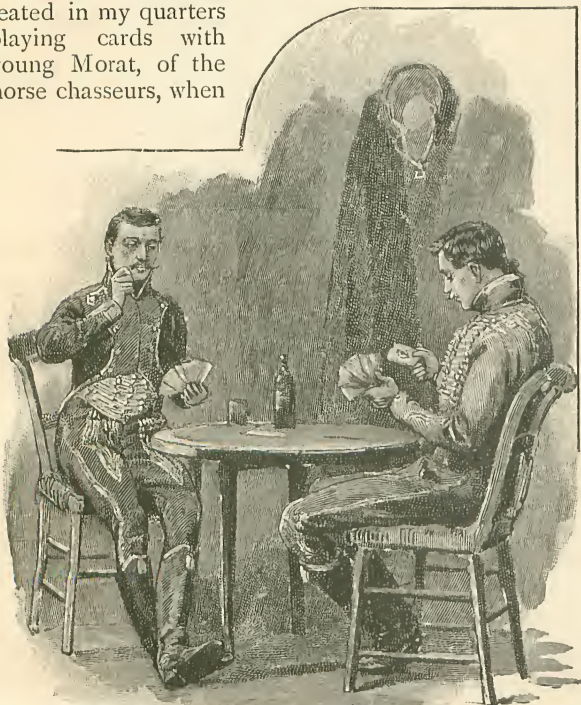
You must know, then, that at the time of the Treaty of Tilsit I was a simple lieutenant in the 10th Hussars, without money or interest. It is true that my appearance and my gallantry were in my favour, and that I had already won a reputation as being one of the best swordsmen in the army; but among the host of brave men who surrounded the Emperor it needed more than this to insure a rapid career. I was confident, however, that my chance would come, though I never dreamed that it would take so remarkable a form.

When the Emperor returned to Paris, after the declaration of peace in the year 1807, he spent much of his time with the Empress and the Court at Fontainebleau. It was the time when he was at the pinnacle of his career. He had in three successive campaigns humbled Austria, crushed Prussia, and made the Russians very glad to get upon the right side of the Niemen. The old Bulldog over the Channel was still growling, but he could not get very far from his kennel. If we could have made a perpetual peace at that moment, France would have taken a higher place than any nation since the days of the Romans. So I have heard the wise folk say, though for my part I had other things to think of. All the girls were glad to see the army back after its long absence, and you may be sure that I had my share of any favours that were going. You may judge how far I was a favourite in those days when I say that even now, in my sixtieth year—but why should I dwell upon that which is already sufficiently well known?

Our regiment of hussars was quartered with the horse chasseurs of the guard at Fontainebleau. It is, as you know, but a little place, buried in the heart of the forest, and it was wonderful at this time to see it crowded with Grand Dukes and Electors and Princes,

who thronged round Napoleon like puppies round their master, each hoping that some bone might be thrown to him. There was more German than French to be heard in the street, for those who had helped us in the late war had come to beg for a reward, and those who had opposed us had come to try and escape their punishment. And all the time our little man, with his pale face and his cold, grey eyes, was riding to the hunt every morning, silent and brooding, all of them following in his train, in the hope that some word would escape him. And then, when the humour seized him, he would throw a hundred square miles to that man, or tear as much off the other, round off one kingdom by a river, or cut off another by a chain of mountains. That was how he used to do business, this little artilleryman, whom we had raised so high with our sabres and our bayonets. He was very civil to us always, for he knew where his power came from. We knew also, and showed it by the way in which we carried ourselves. We were agreed, you understand, that he was the finest leader in the world, but we did not forget that he had the finest men to lead.

Well, one day I was seated in my quarters playing cards with young Morat, of the horse chasseurs, when



"I WAS SEATED PLAYING CARDS WITH YOUNG MORAT."

the door opened and in walked Lasalle, who was our Colonel. You know what a fine, swaggering fellow he was, and the sky-blue uniform of the Tenth suited him to a marvel. My faith, we youngsters were so taken by him that we all swore and dined and drank and played the deuce whether we liked it or no, just that we might resemble our Colonel! We forgot that it was not because he drank or gambled that the Emperor was going to make him the head of the light cavalry, but because he had the surest eye for the nature of a position or for the strength of a column, and the best judgment as to when infantry could be broken, or whether guns were exposed, of any man in the army. We were too young to understand all that, however, so we waxed our moustaches and clinked our spurs and let the ferrules of our scabbards wear out by trailing them along the pavement in the hope that we should all become Lasalles. When he came clanking into my quarters, both Morat and I sprang to our feet.

"My boy," said he, clapping me on the shoulder, "the Emperor wants to see you at four o'clock."

The room whirled round me at the words, and I had to lean my hands upon the edge of the card-table.

"What?" I cried. "The Emperor!"

"Precisely," said he, smiling at my astonishment.

"But the Emperor does not know of my existence, Colonel," I protested. "Why should he send for me?"

"Well, that's just what puzzles me," cried Lasalle, twirling his moustache. "If he wanted the help of a good sabre, why should he descend to one of my lieutenants when he might have found all that he needed at the head of the regiment? However," he added, clapping me upon the shoulder again in his hearty fashion, "every man has his chance. I have had mine, otherwise I should not be Colonel of the Tenth. I must not grudge you yours. Forwards, my boy, and may it be the first step towards changing your busby for a cocked hat."

It was but two o'clock, so he left me, promising to come back and to accompany me to the palace. My faith, what a time I passed, and how many conjectures did I make as to what it was that the Emperor



could want of me! I paced up and down my little room in a fever of anticipation. Sometimes I thought that perhaps he had heard of the guns which we had taken at Austerlitz; but then there were so many who had taken guns at Austerlitz, and two years had passed since the battle. Or it might be that he wished to reward me for my affair with the *aide-de-camp* of the Russian Emperor. But then again a cold fit would seize me, and I would fancy that he had sent for me to reprimand me. There were a few duels which he might have taken in ill part, and there were one or two little jokes in Paris since the peace.

But, no! I considered the words of Lasalle. "If he had need of a brave man," said Lasalle.

It was obvious that my Colonel had some idea of what was in the wind. If he had not known that it was to my advantage, he would not have been so cruel as to congratulate me. My heart glowed with joy as this conviction grew upon me, and I sat down to write to my mother and to tell her that the Emperor was waiting, at that very moment, to have my opinion upon a matter of importance. It made me smile as I wrote it to think that, wonderful as it appeared to me, it would probably only confirm my mother in her opinion of the Emperor's good sense.

At half-past three I heard a sabre come clanking against every step of my wooden stair. It was Lasalle, and with him was a little gentleman, very neatly dressed in black with dapper ruffles and cuffs. We did not know many civilians, we of the army, but, my word, this was one whom we could not afford to ignore! I had only to glance at those twinkling eyes, the comical, upturned nose, and the straight, precise mouth, to know that I was in the presence of the one man in France whom even the Emperor had to consider.

"This is Monsieur Etienne Gerard, Monsieur de Talleyrand," said Lasalle.

I saluted, and the statesman took me in from the top of my panache to the rowel of my spur, with a glance that played over me like a rapier point.

"Have you explained to the Lieutenant the circumstances under which he is summoned to the Emperor's presence?" he asked, in his dry, creaking voice.

They were such a contrast, these two men, that I could not help glancing from one to the other of them: the little, black, sly politician, and the big, sky-blue hussar, with one fist on his hip and the other on the hilt of his sabre. They both took their seats as I

looked, Talleyrand without a sound, and Lasalle with a clash and jingle like a prancing charger.

"It's this way, youngster," said he, in his brusque fashion; "I was with the Emperor in his private cabinet this morning when a note was brought in to him. He opened it, and as he did so he gave such a start that it fluttered down on to the floor. I handed it up to him again, but he was staring at the wall in front of him as if he had seen a ghost. 'Fratelli dell' Ajaccio,' he muttered; and then again, 'Fratelli dell' Ajaccio.' I don't pretend to know more Italian than a man can pick up in two campaigns, and I could make nothing of this. It seemed to me that he had gone out of his mind; and you would have said so also, Monsieur de Talleyrand, if you had seen the look in his eyes. He read the note, and then he sat for half an hour or more without moving."

"And you?" asked Talleyrand.

"Why, I stood there not knowing what I ought to do. Presently he seemed to come back to his senses.

"I suppose, Lasalle," said he, "that you have some gallant young officers in the Tenth?"

"They are all that, sire," I answered.

"If you had to pick one who was to be depended upon for action, but who would not think too much—you understand me, Lasalle—which would you select?" he asked.

"I saw that he needed an agent who would not penetrate too deeply into his plans.

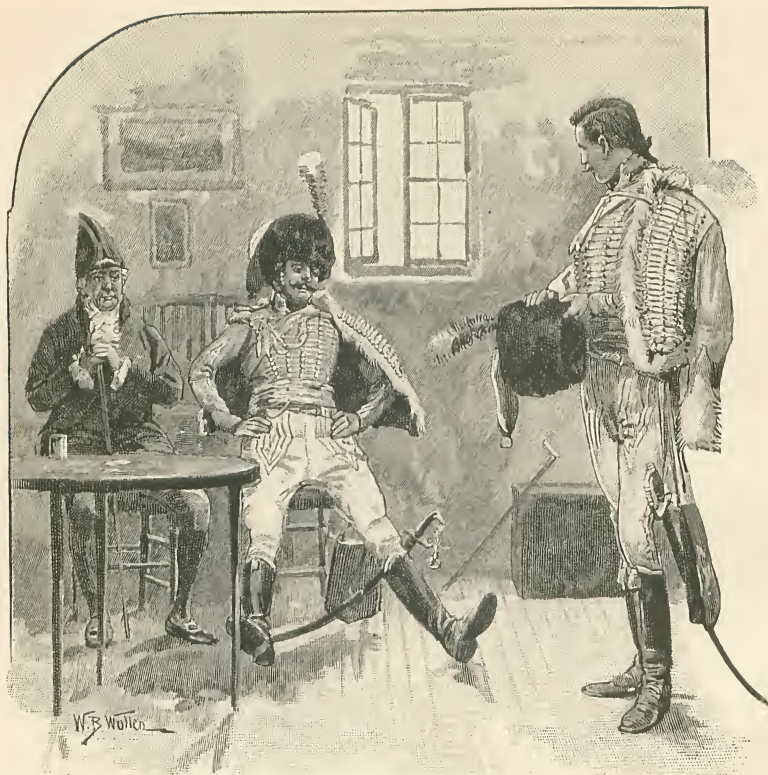
"I have one," said I, "who is all spurs and moustaches, with never a thought beyond women and horses."

"That is the man I want," said Napoleon. "Bring him to my private cabinet at four o'clock."

"So, youngster, I came straight away to you at once, and mind that you do credit to the 10th Hussars."

I was by no means flattered by the reasons which had led to my Colonel's choice, and I must have shown as much in my face, for he roared with laughter and Talleyrand gave a dry chuckle also.

"Just one word of advice before you go, Monsieur Gerard," said he: "you are now coming into troubled waters, and you might find a worse pilot than myself. We have none of us any idea as to what this little affair means, and, between ourselves, it is very important for us, who have the destinies of France upon our shoulders, to keep our-



"HE ROARED WITH LAUGHTER."

selves in touch with all that goes on. You understand me, Monsieur Gerard?"

I had not the least idea what he was driving at, but I bowed and tried to look as if it was clear to me.

"Act very guardedly, then, and say nothing to anybody," said Talleyrand. "Colonel de Lasalle and I will not show ourselves in public with you, but we will await you here, and we will give you our advice when you have told us what has passed between the Emperor and yourself. It is time that you started now, for the Emperor never forgives unpunctuality."

Off I went on foot to the palace, which was only a hundred paces off. I made my way to the antechamber, where Duroc, with his grand new scarlet and gold coat, was fussing about among the crowd of people who were waiting. I heard him whisper to Monsieur de Caulaincourt that half of them were German Dukes who expected to be made Kings, and the other half German Dukes who expected to be made paupers. Duroc, when he heard my name, showed me straight in, and I found myself in the Emperor's presence.

I had, of course, seen him in camp a

hundred times, but I had never been face to face with him before. I have no doubt that if you had met him without knowing in the least who he was, you would simply have said that he was a sallow little fellow with a good forehead and fairly well-turned calves. His tight white cashmere breeches and white stockings showed off his legs to advantage. But even a stranger must have been struck by the singular look of his eyes, which could harden into an expression which would frighten a grenadier. It is said that even Augereau, who was a man who had never known what fear was, quailed before Napoleon's gaze, at a time, too, when the Emperor was but an unknown soldier. He looked mildly enough at me, however, and motioned me to remain by the door. De Meneval was writing to his dictation, looking up at him between each sentence with his spaniel eyes.

"That will do. You can go," said the Emperor, abruptly. Then, when the secretary had left the room, he strode across with his hands behind his back, and he looked me up and down without a word. Though he was a small man himself, he was very fond of having fine-looking fellows about him, and



so I think that my appearance gave him pleasure. For my own part, I raised one hand to the salute and held the other upon the hilt of my sabre, looking straight ahead of me, as a soldier should.

"Well, Monsieur Gerard," said he, at last, tapping his forefinger upon one of the brandebourgs of gold braid upon the front of my pelisse, "I am informed that you are a very deserving young officer. Your Colonel gives me an excellent account of you."

I wished to make a brilliant reply, but I could think of nothing save Lasalle's phrase that I was all spurs and moustaches, so it ended in my saying nothing at all. The

and for my own part I could not understand what he was driving at. I contented myself with assuring him that he could count upon me to the death.

"You are, as I understand, a good swordsman?" said he.

"Tolerable, sire," I answered.

"You were chosen by your regiment to fight the champion of the Hussars of Chambarant?" said he.

I was not sorry to find that he knew so much of my exploits.

"My comrades, sire, did me that honour," said I.

"And for the sake of practice you insulted six fencing masters in the week before your duel?"

"I had the privilege of being out seven times in as many days, sire," said I.

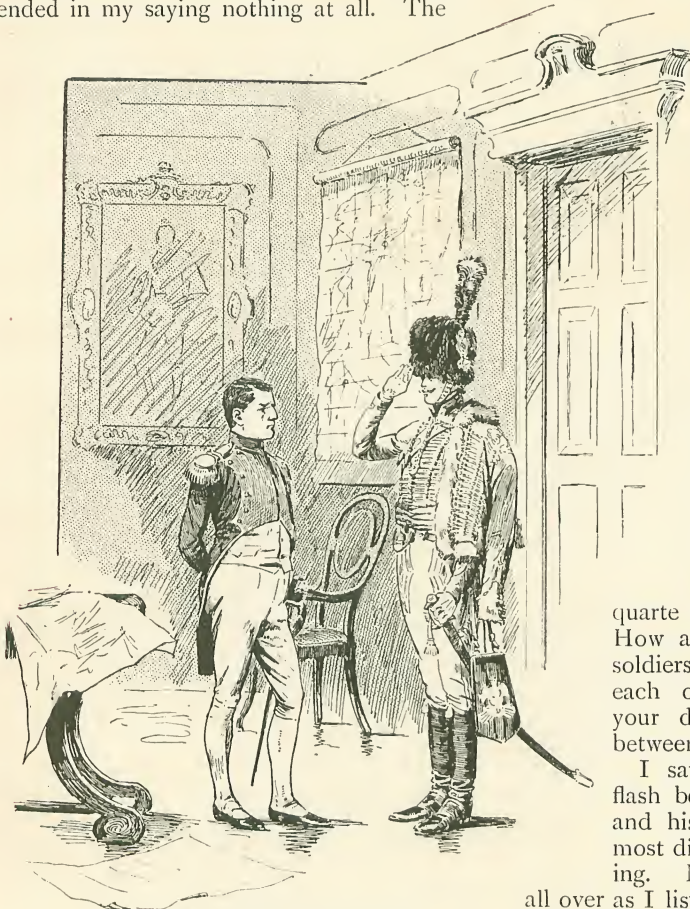
"And escaped without a scratch?"

"The fencing master of the 23rd Light Infantry touched me on the left elbow, sire."

"Let us have no more child's play of the sort, monsieur," he cried, turning suddenly to that cold rage of his which was so appalling. "Do you imagine that I place veteran soldiers in these positions that you may practise quarte and tierce upon them? How am I to face Europe if my soldiers turn their points upon each other? Another word of your duelling, and I break you between these fingers."

I saw his plump white hands flash before my eyes as he spoke, and his voice had turned to the most discordant hissing and growling. My word, my skin pringed all over as I listened to him, and I would gladly have changed my position for that of the first man in the steepest and narrowest breach that ever swallowed up a storming party. He turned to the table, drank off a cup of coffee, and then when he faced me again every trace of this storm had vanished, and he wore that singular smile which came from his lips but never from his eyes.

"I have need of your services, Monsieur



"I RAISED ONE HAND TO THE SALUTE."

Emperor watched the struggle which must have shown itself upon my features, and when, finally, no answer came he did not appear to be displeased.

"I believe that you are the very man that I want," said he. "Brave and clever men surround me upon every side. But a brave man who—" He did not finish his sentence,

Gerard," said he. "I may be safer with a good sword at my side, and there are reasons why yours should be the one which I select. But first of all I must bind you to secrecy. Whilst I live what passes between us to-day must be known to none but ourselves."

I thought of Talleyrand and of Lasalle, but I promised.

"In the next place, I do not want your opinions or conjectures, and I wish you to do exactly what you are told."

I bowed.

"It is your sword that I need, and not your brains. I will do the thinking. Is that clear to you?"

"Yes, sire."

"You know the Chancellor's Grove, in the forest?"

I bowed.

"You know also the large double fir-tree where the hounds assembled on Tuesday?"

Had he known that I met a girl under it three times a week, he would not have asked me. I bowed once more without remark.

"Very good. You will meet me there at ten o'clock to-night."

I had got past being surprised at anything which might happen. If he had asked me to take his place upon the Imperial throne I could only have nodded my busby.

"We shall then proceed into the wood together," said the Emperor. "You will be armed with a sword, but not with pistols. You must address no remark to me, and I shall say nothing to you. We will advance in silence. You understand?"

"I understand, sire."

"After a time we shall see a man, or more probably two men, under a certain tree. We shall approach them together. If I signal to you to defend me, you will have your sword ready. If, on the other hand, I speak to these men, you will wait and see what happens. If you are called upon to draw, you must see that neither of them, in the event of there being two, escapes from us. I shall myself assist you."

"But, sire," I cried, "I have no doubt that two would not be too many for my sword; but would it not be better that I should bring a comrade than that you should be forced to join in such a struggle?"

"Ta, ta, ta," said he. "I was a soldier before I was an Emperor. Do you think, then, that artillerymen have not swords as well as the hussars? But I ordered you not to argue with me. You will do exactly what I tell you. If swords are once out, neither of these men is to get away alive."

"They shall not, sire," said I.

"Very good. I have no more instructions for you. You can go."

I turned to the door, and then an idea occurring to me I turned.

"I have been thinking, sire——" said I.

He sprang at me with the ferocity of a wild beast. I really thought he would have struck me.

"Thinking!" he cried. "You, *you!* Do you imagine I chose you out because you could think? Let me hear of your doing such a thing again! You, the one man—but, there! You meet me at the fir-tree at ten o'clock."

My faith, I was right glad to get out of the room. If I have a good horse under me, and a sword clanking against my stirrup-iron, I know where I am. And in all that relates to green fodder or dry, barley and oats and rye, and the handling of squadrons upon the march, there is no one who can teach me very much. But when I meet a Chamberlain and a Marshal of the Palace, and have to pick my words with an Emperor, and find that everybody hints instead of talking straight out, I feel like a troop-horse who has been put in a lady's calèche. It is not my trade, all this mincing and pretending. I have learned the manners of a gentleman, but never those of a courtier. I was right glad then to get into the fresh air again, and I ran away up to my quarters like a schoolboy who has just escaped from the seminary master.

But as I opened the door, the very first thing that my eye rested upon was a long pair of sky-blue legs with hussar boots, and a short pair of black ones with knee-breeches and buckles. They both sprang up together to greet me.

"Well, what news?" they cried, the two of them.

"None," I answered.

"The Emperor refused to see you?"

"No, I have seen him."

"And what did he say?"

"Monsieur de Talleyrand," I answered, "I regret to say that it is quite impossible for me to tell you anything about it. I have promised the Emperor."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear young man," said he, sidling up to me, as a cat does when it is about to rub itself against you. "This is all among friends, you understand, and goes no farther than these four walls. Besides, the Emperor never meant to include me in this promise."

"It is but a minute's walk to the palace, Monsieur de Talleyrand," I answered; "if it



would not be troubling you too much to ask you to step up to it and bring back the Emperor's written statement that he did not mean to include you in this promise, I shall be happy to tell you every word that passed."

He showed his teeth at me then like the old fox that he was.

"Monsieur Gerard appears to be a little puffed up," said he. "He is too young to see things in their just proportion. As he grows older he may understand that it is not always very discreet for a subaltern of cavalry to give such very abrupt refusals."

I did not know what to say to this, but Lasalle came to my aid in his down-right fashion.

"The lad is quite right," said he. "If I had known that there was a promise I should not have questioned him. You know very well, Monsieur de Talleyrand, that if he had answered you, you would have laughed in your sleeve and thought as much about him as I think of the bottle when the burgundy is gone. As for me, I promise you that the Tenth would have had no room for him, and that we should have lost our best swordsman if I had heard him give up the Emperor's secret."

But the statesman became only the more bitter when he saw that I had the support of my Colonel.

"I have heard, Colonel de Lasalle," said he, with an icy dignity, "that your opinion is of great weight upon the subject of light cavalry. Should I have occasion to seek information about that branch of the army, I shall be very happy to apply to you. At present, however, the matter concerns diplomacy, and you will permit me to form my own views upon that question. As long as the welfare

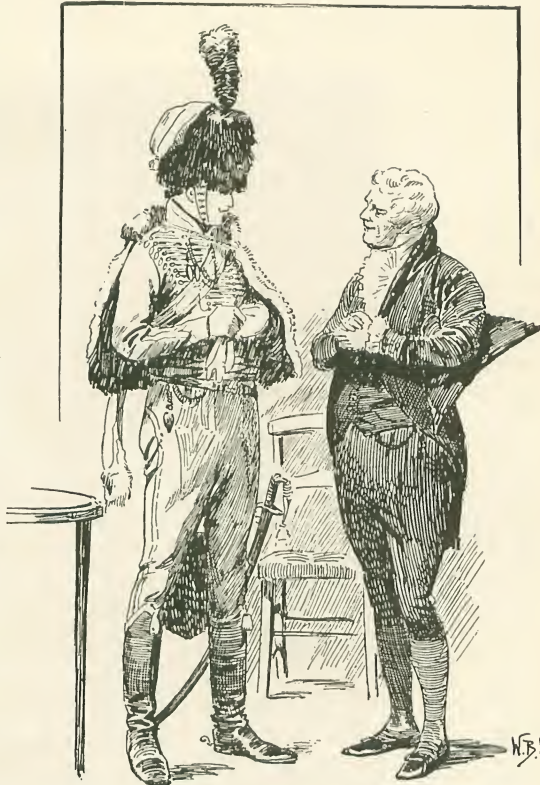
of France and the safety of the Emperor's person are largely committed to my care, I will use every means in my power to secure them, even if it should be against the Emperor's own temporary wishes. I have the honour, Colonel de Lasalle, to wish you a very good-day!"

He shot a most unamiable glance in my direction, and, turning upon his heel, he walked with little, quick, noiseless steps out of the room.

I could see from Lasalle's face that he did not at all relish finding himself at enmity with the powerful Minister. He rapped out an oath or two, and then, catching up his sabre and his cap, he clattered away down the stairs. As I looked out of the window I saw the two of them, the big blue man and the little black one, going up the street together. Talleyrand was walking very rigidly, and Lasalle was waving his hands and talking, so I suppose that he was trying to make his peace.

The Emperor had told me not to think, and I endeavoured to obey him. I took up the cards from the table where Morat had left them,

and I tried to work out a few combinations at *écarté*. But I could not remember which were trumps, and I threw them under the table in despair. Then I drew my sabre and practised giving point until I was weary, but it was all of no use at all. My mind *would* work, in spite of myself. At ten o'clock I was to meet the Emperor in the forest. Of all extraordinary combinations of events in the whole world, surely this was the last which would have occurred to me when I rose from my couch that morning. But the responsibility—the dreadful responsibility! It was all upon my shoulders. There was no one to halve it with me. It made me cold all over.



"MONSIEUR GERARD APPEARS TO BE A LITTLE PUFFED UP."



Often as I have faced death upon the battlefield, I have never known what real fear was until that moment. But then I considered that after all I could but do my best like a brave and honourable gentleman, and above all obey the orders which I had received, to the very letter. And, if all went well, this would surely be the foundation of my fortunes. Thus, swaying between my fears and my hopes, I spent the long, long evening until it was time for me to keep my appointment.

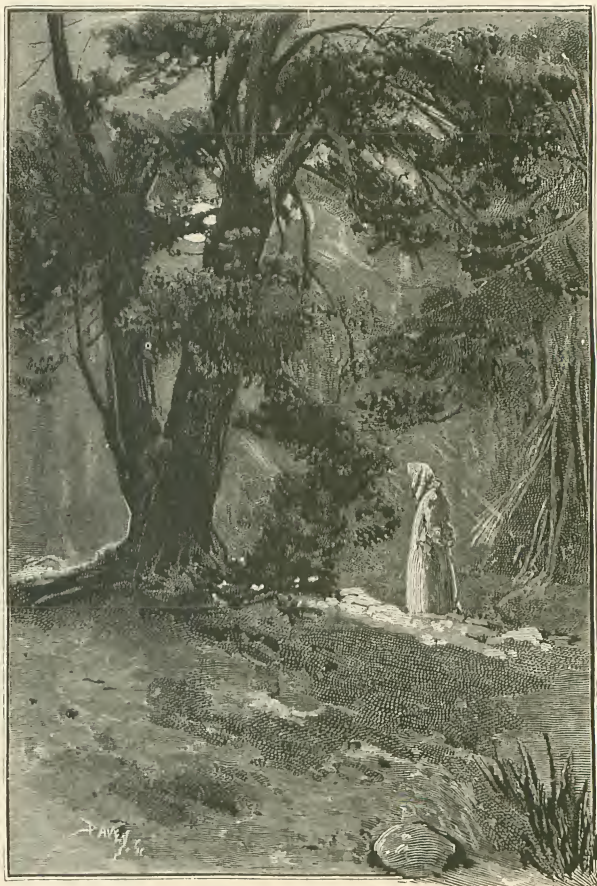
I put on my military overcoat, as I did not know how much of the night I might have to spend in the woods, and I fastened my sword outside it. I pulled off my hussar boots also, and wore a pair of shoes and gaiters, that I might be lighter upon my feet. Then I stole out of my quarters and made for the forest, feeling very much easier in my mind, for I am always at my best when the time of thought has passed and the moment for action arrived.

I passed the barracks of the Chasseurs of the Guards, and the line of cafés all filled with uniforms. I caught a glimpse as I went by of the blue and gold of some of my comrades, amid the swarm of dark infantry coats and the light green of the Guides. There they sat, sipping their wine and smoking their cigars, little dreaming what their comrade had on hand. One of them, the chief of my squadron, caught sight of me in the lamplight, and came shouting after me into the street. I hurried on, however, pretending not to hear him, so he, with a curse at my deafness, went back at last to his wine bottle.

It is not very hard to get into the forest at Fontainebleau. The scattered trees steal their way into the very streets, like the tirailleurs in front of a column. I turned into a path, which led to the edge of the woods, and then I pushed rapidly forward towards the old fir-tree. It was a place which, as I have hinted, I had my own reasons for knowing well, and I could only thank the Fates that it was not one of the nights upon which Léonie would be waiting for me. The poor child would have died of terror at sight of the Emperor. He might

have been too harsh with her—and worse still, he might have been too kind.

There was a half moon shining, and, as I came up to our trysting-place, I saw that I was not the first to arrive. The Emperor was pacing up and down, his hands behind him and his face sunk somewhat forward upon his breast. He wore a grey great-coat with a capote over his head. I had seen him in such a dress in our winter campaign in Poland, and it was said that he used it because the hood was such an excellent disguise. He was always fond, whether in



"THE EMPEROR WAS PACING UP AND DOWN."

the camp or in Paris, of walking round at night, and overhearing the talk in the cabarets or round the fires. His figure, however, and his way of carrying his head and his hands, were so well known that he was always recognised, and then the talkers would just say whatever they thought would please him best.

My first thought was that he would be angry



with me for having kept him waiting, but as I approached him, we heard the big church clock of Fontainebleau clang out the hour of ten. It was evident, therefore, that it was he who was too soon, and not I too late. I remembered his order that I should make no remark, so contented myself with halting within four paces of him, clicking my spurs together, grounding my sabre, and saluting. He glanced at me, and then without a word he turned and walked slowly through the forest, I keeping always about the same distance behind him. Once or twice he seemed to me to look apprehensively to right and to left, as if he feared that someone was observing us. I looked also, but although I have the keenest sight, it was quite impossible to see anything except the ragged patches of moonshine between the great black shadows of the trees. My ears are as quick as my eyes, and once or twice I thought that I heard a twig crack ; but you know how many sounds there are in a forest at night, and how difficult it is even to say what direction they come from.

We walked for rather more than a mile, and I knew exactly what our destination was, long before we got there. In the centre of one of the glades there is the shattered stump of what must at some time have been a most gigantic tree. It is called the Abbot's Beech, and there are so many ghostly stories about it, that I know many a brave soldier who would not care about mounting sentinel over it. However, I cared as little for such folly as the Emperor did, so we crossed the glade and made straight for the old broken trunk. As we approached, I saw that two men were waiting for us beneath it.

When I first caught sight of them they were standing rather behind it, as if they were not anxious to be seen, but as we came nearer they emerged from its shadow and walked forward to meet us. The Emperor glanced back at me, and slackened his pace a little, so that I came within arm's length of him. You may think that I had my hilt well to the front, and that I had a very good look at these two people who were approaching us. The one was tall, remarkably so, and of a very spare frame, while the other was rather below the usual height, and had a brisk, determined way of walking. They each wore black cloaks, which were slung right across their figures, and hung down upon one side, like the mantles of Murat's dragoons. They had flat black caps, like those which I have since seen in Spain, which threw their faces into darkness, though I could see the gleam

of their eyes from beneath them. With the moon behind them and their long black shadows walking in front, they were such figures as one might expect to meet at night near the Abbot's Beech. I can remember that they had a stealthy way of moving, and that as they approached, the moonshine formed two white diamonds between their legs and the legs of their shadows.

The Emperor had paused, and these two strangers came to a stand also within a few paces of us. I had drawn up close to my companion's elbow, so that the four of us were facing each other without a word spoken. My eyes were particularly fixed upon the taller one, because he was slightly the nearer to me, and I became certain as I watched him that he was in the last state of nervousness. His lean figure was quivering all over, and I heard a quick, thin panting like that of a tired dog. Suddenly one of them gave a short, hissing signal. The tall man bent his back and his knees like a diver about to spring, but before he could move, I had jumped with drawn sabre in front of him. At the same instant the smaller man bounded past me, and buried a long poniard in the Emperor's heart.

My God ! the horror of that moment ! It is a marvel that I did not drop dead myself. As in a dream, I saw the grey coat whirl convulsively round, and caught a glimpse in the moonlight of three inches of red point which jutted out from between the shoulders. Then down he fell with a dead man's gasp upon the grass, and the assassin, leaving his weapon buried in his victim, threw up both his hands and shrieked with joy. But I—I drove my sword through his midriff with such frantic force, that the mere blow of the hilt against the end of his breast-bone sent him six paces before he fell, and left my reeking blade ready for the other. I sprang round upon him with such a lust for blood upon me as I had never felt, and never have felt, in all my days. As I turned, a dagger flashed before my eyes, and I felt the cold wind of it pass my neck and the villain's wrist jar upon my shoulder. I shortened my sword, but he winced away from me, and an instant afterwards was in full flight, bounding like a deer across the glade in the moonlight.

But he was not to escape me thus. I knew that the murderer's poniard had done its work. Young as I was, I had seen enough of war to know a mortal blow. I paused but for an instant to touch the cold hand.

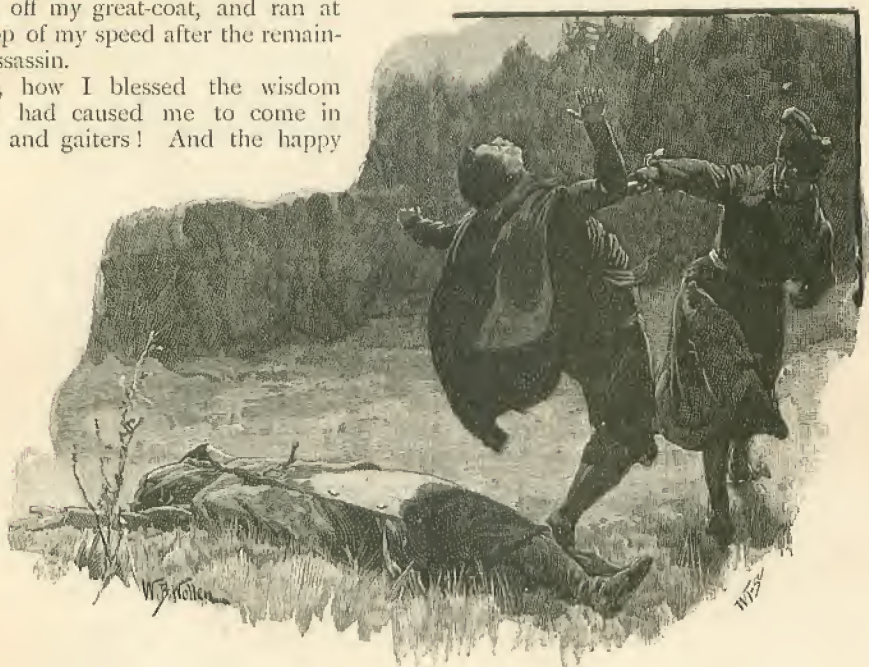
"Sire ! Sire !" I cried, in an agony ; and



then as no sound came back and nothing moved, save an ever-widening dark circle in the moonlight, I knew that all was indeed over. I sprang madly to my feet, threw off my great-coat, and ran at the top of my speed after the remaining assassin.

Ah, how I blessed the wisdom which had caused me to come in shoes and gaiters! And the happy

me. It was his breathing once more, and it showed me where he must be. He was hiding in the tool-house.



"I DROVE MY SWORD WITH FRANTIC FORCE."

thought which had thrown off my coat. He could not get rid of his mantle, this wretch, or else he was too frightened to think of it. So it was that I gained upon him from the beginning. He must have been out of his wits, for he never tried to bury himself in the darker parts of the woods, but he flew on from glade to glade, until he came to the heath-land which leads up to the great Fontainebleau quarry. There I had him in full sight, and knew that he could not escape me. He ran well, it is true—ran as a coward runs when his life is the stake. But I ran as Destiny runs when it gets behind a man's heels. Yard by yard I drew in upon him. He was rolling and staggering. I could hear the rasping and crackling of his breath. The great gulf of the quarry suddenly yawned in front of his path, and glancing at me over his shoulder, he gave a shriek of despair. The next instant he had vanished from my sight.

Vanished utterly, you understand. I rushed to the spot, and gazed down into the black abyss. Had he hurled himself over? I had almost made up my mind that he had done so, when a gentle sound rising and falling came out of the darkness beneath

At the edge of the quarry and beneath the summit there is a small platform upon which stands a wooden hut for the use of the labourers. It was into this, then, that he had darted. Perhaps he had thought, the fool, that, in the darkness, I would not venture to follow him. He little knew Etienne Gerard. With a spring I was on the platform, with another I was through the doorway, and then, hearing him in the corner, I hurled myself down upon the top of him.

He fought like a wild cat, but he never had a chance with his shorter weapon. I think that I must have transfixed him with that first mad lunge, for, though he struck and struck, his blows had no power in them, and presently his dagger tinkled down upon the floor. When I was sure that he was dead, I rose up and passed out into the moonlight. I climbed up on to the heath again, and wandered across it as nearly out of my mind as a man could be. With the blood singing in my ears, and my naked sword still clutched in my hand, I walked aimlessly on until, looking round me, I found that I had come as far as the glade of the



Abbot's Beech, and saw in the distance that gnarled stump which must ever be associated with the most terrible moment of my life. I sat down upon a fallen trunk with my sword across my knees and my head between my hands, and I tried to think about what had happened and what would happen in the future.

The Emperor had committed himself to my care. The Emperor was dead. Those

since I could not avert, the Emperor's fate. I rose with my nerves strung to this last piteous deed, and as I did so, my eyes fell upon something which struck the breath from my lips. The Emperor was standing before me!

He was not more than ten yards off, with the moon shining straight upon his cold, pale face. He wore his grey overcoat, but the hood was turned back, and the front open, so that I could see the green coat of the Guides, and the white breeches. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his chin sunk forward upon his breast, in the way that was usual with him.

"Well," said he, in his hardest and most abrupt voice, "what account do you give of yourself?"

I believe that, if he had stood in silence for another minute, my brain would have given way. But those sharp military accents were exactly what I needed to bring

me to myself. Living or dead, here was the Emperor standing before me and asking me questions. I sprang to the salute.

"You have killed one, I see," said he, jerking his head towards the beech.

"Yes, sire."

"And the other escaped?"

"No, sire, I killed him also."

"What!" he cried. "Do I understand that you have killed them both?" He approached me as he spoke with a smile which set his teeth gleaming in the moonlight.

"One body lies there, sire," I answered. "The other is in the tool-house at the quarry."

"Then the Brothers of Ajaccio are no more," he cried, and after a pause, as if speaking to himself: "The shadow has passed me for ever." Then he bent forward and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

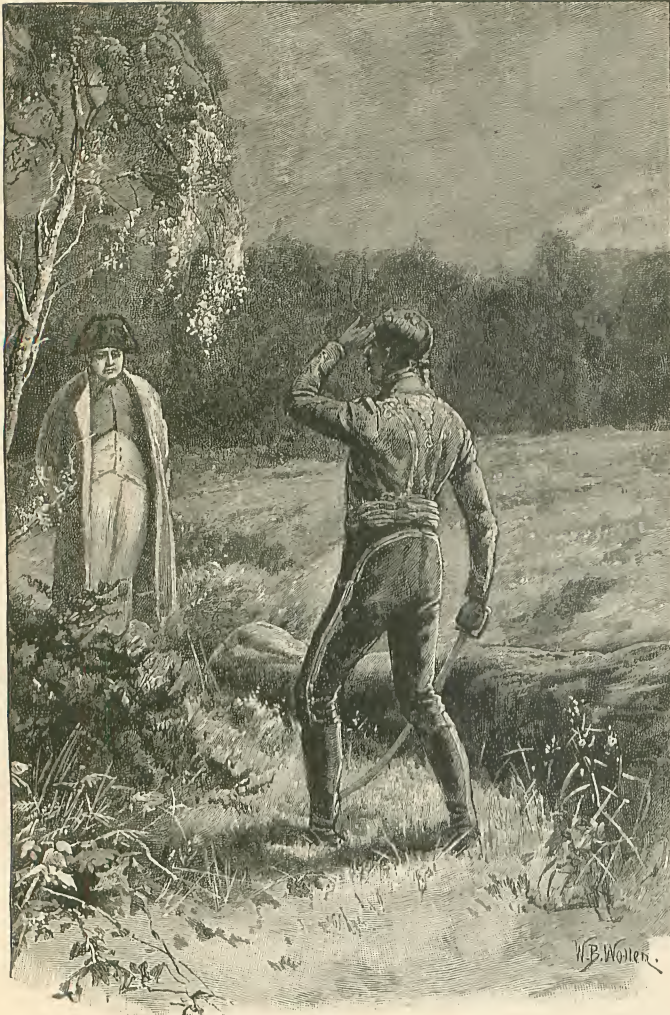
"You have done very well, my young friend," said he. "You have lived up to your reputation."



"I TRIED TO THINK WHAT HAD HAPPENED."

were the two thoughts which clanged in my head, until I had no room for any other ones. He had come with me and he was dead. I had done what he had ordered when living. I had revenged him when dead. But what of all that? The world would look upon me as responsible. They might even look upon me as the assassin. What could I prove? What witnesses had I? Might I not have been the accomplice of these wretches? Yes, yes, I was eternally dishonoured—the lowest, most despicable creature in all France. This then was the end of my fine military ambitions—of the hopes of my mother. I laughed bitterly at the thought. And what was I to do now? Was I to go into Fontainebleau, to wake up the palace, and to inform them that the great Emperor had been murdered within a pace of me? I could not do it—no, I could not do it! There was but one course for an honourable gentleman whom Fate had placed in so cruel a position. I would fall upon my dishonoured sword, and so share,





"THE EMPEROR WAS STANDING BEFORE ME!"

He was flesh and blood, then, this Emperor. I could feel the little, plump palm that rested upon me. And yet I could not get over what I had seen with my own eyes, and so I stared at him in such bewilderment that he broke once more into one of his smiles.

"No, no, Monsieur Gerard," said he, "I am not a ghost, and you have not seen me killed. You will come here, and all will be clear to you."

He turned as he spoke, and led the way towards the great beech stump.

The bodies were still lying upon the ground, and two men were standing beside them. As we approached I saw from the turbans that they were Roustem and Mustafa, the two Mameluke servants. The Emperor

paused when he came to the grey figure upon the ground, and turning back the hood which shrouded the features, he showed a face which was very different from his own.

"Here lies a faithful servant who has given up his life for his master," said he. "Monsieur de Goudin resembles me in figure and in manner, as you must admit."

What a delirium of joy came upon me when these few words made everything clear to me. He smiled again as he saw the delight which urged me to throw my arms round him and to embrace him, but he moved a step away, as if he had divined my impulse.

"You are unhurt?" he asked.

"I am unhurt, sire. But in another minute I should be in my despair——"

"Tut, tut!" he interrupted. "You did very well. He should himself have been more on his guard. I saw everything which passed."

"You saw it, sire!"

"You did not hear me follow you through the wood, then? I hardly lost sight of you from the mo-

ment that you left your quarters until poor De Goudin fell. The counterfeit Emperor was in front of you and the real one behind. You will now escort me back to the palace."

He whispered an order to his Mamelukes, who saluted in silence and remained where they were standing. For my part, I followed the Emperor with my pelisse bursting with pride. My word, I have always carried myself as a hussar should, but Lasalle himself never strutted and swung his dolman as I did that night! Who should clink his spurs and clatter his sabre if it were not I—I, Etienne Gerard—the confidant of the Emperor, the chosen swordsmen of the light cavalry, the man who slew the would-be assassins of Napoleon? But he noticed my bearing and turned upon me like a blight.





"HERE LIES A FAITHFUL SERVANT," SAID HE."

"Is that the way to carry yourself on a secret mission?" he hissed, with that cold glare in his eyes. "Is it thus that you will make your comrades believe that nothing remarkable has occurred? Have done with this nonsense, monsieur, or you will find yourself transferred to the sappers, where you would have harder work and duller plumage."

That was the way with the Emperor. If ever he thought that anyone might have a claim upon him, he took the first opportunity to show him the gulf that lay between. I saluted and was silent, but I must confess to you that it hurt me after all that had passed between us. He led on to the palace, where we passed through the side door and up into his own cabinet. There were a couple of grenadiers at the staircase, and their eyes started out from under their fur caps, I promise you, when they saw a young lieutenant of hussars going up to the Emperor's room at midnight. I stood by the door, as I had done in the afternoon, while he flung himself down in an arm-chair, and remained silent so long that it seemed to me that he had forgotten all about me. I ventured at last upon a slight cough to remind him.

"Ah, Monsieur Gerard," said he, "you are very curious, no doubt, as to the meaning of all this?"

"I am quite content, sire, if it is your pleasure not to tell me," I answered.

"Ta, ta, ta," said he, impatiently. "These are only words. The moment that you were outside that door you would begin making inquiries about what it means. In two days your brother officers would know about it, in three days it would be all over Fontainebleau, and it would be in Paris on the fourth. Now, if I tell you enough to appease your curiosity, there is some reasonable hope that you may be able to keep the matter to yourself."

He did not understand me, this Emperor, and yet I could only bow and be silent.

"A few words will make it clear to you," said he, speaking very swiftly and pacing up and down the room. "They were Corsicans, these two men. I had known them in my youth. We had belonged to the same society—Brothers of Ajaccio, as we called ourselves. It was founded in the old Paoli days, you understand, and we had some strict rules of our own which were not infringed with impunity."

A very grim look came over his face as he spoke, and it seemed to me that all that was French had gone out of him, and that it was the pure Corsican, the man of strong passions and of strange revenges, who stood before me. His memory had gone back to

those early days of his, and for five minutes, wrapped in thought, he paced up and down the room with his quick little tiger steps. Then with an impatient wave of his hands he came back to his palace and to me.

"The rules of such a society," he continued, "are all very well for a private citizen. In the old days there was no more loyal brother than I. But circumstances change, and it would be neither for my welfare nor for that of France that I should now submit myself to them. They wanted to hold me to it, and so brought their fate upon their own heads. These were the two chiefs of the order, and they had come from Corsica to summon me to meet them at the spot which they named. I knew what such a summons meant. No man had ever returned from obeying one. On the other hand, if I did not go, I was sure that disaster would follow. I am a brother myself, you remember, and I know their ways."

Again there came that hardening of his mouth and cold glitter of his eyes.

"You perceive my dilemma, Monsieur Gerard," said he. "How would you have acted yourself, under such circumstances?"

"Given the word to the roth Hussars, sire," I cried. "Patrols could have swept the woods from end to end, and brought these two rascals to your feet."

He smiled, but he shook his head.

"I had very excellent reasons why I did not wish them taken alive," said he. "You can understand that an assassin's tongue

might be as dangerous a weapon as an assassin's dagger. I will not disguise from you that I wished to avoid scandal at all cost. That was why I ordered you to take no pistols with you. That also is why my Mamelukes will remove all traces of the affair, and nothing more will be heard about it. I thought of all possible plans, and I am convinced that I selected the best one. Had I sent more than one guard with De Goudin into the woods, then the brothers would not have appeared. They would not change their plans or miss their chance for the sake of a single man. It was Colonel Lasalle's accidental presence at the moment when I received the summons which led to my choosing one of his hussars for the mission. I selected you, Monsieur Gerard, because I wanted a man who could handle a sword, and who would not pry more deeply into the affair than I desired. I trust that, in this respect, you will justify my choice as well as you have done in your bravery and skill."

"Sire," I answered, "you may rely upon it."

"As long as I live," said he, "you never open your lips upon this subject."

"I dismiss it entirely from my mind, sire. I will efface it from my recollection as if it had never been. I will promise you to go out of your cabinet at this moment exactly as I was when I entered it at four o'clock."

"You cannot do that," said the Emperor, smiling. "You were a lieutenant at that time. You will permit me, Captain, to wish you a very good-night."



*Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.*

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
WILLIAM COURT GULLY, Q.C., M.P.

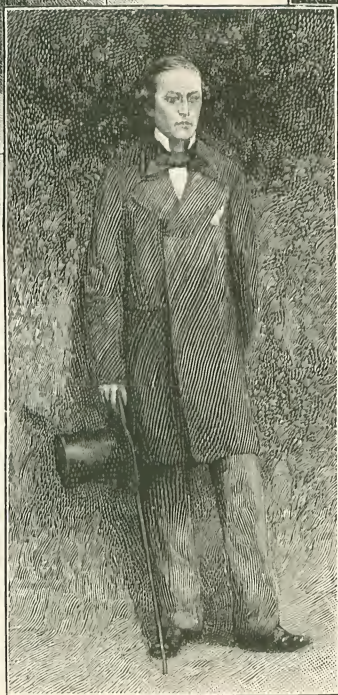
(THE SPEAKER.)

BORN 1836.

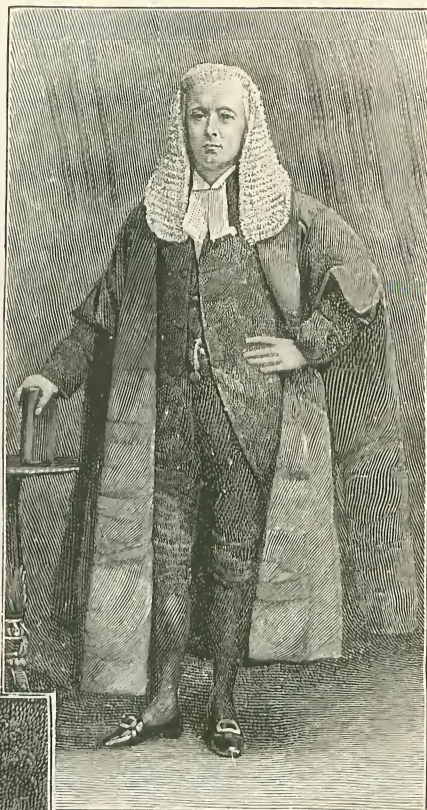


AGE 11.  
*From a Painting.*

MR. WILLIAM COURT GULLY, the new Speaker of the House of Commons, who succeeded the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, now Viscount Peel, is nearly sixty years old, and a son of Dr. James Manby Gully, who was a physician of some renown. He has represented Whitehaven in the Liberal interest for nine years. His manner is delightfully suave and his voice is melodious. It is anticipated, not with-



AGE 19.  
*From a Photograph.*



AGE 41.  
*From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.*



PRESENT DAY.  
*From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.*

out justification, that Mr. Gully will worthily fill the high position to which the House of Commons has called him.



## MISS FRANCES WILLARD.



MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD was born at Churchville, near Rochester, New York. She is a graduate of the North-Western University, Chicago, and took a degree of A.M. from Syracuse University. Miss Willard is a great Temperance advocate, and is to Americans what Lady Henry Somerset is to us here in England. She is a splendid speaker, an accomplished writer, and has travelled a great deal. After holding several important posts in various States, she became, in 1878, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Illinois and editor of the *Chicago Post*, and in 1879 was nominated President of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, the largest society ever organized, conducted, and controlled exclusively by women. In 1887 Miss



AGE 6.  
From a Daguerreotype.

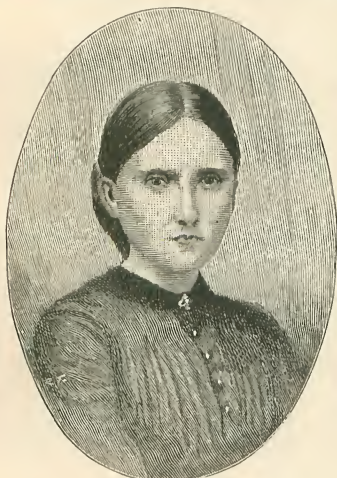


AGE 31.  
From a Photo.  
by  
A. Duvernel,  
Paris.



AGE 48.  
From a Photo. by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

attaches to Miss Willard at the present moment in connection with the great demonstration to be held, about the middle of this month, by the W.C.T.U., at the Albert Hall.



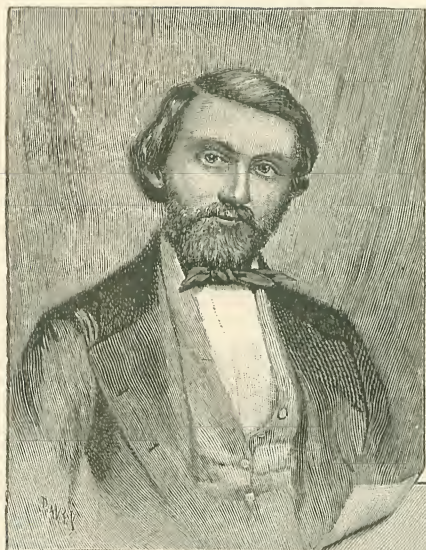
From a] AGE 20. [Miniature.

Willard was elected President of the Women's Council of the United States. She has published many works on Temperance which have enjoyed extensive circulation. Special interest



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by A. N. Hardy, Boston.





AGE 32.  
From a Lithograph.

# GIUSEPPE VERDI.

BORN 1814.



ERDI, the popular composer, is the son of an innkeeper, and was born at

Rancola, in the Duchy of Parma. He received his first lessons from an organist at Milan, where he resided from 1833 to 1836. He studied diligently under Lavinga, and in 1839 published his earliest work—a musical drama, entitled "Oberto di San Bonifacio." His principal compositions are serious operas, and the "Lombardi," one of his first productions, made a strong impression throughout Italy, and laid the foundation of his fame. His best-known operas are "Nabucodonosor," "Ernani," "Attila," "Macbeth," the "Masnadieri," "Louisa Miller," "Rigoletto," the "Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Don Carlos," performed at the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden in 1867. Signor Verdi's more recent works are "Giovanno d'Arco" in 1868; "La Forza del Destino" in 1869, and "Aida" in 1872. His celebrated "Requiem Mass," composed in honour of his great countryman Manzoni,

was first performed in San Marco, Milan, in 1874. He completed in 1878 a new opera in

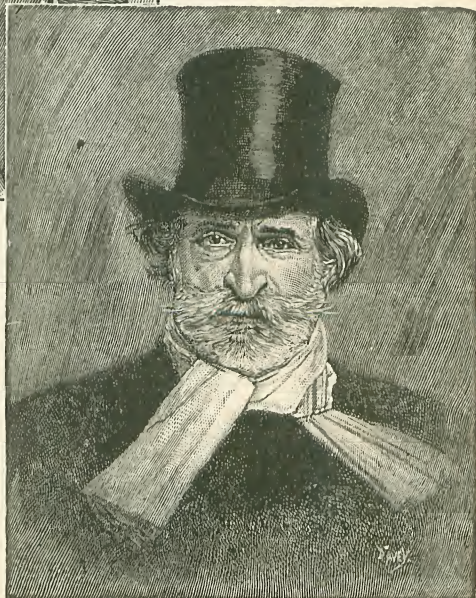


From a] AGE 67. [Photograph.



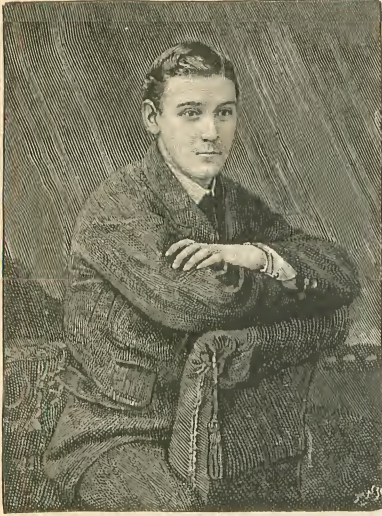
AGE 48.  
From a Photograph.

five acts, entitled "Montezuma," followed in 1886 by "Otello," which was produced at the Lyceum in London in 1889, and finally "Falstaff," which he finished in 1893, and which has proved a great success. Signor Verdi is the knight of many native and foreign orders, and holder of many honorary distinctions showered upon him by admiring monarchs and a grateful country.



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Drawing.





AGE 17.

*From a Photo. by A. Richardson, Reigate.*

### MR. W. W. READ.

BORN 1854.



SINCE 1873, the Surrey Eleven has seldom, if ever, been without the services of Mr. Walter Read, of whom it has been often said that he "made the Oval." Though

this is only a figure of speech, there can be no question that the wonderful innings on all kinds of wickets, and against all kinds of bowling, which he used to play, at the time when Surrey was at low ebb, did very much towards drawing the attention of spectators to the Oval. Mr. Read has been twice to Aus-

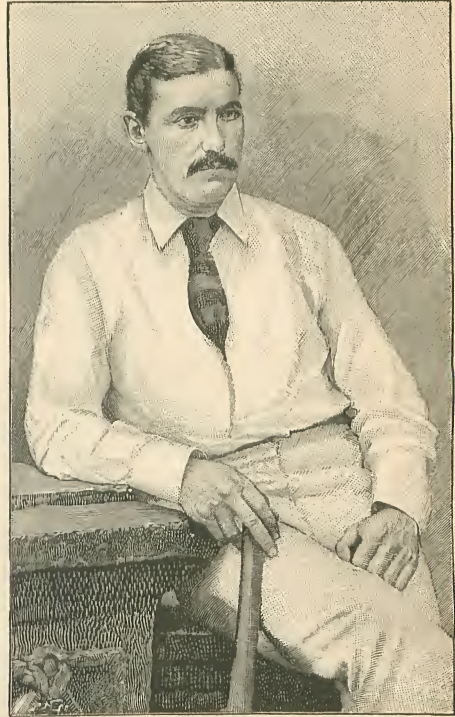


AGE 22.

*From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.*

tralia: the first time was with Ivo Bligh's team, and the second with Vernon, in 1889. That same year is said by Mr. Read to have been about his best; he had an average of 65, and made 100 on each of the three chief grounds—Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide. He is the "inventor" of the "on-stroke," which has always been an extremely useful resource to him in his scores. Mr. Read also goes in for underhand bowling, and at Scarborough in 1891, when playing for the

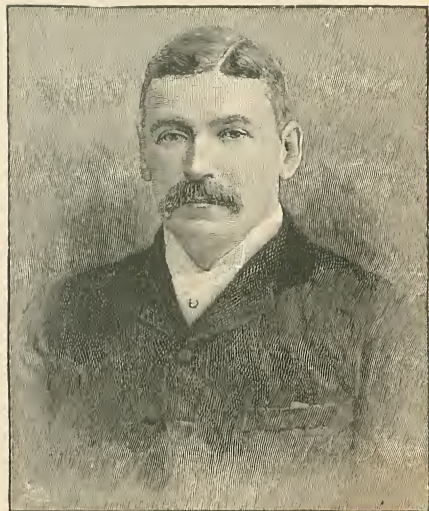
South against the North, he reached the pinnacle of fame in the underhand bowling line by doing the "hat-trick." "W. W.," as



AGE 32.

*From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.*

he is familiarly called, is very popular with the cricket-loving public, and his performances will be watched this year with as much eagerness as ever.



PRESENT DAY.

*From a Photo. by R. Thomas, Cheapside.*




# Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

BY L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

## VI.—LITTLE SIR NOEL.

F you please, sir," said my servant, Harris, "there's a young gentleman waiting to see you in your consulting-room."

I paused—I was coming home in a hurry to lunch.

"But this is not my hour for seeing patients," I said.

"He is a very young gentleman, sir; he came with a lot of luggage—here it is, all piled up in the hall."

I looked around my neat, well-appointed hall in astonishment. In one corner of it were a couple of large trunks. A strap with rugs, a hat-box, and other belongings of the traveller accompanied the boxes.

"Who in the world can have arrived?" I thought to myself.

I hurried off to my consulting-room as I spoke. I was not feeling too well pleased. I was in a great hurry, and had a specially hard afternoon's work before me. When I opened the door, however, my momentary irritation vanished. It was impossible for it to survive the expression of the little face which started suddenly into view when I appeared. A boy of about eight years old, in a brown velveteen jockey suit, jumped up from his seat by one of the windows and came forward to meet me with one small hand outstretched.

"You are Dr. Halifax, are you not?" he asked.

"Right, my little fellow, and who are you?" I answered.

"I'm Noel Temple. Mother sent you this note: she said you'd look after me. I hope I sha'n't be very troublesome."

He sighed a little as he spoke, poised himself on one leg, and looked up into my face with the alert glance of an expectant robin.

"Noel Temple," I repeated—"Temple!—forgive me, I don't know the name."

"You used to know mother very well—she said so—she said you were playfellows long ago, and you used to quarrel—don't you remember?"

"What was your mother's name before she was married, Noel?" I inquired, suddenly.

"Forester—Emily Forester."

"Then, of course, I know all about her,"

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and you are most heartily welcome," I said, in a cordial tone. "Find yourself a seat while I read this letter."

I threw myself into a chair and opened my old playfellow's letter. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR DR. HALIFAX,—I hope you don't forget the Grange, where we once spent a long and happy summer when we were children? I am in a desperate difficulty, and have resolved to throw myself on your mercy. You can't have forgotten the name of your old playfellow, Emily Forester. I married when I was eighteen, and have been in India ever since. My husband, Sir Francis Temple, died six months ago. Noel is our only child. I have just seen a doctor about him—he says his heart is affected, and that there is irritability of the left lung. He has ordered him to leave India immediately; I have no time to explain why it is impossible for me to accompany him home. I am sending him, therefore, at the eleventh hour, in charge of the ship's captain, who, on landing, will put him into a cab and send him straight to you. For the sake of old times—be his guardian to a certain extent. Please take care of the child's health, and place him in a suitable family who will look after him and attend to his interests in every way. His solicitors are Messrs. Biggs and Flint, of Chancery Lane. They will supply you with all necessary funds. I am certain you will be good to the boy.

"Your sincere friend,

"EMILY TEMPLE."

When I raised my eyes after perusing this epistle, little Noel was standing in front of me; he was evidently making a minute study of my character. I looked up at him without speaking. He gave a sigh of relief.

"What's the matter?" I said then.

"You'll do," he replied. "I wasn't certain. I was dreadfully anxious, but I see it's all right." He held out his hand.

I clasped the little brown paw and, rising abruptly, said:—

"Come along, Noel. If you're as hungry as I am, you'll be glad of lunch."

"I should rather think I am hungry," said Noel. "I've had nothing to eat since eight o'clock this morning, when Captain

Reeves bought me two sponge cakes. Do you like sponge cakes, Dr. Halifax?"

"I can't say I do," I replied. "Now, here we are—place yourself opposite to me at that end of the table. Harris, lay a place immediately for Sir Noel Temple."

Harris left the room. Noel burst out laughing.

"It's so funny of you to call me Sir Noel," he said. "Don't you think it's rather stiff? Aren't you going to say Noel? We can't be really friends if you don't."

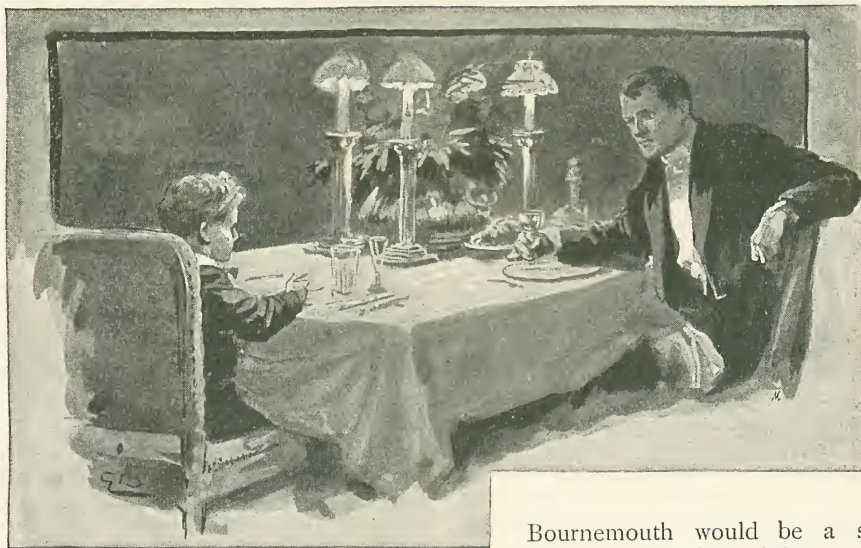
"All right," I replied, "you are Noel to me—but I must give you your title to the servants."

"I hate my title," said the child.

I saw that it would be impossible for me to keep him in my bachelor establishment; besides, London was no place for him.

The next two or three days passed without anything special occurring. I found it impossible to take Noel out with me, but I desired Harris to walk with him in the parks, and concluded that he was having a fairly good time. On the evening of the fourth day, however, I observed that the child's face was slightly paler than usual—that he ate little or nothing as he sat perched up opposite to me at late dinner, and that he sighed heavily once or twice.

The weather was autumnal, and the winter would soon be on us. I thought that



"I OBSERVED THAT THE CHILD'S FACE WAS PALER THAN USUAL."

"Why so? Some people think it very fortunate to have a handle to their names."

"You wouldn't think so if you had got it because you had lost your father," said Noel, fixing his big eyes steadily on my face.

His lips quivered—I saw that he could have cried if he hadn't been too brave to allow the tears to come.

"I quite understand what you mean, little man," I said. "Come, I can see we'll be capital friends. Now, here's a cutlet—fall to. If you're not in a hurry to eat, I am."

When lunch was over I took Noel back to my consulting-room, and made a careful examination of his lungs and heart. I saw that he was free from organic disease as yet, but was a fragile, delicate boy, and one who was likely to develop serious mischief at any moment.

Bournemouth would be a suitable place for the little fellow, and that evening before I went to bed I wrote a long letter to his mother telling her what I thought of the boy's health, and also saying that I was about to advertise for a suitable home for him.

My advertisement appeared in due course, and, as a necessary consequence, answers arrived in shoals. A friend of mine, a Mrs. Wilkinson, who only lived a few doors away, promised to attend to the matter for me. She would look over the answers, and reply to those she thought at all suitable. She did so, but nothing satisfactory seemed likely to be the result.

One evening, on returning home, Harris met me with the information that a lady had called, who wanted to see me on the subject of the advertisement.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"In your study, sir."



I went there at once, and found myself face to face with a tall, sweet-looking woman of between forty and fifty years of age. She wore a neat-fitting bonnet, a jacket of old-fashioned cut, and a pair of shabby gloves. She looked like what she was—a lady in poor circumstances. Her face wore an anxious and troubled expression. The moment I appeared she started up to meet me.



"SHE STARTED UP TO MEET ME."

"You are Dr. Halifax, are you not?" she said.

"That is my name," I replied.

"I am Mrs. Marsden. I saw your advertisement by chance this morning. I hurried up to town at once. I went to see Mrs. Wilkinson—she asked me to lose no time in having an interview with you. While talking to her, I made a remarkable discovery. Under the circumstances, it is strange that such an advertisement should have been inserted. I am unwilling to take offence, however. Poor Emily has always been peculiar. I wish to say now that I am desirous to have the boy. I will promise to take every care of him."

"Do you know Lady Temple?" I asked, in astonishment.

Mrs. Marsden smiled faintly.

"Lady Temple is my sister," she replied. "She is my sister, and I am married to her late husband's cousin. My husband, Mr. Marsden, is first cousin to the late Sir Francis Temple. The dear little boy is, therefore, a near relation on both sides."

"How is it that Lady Temple never thought of sending the boy to you?" I inquired.

"It is impossible for me to tell you. I am naturally the person who ought to have received the child on his arrival in England. My husband and I are not well off. We have a house at Bournemouth, and have long wished to have the care of a child in order to add to our income. Your advertisement attracted us both. I came up to town to answer it. You may imagine my surprise when I learned who the child really was, from Mrs. Wilkinson."

"It is strange that Lady Temple never mentioned your name," I replied.

"She must have forgotten it—this seems an unaccountable reason, but I can give no other. She is erratic, however—she has been erratic all her life. I am much older than my sister. I was married when she was a child. Still, of course, I love her, and would do all a mother could for her boy."

I thought for a moment—then I said: "The child has been absolutely committed to my care by his mother. He is very delicate, and is the heir to a large fortune."

When I said these words Mrs. Marsden turned very pale, then a brilliant colour flooded her face.

"I wish to say something," she remarked, after a pause. "What I am going to say may prejudice you against me. I am desirous to have the child for every reason—I am his near relation, and can naturally do more for him than a mere stranger. I also sorely need the money which his advent into our family will bring; nevertheless, I won't take charge of the boy, in case you are good enough to intrust him to me, without your knowing the simple truth. It is this—in the event of little Noel dying, my husband inherits the Temple property. In short, that delicate child is the only person who stands between my husband and considerable fortune."

"Thank you for telling me the truth," I replied.

"I hope this will not prejudice you against me, Dr. Halifax. The fact of my telling you what I have done ought to assure you of the honesty of my purpose."

"It would be impossible for me to doubt you," I said, glancing at her face.

"I am glad you say that." She clasped her thin hands together. She had removed her gloves during our interview. "I have had much trouble, and I am not a happy woman. I have suffered the sorest straits of poverty; the money which we will receive with the child will be of great value to us. My husband will be astonished when I tell him what the result of my inquiries has been."

"Well," I replied, hastily, "I can do nothing without consulting the mother. I am anxious to have the boy comfortably settled, and to get him out of town. I will send a cablegram to Lady Temple to-morrow, asking her to reply at once and to tell me what she wishes."

"Thank you. Are you likely to get her answer to-morrow?"

"I may do so in the evening. Are you staying in town, Mrs. Marsden?"

"I shall remain until you hear from my sister."

"Kindly write your address on that slate. I will let you know as soon as ever I receive Lady Temple's reply."

At the first possible moment in the morning I sent a cablegram to Lady Temple. It was worded as follows:—

*"Can't keep boy in London—his aunt, Mrs. Marsden, wishes to take charge of him. Shall he go to her? Wire reply."*

I received the following answer at a late hour that night.

*"Yes—arrange with Helen.—Emily Temple."*

This reply ought to have filled me with satisfaction, but it did not. I could not doubt Mrs. Marsden, but what about her husband? The boy was delicate—the man would gain immensely by his death. I resolved, notwithstanding Lady Temple's cablegram, to do nothing definite until I had seen Marsden. I wrote to ask Mrs. Marsden to call early in the morning. She came. The sweet expression of her face, and a certain honesty of eye, made me ashamed of my suspicion.

"Here is Lady Temple's reply," I said, putting the cablegram into her hand when she entered the room.

She glanced at it.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "You scarcely know what a relief this will be to us."

I broke in abruptly.

"I have something to say," I continued. "Notwithstanding Lady Temple's permission, I don't intend to part with little Noel without stringent inquiries. The mother is in India—the boy has been committed by letter to my care. Please don't suppose that I mistrust you personally, but the case is peculiar. I must have an interview with your husband. I will come down to Bournemouth on Saturday and will bring Noel with me. I may or may not take him back with me to town again. When I see you on Saturday we can discuss the matter further."

"Thank you—thank you," she replied. "I respect you all the more for being particular. At what hour may I expect you on Saturday?"

I glanced over a time-table.

"Noel and I will run down in the afternoon," I said. "Expect us between four and five o'clock."

She rose instantly—I bade her good-bye, and she left me.

I said nothing to Noel about the proposed change until the Saturday morning. Then I asked him if he would like to accompany me to the seaside.

His eyes danced with pleasure.

"I love the sea," he replied. "I mean to be a sailor when I'm a man."

"Well," I said, "you will choose a very good life. I intend to take you with me to Bournemouth to-day. Ask Harris to pack some things for you and be ready when I come home to lunch."

The child nodded his head brightly. I left him and went out to see my patients.

When I returned to the house I was met by Harris, who wore a very anxious expression of face.

"I am so glad you've come back, sir," he said. "Little Sir Noel has been ill."

"Ill," I cried; "where is he?"

"He is lying on a sofa in your consulting-room, sir; he particularly wished me to take him there. He says he would rather be in the consulting-room than any other part of the house. He seemed so ill that I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Quite right—I will go and see him," I replied.

I entered my consulting-room quickly. Little Noel was lying on a sofa. I had left him in the morning in apparently fair health. I was startled now with the change in his appearance. He could scarcely speak—his breath came quickly—there was a suspicious blue tint round the lower part of his face.

I brought my stethoscope and applied it





"HE COULD SCARCELY SPEAK."

to the heart. There was considerable anæmia, but I could trace no sign of absolute heart disease. The child, however, was very weak. I saw that he must not travel that day.

I telegraphed to Mrs. Marsden to tell her that Noel was ill, and that she could not expect us that day.

The child remained feverish and poorly during the greater part of that Saturday, but on Sunday he was nearly himself again. I saw with a pang that he was extremely delicate. There was not only heart weakness to contend against, but considerable irritability of the left lung. I began to consider whether he ought not to winter abroad—it was certainly necessary to send him out of London as quickly as possible. Nevertheless, as the hours went on, all my prejudices against placing him with the Marsdens increased rather than diminished.

I was just preparing to leave the house on that Sunday morning, and was standing on my door steps preparatory to entering my carriage, when a hansom drew up and stopped abruptly. A tall, good-looking man stepped out of it. He favoured me with a somewhat insolent stare, then ran up the steps and spoke abruptly.

"Am I addressing Dr. Halifax?"

"That is my name," I replied.

"And this is mine," he said, pulling a card out of his pocket.

I glanced at the name—"Mr. Paul Marsden."

"Indeed," I said, with some annoyance. "You have come up to town doubtless on receipt of my telegram?"

"Precisely—my wife has a cold, or she would have accompanied me. We were sorry to hear of the boy's illness. I want to speak to you about him. Can you give me a few moments of your time?"

"Yes—come this way, please."

I ushered Mr. Marsden into my consulting-room. Little Noel hadn't yet come downstairs. Marsden had a bold manner and a certain swagger about him. His eyes were dark—he wore a sweeping moustache—his head was closely

cropped. There was the unmistakable air of the bully in his manner. I saw at a glance that he meant to carry things with a high hand. I disliked the man intensely from the first.

"Now, look here, Dr. Halifax," he said, "I know everything—my wife has told me exactly what transpired between you and her. By the merest accident, she and I are both acquainted with the fact that her nephew and my cousin has been sent to England. My wife is willing to take care of the boy if the terms are satisfactory. She will give him a mother's care, and will devote herself to his health and to his training generally. She does this because I wish it, and because, to be quite honest with you, we both need the money. We should expect the boy's guardians to pay us a sum which could be discussed later on."

I interrupted.

"Money is not the consideration," I said. "I want a thoroughly comfortable home for the child, where his interests are certain to be made the first consideration."

"I understand you—that's your point of view. If we are well paid, it will be to our interest to keep the boy in health. I have never seen the child, and have naturally not a spark of affection for him. The late Sir Francis was my first cousin. Failing this child, the estates and title come to me. The boy's death, should it occur, would therefore be to my benefit. I state this fact quite

frankly. The fact of my having done so ought to assure you of the integrity of my purpose. I feel it, under the circumstances, to be absolutely to my credit not to leave a stone unturned to keep the child's fragile life in existence. I understand, however, the sort of feeling which makes you hesitate to commit him to my care. Your telegram of yesterday I regarded as humbug—I felt sure that the reluctance which my wife perceived in your manner would be likely to increase, not diminish, as time went on. I took the liberty, therefore, of sending a cablegram myself to

and I must see that your house is in all respects the most suitable for him to live in."

"You can do as you please with regard to that," said Marsden. "I have no doubt you will not like the house, but if money is no object we can soon move into one more suitable."

He rose as he spoke and walked towards the window, putting his hands into his trousers pockets as he did so. The more I looked at the man, the more cordially did I dislike him. Could I have invented the smallest excuse, I would have kept Noel

from his tender mercies at any risk. While I stood and thought, Marsden turned quickly and faced me. He pulled his watch out of his pocket.

"I am anxious to return to Bournemouth at once," he said. "If the child is well enough to travel, can you not bring him down to-day? I should like to have this matter settled as quickly as possible."

"I believe the child can travel to-day," I said. "Will you have the kindness to take a chair? I



"YOUR TELEGRAM I REGARDED AS HUMBUG."

Lady Temple. I have her reply in my pocket. Here it is."

As he spoke, Marsden unfolded a sheet of thin paper. He put it into my hands. I read the following words:—

*"Ask Dr. Halifax to deliver Noel to your care and Helen's without delay.—Emily Temple."*

"You see," continued Marsden, "that I have come with authority. I shall be glad to take my wife's nephew back to Bournemouth this afternoon, if he is fit to travel."

I didn't speak for a moment.

"In the face of that cablegram you can't detain the boy," continued Marsden.

"If his mother really wishes him to go to you, I have not another word to say," I replied, after a pause. "I regret, however, that she did not know her own mind when she first sent the child to England. It is still, however, my duty to care for his health,

will go and give directions about his clothes being packed."

Shortly afterwards we were on our way to Waterloo Station. We caught our train, and in due time found ourselves at Bournemouth. Noel was nearly quite silent all the way down. I observed him without appearing to do so. His sensitive eyes, with their distended pupils, a sure sign of delicacy, often travelled to the hard, flippant face of Marsden. Marsden whistled, joked, and was as vulgarly disagreeable as man could be.

We reached Bournemouth, a cab was secured, and we drove straight to the Marsdens' house. Mrs. Marsden came to the door to receive us. The moment I glanced at her, I was struck with the nervous expression of her face. She gave her husband a glance of almost terror, then with a forced smile turned to the boy, stretched out her arms, and



clasped him to her heart. Her manner to the child was full of tender affection.

"What fools women are," said Marsden, roughly. "To see my wife, anyone would suppose that she was the mother of that little brat. Come along in, Dr. Halifax. I hope Mrs. Marsden's manner satisfies you. You can see for yourself into what a snug corner your fledgling has dropped. Mrs. Marsden, when you've done hugging that boy, will you see about tea? Here, doctor, make yourself at home."

As he spoke he ushered me into a stuffy little parlour with a smell of stale tobacco about it. Mrs. Marsden followed us into the room—she held Noel's hand in hers.

"Can I see you alone for a few moments?" I said to her.

"Certainly," she answered.

She led me into a small drawing-room, shutting the door carefully behind her.

"I see," she said, the moment we were alone, "that my husband has had his way. He went up to town determined to have it."

"I will be frank with you, Mrs. Marsden," I replied. "Your husband would not have had his way but for Lady Temple's cablegram. In the face of that I could not detain the boy. Until I hear to the contrary, however, the care of his health is still in my hands, and while this is the case, it is my duty to arrange matters so that he may have a chance of recovery."

"Is his life in danger?" inquired Mrs. Marsden.

"It is in no danger at present."

"He looks sadly delicate."

"He is delicate. He suffers from weakness of the heart and a general delicacy, probably due to his early years being spent in a tropical climate. At the present moment, however, the boy has no actual disease. He simply requires the greatest care. Can you give it to him?"

"I think so."

"I believe you will do your best," I answered, gazing at her earnestly. "The child needs happiness—plenty of fresh air, and the most nourishing food. If his mind is satisfied and at rest, and if his body is kept from exposure, he will probably become quite strong in time. Are you prepared to undertake the care of the child, Mrs. Marsden? Remember that he will require the closest care and watching."

"He shall have the best that I can give him," she answered. "Before God, I promise to be true to the child—he shall want for nothing—I will be a mother to him."

"I believe you will be good to him," I said; "but please understand, I am not so certain about your husband. I don't suppose for a moment that he would do the boy a grave injury. If I seriously thought that, notwithstanding Lady Temple's cablegram, I would not leave him here; but without meaning to injure the child, he would probably be rough to him. In short, it is necessary that the little boy should be placed in your hands altogether."

"I will manage it, you needn't fear," she answered.

Pink spots burnt on each of her cheeks—her hands trembled.

"Very well," I said, "I am willing to trust you. I will see the child's solicitors to-morrow. Terms can be made which will abundantly satisfy your husband's expectations. I will leave Noel with you until I have had time to write to Lady Temple and to receive a reply from her. If the boy improves in health, the arrangement can be permanent. The first thing necessary to be done on your part, however, is to leave this house. Please see an agent to-morrow, and select a house in a dry and sunny part of the pine wood."

"I will do so," replied Mrs. Marsden, "and now I think tea is ready. Will you come into the dining-room with me?"

I accompanied Mrs. Marsden into the shabby room where Marsden had first led me—the close smell again affected me disagreeably.

"May I ask you to open that window at the top?" I said to Marsden; "my patient must not be exposed to draughts, but it is necessary that he should have a certain amount of fresh air."

"What do you mean?" said my host, with a scowl.

"What I say, sir," I replied. "The boy must not have his meals in such a close room as this."

Marsden went up to one of the windows, opened it about an inch, and then took his seat at the table. Mrs. Marsden sat opposite the tea equipage; she had helped Noel to a cup of tea, and was just handing one to me, when the room door was opened and a cadaverous-looking young man of about one or two and twenty entered.

"Oh, is that you, Sharp?" said Marsden. "Dr. Halifax, let me introduce my young friend, Joseph Sharp. Sharp, you have the privilege of making the acquaintance of a Harley Street doctor, of some reputation. Take a good look at him, my boy; if you are

prudent and clever, you may follow in his footsteps some day. Sharp is studying medicine," continued Marsden, by way of explanation to me—"he looks like one of the fraternity, doesn't he? Sharp has just the right hand for an operator—so I always say. He prefers medicine, but I tell him he's lost to surgery."

While Marsden was speaking, Sharp wiped the perspiration from his face—his appearance was by no means prepossessing. He sat down near me, and once or twice raised his eyes to glance inquisitively at Noel. Noel was studying him with the frank stare of a child.

"Are you preparing yourself for the medical profession here?" I asked, after a pause.

"Yes," he replied, "I am filling in my vacation by studying materia medica and dispensing at Dr. Biggs's—I work there all day."

"And sleep here," interrupted Marsden. "Sharp is a good fellow, Dr. Halifax. I often say he has the making of a fortune in him if he only knows how to apply himself. By the way, in case that boy is ill, I suppose you will like Biggs to see him?—we can't telegraph for you whenever he has a cold in his head or anything of that sort."

"I will arrange that," I answered. "My friend, Dr. Hart, will look after the child—I am going to see him before I return to town. I am afraid I must now say 'Good-bye.'"

I rose as I spoke; at the same moment little Noel sprang to his feet and ran to my side.

"I want to go back to town with you," he said; "I don't wish to stay here."

"Come, my little man, no folly of that sort," said Marsden, roughly. He stepped

forward and laid his hand on the child's shoulder.

"Leave him to me," I said. "Come, Noel, I will speak to you in the drawing-room."

I took the child's hand and led him out of the room.

"You must be a brave boy," I said, steeling my heart against his tearful face. "Your mother wishes you to stay here for a little, and your aunt has promised to be very kind to you. I'll come and see you this day fortnight. Now, you know, you are not going to cry—manly boys don't cry."

"No, I won't cry," said Noel. He made a valiant effort to swallow a lump in his throat. "I'll stay if you wish me to," he added, "but you'll promise faithfully to be back in a fortnight?"

"You have my promise," I replied.

"Thank you," said Noel; "I trust you—you are a perfect gentleman—gentlemen can always be trusted."

He put his hand into mine and we returned to the parlour. I was shaking hands with Mrs. Marsden, when I was attracted by an unusual sound. I looked around me, thinking that a bird had come into the room. To my

astonishment, I noticed that Sharp was imitating the dulcet strains of the nightingale with wonderful accuracy. After producing some exquisite notes, he stopped abruptly, and beckoned Noel to his side.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Noel.

"Would you like to whistle like that?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"Let me look at your throat—if you have the right sort of throat, I can teach you to imitate any bird that ever sang."

The boy opened his mouth eagerly—his



"GENTLEMEN CAN ALWAYS BE TRUSTED."



sorrows were completely forgotten—he didn't even notice when I left the room.

At the end of ten days, I had a letter from Mrs. Marsden. She had not only found a house, but had moved into it—Noel was well and happy, and was looking forward with interest to my visit.

I kept my word, and the following Sunday arrived again at Bournemouth. Mrs. Marsden had given me the new address, and I soon found the house. She received me in the hall.

I scarcely knew her for the same woman who had interviewed me a fortnight ago. Her face was bright—the anxiety had left her manner. She was neatly and properly dressed, and looked like what she was, the mistress of a charming and well-appointed house.

"You will like to see Noel," she said; "he is in the garden with Joe, as we always call Mr. Sharp. He is devoted to Joe, and will never stay with anyone else when he is in the house. Oh, there they both are. How delighted Noel will be to see you again."

Mrs. Marsden opened the French windows of the pretty drawing-room as she spoke, and called the boy's name.

"Here is Dr. Halifax, Noel," she cried.

"Hallo! I'm coming," answered little Noel, in his clear tones; "you must come, too, Joe—yes, I insist." Then he called out again, "Tell Dr. Halifax that I'll be with him in a minute with Joe, Aunt Helen; now then Joe, come on."

The two approached the window together. They made a strong contrast. The boy looked lovely and blooming—there was colour in his cheeks, animation and hope in his eyes. Sharp's cadaverous face, his undersized, undeveloped person, his large mouth and small eyes with their red lids, gave him altogether a repulsive *tout ensemble*. Nevertheless, the child adored him. By what possible means had he won the boy's heart? Even when Noel sprang to my side, he glanced back at Sharp.

"I'm so glad to see you, Dr. Halifax," he

said. "Oh, I'm as well as I can possibly be—you ask Joe about me. Joe is clever; he's teaching me all sorts of things—I've got some carpenter's tools, and I'm making a ship. Joe knows the names of all the different sails. Then he's teaching me to imitate the birds—he says my throat is the right sort. I can do the robin and the thrush and the blackbird now, and next week I shall have a try for the lark's notes. You stay quiet, Dr. Halifax, and listen. Now, what bird am I imitating?"

He stepped back, screwed up his little mouth, and whistled some beautiful notes.

I made a correct guess.

"That's the sweetest thrush's song I've heard all the year," I said.

He clapped his hands with delight.

At dinner I observed that Marsden's place was empty. I inquired for him.

When I did so, Mrs. Marsden's cheeks became suffused with pink.

"I meant to tell you," she answered. "My husband has left us for a time."

"Left you?" I asked. "Where has he gone to?"

"To America—sudden business has called him to South America—he will in all probability be absent for the winter."

I guessed now why Mrs. Marsden's manner had so altered for the better. Marsden was away—she could do exactly as she pleased, therefore, about the boy. The boy was of course perfectly safe with her, and I might, therefore, cast all anxiety with regard to him from my mind.

Shortly afterwards I took my leave.

There was no necessity for me to see little Noel again for some time, and when I received a sudden

telegram about him, he had to a certain extent passed into the back part of my memory.

The telegram was from my friend, Dr. Hart, in whose medical care I had placed the boy. It contained the following words: "Sir Noel Temple ill—heart attack—wish to consult you."

I wired back to say that I would go to



"THEY MADE A STRONG CONTRAST."

Bournemouth by the evening train. I did so, and reached Dr. Hart's house about ten o'clock.

"I'm heartily glad that you are able to come, Halifax," he said, as he led me into his smoking-room. "I have just come from the child—I don't like his condition."

"When I heard about him last, he was in perfect health," I replied.

"That is the case—he remained well until last Monday—I was suddenly sent for then, and found him in a state almost approaching syncope. I gave him the usual medicines and he quickly revived. Since then, however, his condition has been the reverse of satisfactory, and he was so weak to-day, and the medicine had so completely failed to produce the expected results, that I thought it best for you to see him."

"I am glad you sent for me," I replied. "The child has from time to time suffered from functional derangement of the heart. He had a nasty attack just before he was taken to Bournemouth, but on examination I could not trace the slightest organic disease."

"I have also examined the heart carefully," replied Hart, "and cannot trace any cardiac disorder. The state of the little patient, however, puzzles me considerably—there is nothing to account for the complete depression of the whole system."

"Well," I replied, "I will go with you at once to see the child."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we arrived at the Marsdens' house. Mrs. Marsden was up; she was evidently expecting us. When we rang the hall-door bell, she opened the door herself.

"Come in," she said. "Oh, Dr. Halifax, I'm so glad you are here. I think Noel is a shade better. The boy has spoken about you several times to-day—he has repeatedly said that he wanted to see you. He suffers greatly from restlessness and low spirits—that is, when Joe is not in the room with him. He is more attached to Joe than ever, but of course he can't be with him during the day, as Dr. Biggs requires all his time. Joe is with the child now—he sleeps in his room—they are quite cheerful together—I even heard Noel laugh as I came downstairs."

Mrs. Marsden's face looked much worn, and her eyes were red as if she had been crying. No one could doubt the genuineness of her trouble about the child. She hurried us into one of the sitting-rooms, and said she would go upstairs to prepare little Noel for our visit.

A moment or two later, Hart and I went upstairs to visit the little patient. The room in which he was lying was large and lofty. He was half sitting up in bed supported by pillows—his breath was coming quickly—there was a bright spot on one cheek, but the rest of the face wore a suspiciously blue tint.

I spoke to him cheerfully; he gave me one of his usual bright, affectionate glances, and put his hand into mine.

"Stoop down," he said, in a whisper.

I bent over him immediately.

"It takes my breath away to talk, but I'm awfully glad you've come," he said, with emphasis.

"I'm delighted to see you again, dear boy," I replied. "Now the thing is to get you better as quickly as possible. I will just listen to that troublesome little heart of yours, and see if I can't do something to set it right again."

"It's like a watch gone wrong," said Noel. "I wish it would tick properly."

"So it shall, by-and-by," I answered.

I took out my stethoscope and made the usual examination. The action of the heart was feeble—the pulse intermittent; but I quickly came to the conclusion that the disorder was functional. There was no organic mischief to be detected in any of the sounds.

"What are you giving him?" I said to Dr. Hart.

Sharp, who had been standing by the head of the boy's bed, now came hastily forward.

"Perhaps you want to see the prescription?" he said, stammering as he spoke. "I am very sorry—I left it at the chemist's. I took it there in a great hurry this evening, and brought away the medicine without waiting for it. Shall I run and fetch it?"

"No," replied Hart, "that is not necessary—I can tell you exactly what I prescribed, Halifax—digitalis, bromide of potassium, and a little of the alcoholic extract of aconite."

"I will talk the matter over with you downstairs," I said.

We left the room together.

After some consultation, I suggested the addition of ether to the medicine. I then proceeded to say:—

"The condition of the heart is not alarming in itself—there is no murmur, but there seems to be a slight dilatation of the left ventricle. You did quite right to order the extract of aconite—there is, in my opinion, no more useful medicine for such a condition. The boy will require rest and great



care. The probabilities are that, with this, he will return to his normal condition within a few days. I should like, however, to have a trained nurse sent for immediately."

"I agree with you," said Hart. "I don't care for that fellow Sharp."

"The child seems attached to him," I replied; "but in any case he can't be with him all the time. The boy will do much better with a nurse. I happen to have a nurse belonging to my own staff who will be just the person to undertake the case. I will telegraph to her to come here the first thing in the morning."

I saw Mrs. Marsden, and spoke on the subject of the nurse.

"I shall be delighted to have a proper nurse," she replied. "I thought of engaging one before you came, but the child clings so to Joseph Sharp, that I didn't dare to propose that anyone else should take his place."

"He must have a nurse," I answered; "he can see Sharp now and then in her presence. The mere fact of his taking so much interest in the man's society is too much for him in his weak state."

I asked Mrs. Marsden if she could give me a bed, and spent the night in the house with my little patient. Towards morning I rose and went into his room. Sharp was lying on a stretcher bed in another part of the room. He didn't hear me when I came in. He was lying on his back with his mouth open. I thought his face repulsive, and wondered why the boy took to him as he did. I felt my little patient's pulse without awakening him. It was soft and regular; there was a faint moisture on the skin. He had already taken two doses of the altered medicine. I was satisfied with the result of the new ingredient which I had introduced. I was about to leave the room when Joe's voice, sharp and sudden, smote on my ears.

"You might make it five thousand pounds, Mr. Marsden," he said.

He turned over on his side as he uttered the words, and fell off into profound slumber. I was too busy and preoccupied to give the queer sentence a second thought, but I was destined to remember it later on. I went off now to telegraph for Nurse Jenkins, a nurse I knew and could depend on. She arrived in the course of the morning, and I established her by little Noel's bedside be-

fore I returned to town. Hart and I had a further consultation about the boy. The nurse promised to write to me daily, and I went back to London under the conviction that the child would speedily recover from his present attack.

I received a bulletin every evening from the nurse. On the third day, her letter ran as follows:—

"I don't like my little patient's symptoms. I give him his medicine regularly, but I often feel inclined to leave it off altogether. Almost immediately after taking it, he complains of a feeling of sickness—he has even vomited once or twice. The vomiting is followed by a state of collapse more or less severe; the pulse is very intermittent. Dr. Hart is ill, and has not seen the child for a couple of days; his assistant promised to write to you about the medicine."

I expected a letter by the next post, but none came. I felt uneasy, and resolved to go to Bournemouth.

I arrived late in the afternoon and went straight to the Marsdens' house. Just as I reached the door, it was suddenly opened and Sharp came out. He evidently didn't expect me, for he started violently and his



"HE STARTED VIOLENTLY."

ugly white face assumed a green tint—his small eyes almost started from his head.

"Oh, the boy is just the same," he said. "He's weak—I don't believe he'll do—glad you've come—didn't know you were expected."

"I have come," I replied, briefly, "in consequence of a letter from Nurse Jenkins. I am sorry the boy is not so well."

"He doesn't gain strength," said Sharp. "Are you going up to see him now?"

"Yes," I replied—I passed him as I spoke.

I ran quickly upstairs. No one knew I was in the house. I opened the door of the sick room. Mrs. Marsden was sitting by the little fellow's bed. He was lying flat on his back, his head was raised, he was breathing faintly, his eyes were shut. The nurse was arranging some bottles and medicine glasses in a distant part of the room. She turned on hearing my footsteps, put one finger to her lips, then beckoned to me to follow her into the ante-room.

"Oh, Dr. Halifax," she said, "I'm so relieved you've come. The child is, I fear, sinking fast."

"I hope not," I answered.

"But he is—he grows worse each moment. I am dissatisfied about the medicine. Dr. Hart is very ill—his assistant knows nothing about the case. It is a great relief to see you here."

"You ought to have telegraphed for me," I said. "Now don't keep me—I will ascertain the child's condition myself."

I returned to the sick room and took the boy's little wrist between my finger and thumb. The pulse was scarcely perceptible.

"He has been very sick again," said Nurse Jenkins; "he is sick every time he takes the medicine. I had almost decided not to give him another dose when you arrived."

"Bring me some brandy at once," I said.

The nurse did so. Mrs. Marsden, who had started to her feet when I approached the bedside, gazed at me with eyes dilated with terror.

"Keep quiet," I said to her; "the boy is too weak to stand the slightest noise—he will be better when he takes this."

I mixed a strong dose, and put a little between the child's lips. After some difficulty he swallowed it—his beautiful eyes were glazed—he looked at me without recognition.

"That's right," I said, when I became certain that he had really swallowed the brandy; "the heart's action will soon be better."

As I spoke I took out my hypodermic syringe and injected a little ether under the skin. The effect was instantaneous—the child's breathing became easier, and a little colour came into his ears.

During the next half-hour I administered small doses of brandy at short intervals, and tried every means in my power to induce heat. After a time success attended my efforts—the boy sighed—moved a little, and opened his eyes wide—the state of collapse had passed. His cheeks now burned with fever, and the pulse galloped hard and fast in his little wrist.

I motioned to Mrs. Marsden to take my place by the bedside, and then asked Nurse Jenkins to accompany me into the next room.

"Show me the prescription," I said.

"I am very sorry," she replied; "I have just given it to Mr. Sharp."

It suddenly flashed through my memory that on the last occasion when I wanted to see Hart's prescription, I could not do so because Sharp had left it at the chemist's. The nurse went on apologizing.

"We were out of the medicine—I wanted to have some more made up. Mrs. Marsden's own chemist lives some way from here, and Mr. Sharp suggested that if I gave him the prescription he would get it made up by a chemist close by."

"How long is it since Sharp was here?" I asked.

"Just before you came—he rushed into the room making quite a noise. The child was very weak at the time. He came close up to the bed, and looked at the little fellow for two or three minutes. To tell the truth, Dr. Halifax, I never liked the man, but he must have been much attached to the boy. I seldom saw such a look of agony on any face. I can really describe his expression by no other word."

"Are you quite sure, nurse, that Sharp has not been alone with little Noel since you had the charge of him?"

"Quite; I have actually lived in the room. Mr. Sharp has been to see Noel once or twice every day. The little fellow delighted in his visits. Mr. Sharp used to imitate the birds—little Noel generally fell asleep while he was whistling."

I thought hard for a moment.

"What is the name of the chemist who usually makes up the medicine?" I asked.

"Howell and Jones—their shop is close to the sea at the bottom of the hill. Howell and Jones are the chemists Mrs. Marsden



used to employ when she lived in their old house. She thought that Noel's medicine might as well be made up at her own chemist's."

"Have you any of the medicine left?" I asked.

"No, the last dose is finished—the bottle was forgotten to be sent to the chemist's this morning—that is why Mr. Sharp rushed off with the prescription in a hurry. The hour is past now when the child ought to have his medicine."

"I should like to see the empty bottle."

Nurse Jenkins went to look for it. She came back in a few moments.

"I left it on the wash-hand stand in that room," she said. "It is not there—I wonder if Mr. Sharp put it in his pocket?"

"It doesn't matter whether he did or not," I replied.

My suspicions were fully aroused. There was more than anger in my heart at that moment.

"Do not say a word of what I suspect, nurse," I said, "but my impression is that there is foul play somewhere. The medicine which Dr. Hart and I prescribed could by no possibility have the effects which you describe. I am going immediately to see Howell and Jones. Give the boy a dose of brandy if there is the least return of faintness, and don't allow Sharp near the room on any terms."

I left the house, hailed the first cab I saw, and drove to the chemist's shop. I entered quickly; a tall, serious-looking man was standing behind the counter. I asked him if he was a member of the firm.

"I am Mr. Howell," he replied.

I took out my card and gave it to him.

"You have been making up medicines for a patient of mine," I said, "a little boy of the name of Sir Noel Temple. He is living with one of your customers, Mrs. Marsden. You have made up medicine for the child several times."

"I have, Dr. Halifax."

"I want to look at your copy of the last prescription."

The man turned to fetch his book.

"May I ask, doctor," he said, as he handed it to me, "if the child is better?"

"No; he is suffering from serious collapse and weakness."

"That seems scarcely to be wondered at," remarked the man. "There is a special in-

gredient in your prescription which surprised me—niconitin seems quite a new drug to order in cases of heart failure."

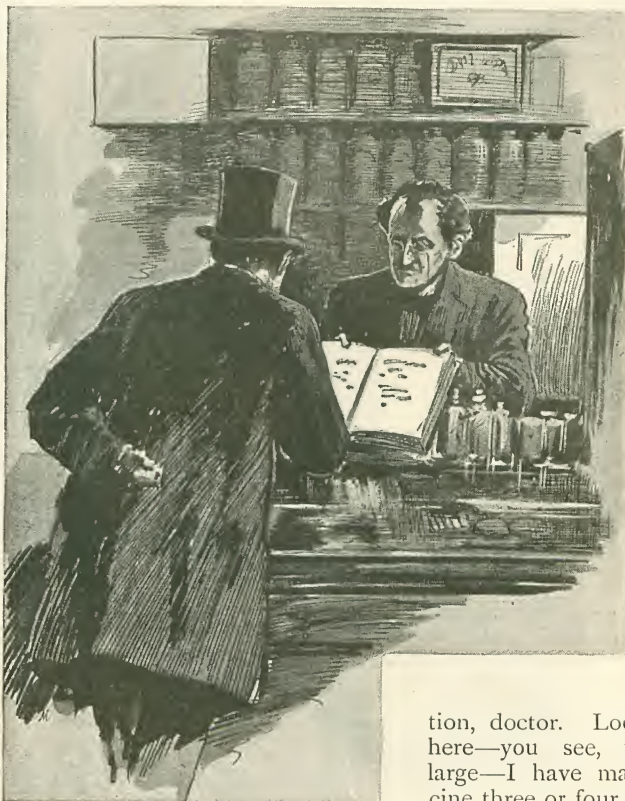
"Niconitin?"

I exclaimed, horror in my tones. "What can you possibly mean? There was no niconitin in the prescription. Such a drug would act as direct poison in a case like the child's."

"Nevertheless, it is one of the principal ingredients in the prescrip-

tion, doctor. Look at my copy—here—you see, the proportion is large—I have made up this medicine three or four times."

As the man spoke he turned his book towards me and laid his finger on the copy of Hart's prescription and mine. With a glance my eye took in the names of the different ingredients. The chemist was right—a large proportion of niconitin was one of them. This drug, as is well known, is the active property of tobacco. Its effect upon the heart would account for all the



"LOOK AT MY COPY."

symptoms from which the child was suffering. Taken in quantities here prescribed, it would cause vomiting, collapse, and feeble action of the pulse. In short, its effect on the irritable heart of my little patient would be that of direct poison.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, in anger, "that you, an experienced chemist, would dispense a prescription so manifestly contradictory without referring to the doctor who wrote it?"

"I spoke to Mr. Sharp about it," replied the man. "I even pointed out the inconsistency. He replied that the case was peculiar, and that niconitin was necessary as a sedative. Had it not been for Mr. Sharp, whom we know so well——"

"That will do," I interrupted, "I have no more time to waste over words. I shall probably want to see this book again. Meanwhile, give me a piece of paper, I must order another medicine."

I hastily wrote out a prescription for a strong restorative. The medicine was supplied to me, and I went back as fast as possible to the Marsdens' house.

Mrs. Marsden came downstairs to meet me.

"How is the child?" I said to her.

"Better; he is in a natural sleep."

I took the bottle of fresh medicine out of my pocket.

"Give this to nurse," I said. "The child is to have a teaspoonful every quarter of an hour. By the way, at what hour does your boarder, Mr. Sharp, come home?"

"Not until evening, as a rule, but it so happens that he is in the house at the present moment."

"Where?"

"In his bedroom—he ran upstairs ten minutes ago. He asked first if you were in. Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, I do. Which is his room?"

"I will send for him."

"No; tell me which is his room, and I will go to him."

My manner surprised her. She gave me a brief direction. I rushed upstairs and entered Sharp's room without knocking.

The fellow was standing by a small port-manteau which he was hastily packing. When he heard my step he turned—his face became ashy pale—he looked almost as if he would faint.

"Now, look here," I said, closing the door and walking straight up to the man, "I have discovered the whole of this villainous plot. If you don't confess everything immediately, you will find yourself in the



"THE FELLOW WENT ON HIS KNEES IN HIS TERROR."

hands of the police in a few moments' time. In short, neither you nor I leave this room until you have told me everything."

The fellow went on his knees in his terror—he covered his face with his shaking hands.

"Get up," I said, in disgust. "I can't speak to you nor listen to you in your present position."

He rose and tottered towards a chair—he was really too weak to stand.

"I'm glad you know," he said, with a sort



of gasp ; "yes, I am—I'm glad it's all known. I couldn't have gone on with it—I'd rather be hanged than go on with it for another hour."

"Tell me your story quickly," I said ; "I have not a moment to listen to your sentimentalities—the child's life hangs at this moment in the balance."

"Is there a chance for him, doctor?" said the man, looking full up at me.

"Yes, yes, if you'll only be quick and pull yourself together."

"Then I will—my God, I will—I don't care about anything now in the world except the little fellow's life. Half an hour ago I stood by his death-bed. My God, it was torture to stand there and look at my own work!"

"Speak," I said ; "if you don't tell me what you know at once, I will send for the police."

Sharp gave me another terrified look. I saw by the expression in his eyes that, whatever his sins, he at least repented now.

"It was this way," he began : "I was Marsden's tool. I don't want to blame him over much, but I was his tool from the first. He wanted the boy to die, and he wanted to get off himself scot-free. As soon as ever he heard who the child was, he began to plot this fiendish thing. He dragged me into it—I struggled against him, but he was strong, and I had no power. He knew one or two things against me, and he held them over my head. I agreed to help him. I wasn't a week with the boy before I began to get fond of him."

"You can leave that part out," I interrupted, with heat.

Sharp paused as if someone had dealt him a blow.

"Marsden went to America," he continued. "He promised to give me £4,500 on the day he entered into possession of the child's estates. I was always studying drugs, and he suggested that I should give the boy something to bring on an attack of the heart, and then that I should tamper with the doctor's prescription. I had been studying the effects of tobacco taken in excess, and it occurred to me that niconitin would do the deadly work. That's all. The boy has been taking large doses of niconitin disguised in your medicine for the last fortnight."

"Where's Marsden now?" I said, when the fellow paused.

"I can't quite tell you—somewhere in America—for God's sake, don't give me up to him—he'd murder me."

"Your future is nothing to me," I said. "but I shall take the precaution to lock you

up in this room until I know if your little victim is to live or die. If he lives, you can go ; if not——" I did not finish my sentence, but, turning the key in the door, ran quickly downstairs. Mrs. Marsden was waiting for me in one of the passages.

"What is the matter? Why were you so long with Mr. Sharp?" she said.

"Come in here—I have something to tell you," I answered.

I opened a door which stood near—we entered a sitting-room—I closed the door behind me.

"I can't conceal the truth from you, Mrs. Marsden," I said. "I have made an awful discovery—that poor little fellow has been the victim of a fiendish plot."

She interrupted me with a cry.

"No, no," she began, "no, don't say it—no, it's impossible—he's far away—he is bad, but not so bad as that."

"I pity you from my heart," I answered, "but your husband is bad enough for anything—he left his tool behind him—Sharp was his tool. I am only just in time to save the boy."

I then briefly told Mrs. Marsden of the discovery which I had made at the chemist's.

Her horror and agitation were excessive ; she, at least, poor woman, was fully innocent.

"I must take the boy away from here," I said. "I am sorry—I know you have had nothing to do with it, but because you are that scoundrel's wife—I must take the child away from you as soon as ever he is fit to be moved."

"I submit," she answered. "The fact is, I would not have him now on any terms. Oh, what a miserable woman I am—why did I ever listen to my husband? Why did I ever consent to receive the child? Oh, he is a fiend—he is a fiend—why have I the misfortune to be his wife?"

I had no reply to make to this—it was time for me to hurry back to my little patient's bedside. He was very ill. For the next few days his life really hung in the balance. The case was such a peculiar one that I resolved not to leave him. Nurse Jenkins and I watched by him day and night. After two days, the extreme weakness became less marked, and gradually and slowly the heart recovered tone and strength. After a very slow convalescence, little Sir Noel became much better. I brought him back to Harley Street—he is still with me. I mean to keep him until his mother returns to England. As to Sharp, I gave him his liberty when I saw that the boy was likely to live. I have not heard of him since.

## Illustrated Interviews.

### XLI.—LORD ONSLOW IN NEW ZEALAND.

By CONSTANCE EAGLESTONE.



From a Photo. by]

GOVERNMENT HOUSE—WELLINGTON.

[Wright.



HE reason which the Earl of Onslow gave when he accepted the post of Governor of New Zealand was—speaking in general terms, which to a non-political writer is always permitted—that he wanted to find out where the place was and all about it. I will assume in the same manner that the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* wish to know who Lord Onslow is and all about him. And this I will proceed to explain without further apology to such as are as well up as they should be in the history of Men of the Time, and to whom I may be able to tell little that they do not know already.

Lord Onslow can claim three Speakers of the House of Commons among his ancestors, and in this respect I believe I am correct in stating that he is unique. These members of the Onslow family were not only able to appropriate the Chair, but to retain it in their own possession; one of them, Mr. Arthur Onslow, sitting in it for no less than three and thirty years in succession. Lord Onslow tells some amusing and original stories of the

said ancestors, but I have only space for one, that of the Mr. Speaker Onslow who kept the House in order by means of the fierceness of his look and the awe-inspiring tones of his voice.

"Sir!" he would exclaim, if one more daring than another continued to "obstruct" after a first hint as to silence had been given; "Sir, I must name you!" And before this threat the disturber of the peace would shrink away among the benches. One of the Speaker's friends, however, who knew the Onslow bark was worse than its bite, whispered one day:—

"Tell me, Sir—what would be the consequence if you *did* name him?"

"The Lord in Heaven knows, *I* don't," replied the Speaker, mildly, and then he glared round the House to see who else might stand in need of correction.

One of these Speakers lived in the reign of Queen Bess, another in that of Queen Anne, and the third under George II. A fine picture, by Sir James Thornhill and William Hogarth, represents the House of Commons in 1730, with Mr. Speaker Onslow conferring



with Sir Robert Walpole, and this has the place of honour over the chimney-piece in the library at Clandon, Lord Onslow's seat in Surrey.

With these examples before him, it is little wonder that the young peer took kindly to political life from the first, and that he should aim at distinctions yet higher than those which he has already made his own. Lord Onslow has plenty of time in which to realize his ambitions, for he began life very early, and is now only forty years of age.

He, in fact, did everything very young. He succeeded that eccentric old man, his great-uncle, when he was seventeen. He married when he was only twenty-two, had held two Under-Secretaryships and a Court appointment, and was appointed Governor of New Zealand before he was thirty-four.

Before this he had been to the Rockies in search of big game, and the buffalo rugs and bear-skins which lie about the floors at Clandon are full proof that he found it; while a photograph of himself, surrounded by a group of grisly bears, buffaloes, big-horned sheep, and deer with fine heads and antlers, all brought down by his bow and spear, make the uninitiated wonder what defence he offered on his return to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which he is a distinguished member.

Lady Onslow consented to throw all the conveniences of civilized existence to the winds and to accompany her husband on this expedition; and though she only now remembers it for its interest and adventures, the hardships she must often have endured under her canvas roof amid the snows, with an ardent sportsman to pronounce the inexorable words, "Move on," every alternate morning, may have been many. Still her courage and fortitude were equal to the demands made upon them, and it is likely that there are few of the memories of past life which she would less willingly forego than those attached to the tour in the Rocky Mountains.

On Lord Onslow's return he wandered into print, and published "A Cowboy's Christmas" in the Yuletide number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. "Just the life you'd like," writes the Earl, with lively reminiscences of his own ranch. "Nobody ever walks a yard. Horses cheaper than saddles, and the most magnificent climate in the world. I'll give you cowboy's wages and your keep, and mount you. After your 'round-up' work is done you can shoot bear and elk in the mountains, and perhaps

we could give you a share in the business by-and-by."

The title of another of Lord Onslow's literary productions, "The Dog in Disgrace," shows us a second side of his life. It was published during one of those hydrophobia panics to which dread of this terrible scourge reduces us from time to time. As a Master of the Hounds, as President of the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, and a whilom member of the Committee of the Kennel Club, Lord Onslow's opinion on this subject carries exceptional weight. First of all he adjures people not to let themselves be driven mad by their own fears; and for their consolation he points out that during the year of which he wrote, the London police force had not lost a single member from hydrophobia, though they had conveyed over sixty thousand dogs to the Home, and had been frequently bitten, sometimes by dogs known to be mad; while the keeper of that asylum had been bitten more than once, yet never suffered other than temporary inconvenience.

The kindly President also strongly advocated the use of a lethal chamber, where dogs which must die could pass away easily in their sleep. The construction is simple and inexpensive, Lord Onslow says, and it might be readily adopted in any city, and thus the present barbarous practices often resorted to for destroying undesired and undesirable members of the canine world could be put an end to. Lord Onslow moreover recommended that the custom in certain cities abroad of hanging a locket in the form of a metal ticket, with name and address, round every dog's neck, should be insisted on. He humorously said, further, that he was sure that if an appeal could be made to the common-sense of the more intelligent of the animals on the subject of muzzling, and so on, they would cheerfully endure the inconvenience, even as the wise and thoughtful of the human race put up with the annoyances of vaccination to escape small-pox.

It is a great temptation to quote largely from Lord Onslow on the burning matter of the Cow with the historic three Acres, the supply of allotments being one of his subjects, but as New Zealand awaits His Excellency with impatience, she must be allowed to remain undisturbed in the foreground, which she continues to occupy with that patience on which naturalists and statesmen have alike cause to compliment her.

In the year succeeding the Jubilee, Lord Onslow set sail for the Antipodes,

accompanied by his son Lord Cranley, who is now a "man" at Eton, by two golden-haired little daughters, the Ladies Gwendolen and Dorothy Onslow, and by his beautiful young wife—a daughter of that mighty hunter, Alan, Lord Gardner—who, as the gold-diggers of the southern islands remarked later, "had luck in her face." That other stalwart young member of the Onslow household, the New Zealand Chief, Victor Huia, did not appear till later.

The ubiquitous Interviewer, rampant in the Colonies as elsewhere, could not wait till Lord Onslow arrived in New Zealand, but attacked him at Adelaide. He, however, had the consideration to hope he was not an infliction.

"An infliction! Oh, no," replied the accommodating Governor, "I'm used to interviewing. I've travelled a good deal, and America was one of the places I visited."

Thus encouraged, the inquirer asked him to give his impressions of that Australia which was as yet unseen by the passenger on board the ss. *Victoria*, and the answer to this was a reference to the Henry Irving story, who, when interrogated in like manner off Sandy Hook, New York, said:—

"My impressions of America? With the greatest pleasure, but won't you allow me to land and form them first?"

The man with the note-book then proceeded to extract from his victim that he was passionately fond of hunting, that in a less degree he was fond of photography, that he liked racing, driving, shooting, and a few other things, after the conclusion of which Lord Onslow remarked: "You already seem to know so much about me and my peculiar likes and dislikes that I wonder you have taken the trouble to interview me at all!"

To turn for one moment to a graver subject—which in deference to the known prejudices of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE shall very quickly be again forsaken—it may be interesting at the present moment, when the words Australia and Finance are so indissolubly combined, to quote Lord Onslow's exact words on the situation as it then was:—

"The burden of debt resting on the Colony does seem very heavy," he said, "but then all young countries must borrow, and as long as the money is invested in reproductive works which pay interest on the capital, the principle is a sound one."

The usual display of gunpowder and gold lace followed the landing, the eager curiosity

of the crowds collected at the different points was turned into satisfaction and approval, triumphal arches looked down upon the train of carriages filing slowly beneath them, the familiar lines of the Union Jack floated abroad, garlands of lilies and roses, and all the other signs of welcome were duly hung out, and among the more modest offerings at the feet of greatness we read that, after one of the open-air *en route* receptions, a party of ladies remained behind when His Excellency retired, and each one of these solemnly seated herself in the chair wherein his august form had reposed, and remained there for a few seconds in awed silence before she resigned her place to a sister who performed the rite in the same impressive manner.

Sir William Jervois, a Woolwich man, Lieutenant-General, director of fortifications, etc., etc., was the out-going Governor, and a caricature of the day represents him meeting with Lord Onslow, who was judged, though perhaps mistakenly, to take life less seriously.

"Any good shooting about Auckland?" inquires Lord Onslow.

"Oh, yes," replies Jervois. "Very good practice indeed at Fort Cantley. Here's a plan of the forti——"

"Forty humbugs!" is his successor's indignant reply. "Shooting game, I mean! Are you making game of me?"

The reception in the city over, the doors of Government House, Wellington, were flung open before the new-comers, and life began in earnest, while for days and weeks together Lady Onslow saw her husband as rarely as if she were the consort of the engine-driver on the Wild Irishman or the Flying Dutchman at home. Still, her own time was well occupied, as not only had she to see that her own small party was well and pleasantly housed, and to pull about the chairs and tables of her drawing-rooms—for that which has suited the ideas of one woman was never yet known to fulfil the ideal of another—but she had to devise new and pretty costumes for each time she appeared in public, as the reporters would have been grievously disappointed if they could not have described the Countess's dove-coloured *delaine* of Saturday as being far prettier than her *eau de nil* silk of Friday, while adding that it altogether left in the shade her peach-coloured bengaline of Thursday, or the myrtle *crêpon* of the day before.

However, nonsense apart, Lady Onslow's share in her husband's public life was by no means confined to looking pretty and smiling



sweetly upon the people among whom he had come as ruler, for she worked most energetically from the moment she landed to extend the sphere of usefulness and influence of Government House.

During Lord and Lady Onslow's visit to the Hot Lakes at Rotorua, they first came across the Maori in his native condition. The earlier part of the journey was performed by rail, then they took to the road and drove through the lovely forest land, where the beauty of the tree-ferns and the exquisite creepers of the country excited their admiration, while the pheasants which rose to right and left made the fingers of one at least in the train of carriages, itch for his gun.

As they approached Utuhina Bridge, the calm and serenity of the sylvan scene was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a young Maori, who darted forward, a scanty scarlet scarf about his waist as his robe of State, a garland of leaves round his head, a mere in his hands, and nothing else worth mentioning on any part of his person. With his weapon raised he imperiously commanded the driver to stop. His order was obeyed, and at the same moment the young warrior's suite, to the number of twenty, leaped from out of the bush, attired or non-attired, in faithful imitation of their leader, and performed a war-dance, their uncouth gestures, sharp, short cries, swaying limbs, and floating crimson scarves giving a weird grotesqueness to the scene.

The dance over, the chief leaped up behind the splash-board, and, with a silent gesture, ordered his followers to take out the horses and draw the carriage across the aukati line

into Maori Land. This they did, but when the other side of the stream was reached, a new party of "braves" leapt forth armed with guns and prepared to dispute the further progress of the Governor and his party. Lord Onslow's own contingent of Maoris, however, explained that his ways were those of peace, and when they were assured of this the opposer's band fired their guns in the air and joined the escort in pulling the carriage forward, a pause being made that a repetition of the wild dance and its accompanying chant might take place.

A few score spaces further on, still another band of savages sprang, like Roderick Dhu's Highlanders, out of nothing, and the same pantomime was gone through, and this continued till the strangers were introduced into the very heart of the Land of the Aborigines.

No man knows what fear is, so it would be words thrown away to compliment His Excellency the Governor on his courage and composure under this ordeal; but if those who now hold this page in hand do not instantly set up the Countess of Onslow in one of those niches they reserve for the

heroines of all ages, it is because this account of the advance of the Maoris is altogether inadequate to describe the scene, or that the history of the Aborigines of the Colony during the last fifty years has remained unstudied by the readers of this Magazine.

There is one point in the years which Lord and Lady Onslow spent in New Zealand to which allusion must be made, as, without it, this little record would be incomplete; but the reference shall be brief, as it was almost the only blot on an exceptionally happy and



From a Photo. by J.

A MAORI CHIEF.

(Pullman.)



fortunate page in the lives of the Governor and his family.

The sanitary conditions of Government House, Wellington, were not what they should have been when the new ruler took up his residence in it, and a few weeks after their arrival the typhoid fever, which had already committed ravages in other parts of the town, broke out there.

Lord Onslow's eldest son, Viscount Cranley, Captain Savile, his *aide-de-camp* and private secretary, and other members of

which, in a happier moment, she has described as making the island "a perfect paradise for children."

Lord and Lady Onslow were to see much of the Maoris before they left the island over which these able and warlike savages once ruled. They were destined even to become the parents of a Maori chief, the Huia to whom reference has been made; and it is not every Earl and Countess of the United Kingdom to whom it is given to rank a Maori chief among their sons.



From a]

LORD ONSLOW'S FOUR-IN-HAND LEAVING FOR AUCKLAND RACES.

[Photograph.

the household were struck down by it. For long the heir of Clandon hung between life and death, while the whole island shared in the despair of the devoted young mother.

Happily, however, her fears were not to be realized; the crisis came, then the slow progress back to health, and eventually Captain Savile, who had made many friends in the island during his residence, was pronounced well enough to undertake a sea voyage for his complete re-establishment, while Lady Onslow received permission to let her boy begin that life on the sea-shore

When they had been in New Zealand about eighteen months a little boy was born, and immediately every woman in the island, and some even who were not women, set themselves to select a name for him, reference to the wishes of the mother being put aside as a matter for possible future consideration.

The Mayors of the four chief centres agreed that the Sovereign at home must be approached on the subject of standing sponsor to the boy, a wish which was at once gratified by Her Majesty in her most gracious manner. On this there were no two opinions;



that one of the names should be Victor was, then, a foregone conclusion. But the other, what should it be? Colonial honour was at stake, and there must be no thought of baptism till due time had been secured for the deep reflection demanded by so weighty a cause! It was a matter of international importance, too. Was there not a Government House over the water where a daughter, native born, had been called Myee? Never must New Zealand stand behind when New South Wales had taken the lead.

Victor Wellington might do, thought the inhabitants of the First City. It was imposing and euphonious. Still there was a kind of imported fragrance about it. As far as is generally known, the Hero of Waterloo never visited the Antipodes, either as Arthur Wellesley or under his later title; and it was, geographically speaking, improbable that he had ever come to the Double Island even under a *nom-de-guerre*.

Besides, the earth supports many places named Wellington, and there must be no doubt at all as to where Lord Onslow's son was born. Homer, Mr. Gladstone, and others had already proved the inconvenience as to uncertainty on that initial fact in their existence. Then what would Dunedin, what would Auckland and Christchurch say, if Wellington were marked out for this crowning distinction? The results of former conflicts between native tribes would pale before those that would be in question here. No, search must be made further afield.

It ought to be a name of the soil, it was averred. One that would instantly call up before the eyes of the untravelled north visions of hissing geysers, rose-hued terraces, waving tree-ferns, strange, uncouth birds, and the wild leap of the war-dance, with the tattooed countenances of the braves.

What was the appellation that would

describe all this, and more, at one stroke of the pen? There was Honi-Maake-Hape, and Taiwhanga-Kanhanganni; there was Hira-te-Tuke Pukehawa, Riki-Te Mairaka-Taiaoroa, and Tame-Rangiwhahia-Erihana, with many names of credit and renown; but none seemed to be precisely applicable to the personality of the tiny Onslow who slept selfishly on within his blue and white bassinette, indifferent to the stupendous nature of the difficulty there was, as his father remarked, to give him a start in life.

With some the name Roi found favour. You can call a boy Roi even if he be

destined for an English public school, and the Maoris would be satisfied, as Roi is a great name in their mythology, he being one of the five gods who divided Heaven and earth. A baby might be trusted to set the Thames on fire if he were the namesake of one who had divided Heaven and earth. However, it was pointed out that in their unfathomable ignorance men might come to spell the word with a Y, and then all association would be lost. No, they must try again. The witty wanted him to be called Taihoa, because the name meant "Wait-a-bit"—

"Wait - a - bit - On -

Slow!" It was an inspiration worthy of an American humorist. However, those who had failed to think of it first did not approve. It was felt it would have been such an annoyance to be reminded through life that one had not been able to make such an easy joke as that before anyone else.

Ultimately it was proposed that the name should be *Huia*. And Huia it was settled to be, and even now that he has arrived at the mature age of five, the little Onslow answers to no other call. Huia means most things, so it satisfied everyone. In Maori verse it is a synonym of all that is beautiful



From a

HUIA, THE BABY CHIEF.

[Photograph.]

and divine. It is the name of the great sacred bird, now almost extinct, whose plumes were always to be seen in the head of the greater Maoris when they went out to war or assembled the tribes round them in the great ceremonies which inaugurated a period of peace. It is the name of a great Maori, of whom it is said, "Of the descendants of Huia, all the Elders are Chiefs and all the Sons are Warriors," and finally it is the name of the child of a noble English house who has returned to his home under the shadow of the oaks of Surrey, and who may be known by the single plume

tions given with this little sketch. There is the family group, taken at Auckland with the staff. There is the four-in-hand leaving for the Auckland races, the Governor, of course, with the ribbons in his hands here as when he brought his team to the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park on the other side of the world.

There is one of the ostrich-farms to which the household paid many visits, as the great, bald-necked creatures, with the big, black, soft ball of fluffy feathers which formed their body, were a source of unfailing interest to the young rulers of the home.

There is a flock of sheep, which make up



From a]

LORD ONSLOW, WITH HIS FAMILY AND STAFF.

[Photograph.

he carries in his head-gear, "Ko ti tangata i te huia Kotalu."

The infant was carried to the font in a historic robe and veil, the latter being that worn by one of Lady Onslow's ancestors at her marriage during the last century, and the former that in which the baby's great-grandfather on the Onslow side was baptized. After the ceremony a single huia feather was fixed in the white cap, and the first chapter in the life of the little New Zealander was declared to be complete.

The pleasant home-life of Government House then went on as before, and indications of its lines may be seen in the illustra-

tion of the trifling aggregate of five thousand, stealing through the mist, and for once safe from their insidious enemy, the kea, which settles on their backs, and plunges its cruel beak through the thick coat of wool that it may pierce through the skin and suck the blood from the living animal, till it faints and dies by the roadside.

That is a bad habit brought about by the action of the English, Lord Onslow says in describing this curious phase of animal life in New Zealand. The bird probably first saw the skins of the freshly killed sheep hung up to dry. It tasted and appreciated the fat upon it, and next day it saw the same skin



running about the fields, so thought: "Why not try if it is as good as yesterday?" The sheep might easily have protected itself by rolling over, as any rational beast would, but being a sheep that did not occur to its mind. Instead, it took refuge in flight, which suits its tormentor very well, as it is carried along with it till, worn out by fatigue, the heavy animal drops, when the bird is free to work its wicked will, and to tear out the kidneys with their covering of fat.

The sea-lions in Adam's Island must also be mentioned, and these, as well as the birds, that ardent naturalist, the Governor, has taken under his special protection. He has allotted to their use certain islands, on which no unauthorized human foot may tread; and this was fully necessary, for it was really distressing to mark the rapidity with which the rare and beautiful birds of the country threatened to become as extinct as the moa.

Through the sea-lions, which breed no one yet knows where, Lord Onslow predicts a future for the Antarctic regions that will do more to settle the vexed question of the Behring Sea Fisheries than all the talent of the Barons de Courcel or the Sir Charles Russells of the day combined, by drawing to the Antipodes the sealers who fly the Union Jack.

Finally, among the illustrations, I must mention the Bishop—*ne lui déplaît*—who is engaged in the unepiscopal occupation of climbing a steeple, though it must be mentioned that he did not swing himself up from point to point by means of the scaffolding

poles; but when he was requested to "well and truly lay" the last stone of the spire, he took his place in a basket-chair, in which he was safely raised to the required altitude, some irreverent snap-camera taking advantage of a momentary pause to take a pot-shot at him as he ascended.

"Shall we put that picture in?"

"Oh, yes! It's the best thing we've got!"

"Won't he mind?"

"Not a bit! Why should he?"

"Very well, we will share the responsibility in common."

As the chief, Victor Huia, came to months more mature, he gave expression to a wish, in the silent manner to which he was at that time of his life addicted, that he should be conducted for a space among his own people. Accordingly, a Royal progress was arranged, and taking the Governor and his staff, with the Countess of Onslow and the Ladies Gwendolen and Dorothy in his train, the young Maori proceeded to Otaki, having given due notice of his coming to the leading members of his tribe.

At Otaki he had opportunities of examining the curious carved houses of the natives, the quaint wooden pillars carved into the rude likeness of the island's divinities, with goggle eyes, grim mouths, teeth far apart, and feathers stuck upright in their skull. He saw the Maori mothers with their infants slung across their backs, the same long coarse cloak of reed or fibre enveloping them both. He saw the women of the tribe greeting each other by an inter-rubbing of noses, among them being Iatia Wirum and Te Wahanin,



From a

THE ASCENT OF THE BISHOP.

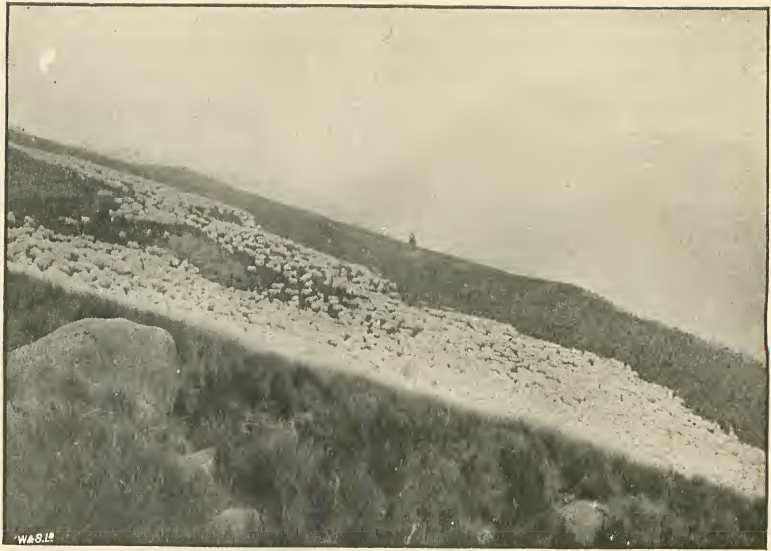
[Photograph.]

who are represented here in the act of embracing. He saw the great, grim chiefs, every inch and corner of their features being marked out with elaborate designs, while the long, shapeless, coarse mats are drawn around their forms; an uncouth weapon is grasped tight in the dark-skinned hand, which is prepared to do doughty deeds in the service of its god or its own honour, while the characteristic feather is stuck

up among their strands of grey hair just above the ear, with as much precision as the aigrette in the dainty tresses of the belle of a London ball-room. An accurate notion of the appearance of such a chief can be obtained from the picture on page 667.

But the Hon. Victor Huia Onslow was not to remain at Otaki in the capacity of a mere traveller and inquirer into the manners and customs of an aboriginal race.

He was to be created a Maori chief, and,



From a]

A FLOCK OF FIVE THOUSAND SHEEP.

[Photograph.

as such, to receive the homage of his tribe, the Ngatihuia, and the allied Hapus.

On the 12th of September, 1891, the Governor's party crossed the Marae, or open square, in front of the Rankawa, and passed between the carved pillars of the vestibule, in which they took their places, the whole way to it being lined with Maoris, shouting: "Haeromai!"

The square had been converted into a grove of fairy-like appearance, a perfect forest



From a]

AN OSTRICH FARM NEAR CHRISTCHURCH.

[Photograph.





*From a Photo. by]* RUBBING NOSES—A MAORI GREETING.

[Pullman.

of palms and tree-ferns having been brought into it and fixed as if growing in the soil, while garlands of the lovely native clematis wreathed the slender stems and hung in festoons from tree to tree. An open way up the centre was covered with matting, and coloured banners waved lightly from the arches overhead.

The Onslow party and their suite were escorted to their places by a procession of the Maoris, the women of the tribe marching first, all wearing holiday attire, the black huia feather with its tip of snow in their hair. They chanted Kaingas and songs of welcome as they went, and on arriving in the square seated themselves on the ground in picturesque attitudes beneath the palm trees, while their leaders stepped forward one by one to address the hero of the day.

First among them was the chief, Kereopa-Inkumaru; then followed Wi - Parata, Tamihaia - Te - Hoia, Hoani-Taipua, Ropata-Te-do, and Maraku. The speeches were trans-

lated to their Excellencies by Sir Walter Buller, to whom, it should be mentioned, was due the credit of suggesting the name of Huia for the little Onslow.

Thus spoke the Maoris :—

“Welcome, O, Governor!

“Welcome, also, Lady Onslow!

“Welcome, O! thou young Huia, the representative of all the great chiefs who have departed.

“The old men of the tribe, where are they? Gone! All gone into the never-ending night. We thank you, O, Governor, for coming to Otaki to present your infant son to his people. But here you find us only a remnant of a great tribe.

“Our fathers are gone, but here are we assembled to welcome your noble son. You, our Governor, have proved yourself the most active of all our Governors. You have seen nearly every village in the land, and nothing seems to tire you.

“Now we are able to welcome you even here at Otaki, in the place where, fifty years ago, the Gospel of Christianity was accepted



*From a Photo. by]*

A MAORI MOTHER AND BABY.

[Pullman.





From a Photo. by]

A MAORI HOUSE.

[Burton Bros., Dunedin.

served for you, O, Governor, to pay this great compliment to the Maori people: that of giving to your son a Maori name.

"According to our ancient custom, no greater courtesy could be shown by one great tribe to another, and there was no surer way of cementing the bonds of friendship. It has long been said: 'Let the Pakeha (English) and the Maori be one people,' and you have given shape to this by accepting for your son the name of an ancient chief.

"We invoke the spirits of our ancestors to witness this day that in your son Huia the friendship of the two races becomes cemented.

"We thank you for this proof of your regard for the Maoris. You have heard the words of the tribe. There is nothing more to say!"

The Earl of Onslow then replied, after which Tamihaua-Te-Hoia, the young Hereditary Chief of the Ngatihua, advanced across the Marae and cried:—

"And now, O, Governor and Lady Onslow, bring forward the infant Huia, that the tribe may do him honour."

by the Maori people. We have been steadfast to the faith all through, following the precepts of our pastor, and never allowing the wars of the land to disturb us.

"All this time our tribe has been loyal to the Queen, and now we welcome you as the Queen's Representative.

"We salute you, according to Maori custom, as the White Crane, of rare appearance, the bird seen once in a lifetime. . . . Other Governors have said kind things and done kind things, but it has been re-

By the young warrior's side marched Heui Te Rei, a Maori princess, daughter of the late chief, Mateue Te Whiwhi, who, moving



From a]

INTERIOR OF MAORI HOUSE—WITH IDOL.

[Photograph.



lightly forward, took the beautiful little child in her arms, and then presented him to Tamihaua, who bestowed on him the tribal salute, while the women seated under the palm trees around rocked themselves slowly backwards and forwards, crooning out the low, soft lullaby, or *whakaoriori*, which had been composed expressly for the occasion.

The little fair son of the north was next restored to his place, while the Earl of Onslow made his reply; then the representatives of the Maoris approached and laid the offerings they had prepared at his feet.

These included rugs and robes manufactured by his newly-made relatives; greenstone ornaments which had been handed down from father to son for untold generations; weapons which had been borne in battle by those chiefs who had "gone—gone into the never-ending night"; caskets of curious designs which had been carved by patient fingers, some even before the age of bronze among the Maoris had set in; and not least among the gifts were the dusky, snow-tipped feathers of the *huia* bird,

without which the little Onslow has rarely since been seen. To the intense delight of the Maoris, the young Countess of Onslow herself then advanced a few steps in the vestibule, holding her graceful little daughters by the hand, and in a few words, her voice being somewhat broken by emotion, she said that she thanked them from her very heart for the kindness they had shown to her boy, and then this function, unique in the annals of civilized history, came to an end.

In time the sojourn in the island of the Governor and Lady Onslow, too, came to an end, though not before they had done much more to deserve the golden opinions they had already won, and to hear the words of one of their friends echoed far and wide through the land in the distant south:—

"Go your ways, Earl Onslow! The best wishes of New Zealand are with you, and when we hear glad tidings of your successes at the other side of the world, we shall feel a thrill of gratified pride as we exclaim:—

"That man was *our* Governor once!"



"FAREWELL TO THE GOVERNOR." THE SHIP LEAVING PORT.  
From a Photo. by J. Martin.

## Remarkable Accidents.

By JAMES SCOTT.



NOTWITHSTANDING the ever-present possibility of meeting with some severe accident, the probability is remote when considering the number of mishaps as compared to the number of persons exposed to them, yet it is hardly too much to say that we live amidst a perpetual plague of accidents, to which all individuals are equally exposed.

My purpose now is to deal with a few of the accidents which have been characterized by some peculiarity or coincidence. Such happenings are of very frequent occurrence, and have sometimes been so strange in their effect as to induce the belief that, were the fictionist to purloin the fact, and palm it off as the work of his imagination, the reading public would accept it in a spirit of disgust, and demand something more probable. Fact has ever been, and doubtless will continue to prove itself to be, more strange than fiction. What, for instance, could be more astounding than the accident depicted on page 350 in Vol. III. of "The Picture Magazine," which explains that a boiler full of hot water, being conveyed in a cart in France, exploded, and after flying completely over a block of houses, fell into a distant street? That publication also contains pictures of other strange accidents, and I here refer to them merely to emphasize the fact that remarkable accidents are by no means rare, comparatively speaking.

In Hoxton, recently, a boiler explosion occurred whilst the workmen were engaged at dinner, and an ill-fated man was blown some distance away from the spot where he had been quietly reading his daily paper, into an empty tank; wherein afterwards, to all appearance, he remained in the same posture, apparently reading his paper, but really, as the dreadful stare in his eyes revealed, dead!

Occasionally some peculiar form of accident has a less severe termination, as is evidenced by the case of a man, running over a level crossing on one of our railway lines, whose foot

was inadvertently imprisoned between one of the metals and the ground, just as an approaching train was upon him. With enviable presence of mind, upon becoming aware that it was impossible to withdraw his foot from its awful position, he ripped his boot open with a pocket-knife, and thus escaped a terrible death.

The illustrations which I have drawn here to assist my forthcoming remarks deal with a very few of the recorded curious mischances which have happened. In only few of the cases that I quote was the effect a fatal one.

In the north of London, a short time ago, the passengers of a tram-car received a shock when, with a terrific smashing of glass, the head of an unfortunate horse appeared within the vehicle. A careless carter, who was driving his van along one of the narrow by-streets of City Road, was forcing the horse onward so quickly that it was impossible for him to pull up in time to avoid a collision with a passing tram-car. The poor animal would have suffered acutely enough by the mere breaking of the glass, but when it is remembered that the car was



FIG. 1.—A HORSE IN THE WRONG PLACE.





FIG. 2.—THE CASE OF THE OLD STALL-KEEPER.

travelling, it will be understood that the gashing of the animal's neck was an additional severity. The fright caused to the passengers was an insignificant matter as compared to the injury undergone by the horse, which, I believe, it was deemed advisable to slaughter, on account of the impossibility of rendering surgical aid (Fig. 1).

My second illustration depicts the result of a curious accident which occurred in a suburb of London. An old female stall-keeper, who sat at the head of her barrow-load of wares, was ignorant of the conflagration roaring beneath her humble vehicle, until awakened in a fright by the commotion of some passers-by, but for whose timely assistance her loss might have been a serious one. In order to imitate as far as possible the comforts enjoyed by the more favoured people who were indoors, she had in front of her

a can containing a small fire. The night being windy, several pieces of paper were soaring promiscuously in all directions, and, suddenly, one piece passed through the flame of the fire and was blown beneath the barrow, where it quickly ignited a sack of coke, which the thoughtful yet drowsy dame had provided for herself. Little damage was done, however; but the accident proves that nowhere can we be free from the playful treachery of that useful element called fire (Fig. 2).

A case in which fire was greatly assisted by its natural enemy, water, is illustrated in Fig. 3. Garrets at no time constitute serviceable bedrooms, and are eminently unfitted for human occupancy when the roofs are in bad condition, and rain is admitted. The gentleman who preferred to suspend a basin near the ceiling of his room, in order to catch the drops of water which penetrated his abode, no doubt considered that he was acting in a way whereby he would be relieved of the jarring effect produced by water dripping into a receptacle placed upon the floor; but he also, subsequently, repented of his



FIG. 3.—THE BASIN AND THE NIGHT-LIGHT.



ingenuity. Being careless, or not particularly industrious, he must have failed to empty the basin at a proper time, for as a result of its increasing weight, combined with the decaying of the supporting strings, caused by the dampness, one of those strings snapped, and the contents of the basin were precipitated into a plate standing upon an adjacent chest of drawers. Now, it curiously happened that the plate contained a night-light, which illuminant, as all readers must certainly know, is, as a rule, partly immersed in some water which has been poured into the plate or saucer. The consequence was, contrary to what one would have supposed, that the water which was discharged from the suspended basin caused that in the plate to overflow and carry on its surface the night-light, which rapidly overturned on to some inflammable material, igniting it as shown.

A disastrous termination was averted by the waking of the man, who had slept; the return to consciousness being occasioned, no doubt, by the noise and the excessive flare.

In a certain part of the outskirts of Birmingham is a long lane, flanked by a wall surrounding a churchyard, which is reported in the neighbourhood to be visited by the visible spirits of the departed. As may be expected, this thoroughfare is shunned as much as possible after nightfall by the ladies, both young and old, of the neighbourhood. Occasionally, however, necessity demanded the passage of some belated females who had been visiting the adjacent town; and on the particular night to which I am referring, two women, who were walking very quietly down the lane and conversing in very subdued tones, and, perhaps, also trembling in anticipation of meeting the chief ghost, who strolled abroad at that particular hour, received as sudden and effective a fright as the most bitterly-inclined person could desire to befall a dreaded enemy. With scarcely a sound, a huge leg and foot dumped on to the head of one of the pair of women, and trod firmly upon her, causing her and her companion to shriek and flee in terror. It is safe to say that the "ghost" experienced as great a surprise as did the victims of his unpremeditated alarm, for it was subsequently revealed

that the "ghost" was merely the grave-digger leaving a dismal job upon which circumstances had necessitated his presence at a late hour, and that, either because the gate was barred against him or he chose to leave by a near cut, he was climbing over the wall with the object of returning homewards. He is shown to the reader in Fig. 4, in much bolder form and more detail than he appeared to the frightened females.

Beyond some bruises, and a severe nervous shock, the chief victim of this peculiar accident sustained no injury.

The truly remarkable mishap which is the subject of my fifth illustration is one of which several versions are extant, and I cannot accept any responsibility as regards its exact



FIG. 4.—A SUBSTANTIAL GHOST.

truth in connection with narrating here the most popular form of the story. But the manner of the accident is in itself so interesting as to merit a permanent place here. The story runs that a man was found lying dead upon a couch, his life having been destroyed by a bullet discharged from a gun lying near. The circumstances of the matter positively proved that the case could not have been one of suicide, and, therefore, the only alternative which could be reasonably suggested was that he had been murdered. An acquaintance was charged with the crime, but absolute proof of guilt was not forthcoming. One of the parties engaged in the case was so far





FIG. 5.—THE SUN AND THE GUN.

interested in the peculiar facts of the death, as to seek a different solution to the affair to that accepted by popular belief. The result of his observation and deduction was very curious. The rays of the sun had streamed in at the window of the apartment in which the man had encountered his end; and had been concentrated direct upon the explosive chamber of the gun, by which means sufficient heat had been engendered to warm the cap and powder, and cause a discharge. The gun having been quite inadvertently placed in such a way as to point to the unfortunate man, he received the bullet while he lay placidly sleeping, no doubt meeting with instant death.

Schoolboys are fond of torturing themselves by concentrating the sun's rays on to the backs of their hands, through the medium of a small lens, which produces a small, brilliant spot of light, sufficiently strong to severely burn the skin after a few moments' duration. One can therefore believe that in such a case as that described, a lens of increased strength would cause so remarkable an accident. We have seen it stated in other versions of this story, which, however, is in its

main facts undoubtedly true, that the lens was formed either by a spherical water-bottle, or by a "bull's-eye" in the window, that being the name given to the large, dropsical swellings seen in some old windows of which the panes are made of bottle-glass.

Fig. 6 points forcibly to the necessity of paying proper consideration to the state of flooring in our workshops, where the same extent of attention that is usually allotted to the home by those who control it is discarded. Flooring becomes rotten far quicker in rooms devoted to labour, on account of the continued exposure of uncovered and ill-kept boards, and in many cases becomes absolutely dangerous to the limbs of those who tramp upon it. Witness the effect illustrated. An enterprising knife-grinder availed himself of the existence of machinery in a house



FIG. 6.—AN UNFORTUNATE LEG.



situated in his neighbourhood, and had a belt connected with the gearing in an upper room, wherewith to drive his limited set of wheels in the apartment below. There was no space (as is customary in dwelling-houses) between the ceiling of the room he occupied and the floor above: in fact, one set of boards actually served the purpose of both. The decayed condition of the flooring was responsible for the accident under reference, and one night the grinder was astonished to hear a crash above him, and immediately afterwards observe the leg of a workman protrude into his shop. In its descent the leg had been stripped of its trouser covering, which was retained at the edge of the hole made by the foot. Its owner, as soon as he felt the touch of the fast-travelling belt, naturally kicked the leg about in order to effect a withdrawal; but before that desirable end could be accomplished, he was mortified at feeling it seized by the belt, which, as a result of the excited movements of the foot, entwined the ankle, and was drawn so tightly as to threaten to pull the member from its socket. Happily, the knife-grinder retained sufficient presence of mind to quickly detach the belt from his wheels, and to release the foot before anything more serious than a rather severe sprain had ensued.

An accident which was more amusing than painful happened when a mischievous boy—a very common product—climbed over into one of the many “squares” dotted about London, and who, after having satisfied his curiosity, endeavoured to beat a retreat by squeezing through the iron railings. He managed to get his intelligent head through (Fig. 7), but was quite unable to create sufficient elasticity in the metal bars whereby to enable the remainder of his precious

person to effect a passage. Deeming, too late, that discretion was indeed the better part of valour, he sought to withdraw his upper anatomy, but in this he also failed. His ears had smoothly passed the bars in the first instance, but quite refused to repeat the performance, so the poor boy became alarmed, and struggled frantically, doubtless so irritating the ears and the adjacent flesh as to cause inflammation of the parts. At any rate, all his efforts bore futile results, and rescuers had to come to his aid. The railings must

have been very inflexible, for, notwithstanding the willing exertions of strong arms induced by sympathy, they failed to release their prisoner. In the end it was found absolutely necessary to dig one of the offending bars from its bed, and thus provide plenty of space for making the release.

Fig. 8 represents a mishap which was caused by a quantity of snow falling from a roof, and being chiefly deposited upon the tray of a muffin and crumpet seller, who chanced to be walking past the shop at the time. The sudden weight upon the tray caused it to upset, and, naturally, at that precise moment

the man paused momentarily; and, simultaneously, a collision occurred between him and a gentleman coming behind him, whose progress it was impossible to stop in time to prevent the curious accident. The rising end of the crumpet tray encountered the front portion of the gentleman's umbrella, which was immediately snapped from his hands; whereupon the force which had effected the severance was still sufficiently strong to thrust the umbrella handle into contact with the crumpet-seller's head, bruising it to a considerable extent. The gentleman's share of the matter consisted of a severe scratching about the head and neck,



FIG. 7.—THE PENALTY OF MISCHIEF.





FIG. 8.—WHAT A FALL OF SNOW DID.

provided by the ribs of his rebellious "gamp." During our late unusually severe winter a huge icicle fell from the roof of a house, and with amazing effect pierced the hat of a passer-by and penetrated the man's skull, causing death.

Of a similar character was the case of a woman who, whilst proceeding along a street carrying an open umbrella, was fatally injured by one of the ribs of her umbrella penetrating one of her eyes, after having been broken by the fall of a mass of snow from the roof of a house whereby she was passing.

Accident number nine was less serious than might have been expected under the circumstances. A slater was engaged upon the repairs necessary to the roof of a cottage, and had placed his small pail of material on the top of a chimney-pot, to which convenient position he had been tempted to allot it on account of the absence of any smoke proceeding therefrom, he naturally deducing that the absence of smoke revealed the fact that the fire-grate below was not in use, and that, therefore, he would not incommode anyone by

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choking the chimney. But he acted really unwisely, for the ever-useful sweep was expected, and, of course, in view of his visit no fire had been lighted in that particular grate. Quite without warning, the black one's broom protruded from the dark cavity of the chimney and dislodged the blockading pail, which fell on to the man's arm, cutting it rather severely, and careered down the sloping roof, from which it eventually tumbled into the yard of the premises. The sweep, doubtless, wondered what on earth obstructed the proper passage of his familiar broom; but he was not long in being acquainted of the fact (Fig. 9).

Had the bucket fallen a few inches to one side the man would have been stunned, and thus being unable to control himself, would have lost his

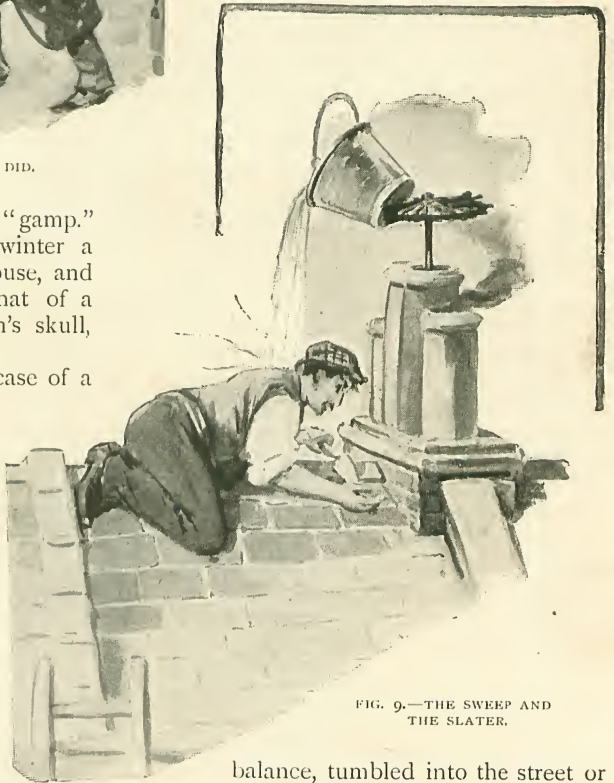


FIG. 9.—THE SWEEP AND THE SLATER.

balance, tumbled into the street or yard, and probably have been killed.

It is to be hoped that the narration of these few peculiar accidents has not created any feeling of timidity; for surely it would be far better to go through life not fearing chance occurrences, but with sufficient precaution to avoid them.

## Leinster's - End.

BY MRS. E. NEWMAN.



"Do you mean that your love is given to another?"

"No!" simply and directly.

"You cannot return mine?"

"No, not that!" as simply and directly.

"Then let the rest be what it may," ejaculated Niel Dorrington, in a tone of glad relief, putting his arms about the young girl. "Ah, Daphne, mine! I was so terribly afraid."

With a movement of withdrawal, too decided to be set at naught by the man who loved her, she stood free again. Slight, tall, delicately beautiful, and something more—a woman with whom a man might trust his honour and his life; so thought Niel Dorrington and such others as could read Daphne Ward aright.

She owed little to the pretty bravery of the toilette, with which girls of her age—she was not nineteen—naturally like to adorn themselves. To those of the guests who did not know her position—that of reader and amanuensis to old Mrs. Bellamy—she appeared that day too simply, not to say severely, attired for the occasion: a garden party in the grounds of her employer's spacious river-side domain on the banks of the Thames, just beyond Hampton.

"There is something else," murmured Daphne, the colour rushing to her cheeks and as quickly deserting them again, leaving her paler than before. "I must say it—you are Mrs. Bellamy's nearest relative—her heir; and your people are proud. Ah, listen: I too have my pride, Mr. Dorrington; I would not enter a family where I was not welcome."

"You would be; you shall be, and——"

"You do not know," she hurriedly put in. "I have not told you all. There is another reason why it could not be."

"Miss Ward," said a man-servant, approaching.

"Yes, I am here, James."

"I was to say that Mrs. Bellamy wishes you to go to her on the lawn immediately, if you please."

"I will go with you, Daphne," said Niel, as she turned to follow the man, drawing her hand over his arm.

She understood what was in his mind: he was going to make his intention evident at once before the assembled guests. "I must go alone," she replied, with gentle persistence, but with a grateful upward look into his eyes. "I will write."

"When?"

"To-morrow we shall be preparing, and the next day we go down to the Hall. I cannot promise until Friday." Was she unconsciously to herself glad of the little respite?

"Three days!" he ejaculated. "But you must remember that whatever the mysterious reason may be, it will make no difference now. Having acknowledged the one thing of importance, you are mine—by right divine, mine!"

"I must go—good-bye," she whispered, with faltering lips, adding to herself, "Good-bye, my love, good-bye!"

"Daphne!" he exclaimed, noting the change in her face. "It is not that you have taken some foolish notion into your mind about money or position? You are not so unjust as that to me, I hope. A proper pride is all very well; I cannot blame you for meeting pride with pride; but I cannot allow it to interfere to prevent our future happiness. You know me, and you know what value I set upon the accidental advantages of life in comparison with——"

"Yes, I know you, and—and—you will understand when you receive my letter."

Once more withdrawing her hand, she turned into a trellised walk, and swiftly made her way to the lawn where sat Mrs. Bellamy in conversation with two or three of her guests, but not too absorbed to take keen note of the young girl as she advanced.

A lady of about sixty years of age, with white hair, still fine complexion, and the air of one who had always been accustomed to the position she was now in—Mrs. Bellamy was considered, and considered herself, to possess more than ordinary mental power, and was not a little proud of her knowledge of character and capability of managing those about her.

"James says you want me, Mrs. Bellamy."

"I hope I have not taken you from some young girl friend, Miss Ward," with the gentle suavity which Daphne understood was nevertheless meant to convey a reproof. Mrs. Bellamy was, in fact, quite aware with whom Daphne had been.

"I was talking to Mr. Dorrington," replied Daphne, a little brusquely; telling herself that the other could not suppose that any girl there could be a friend of hers.

"I might have known that she would blurt out the truth, as her way is," thought





"SHE TURNED INTO A TRELLISED WALK."

Mrs. Bellamy ; adding to Daphne, "Will you be good enough to help Mrs. Grant in dispensing the tea, Miss Ward? I think she will be glad of your assistance just now."

Not sorry to escape from the little lady's cold, keen scrutiny, Daphne went off to do her bidding.

Mrs. Bellamy looked after her as she went with more complacent eyes. "Nothing serious as yet," she was thinking. "No sign of the triumph any girl would feel at having won a lover such as Niel. All the same, it would have been wiser to keep her to the tea-room. There is not a girl here to compare with her; and Master Niel has the Dorrington good taste in such matters, besides being very human. Yes; I shall have to be very careful if I keep her; and I want to do that if I can; she is so intelligent, and none could suit me better. But at the first sign of real danger she must go."

"Where is Daphne, Aunt Jane?" asked Niel, coming up.

"Do you mean Miss Ward?" with an angry frown.

"Of course I do," endeavouring to speak lightly, but with the consciousness that the moment was not propitious for him. "There can be but one Daphne for me, Aunt Jane."

"Miss Ward is helping the housekeeper, as

she ought to have been doing before," coldly. After a glance round, and finding that no one was within earshot, she went on: "I do hope you are not putting any nonsensical ideas into her head, Niel; it would be very unfair to me, as well as inconsiderate for her, since nothing could possibly come of it"; slowly and meaningly repeating: "Nothing—could possibly—come of it."

"But I am hoping that something will come of it, Aunt Jane. It is my great desire to make Daphne my wife."

"Your wife! Miss Ward? Oh, too absurd."

He felt that he had indeed not chosen the best moment for making his intention known to his aunt. Both were silent a few moments; she in her disappointment at finding the danger was nearer at hand than she had imagined, and he casting about in his mind for what to say next, so that he might make her understand he was not to be

turned from his purpose.

"I am sorry it should seem that to you," he presently began, "for I am very much in earnest, and—you know me too well to suppose that, having once made up my mind, I am likely to change it."

"My approval is of no importance?"

"It is of the greatest importance, and I am hoping that when you realize how completely my future happiness depends upon my winning Daphne, you will not withhold your consent."

She closed her lips and looked at him—only looked.

"Come, Aunt Jane; you have shown your own appreciation of Daphne plainly enough. You know you said you never had so charming a companion." ("That was a great mistake," thought Mrs. Bellamy.) "Surely you are not going to be against me for loving her, and simply because she has no money?"

"No; not simply for that, Niel. Who and what are her people?"

"I don't know, and, to tell the truth"—meeting her eyes with what she had so often admired as the "true Dorrington look"—"I don't care."

"Have you well considered what you have to offer her? Even Miss Ward may not care to share your—expectations."

"I see what you wish me to understand, Aunt Jane. I shall have little enough to offer, but she may prefer even that to—expectations."

"You will both do as you please, of course." Then, with a sudden change of front, speaking in a more genial fashion in order to reassure him, although she had fully made up her mind that Miss Ward must go the very next morning, she went on: "You must run down to the Hall soon, Niel, and we can talk the matter over. Come on Saturday or Monday; we shall have settled down a little by then."

"Will you oblige me by saying nothing about the subject to Daphne in the meantime, Aunt Jane?" not so entirely thrown off his guard as she imagined.

"Oh, certainly, if you do not wish it," cheerfully. "I must find another way," thought the astute little lady; "make her quarrel with me about something. Go she must and shall!"

"I shall be down on Saturday," he said; telling himself that before then he would have got Daphne's letter, and could reply in person. There could be but one thing for him to say—smiling to himself at the thought of allowing anything to come between them now.

He took leave of his aunt, went up to town, and made his way to his chambers in anything but a depressed frame of mind. Every obstacle dwindled into nothingness before the one great fact that Daphne had admitted she cared for him. Not even the remembrance of the tone of that good-bye, and the sad look in her eyes, had the power to discourage him now. She would soon know, he told himself, as, arrived at his chambers, he sprang up the steps two at a time and let himself in.

His rooms had been luxuriously furnished by his aunt. He had tried to make her understand how little he cared for such *surroundings*; but she had insisted that it was only fitting and right that her nephew and heir should take his place with the best. She had married a millionaire, and had succeeded to his wealth—a childless widow with no other relative than Niel. For him her ambition was great; and before all things she had set her heart upon his marrying well, according to her own notions of what "well" meant. Money he would have in abundance—birth and position his wife must have.

He had been always taught to consider

himself her heir, and he was not ungrateful for all that she had done for him. But not for one moment would she be allowed to interfere to prevent his marrying the woman he loved. As to Daphne's scruples, they must, of course, be overcome. She was afraid of his injuring his prospects with his aunt, perhaps; or there might possibly be some *ne'er-do-well* of a brother or father. But whatever the difficulty, she would soon understand that it would make no difference to him.

Three days! How could he get through the time? "Ah, Daphne, mine! If you knew what three days apart from you means to me now!" he ejaculated, restlessly pacing the room.

The clock had struck three, and dawn was already breaking, when at length he threw himself on to the bed and fell asleep; his last thought of her accompanying him in his dreams. He was following her now through the winding paths of a deep wood; now they were emerging into the open spaces of what seemed a large park; now making their way through an avenue of old trees; he always following and she eluding him, until at length she was lost. He seemed to be striving to remember the name of a place as someone repeated it to him, and awoke with it on his lips.

"Lenster's-End!"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I am half dreaming, I think, Manning. Lenster's-End?" musingly. "Never heard of such a place."

"I have, sir; a cousin of mine once lived in a family there; and a pretty little place it is—on a branch line of the South-Western."

Niel was a little absently getting through the process of dressing.

"Lenster's-End."

He turned sharply round. The man was not in the room; yet Dorrington could have sworn he heard the words spoken close to him. Imagination—of course it must be that. A word or sentence heard in a dream was apt to follow one in that persistent way, sometimes. To his knowledge, he had never heard of the place before, nor could he recollect anything associated with it. He went into the adjoining room for breakfast; and as he sat over his coffee, the words came floating to him, as though through the open window, across the sounds of the London street:—

"Lenster's-End."

This was becoming absurd. To change the current of his thoughts he opened the





"HE TURNED SHARPLY ROUND—THE MAN WAS NOT IN THE ROOM."

morning's letters, and finding nothing to specially interest him in them, threw them aside and took up the *Times*.

"Lenster's-End."

Dorrington looked not a little surprised. It was not like Manning to speak in this way, unless it was perhaps put as a question: "How far is it down the line, Manning?"

"Lenster's-End? Between forty and fifty miles, sir. It takes its name from Lenster Park, I suppose, because that ends there. A beautiful park it is, with its sweeps and hollows and fine old woods."

"Who is the owner?"

"It did belong to the Lensters for generations; but I don't know how it is now. I think my cousin said something about its being in Chancery."

"Lenster's-End."

No; it certainly was not the man this time. Manning, the sedate and methodical, was quietly about his work of putting out his master's clothes. Dorrington once more took up the *Times*, and resolutely strove to fix his attention upon the morning's news.

"Lenster's-End."

This was too much. "Give me my coat, Manning; I shall lunch at the club."

He presently set forth and walked slowly down towards Pall Mall. Not much longer would he be a loungee at the clubs. His aunt's words had had their effect, although not in the way she had intended; and he knew her too well to think that she would change her mind any more readily than he would change his. He would very soon be hurrying off in the early morning Citywards, on business intent. There was a pleasant little stir in his mind at the thought of doing his share of life's work, and, above all, of doing it for Daphne.

He had arranged it all in his own mind. The principal of his little income of three hundred a year, which had come to him from his mother, must be realized and invested in a partnership in some firm of good standing, to which he could devote all his energies. His training ought to be of some use to him, and he must put his shoulder to the wheel. He would not be marrying a girl accustomed to luxury or with extravagant tastes; and, for himself, he knew how little he cared for such things. With Daphne, his simple, strong, beautiful love, life would be at its highest and best.

"Lenster's-End."

He half-turned his head.

"Oh, nonsense!" he ejaculated, seeing that no one was near him. His thoughts reverted to Daphne again. "I have only to make it quite clear to her that it will be no sacrifice on my part; and I think I shall be able to do that." Nodding across the road to a friend, he smiled to himself at the thought that he would not be much longer on more than bowing acquaintance with the upper ten.

As, on entering the club, he passed the hall porter, the man looked at him with an expression he could not quite understand. It was, in fact, unusual to see even a younger member bound up the steps with the energy of a man on a business errand. He turned into the reading-room, and took up one of the quarterlies.

Suddenly, and now he felt sure the words were spoken by the man sitting opposite to him, he heard again:—

"Lenster's-End."

"What about it?" he exclaimed, loudly and impatiently.

The young man looked up. "Dorrington! Earlier than usual, are you not?"

"What were you saying about Lenster's-End, Weston?"

"Nothing ; and for the best of reasons : I know nothing about Lenster or his end."

Dorrington ruffled up his hair, looking doubtfully at the other.

"Go !"

"Well, I've half a mind to," speaking in reply, and unconsciously, aloud.

"That's not like you, old man. You have at any rate managed to get the credit for having a whole one."

Dorrington said a word to the other ; then took up the thread of thoughts again. "It would be a way of getting through the time ; and there would be a spice of uncertainty—it might be adventure—about it. If there were only a chance of getting a glimpse of Daphne, now, or——"

"The 'Bradshaw' ? Yes, here it is, Dorrington."

Had he unconsciously asked for the "Bradshaw," then, or what was it ? Why was he being urged on in this way ? Murmuring a word of thanks to the other, he turned over the leaves, and ran his eye down the pages. "Lenster's-End." Yes, here it was, and the time would serve well enough. But why should he go without purpose on what would probably turn out to be only a fool's errand ?—putting down the book.

"Go !"

He was silent for a moment. Then suddenly and decidedly replied—again it seemed to him in reply—"I will." Rising to his feet, he nodded to the other and went out.

In ten minutes he was at home ; and, bidding the cabman wait, he went in.

"Put a few things into a bag for me, Manning. No, not evening clothes—just brushes, and a change of linen."

"Do you require to-morrow, sir ?"

"Probably—I don't know. Consider yourself free for a couple of days"; telling himself that it would be of no consequence if he returned earlier. It would soon be necessary to dispense with a man altogether ; and it would do him good to be obliged to depend upon himself a little more.

"Where to, sir ?" asked the cabman, as Dorrington jumped in.

"Waterloo Station, as quick as you can drive."

Dorrington was in good time to catch the express due at the junction at half-past six. From there a train reached Lenster's-End a little before eight. He noticed that, from the moment he had made up his mind, he was no longer troubled with the mysterious impressions, suggestions, or whatever they were.

He lighted a cigar, sat back in the carriage,

and once more gave all his thoughts to Daphne. How soon would he be able to persuade her to be his wife ? He must first of all show her that he was thoroughly in earnest. He must arrange everything so as to be able to tell her exactly what his prospects were. It seemed to him, the best thing would be to obtain a junior partnership in some respectable firm ; yes, immediately on his return to town, he would go to the family lawyer and ask his advice upon the matter. "I can depend upon old Sherrard. He will endeavour to make me change my mind, of course ; too cute a lawyer to have much romance, but his advice will be valuable on the business side of the question."

By the time he reached the junction, Dorrington was on very good terms with himself and the world, not omitting a kindly thought for the aunt who had done so much for him, and meant so well, however mistaken she might be as to what constituted happiness for him. Absorbed in such reflections, he got through the somewhat dreary wait at the junction philosophically enough, and in due course arrived at the Lenster station, his curiosity not a little piqued at what was going to be the upshot of his flying visit there.

"Lenster's-End ? Not more than half a mile's walk, sir ; if you take the short cut—a footpath across the lower end of the park through the woods. That brings you right into Lenster's-End ; and you'll be able to do it before it gets dark if you step out. The first turning out of the lane there, and you'll see the swing gate."

"Will you send this bag to the inn for me ? There is one there, I suppose ?"

"Yes, a good one, sir. You can't do better than put up at the 'Ram's Head.' You'll be right comfortable there."

"Thank you," repeated Dorrington.

Turning from the road into a lane, he walked a few yards down it until he came to the swing gate. "Yes, this is better than the dusty road," he thought, as he passed through. After a moment's hesitation—two or three paths branched off from the gate—he took the one which seemed to run in the direction the man had indicated. "Not much traffic here ; people do not seem to avail themselves very frequently of the short cut," he was telling himself, as he noticed how rankly the grass overgrew the path. It was getting dusk, and the wide-spreading old trees shut out nearly all the remaining light there was.

As he walked on in the deepening darkness, the hush of everything around him—



even his own footsteps were soundless on the yielding turf—began to make itself felt. The deep silence was becoming almost oppressive. When, presently, there broke upon the stillness the sound of some creeping thing getting out of his way, and a squirrel scurried off amongst the leaves, he was, for the moment, as startled as though he had heard a pistol-shot. He realized as he had never done before “the trumpet-tongued solitude of the woods.”

But glades and open spaces were coming into view, and the moon, almost at its full, was beginning to flood them with its soft white radiance, at the same time rendering the shadow-land in which he walked dimmer and more mysterious.

What a scene ! Beyond, amidst the trees, stood out a stately old battlemented stone mansion, looking in this pale light like a monument of the dead past — no sign of life within.

“In Chancery, Manning said—some mystery about it. It looks mysterious enough” — he was thinking. “The whole place has a gloomy, uncanny look about it in this light. If one believed in—— But I am approaching the house ; I must have taken the wrong turning, after all. Awkward to lose one’s way in a place like this.”

He stood still, looking about him in some perplexity for a few moments. Suddenly he became aware that someone was standing beneath a tree near where he was : a man tall, slight, and, so far as he could see in that dim light, elderly, and quaintly attired in the fashion of some forty or fifty years previously. “A gentleman,” thought Dorrington.

“Can you put me in the way for the village — Lenster’s-End ?” he asked, raising his hat, as the other turned slightly towards him.

In a low voice—speaking, Dorrington fancied, like one to whom speech did not come readily—he replied : “Follow me,” moving quietly on as he spoke.

“Thank you. A beautiful place this,” went on Dorrington, as he turned to accompany the other, passing silently on.

They turned into a broad avenue, bordered by triple rows of elms, running at right angles with the path they had quitted.

“Odd,” thought Dorrington ; “all this looks quite familiar to me ; I seem to have been here before. This avenue, the house, and the lake down there glimmering amongst the trees. Where—— Ah, my dream ! How like the reality !”

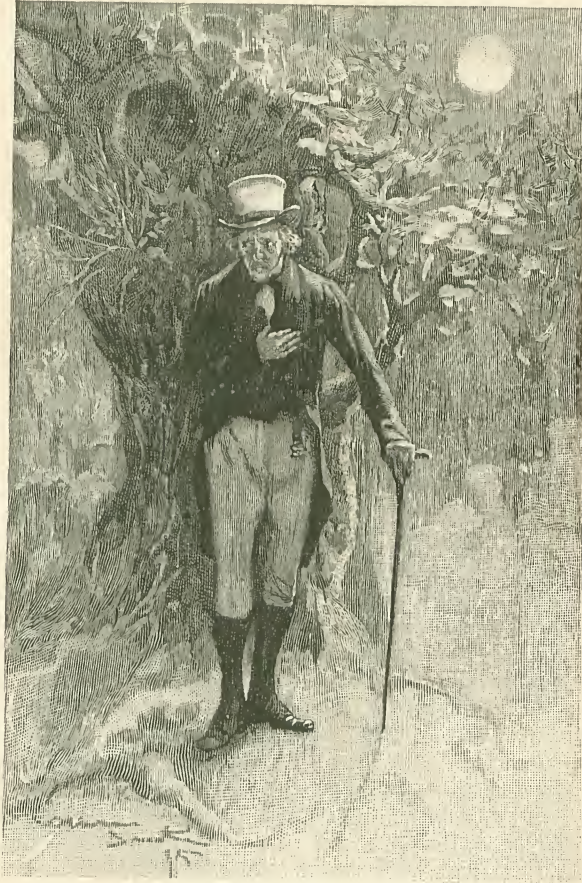
“*The link between.*”

A little startled, Dorrington looked hastily round. Had the words been spoken, or had he only fancied he heard them ? A strange, uncanny feeling was beginning to steal

over him. To hear the sound of his own voice, he presently said : “This place is in Chancery, I hear ; and the large funded property without an owner.”

“A wrong done.”

“Indeed !” ejaculated Dorrington, impressed without being able to understand precisely why ; wondering what kind of man this might be to talk in such mysterious fashion. They moved on in silence again, until it was broken by Dorrington, who suddenly exclaimed : “Why, we are close to the house. This cannot be the right way.



“STANDING BENEATH A TREE.”



Did you understand that I want to go to the village?"

"You are wanted here."

"I? For what?"

"Follow."

"I do not understand," replied the young man, telling himself that he must have got into the hands of a madman; but conscious the while of an undercurrent of feeling to which he shrank from giving a name. "I fancy that if I were to strike across the glade there, and down through the woods in that direction"—he thought, pausing and looking back—"Yes; surely those lights down there must be in the village."

"Follow me."

Again the words sounded as though they were breathed rather than spoken, although they were clear enough to his mental apprehension. Once more Niel looked round at the other, but somehow failed to obtain a more distinct impression than he had previously gained. "There can be nothing for me to do up there," he murmured, feeling at the same time that, for some unaccountable reason, go he must. Impelled, he knew not how or why, he walked on again, telling himself, with a grim little attempt at a jest, that it seemed he was not to be permitted to use his own will in the matter.

They were drawing very near to the house, and as they crossed what had been an Italian garden laid out in the old-fashioned way, with terraces, low balustrades, quaintly cut yew trees, which had almost lost their original shape, and stone statues and vases—some overturned and half-hidden in the long, rank grass—he noticed a great oriel window giving upon the terrace, the lower part of which was open.

His mysterious guide moved straight towards it, and with a gesture of his hand, seemed to invite the other to enter. Niel hesitated, looking doubtfully into the room; then, after a moment, obeyed the gently impelling pressure of a hand upon his arm and went in. A large library, lofty, finely proportioned, and its shelves apparently well filled, but with the indescribably forlorn appearance of having been long disused.

His senses were keenly on the alert, and his curiosity aroused by the other's air of mystery. "You say I am wanted here. In what way can I be of use?"

"A great wrong done."

"You said that before," thought Niel.

"It is for you to undo it."

"How?" striving once more to keep off the eerie feeling stealing upon him.

"Take it down," pointing to a large volume on one of the shelves.

To his own great surprise, Niel mechanically took down the volume, and placed it on the table.

"Page two hundred."

Niel looked round at him. "Does this place belong to you?"

"Once."

"Then why do you not look yourself?"

No reply.

"He is mad," thought Dorrington. "Yes, it must be that," still trying to keep off another and more gruesome suspicion which again suggested itself.

He felt his hand impelled towards the book.

"Page two hundred."

It opened at the page easily enough, and Niel saw a sealed packet.

"Take it."

His nerves at their utmost tension, Niel's fingers closed over the packet.

"What do you wish me to do with this?"

"Right—the—wrong," the words sounding more faintly now, but still clear enough to Niel's mental apprehension.

"You must tell me more than you have yet done first," turning to face the other.

*No one!*

The moonlight streaming in showed him that he stood alone. He strode the length of the room.

"Where are you?" he exclaimed. "What trick are you trying to play upon me? Do you think I will carry off this packet, to which I have no right, without knowing more?"

"Right the wrong."

For answer Niel threw the packet on to the table, went to the bell, and rang it vigorously for a few seconds. The sound, coming from some distance, faintly echoing along passages, reached his ears. He stood sternly waiting.

Dead silence! He rang again and again, with the same result. Then with a sudden access of what he was not afterwards ashamed to call panic he rushed out on to the terrace.

Was it the chill night air? As he emerged from the house a cold shiver passed over him; and then—the packet he had thrown on to the table, and certainly had not taken up again, was in his hand, and the word "Remember" came softly sighing to his ears.

Hardly knowing which way he took in his haste to get away, he sped down the avenue and through the woods. Was the figure he had seen that of one who belonged to another world? Dorrington had hitherto been as sceptical of the possibility of such communi-





"NIEL'S FINGERS CLOSED OVER THE PACKET."

cations as were the generality of the people of the world in which he lived. But now!

It was with a deep breath of relief that he found himself after a while—how long, he knew not, nor how he had contrived to get into the right way again—at the swing gate which gave upon the village.

On emerging into the road, he saw a few people about; and, on inquiring his way to the "Ram's Head," found that it was but a few steps across the green from where he stood.

How welcome were the everyday sights and sounds: gossiping women grouped in twos and threes at cottage doors in the twilight; laughing and squabbling children; cackling of geese; and the "hish, hish" of the hostler rubbing down a restless horse, clattering about on the stones of the inn yard.

Niel was shown into a cheerful, brightly-

lighted travellers'-room; and the inn-keeper presently came in to receive his orders in person.

"Whatever the house affords, landlord," he said, conscious of being himself human enough in the sudden need he felt for refreshment. "Just a cutlet and a potato, as soon as you can; and meanwhile bring in some of your best wine. Missed my way in the woods coming from the station, and feel a little run down. Have they sent my bag—Mr. Dorrington?"

"Yes, sir. They should not direct strangers to take the short cut through the woods. It is so easy to take the wrong turn and get lost there for hours. Got a fright in the woods, I fancy—looks as though he had seen the ghost," he thought, bustling out for the wine, and in again.

"Sit down and take some with me," said Dorrington.

The landlord sat down willingly enough. "Wants to hear what I know about it," he thought. "And he is welcome to that"; adding, aloud, "Rather a dreary walk through those woods at the best of times. After sunset, folks about here prefer taking the road way, though it's longer. They do say that the old squire as was walks there."

"He is dead?"

"Sixteen years, and more, sir."

"Why is he supposed to haunt the place?"

"Can't rest, it's thought. Something on his conscience when he died."

The words "Right the wrong!" repeated themselves in Dorrington's brain.

"The old squire—he was very nearly eighty when he died—had his ways. He was a good master to those who served him well, and without question; but hard, sir, hard.



Cared for little besides money, and what he called keeping up the old name. He was nearly fifty when he married; and people said he wouldn't then, but for the hope of having an heir to inherit his wealth, though his wife was a lady any man might have been proud of, for she was young and beautiful, and gently born. Well, the squire had his wish one way, for a son was born to them two years after the marriage. The boy proved to be of the right sort too, not likely to be spoilt by his father.

"Mrs. Lenster was a gentle, right-minded lady; and she made the most of the time while the boy was too young for companionship with his father, and was supposed to be running wild. The old squire didn't set much value upon learning, beyond what was sufficient to make his son sharp and fitted to take good care of the wealth that was to come to him.

"But the lad favoured his mother. When he was twelve years old, Mrs. Lenster died; and then his father took him in hand. But it was too late to undo the work she had done. The boy was clever, high-spirited, and generous; and could not be brought into his father's ways. In vain did the squire try to bend his son to his will. It only made the breach between them wider. He was jealous, too, of the boy's unswerving love for his mother; and, without knowing how to, set to work to win as much for himself. As time went on, all this became more and more evident. The young squire got on well at college, and was said to make plenty of friends there; but at home it was dull enough; no visitors were welcome at the Park, and the great house was nearly all shut up, for the squire grew more and more miserly, and kept but a very few servants.

"When the young man was five-and-twenty, there was a great quarrel between him and his father. The rights of it were never known, but it was supposed the son wanted to marry someone the father disapproved. The young man went away, and was dared to enter the doors again, the squire vowing he would leave all he possessed to strangers.

"This was all that was known; except that a year or two later came a letter to the squire, which seemed to put a seal to his anger. The servants were warned not to mention his son's name on penalty of instant dismissal; and he became more stern and unsociable than ever. Before another year had passed, came news of the young man's death. He was brought there to be buried, and the old man must

have felt more than he was supposed to feel, for he never spoke again, dying a few days afterwards from a stroke.

"It was thought that something had occurred when he went to bring home his dead son, and that his mind was burdened by the recollection of some wrong done, for at the last he was very anxious to speak to those about him. He strove hard to make himself understood; but in vain. He died with the secret, whatever it was, unrevealed. Moreover, no will was found; it was supposed he had destroyed it, for he was seen tearing up and burning papers on his return from the funeral. Do you happen to know any of the family, sir? A good old stock, the Lensters."

"No; I never to my knowledge heard the name until yesterday."

Finding that if the young man had anything to tell, he was not in the mood to tell it, the landlord presently left him to his reflections.

Dorrington took the packet that had so mysteriously come into his possession from his pocket. Yes, it was real enough, he thought, turning it over in his hands and examining it with curious eyes: a large envelope fastened with a black seal—the impression upon which he supposed to be the Lenster crest—and containing apparently more than one letter.

No address or superscription of any kind! Niel sat gazing down at it, wondering what mystery it contained; but, curious as he was, not choosing to break the seal.

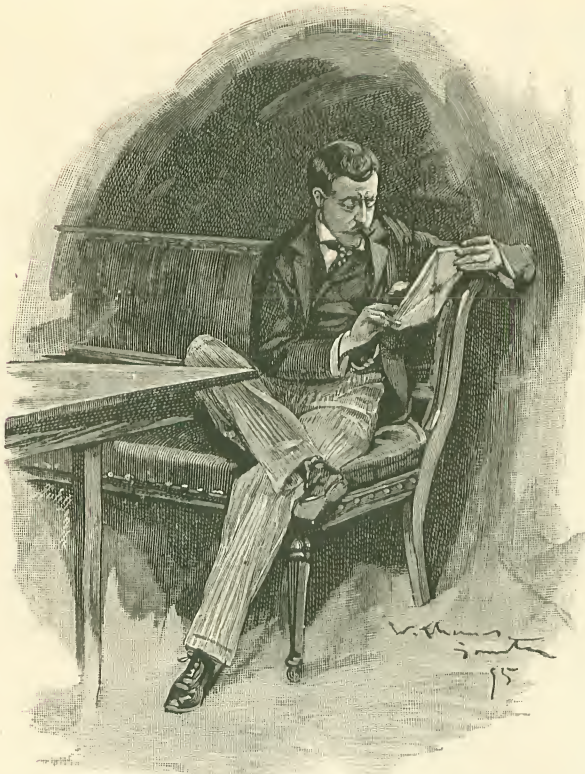
What to do? What if he were to take the packet to Sherrard, and ask his advice? "That's what I will do," he presently decided, putting it into his pocket as dinner was announced.

After attempting a cigar, which did not quite come up to his expectations in comparison with the rest of the entertainment, he gave directions to be called in time to catch the morning express at the junction, went to his room, and this time slept through the night without any disturbing dream.

On arriving at the London terminus the next day, and driving to his chambers, he found the letter he had hardly hoped to see already awaiting him. He tore open the envelope, took out the letter, and hurriedly ran his eyes through the contents.

"Dear Mr. Dorrington,—I am able to write sooner than I expected, because I left Mrs. Bellamy to-day. We both agreed it was better I should go, and I hope you will not blame either of us. I will not say here





"A LARGE ENVELOPE FASTENED WITH A BLACK SEAL."

what I think of the honour you have done me. I cannot be your wife—as I told you, it cannot be. Nor must you think I am in any way influenced by your aunt. The obstacle not to be overcome is that my mother—my dear mother—was not married, and I take her name. I cannot be your wife. Dear Mr. Dorrington, I want you to quite understand that nothing can alter this decision. Therefore, I think it is best that you should hear no more about me, nor know where I am. You must not think that life will be hard for me. Remember always that I have chosen the way I am taking of my own free will. Take this as my final good-bye, and believe me ever your true friend, DAPHNE WARD."

"Accept her final good-bye!" he laughed out at the bare idea. "Does she think she will escape me so easily? I will find her, conceal herself where she may. Her mother not married—*that* an obstacle! Ah, Daphne, you ought to know me better. As though you could be any better to me if she had been married. I must not lose a moment, but— Ah, Sherrard, of course!" Dorrington remembered now having heard that

it was the family lawyer who had recommended Daphne to his aunt.

In ten minutes he was driving full speed in the direction of Lincoln's Inn.

When he was ushered into Mr. Sherrard's private room, that gentleman looked up with some surprise. "Already!" he thought; "I did not expect him so soon as this—I must be on my guard."

"Where is Miss Ward, Mr. Sherrard?" began Niel, plunging at once into the subject, and adding, as the other was about to protest: "Of course, you know where she is. It was you who recommended her to my aunt."

"I know she has left Mrs. Bellamy, and I am bound to tell you that I quite approve of her having done so, Mr. Dorrington."

"Why?" Not liking to repeat what she had told him, in case the other had not already heard it.

"Well, to be plain with you, her mother was not married, and she will not be the means of destroying your future prospects."

"Prospects! What would they be without her? How little you know me. Look here, Mr. Sherrard; I mean to marry Daphne Ward. Nothing shall prevent it."

"If you have not considered consequences, she has."

"I have well considered them. It won't be much of a match for her, to be sure. I shall most probably have nothing more than the small property which came to me from my mother to depend upon in the outset. But I am hoping to make my way after awhile. I am thinking of realizing the ten thousand and investing in some safe firm, where I could act as working partner. Yes," noting the smile on the other's lips, "I mean work, and I think my University training ought to be of some use."

"I believe you are in earnest, Mr. Dorrington, and I honour you for it; but I know what you would be giving up in acting against Mrs. Bellamy's wishes, and—a moment, my dear sir—I also know Miss Ward; and I am very sure she will not consent."

"Leave that to me. Where is she?"

"That I must not reveal without her permission. But I may say that she has found a home with friends who, I can promise you, will take good care of her. But for the

pride—to her I call it that, to you I will say independence—she would not have gone out into the world as she has.”

“I must find her for myself—tell her that she ought to remember that my happiness is concerned as well as her pride.”

Mr. Sherrard looked approvingly at the young man. Keen lawyer as he was, he was something besides, as an invalid wife could have told. He fidgeted in his chair, turned over the papers before him, and looked at his watch.

Dorrington noticed the movement, and thinking that he had some appointment perhaps, and was desirous of putting an end to the interview, rose to his feet. “So that you understand what my determination is, it is sufficient for the present, Mr. Sherrard.”

“I never had to do with two young people so determined, if that will satisfy you, my dear sir. Is there nothing else you wish to consult me about?”

“Yes; why, yes, of course there is; I had nearly forgotten that!” ejaculated Niel. “If you can give me a few minutes longer, I should like to ask your advice about a packet which mysteriously came into my possession.” As shortly as might be, he told the story of the previous night’s experience, noticing that the other listened intently, and without the smile he had expected to see when he touched upon the mysterious appearance. As he finished the narration he took the packet from his pocket and placed in on the table before the lawyer.

“What do you make of it? What do you think I ought to do?”

Mr. Sherrard appeared not to hear him. “Lenster’s-End!” he murmured. “Odd—very odd,” passing his hand over his chin, his eyes fixed meditatively upon the young man.

“Do you know the place?”

“Well, Mr. Lenster was a client of ours.” Taking up the packet and looking at the seal, he added: “The family crest. Yes, I think you would be justified in breaking the seal. Should the contents prove to be of any importance, it will be only to pass them on to the trustees—as they have told you, the property is in Chancery.”

“Yes, the landlord of the inn told me that.”

“Open it; I take the responsibility of advising you to do so.”

Niel broke the seal, and took from the envelope a letter and two folded papers.

“Read the letter, Dorrington; read it.”

“I will read it aloud.”

“Yes, yes; go on.”

Wondering not a little at the other’s sudden excitement and apparent impatience to hear the contents—different feelings seemed to be jostling each other in his mind—Niel began.

“My dear father, I am making a last appeal to you; and this time not on my own behalf. I found employment, and have contrived to keep my dear wife so far. But the work has been, they say, too hard for me. The doctor tells me that it is owing to over-exertion that hemorrhage of the lungs, from which I am suffering, has set in. It has entirely incapacitated me for the time, and put an end to all hope of earning a living. My only chance is, he says, entire rest for a year. At best, it is but a bare chance for me; and, in case of a relapse, I am sending the certificates of our marriage and the birth of our child—you will see that we have given her my mother’s name—in the hope that you will provide for them. My poor wife is not strong, and the shock of my illness has told upon her greatly. She bids me tell you that, if I am taken from her, there is little chance that she will trouble anyone long. Dear father, try to forgive me for having married against your consent. But for its being against your wish, I have never had the slightest reason to regret my marriage. As you know, my wife is of gentle birth, and lacked nothing but money. I ask you, perhaps from the grave, to remember that Mary has been a loving, faithful wife to me in the struggle I have gone through. Remember, too, that our child is the last of our line, and——”

Mr. Sherrard did not wait to hear more. Catching up the papers, he glanced through them and broke into a glad laugh.

“My dear sir, my dear sir, do you know what you have brought me?” he ejaculated, looking as much unlike the methodical business lawyer his clients knew as it was possible to look.

“What?” asked Dorrington, in some astonishment, as the other seized both his hands and shook them warmly. “Do you mean the young man’s letter to his father?”

“The young man, indeed—do you know of whom you are speaking?”

“The old man’s son, I suppose; and these are the proofs of his marriage which were missing. Well, I am glad, of course, to be instrumental in their recovery; but I do not see what difference it can make to me personally.”

“It makes the difference that he was Daphne’s father.”



"Her father? Daphne's! Is it possible?" even more excited than the other.

"Read for yourself."

Dorrington took the papers from the other's hand. "Yes; Edward Lenster and Mary Ward-Daphne Lenster, born—why, this means——"

"It means that what we have searched for all these long years is found. It means not only that Miss Daphne is legitimate, but that she is heiress to all her grandfather's wealth. Young Mr Lenster died at the hospital to which he was taken; and his father told me that the wife, as we must now call her, died within a few hours of his son. But he would not tell me where. He placed Daphne, who was then two years old, in my care, stating that she was his son's child, and that she bore only her mother's name—God forgive him. He paid me a sum sufficient to provide for her board and education until she was eighteen—old enough to get her own living. He died just afterwards, almost suddenly, I believe. My wife and I—no matter about that—when Daphne was eighteen, we thought it right she should know what there was to know: and then she insisted upon going out into the world and earning her own bread."

"But where is she?"

"Come down to Harrow with me and you shall hear the rest. My dear Dorrington, there is no time to spare. Never been late for dinner in my life."

"Only tell me——"

"If you wish to find Daphne——"

This was enough. Mr. Sherrard locked up the important documents and they set forth. He occupied himself with his note-book as they drove to the station and on the way down by train—Niel fancied to avoid further

questioning, and strove to wait patiently as might be. The short distance to the lawyer's house was very quickly walked.

"Come in here, Dorrington," said Mr. Sherrard, ushering the young man into a study and leaving him to himself.

In two minutes the door opened again.

"Mrs. Sherrard says you want me," began Daphne, as she took a step into the room. "Oh!" she ejaculated, shrinking back at sight of him.

He was at her side in a moment. "So I do, as I never could want anyone or anything else on earth."

"But—but—Ah! no!" striving to withdraw herself. "How could Mr. Sherrard break faith with me?"

"There has been no breaking faith, my darling—a wonderful discovery has been made. Think of what you would most care to hear."

"My mother?"—in a low voice, a hot flush covering her face.

"She was the beloved wife of Edward Lenster."

"Is it true? Are you sure?" almost afraid to believe, her eyes eagerly searching his.

"His wife?"

"Absolutely. We hold the proofs. Only"—seeing that the happiness the revelation brought was almost more than she could bear, and trying the effect of a little jest—"you called yourself proud, you know, and you are now heiress to great wealth. What am I to do if you reject me again?"

"Proud! Ah, Niel, I shall never be proud but of one thing now—I know the true value of your love."



"A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY HAS BEEN MADE."

## Some Curious Fancy Dresses.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



THE way in which this article came to be written was, like its subject, rather peculiar. I was speaking one night, on the spacious floor of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to an individual whose appearance was, to put it very mildly indeed, a little out of the common. He called himself "Capital and Labour," and certainly was a perambulating allegory. Exactly half his person was clad in faultless evening dress, while the other half represented a typical labouring man, wearing a grimy cap, a rough guernsey, cord trousers hitched up with a strap, a red handkerchief, short clay pipe, and a navvy's boot of ponderous dimensions. This half also carried a tin tea bottle and a shovel that had seen much service. I should mention that the old cap and the section of a glossy silk hat were spliced together for the one head in a very masterly manner. "Capital" smoked a Turkish cigarette, while "Labour" contented himself with an indescribable clay, touching his cap occasionally and borrowing a light from his friend and master close by. At intervals these two persons in one shook hands with each other amid the applause of a non-democratic but strangely-assorted multitude. The wearer of this costume, however, clearly had cause for these periodical demonstrations, for he ultimately secured a very valuable prize.

Somewhat similarly, "Convict and Judge" were typified on the person of a single individual, the printed legend running, "'Tis years since last we met"; and a gentleman dressed

as half postman and half housemaid was labelled "United Service." I saw all these, and hosts of other living jokes, from a walking "Wedding Cake" to a "Pirate 'Bus"; and then, assisted by Sir Augustus Harris, I set to work to procure photographs and sketches of some of the most unique costumes ever designed.

My first example needs some little description and explanation. This is the "Billiard Table," designed and made by Harrisons, of Bow Street, with the avowed intention of securing the combination dining and billiard table which figured among the valuable prizes to be awarded at a particular ball; I may say here that the dress was successful in this respect. The arms, legs, and boots were made, appropriately enough, of mahogany satin; and the frame of the table was of wood and wire, covered with real billiard cloth. A first-rate set of match-balls, specially made by Burroughes and Watts, were suspended here and there on the green surface; a string of coloured pyramid balls was worn round the neck. The wearer carried a cue in his hand.

The head-dress was partly a green shaded billiard lamp, and partly an ordinary table lamp. Electric light wires were concealed in the body of the costume; and on the wearer's hips were two specially made Verity storage batteries, which would enable the electric lights to burn for eight hours. The back of this costume represented a dining-table laid for several persons—table-cloth, serviettes, knives and forks, glasses and flowers, all complete. These articles were kept in position by fine wires.



A BILLIARD-TABLE.  
From the Original Sketch.





OUR BACK GARDEN—FRONT VIEW.  
From a Photo. by C. E. Beach, Fulham.

The next illustration given here is the front view of the extraordinary costume entered on Sir Augustus Harris's list as "Our Back Garden." It was worn by its designer, Mr. Bruce Smith, the well-known scenic artist, who evidently has a perfect genius for devising quaint and symbolical dresses.

It will be seen that the lower part of the wearer's legs are incased in flower-pots, which are of *papier-mâché*, and from which spring creeping plants and flowers; the same idea is ingeniously carried out at the arms, flower-pots being made to serve as gauntlets, and trailing plants being conducted up on to the shoulders. The middle of the body represents a grotto half covered with various flowers and the drooping grass often seen on rockwork; this extends to the green wooden trellis-work that covers the breast. Around the neck is coiled a length of garden hose, the nozzle of which hangs gracefully down. The headpiece is particularly ingenious: a green watering-can, the spout of which does duty—perhaps more than duty—for the wearer's nose.

Now look at the back view. Here we see a great sheet of dun-coloured canvas painted to represent bricks, and bearing a familiar admonition. Finally, the top of the garden wall bristles with murderous-looking fragments of bottles and broken glass; and two weird, unearthly-looking cats hold communion on the top thereof. But let no reader imagine that these felines remained quiescent during the festive evening. On the contrary, they played an important part in the conspicuous success of the costume, for, by means of strings worked from the wearer's pockets, they went through spasmodic gyrations at unexpected times, after the manner of their world-renowned Kilkenny prototypes.

It would seem that the designing of successful fancy dresses is a lucrative business. I question whether the "properties" that figured in "Our Back Garden" cost a five-pound note; yet the night Mr. Bruce Smith wore this dress he was awarded first prize—a solid silver coffee service, worth nearly £60. Moreover, the very next night Mr. Smith donned his unique costume at the skating



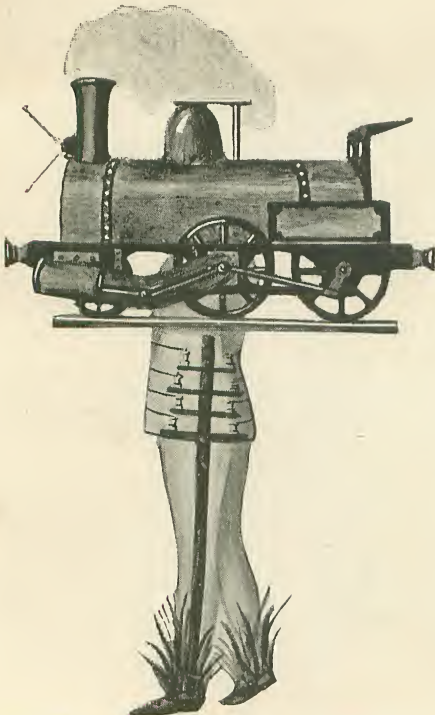
OUR BACK GARDEN—BACK VIEW.  
From a Photo. by C. E. Beach, Fulham.



From the] A NIGHTMARE. [Original Sketch.

carnival at Olympia, and won a carriage and pair, valued at a hundred guineas.

The "Nightmare" explains itself; so does that curious combination dress which was registered as "An Injin." It is amusing to



From the] AN INJIN. [Original Sketch.

note, however, that on the original sketches I have before me as I write, the artist has drawn numerous "aside" designs for the guidance of the practical costumier. For instance, in a corner of the "Nightmare" sketch there is a "plan of hoof," showing how the wearer's foot is to be inserted. Then, again, there are front and back views of the "Injin," a "plan of rails," and certain pictorial hints about a "grassy bank" that might take the place of the telegraph pole shown on the wearer's body.

The "Irish Harp" is a beautiful design by M. Commelli, formerly designer to the Comédie Française. I met this artist in



From the, AN IRISH HARP. [Original Sketch.

Harrisons' one day, and it then occurred to me to ask him how he got the idea for this graceful costume. I thought that in this particular instance I should light upon some interesting incident showing how fortuitous trifles assist the costume designer. Nor was I mistaken.

It seems that on one occasion Mr. J. A. Harrison and M. Commelli were discussing a forthcoming fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden, and the former wanted a pretty and original dress which his wife might wear thereat. The artist stood for a moment in thought, and then idly drew from his pocket a handful of money, the uppermost coin being a new half-sovereign, on which was shown the Arms of the United Kingdom. Seeing this, M. Commelli cried:



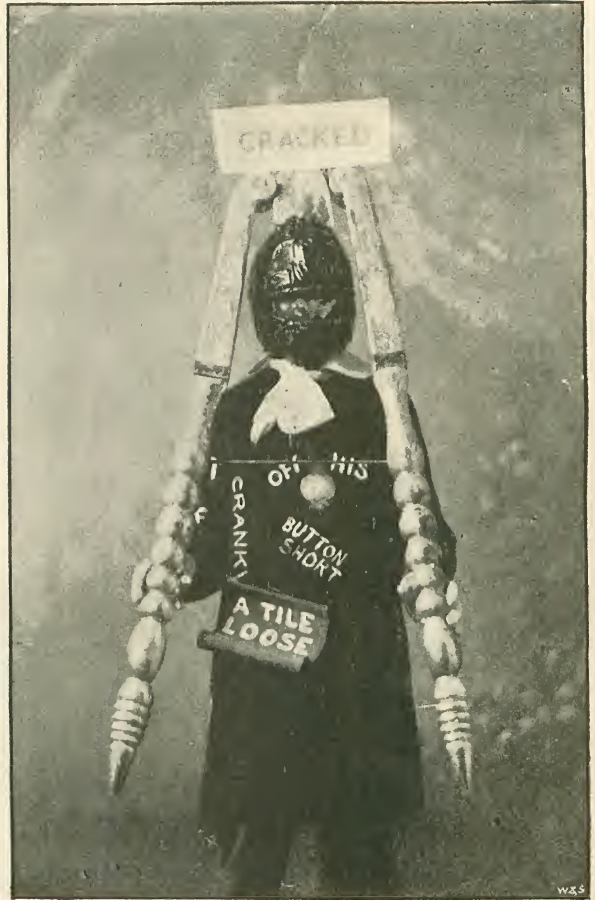
"I have it! She shall go as an Irish Harp." And the rough sketch was prepared then and there.

The material of the skirt consisted of sixteen yards of woven golden wire, made in Paris at a cost of two guineas per yard. It was cut in gores, and these were lined out in fine gold and spangled. The bodice was of figured brocade, made in England. It was ornamented on the front with large golden leaves; and on the breast, shoulders, and hips were large green shamrock leaves, also lined in gold. The head-dress consisted of three shamrock leaves.

Altogether, there were fifteen leaves, which were of tinted silk, and each was 9in. high and 6in. broad. Attached to the back of the bodice was a reproduction of an Irish harp, in brass, also a pair of golden feather wings. The harp



From the] A STRIKING COSTUME. [Original Sketch.  
Vol. ix.—89.



From a Photo. by] "CRACKED," [Hills & Saunders.

took four days to make, and its strings were of fine gold cord; it stood out from the back about 4ft. at the widest part. The hose was of golden wire, spangled, and the shoes were cut from golden satin. A long golden wig was worn, which reached past the waist, and, of course, divided on each side of the harp, concealing the place where it was joined to the bodice.

I pass over "A Striking Costume," which scarcely needs explanation.

The chief machinist at the Covent Garden Opera House, Mr. H. Stanford, wore the quaint costume called "Cracked," though it was originally designed by Mr. Bruce Smith. It will be seen that the head represents a huge walnut, which has yielded (at the wearer's mouth) to the persuasion of the big nut-cracker. The last-mentioned article was something of an incubus to Mr. Stanford, for it was 4ft. long and weighed nearly 20lb., being all of wood, turned by a

carpenter; it was subsequently silvered all over by the property-master. Sundry expressive colloquialisms were typified on this dress, such as "Off His Onion," "A Tile Loose" (the tile dangled from the wearer's watch-chain), "A Bit Off," and "Touched." The two latter appeared on the back, the "bit off" being a piece of cloth torn from the old frock-coat; whilst a dab of white paint showing finger-marks conveyed the idea that the garment had been "touched."

Here we have the back and front views of a costume entitled "English Sports." A Rugby football is placed upon the head, which is inclosed in a fencing-mask, and the two wheels of a safety bicycle are seen on the

theatrical and fancy dresses the best paid in the world. Asked what sources he drew upon for ideas, this artist replied that he had the almost inexhaustible treasures of the British and South Kensington Museums to help him—not to mention ancient manuscripts, miniatures, and tapestries. The name of Bernhardt, it appears, is anathema to the designer. Although the great *tragédienne* will pay eighty guineas for a design that pleases her, it is usually the case that the artist has to prepare eight or even ten finished sketches before his inexorable patron is satisfied.

I have before me as I write the photograph of a costume entitled "Somebody's Luggage."



From the

ENGLISH SPORTS.

Original Sketch.

shoulders. Distributed about the front of the body we see a tennis racket, a set of stumps, a bat, a pair of golf-irons, and a pair of dumb-bells. Around the waist is a belt of grass, fringed with tennis balls; and one hand is incased in a boxing-glove, while the other holds a fencing-foil. It will also be seen that the right leg is, so to speak, in shooting costume, while the left is fully equipped for cricket. On the back is depicted a grass-fringed lake, rather more than the whole of which is taken up by an out-rigged racing skiff, propelled by an earnest athlete in an aggressive red-striped blazer.

In passing, I may mention that M. Commelli considers English designers of

I refrain from publishing it, however, because it is supremely ugly, though the idea is ingenious. In this costume the wearer, when standing still, looks exactly like a railway porter who is trundling a lot of luggage up the platform. All one can see of the man is his face; the rest is mainly luggage, above which project the two handles of the trolley. The body is composed of especially-made portmanteaus and small boxes—all labelled—besides wraps, umbrellas, sticks, and a folded copy of *Tit-Bits*. Undereneath is seen the semi-circular iron support that characterizes the ordinary two-wheeled railway trolley. The wearer of this "dress" made his way with infinite labour to various parts of the crowded ball-room; and to lend additional





YOUR OIL HIGHNESS—FRONT VIEW.  
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

colour to the rôle he was playing, he roared "Mind yer backs!" from time to time in a manner that suggested Liverpool Street in the height of the holiday season.

"Your Oil Highness" is surely an original and peculiar costume; it won an Indian canoe worth fifteen guineas. The head-dress consists of several salad oil bottles, grouped round a big funnel; a red and bushy wig and moustache were worn to impart a fierce look to the prince—who, by the way, wore beneath his singular trappings a rich tunic of green plush. Round the neck was a white ruffle, and on the shoulders, two railway oil cans. On the breast was a big *papier-maché* oil jar, bearing the title of the dress; and the trimming consisted of "property" bottles of oil, funnels, and real bicycle oilers. From the back

depended a regal ermine robe, covered with paper, whereon was depicted a tank of the "best colza," with tap, funnel and receiver, all complete.

I now show another of Mr. Bruce Smith's symbolical costumes—"London"—which won a fifty-guinea Ralli-car the first night it was worn. On the head is seen the dome of St. Paul's—a *papier-maché* model from eighteen to twenty-four inches high. The dome itself was of a greyish hue, suggesting the action of time, and it was supported on white pillars. Two Beefeaters, 12in. high, stood on ledges on the shoulders; and Mr. Smith's own countenance was adorned with laurel leaves and other adventitious details in order that it might convey the orthodox idea of the immortal Gog; Magog is seen in the back view.

On the front of the tunic is



From a Photo. by] YOUR OIL HIGHNESS—BACK VIEW. [Hills & Saunders.



LONDON—FRONT VIEW.  
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

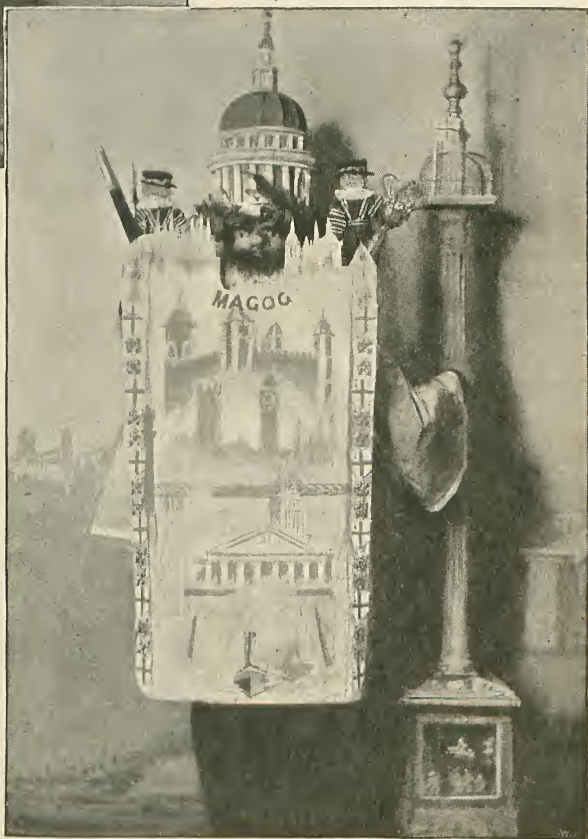
depicted the Arms of the City of London on a plaque of white satin; also a section of the Thames Embankment — lamps, trees, and all. Round the wearer's waist is a string of "property" turtles—evidently an unkind cut at sybaritic aldermen. It will readily be seen that in this photograph Mr. Smith holds the Monument in his right hand—an exact facsimile, and a very massive and weighty affair, 7ft. high, made entirely of wood, and with a gilded top.

In the back view are seen the City sword and mace and the Lord Mayor's chain of office. There are also depicted the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the Royal Exchange, and the new Tower Bridge,

beneath which a steamer is passing.

Mr. Harrison was one day glancing through a book of French designs when he came upon a plate depicting a knight in full armour. Suddenly he conceived the whimsical notion of manufacturing a suit of armour entirely of *ladies' bustles*, and using it as a fancy dress with which to compete for prizes.

So far so good. The next step was to procure a sufficient number of bustles. Mr. Harrison applied to every likely wholesale and retail firm in London, but his quest was in vain. Not only were bustles a wholly obsolete item of women's dress, but the very machinery that had made them was broken up. At last, after twelve months' search, the well-known costumier managed to find a few dozen bustles in the shop of a West-



From a Photo. by

LONDON—BACK VIEW.

[Hills & Saunders.





A KNIGHT OF THE BUSTLE.  
From the Original Sketch.

end milliner who was selling off an old stock.

Armed with these, he set his staff to work to make the ingenious costume known as the "Knight of the Bustle." It was found, however, that the bustles purchased could not be used, except as patterns, and the workpeople were about two weeks in making-up imitations of them, which could be adapted to the requirements of the costume. The under dress was composed of steel-coloured tights; and bustles were used as coverings for the legs, arms, hips, body, and helmet—all over, in fact; so that when the wearer was fully dressed he really had the appearance of a mail-clad warrior. Indeed, the resemblance was a little too close, rendering it necessary that the wearer should carry on his lance a banner, on which the title of the costume was inscribed in letters of white tape. The

plume of the helmet, too, was of frayed whalebone.

A very different, and far less elaborate, costume is the "Lemon Squash," also reproduced here. The whole of the squeezing apparatus, including the big lemon into which the wearer's head fitted, was made in one piece by the property-master at the Adelphi Theatre; of course, it was silvered over, and, had it been a little smaller, it would have been an ornament to any fashionable bar. The body was entirely of *papier-maché*, representing a monstrous tumbler of greenish glass; and the froth at the top was made from ordinary cotton wool. The sleeves, fashioned to resemble bottles of soda water, were of the same hue and material as the body.

As one may judge from the attitude of the wearer, "Lemon Squash" was anything but a comfortable dress in which to move about. As a fact, the wearer had first of all to be lifted into the body; then the squeezing apparatus was fixed on and the froth arranged in a thirst-provoking manner.



From a Photo. by]

LEMON SQUASH.

[Hills & Saunders.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE—FRONT VIEW.  
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

In the last costume reproduced in this article, the designer was at great pains to render the wearer a walking nursery rhyme. Taking the ever-familiar "Sing a Song of Sixpence" for his theme, he commenced by placing as a centre-piece a sixpence as big as any ordinary dinner-plate. Then, lest perhaps misapprehensions should arise, the property coin was set, as it were, in a circular frame, whereon was inscribed the title of the immortal story.

The "pocket full of rye" duly appears; so do the "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." The dish is seen poised on the orb of the crown. Obviously the pie is open, and the traditional song of the birds was contrived by means of a pneumatic whistle, the tube of which is plainly shown in the reproduction. The king—that is to say, the left-hand half of the wearer of the costume—has two bags of gold which he can

take to his counting-house and count out at his leisure; though, judging from their size, this should not be a lengthy task.

For the queen (the right-hand half of the costume) a small pot of honey has been provided. Now look at the back view. Here a property maid, nearly 3ft. high, is clearly seen hanging out some linen, though we may be permitted to doubt whether they used wooden clothes-pegs at this period.

The maid's nose is missing. This is as it should be, for the organ has been "pecked off" by the blackbird hovering above. It is necessary to mention that this bird went through certain strange evolutions when the wearer of the costume pulled a hidden wire. Thus the nursery rhyme was carried out to the letter in such an ingenious and painstaking manner, that the judges awarded to the wearer of "Sing a Song of Sixpence" a splendid billiard-table worth fifty guineas.

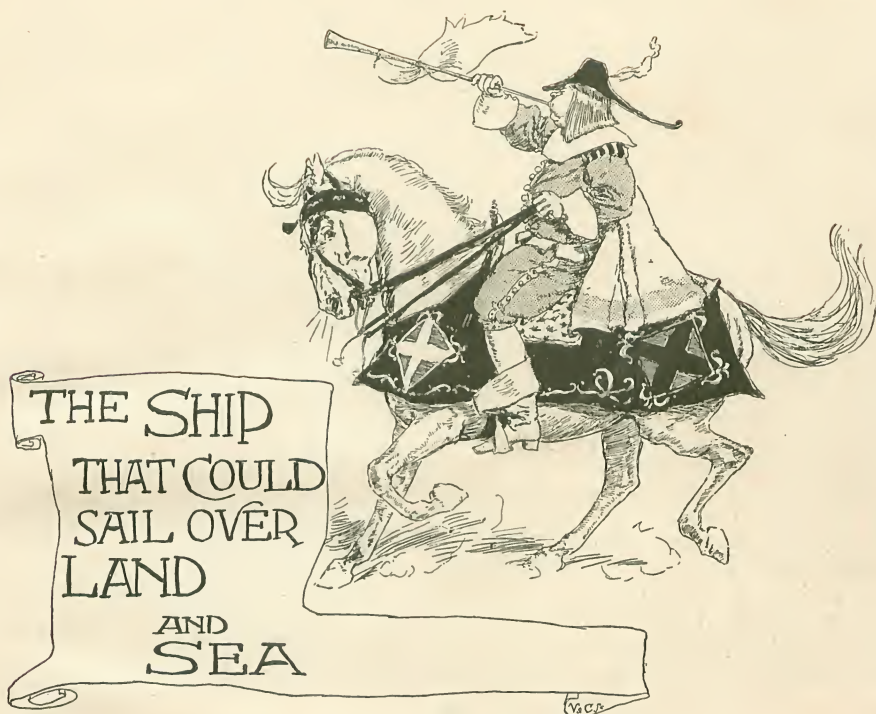


From a Photo. by]

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

[Hills & Saunders.





A STORY FOR CHILDREN. FROM THE GERMAN.



**A**KING once lived in Holland who had heard a great deal about a wonderful ship that could sail over sea and land, and he wished very much to possess it, but no one could procure it for him. At last he caused it to be proclaimed in all lands that whoever would bring him such a ship should have his only daughter for a wife. A rich peasant heard this proclamation, and said to his three sons: "We have here a whole forest of trees, with the finest firs and pines in the world, and many a trunk has already been sent by us to Holland; I think one of you might make such a ship, and marry the Princess and then become King of Holland, which is much better than being a peasant in the Black Forest."

The young men agreed with him, but they quarrelled about it among themselves, until their father decided that the eldest should try first.

So the next morning he went with his servants into the forest and chopped away at

the trees until the fine old trunks cracked as if they had been bean-sticks. As chopping wood and building ships make one very hungry and thirsty, the old peasant sent bread and cheese and a large cask of wine into the forest, so that his son and the workmen might keep up their strength, and be able to build the ship that was to travel over land and sea. As they sat on a tree-trunk talking of the Princess of Holland, an old man with a large hat came along and asked for food and drink, as he had travelled a very long way. But the young man would not give him anything; he had to build a large ship for Holland, he said, and had nothing to spare for vagabonds. "You might as well leave it alone," murmured the old man, and disappeared into the thicket. And this was true, for they cut down nearly half the forest and accomplished nothing.

When the eldest son declared he was unable to build the ship to sail over land and sea, the father sent his second son into the forest, and gave him skillful workmen and a large waggon with wine, cheese, and bread, so that he might succeed in his work.

The old man with the large hat came to him also and begged for food. But the young peasant replied in like manner that he had nothing for strangers: he had to build a ship to sail over land and sea.

"The beautiful wood is much to be regretted," murmured the old man, and disappeared into the thicket.

And he was right; the peasant and his workmen cut down nearly the whole forest, but built no ship.

At last it was the youngest son's turn. His name was Hans; he was a good-natured, quiet fellow, who did not think much of himself, but he always applied himself earnestly to his work. He had been several days with his men in the forest, and had cut down a great many trees, when the same old man came to him and asked for food and drink. The young man immediately stepped to the cask, handed him bread and wine, and bade him sit down and rest. The old man thanked him, sat down, and enjoyed his refreshments. "What are you doing with all that wood?" he asked, after a time.

Then the young peasant told him of the ship for Holland and the hitherto fruitless work. The old man laughed and, rising from his seat, said, "No one can make such

a ship, not even you and your workmen, though you were to cut down the whole forest. But I have such a ship, and because you were kind and good I will give it to you, but in the meantime you must make that trunk into a mast; now you will hear from me no more." With these words he disappeared. The next morning, in the opening of the forest stood a noble ship, with sails and pennons, only the mast was wanting. Hans and his men soon set up the mast, then he stepped into the ship, but as soon as he was seated the ship began to move slowly through the forest as if it were on the sea. Then Hans placed himself at the rudder and made the vessel move to right and left, and backwards and forwards. It obeyed every movement, and when Hans cried, "Hio! hi!" off it ran in haste as if fifty horses were harnessed to it.

"Now Holland is won," he cried, joyfully, and presented himself proudly before his father's door. The old peasant could hardly believe his eyes: he was amazed that the ship should have fallen to the lot of his youngest son, in whom he had the least confidence. But he had a large cask of wine, a pair of scales, and a great many loaves of bread and cheese placed in the vessel, so that his son might not want anything on his journey, and then with a "Hio! hi!" away went Hans to Holland.

When Hans and his ship had left the Black Forest he saw a man standing by the way who had a crossbow and was aiming up at the heavens. Hans, astonished, stopped his ship, and asked him what he was doing. "I wish," said the man, "to shoot a young eagle who will fly up to the sun, for that is not allowed. I am aiming at his left eye, so that he may be killed at once."

Hans looked up at the heavens, and looked and looked, but could see nothing, the bird had soared so high. The archer took aim, and whirr, whirr, a beautiful golden brown eagle fell at his feet with an arrow in its left eye.

Hans was much pleased with the man, and asked him if he would go with him to Holland; perhaps he might make his fortune. The archer did not take long to decide, he stepped



"NOW YOU WILL HEAR FROM ME NO MORE."



into the ship, and they continued their journey. Soon they saw a man holding to his ear a tube as long as the longest cane that ever grew. Hans stopped in amazement, and asked what he was doing with the long tube in his ear.

"With it," replied the man, "I can hear anything I wish within a circle of a thousand miles."

"Just listen, then," said Hans, "to what they are saying in the King's palace at Holland."

The man obligingly put the tube to his ear and listened. "They are speaking of a ship that can sail over land and sea, and the Princess, who is laughing, says that no one can make such a thing."

"Come in and travel with me," said Hans, "perhaps you may make your fortune." The man did not require to be asked twice; he climbed into the vessel, and they journeyed on towards Holland.

Suddenly they beheld a great cloud of dust rising out of a forest, and when they reached it, there sat a man beating the dust out of an enormous pair of boots. In answer to their inquiries, he said that he was a celebrated swift runner, and had started early that day from a Bavarian forest. On the way he got so dusty passing through a large town in Swabia, that he had been already two hours beating the dust out of his boots, and was now exceedingly tired. Hans asked if he would not travel with them.

"Why not?" said the man. "Give me something to drink to wash the dust out of my lungs, and I will travel with you to the end of the world." Hans naturally could find

no fault with this speech; he gave the runner meat and drink in plenty, and so they arrived in Holland cheerful and content. Hans went at once to the King's palace, obtained an audience, and said, "I bring you, oh King, the ship that travels over land and sea, and wish to marry the most gracious Princess."

The King looked at the ship, but would not believe in it until Hans invited him and his

Ministers to take a trial journey. They stepped in and, lo, the vessel moved just as they wished, fast or slow, backwards or forwards, and it had this great advantage, that it did not stop at every hostelry as the King's post-horses did.

And when they had taken a journey on the great Zuyder Zee there could be no doubt that Hans had accomplished the appointed task, and the King went to announce to his daughter that her bridegroom Hans had come, and desired to pay his addresses to her.

But when the Princess saw him, she said she would never marry a peasant who wore leather breeches, had nails in his boots, and could not understand one word of Dutch; even if he brought with him ten ships that could sail over land and sea. Then was good advice precious—the King consulted his Chancellor, who suggested that they should weigh the Princess with gold, so that Hans, as the Princess was a stately lady, would receive two hundred ducats. But Hans would not agree to this; he said the King must keep his word, or fill his ship with gold as compensation for his disappointed hopes.

Now Holland was in great distress, for the ship was so very large that it would take all



"THE MAN PUT THE TUBE TO HIS EAR AND LISTENED."



the treasures in the kingdom to fill it. The Ministers held council after council, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion, until at last an old councillor, who had been set aside, suggested they should tell Hans they would agree with his demand if he within six hours brought a flask of water from the stream of life, so that the Princess might be cured of the convulsions into which she had fallen every hour since the offer of marriage.

The stream of the water of life lay far away, more than sixty hours' distant, in a large forest, and the crafty Hollanders thought they could lay a snare for Hans, who was ignorant of the country, and deprive him of his reward. But they reckoned without the swift runner, who, with the others, was very fond of Hans, and had liked to drink the wine in his ship. When Hans heard the King's conditions, he said "Yes" at once, and promised to procure the water, not in six, but in three hours, on hearing which the old King became quite cold with fright.

The swift runner put on his large boots and ran so fast that within an hour he had reached the stream and filled the flask with the water of life; then, as he was very warm, he sat down under a tree to rest awhile. Now, Hans had set the man with the ear-tube to listen if the runner went the right way and carried out the instructions he had received. He listened for an hour, and from time to time nodded, well satisfied with what he heard. Suddenly he cried:—

"Oh, misery! the swift runner has fallen asleep: I hear him snoring in the forest."

Then Hans was very troubled and shivered with anxiety; but the archer told him not to fear, he would soon wake him. Then he took a pebble, put it in his bow, and shot at the sleeper.

"Halloa, he is awake again now," he cried, joyfully, and within half an hour the swift runner returned with the water of life and

murmured something about the length of the journey, for he would not acknowledge he had fallen asleep.

Now it was impossible for the Hollanders to escape, they had to empty their treasure-chambers and fill Hans' ship. At this time the King had an ingenious tax-gatherer, who suggested to him three new taxes by which he could refill his treasury: one on Dutch tobacco, one on gloves, and one on the musicians' instruments (at that time they had no pianos to lay a tax on). But the old councillor thought of another way to save the Royal treasures. He said

Hans had entered the country without a pass, and, therefore, could be seized for examination, and the ship and treasure taken from him by force; in Holland they called it to confiscate. With this suggestion everyone was well pleased. They therefore resolved to let Hans set out on his homeward journey, and take the ship from him by the way. But the clever Hollanders reckoned without the man with the ear-tube and the sharpshooter.

When Hans had set forth with the ship filled with gold, the King called his chief tax-gatherer and ordered him to take one of his regiments and start in pursuit, confiscate the ship and treasure, and banish Hans and his companions from the country. Now the man with the ear-tube did good service. Hans knew the whole affair about as soon as

the tax-gatherer, and consulted with his companions how they might frustrate the King's evil design. Then the swift runner stepped forward and said the archer was the man, for to shoot the riders or the legs of the horses with pebbles would soon put a stop to the pursuit. So saying he ran to the beach and soon returned with a heavy sack filled with beautiful round pebbles.

The story goes on to say the tax-gatherers had hardly started when klapp! klapp! the horses of the foremost riders fell lame and could go no farther. Their chief cursed and



"AWAKE AGAIN NOW."



swore, and ordered the second party to ride forward and the charge to be sounded, but it was in vain: in a moment the horses all hobbled like lame ducks, and the trumpeters' faces turned blue and green, as, in spite of all their efforts, no sounds came from their instruments. Now, the archer was the cause of all this, for he shot the horses on the legs, and shot pebbles into the trumpets, so they could give forth no sounds—in Holland they call them blasts. At last, as the chief tax-gatherer with the third party sprang over a hedge in which grew many hedge-roses with long thorns, the archer shot the chief's horse on the legs, and the animal sprang up and threw his rider on to the sharp thorns, which held him so fast that he could not get free.

For the tax-gatherers to cut away the hedge with their sabres and free their chief took a considerable time, for the chief was a heavy man; besides, they did not know how they should set to work, as "the setting free from hedges" did not appear in their rules. Thus Hans had sufficient time to reach the borders undisturbed, and the Hollanders had to pocket another disappointment. With a "Hio! hi!" he journeyed to his home, where he and his companions were well received, as they brought the ship full of gold with them.

They at once unloaded their treasure, and the sacks containing the crown-pieces and ducats were carried like sacks of corn to the barns, for there was no room in the house for so much gold. But this is noteworthy: as they emptied the ship it grew smaller and smaller, until at last it disappeared. Hans thought the old man had taken it back, that he might reward some well-disposed young man with it at a future time.

Hans gave half the gold to his father and

brothers, and with the other half he bought a splendid house with large grounds, where he dwells in a lordly manner with his three travelling companions. The people call him "The Hollander," and he is still very hurt at the refusal he met with in Holland, and very angry and annoyed with all women. He



"THE SHIP GREW SMALLER AND SMALLER."

has, however, declared that if he finds a maiden who is beautiful, clever, and industrious, a good housekeeper and experienced in cooking, he will not be averse to marry; he does not look for fortune, only she must not be a Princess.

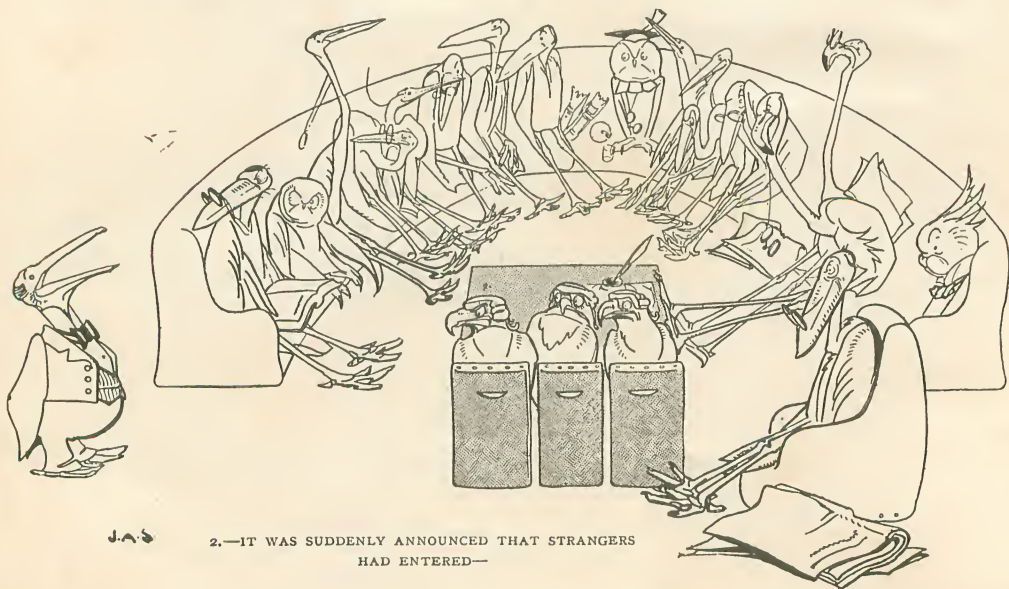
Illustrated  
by  
J.A. Shepherd

# ables

## THE OSTRICH AND THE BIRDS.



1.—AT A CONVOCATION OF BIRDS—



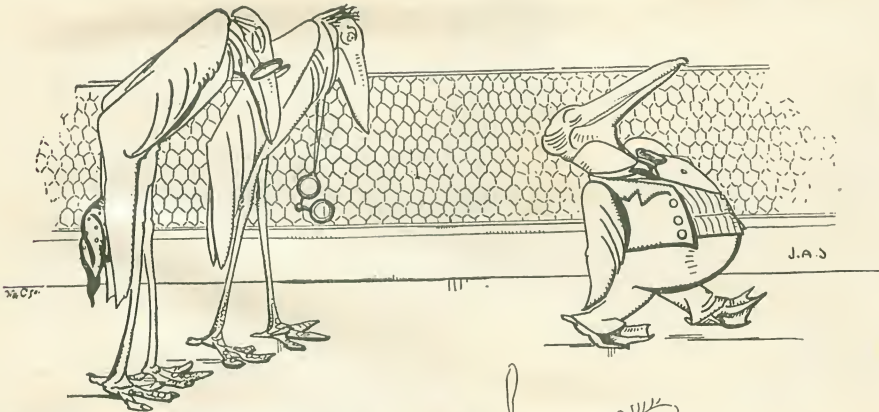
2.—IT WAS SUDDENLY ANNOUNCED THAT STRANGERS  
HAD ENTERED—



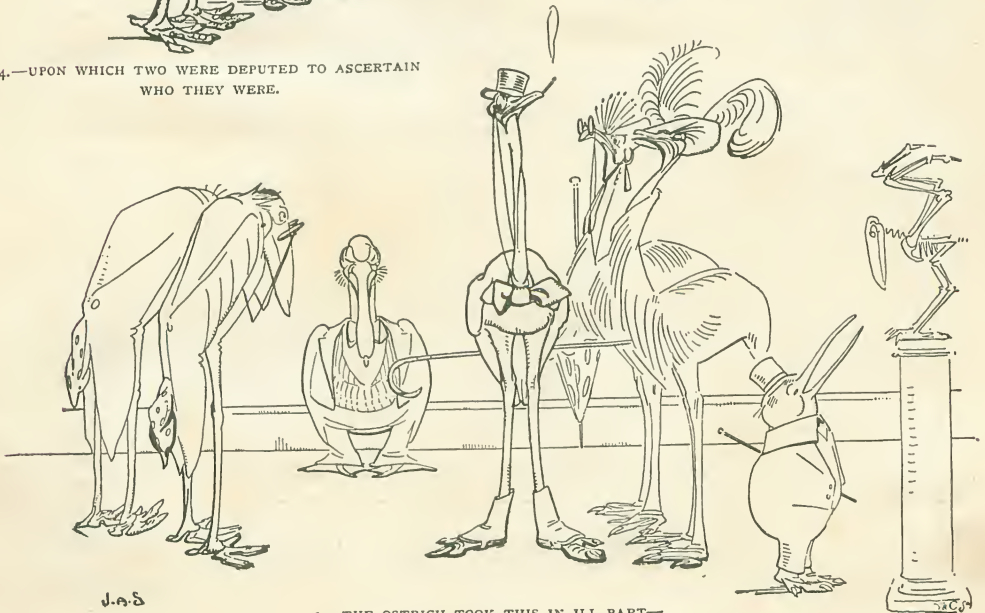


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3.—WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE OSTRICH FAMILY!—

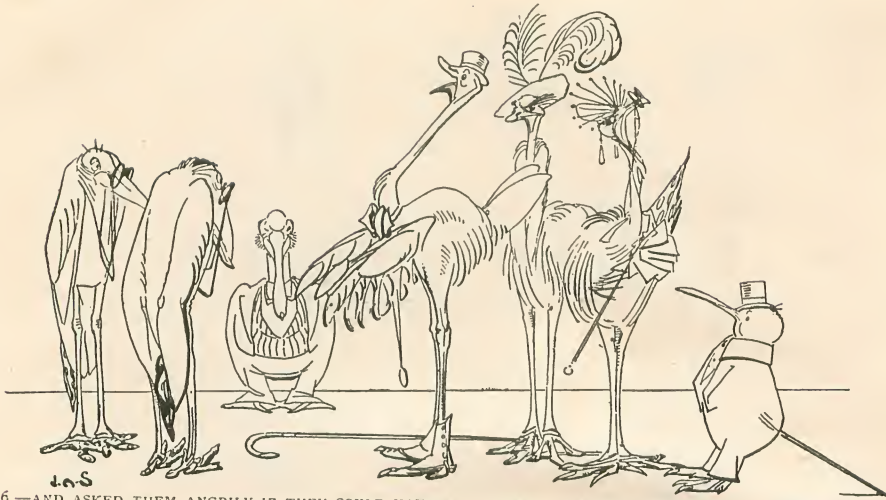


4.—UPON WHICH TWO WERE DEPUTED TO ASCERTAIN WHO THEY WERE.

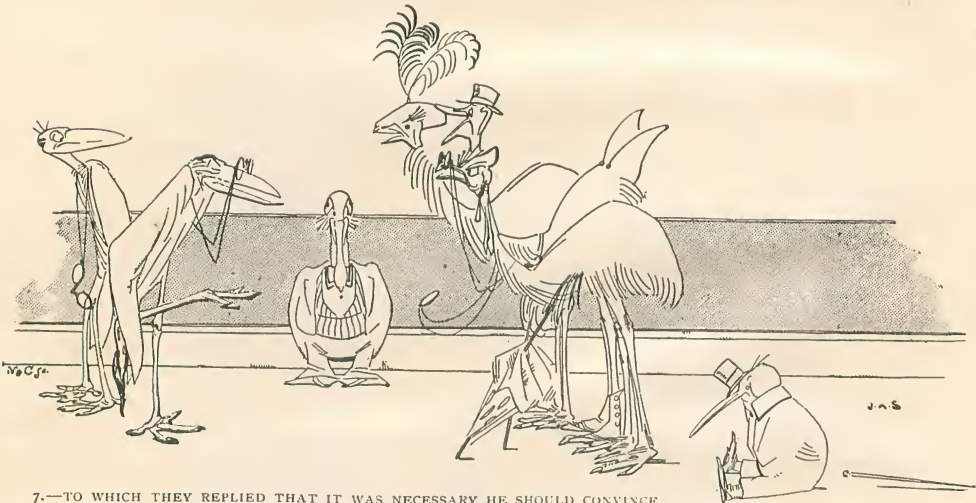


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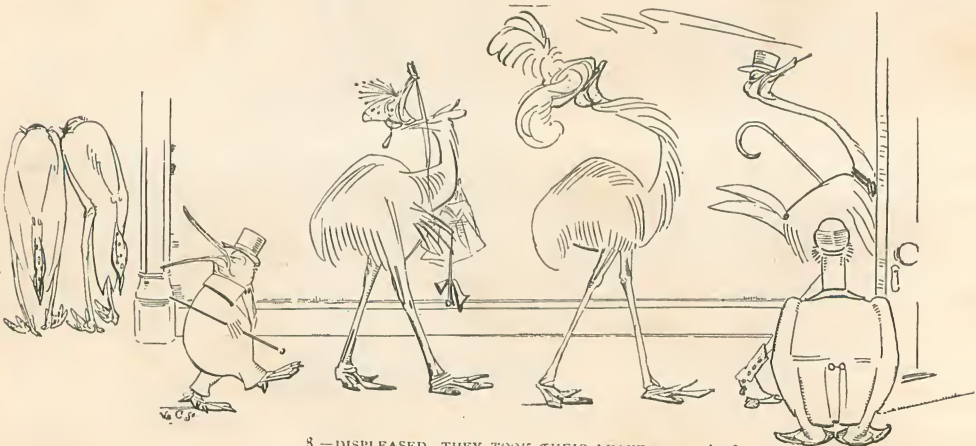
5.—THE OSTRICH TOOK THIS IN ILL PART—



6.—AND ASKED THEM ANGRILY IF THEY COULD HAVE ANY DOUBT THAT THEY BELONGED TO THEIR SPECIES, SINCE HE BORE WINGS—



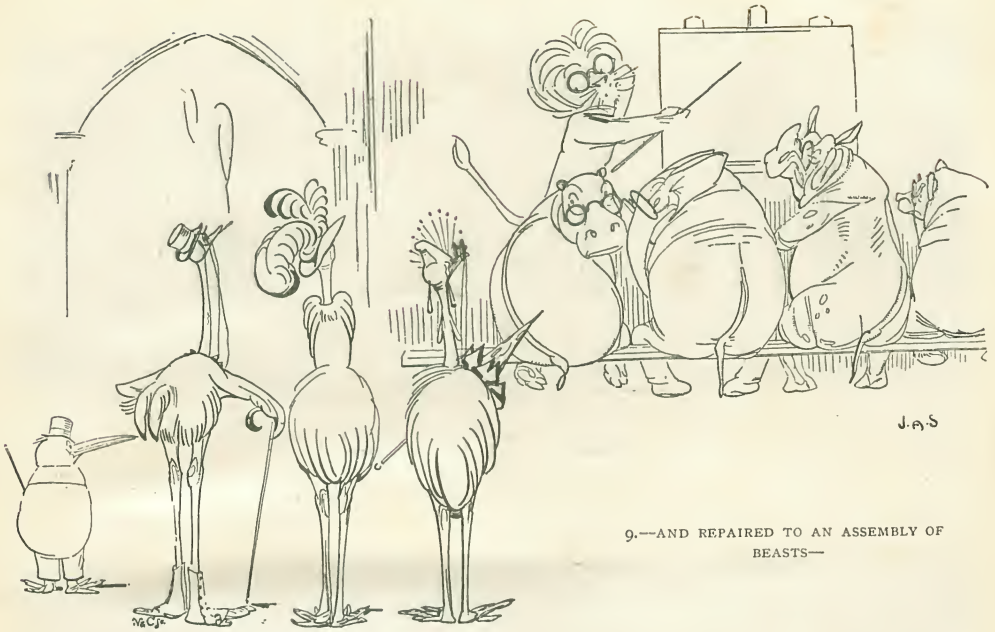
7.—TO WHICH THEY REPLIED THAT IT WAS NECESSARY HE SHOULD CONVINCE THEM HE COULD FLY BEFORE HE TOOK RANK AMONG THEM.



8.—DISPLEASED, THEY TOOK THEIR LEAVE—

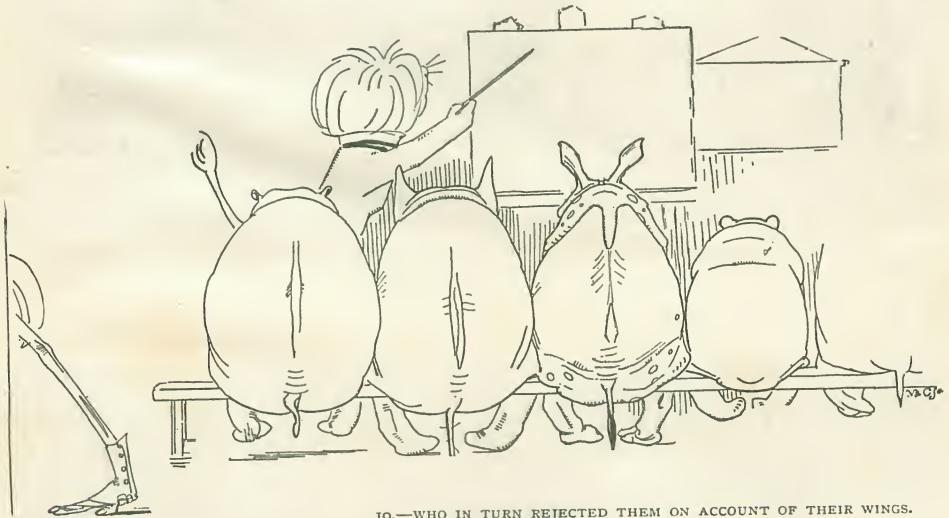
J.A.S.





J. A. S.

9.—AND REPAIRED TO AN ASSEMBLY OF BEASTS—



J. A. Shepherd

10.—WHO IN TURN REJECTED THEM ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR WINGS.

MORAL.—THE LIVERIES AND ESCUTCHEONS OF THE GREAT ADD NOTHING TO THEIR FAME IF THEIR ACTIONS CLASS THEM WITH THE VULGAR.



1. THEY WERE SO HAPPY UNTIL—

2. SHE CAUGHT HIM AT IT ONE DAY, ATTITUDINIZING WITH BABY'S BALL AND THE NURSERY FIRE-SHOVEL.

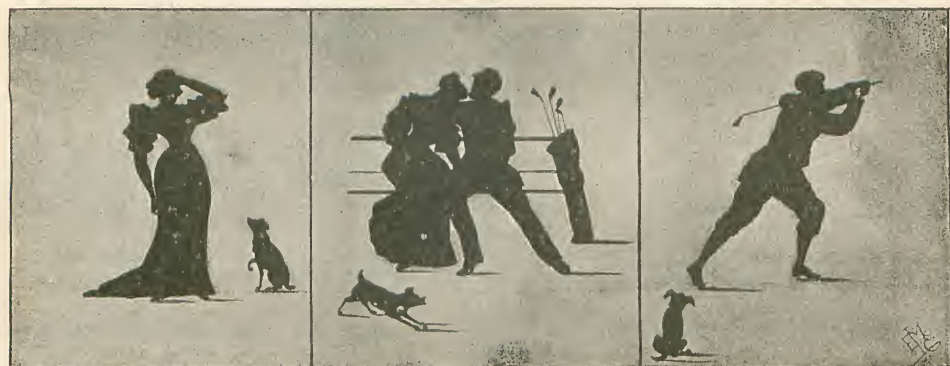
3. REMONSTRANCES AND THREATS WERE ALIKE UNHEEDED.



4. SHE IS LEFT A GOLF WIDOW.

5. WOMAN-LIKE, SHE VOWS VENGEANCE, AND HAS IT.

6. HE STAYS AT HOME NOW, BUT—



7. SUBSEQUENT REMORSE ON HER SIDE—

8. SHE SEEKS AND FINDS CONSOLATION—

9. SO DOES HE.

## A GOLF EPISODE.



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